DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one want to relieve
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired bent shoulders
Lies more of the family care?
The father who strives for your comfort
Does he need to fret day to day.
Although his face is as brown as a berry,
And his dark locks are turning gray?

Does any one think of the due bills
He's called upon daily to pay?
Mammoth bills, whose big bulk looks bills—
There are some kind of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a treadmill,
He works on from morning till night;
Does any one think he is tired?
Does any one make his home bright?

If he is fretful, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions and kindness
Might banish the burden of care.
Is it for you he's ever so anxious?
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.

A STRANGE CASE.

It is, perhaps, an evidence of eccentric taste that a man should give up friends, home and profession to search the cracks and crannies of Europe for fossils; and there were not wanting those among the friends of Monsieur Aucassin who shook their heads significantly whenever his name was mentioned, and pointed a significant finger to their foreheads. It is not, however, an uncommon thing to consider people the victims of mental aberration when they stray from the path in which we have decided it to be wise and proper for them to make their earthly pilgrimage, and it is not unlikely that Monsieur Aucassin abroad was quite as much in his right mind as those who lamented his idiosyncrasies at home. Be that as it may, he died suddenly, one day, and it was found that no provision had been made for the support of his daughter Aimee, except such money as she might derive from the sale of the motley collection of specimens which he had with patient zeal accumulated, and which, he firmly believed, would be of immense value to the scientific world.

These hopes were not realized. A sum barely sufficient for her maintenance was received, and Aimee came under the guardianship of Mr. Mallock, a friend who had believed in Monsieur Aucassin and his vagaries when the rest of that gentleman's little world had held him in light esteem. To his home, therefore, Mr. Mallock went and fetched Aimee as soon as he had learned that she was left alone in the world.

It was a strange, rambling old place that she found to be her new home. The house, which had been built in the old baronial times, was a grim enough specimen of architecture at best, and seen in the twilight when Aimee arrived from her journey, tired and homesick, it looked ghostly.

The house was curiously built, with numerous smaller buildings connected by enclosed passageways to the main structure. On her later explorations about the place she noticed that the door leading to the tower was always locked and the windows were strongly barred. The manor had the reputation, as such half-tenanted old places will, of being haunted. Strange sounds had been heard by passersby and lights seen through the barred windows of the tower. The son of the house, it was said, had disappeared suddenly, and vague rumors clustered around the fact. The more wild tales that were told gained easy credence among the superstitious villagers, and there was not one of them who would not rather go five miles out of his way than be found after dark in the neighborhood of Mallock's tower.

After the first week of Aimee's stay, Mr. Mallock, who had at first made some effort for the entertainment of his young guest, relapsed into his previous studious and abstracted habits, and Aimee was left to her own devices. She had not, indeed, been long in the house before she had discovered that there was a mystery connected with its owner. There is somewhat about a mystery that cannot successfully be concealed.

Only once had she seen the interior of Mr. Mallock's study. He had sent for her one day by an old servant, who alone seemed to have access to all parts of the house, and, as Mr. Mallock raised his eyes from the volume over which he was poring, she was struck by the haggard, baffled look in his face. The volume before him was "Spurzheim's Diseases of the Mind," and Aimee observed with surprise that the books, which were crowded into the shelves nearest him, and piled in confusion upon the table, were medical works, comprising, for the most part, treatises upon insanity.

"Has Mr. Mallock lived here always in this lonely place?" she asked one day of the old servant.

"It was different before the young master went away and the mistress died," he answered sadly, "then there was gay company all the time coming and going. Those were grand times, I'm minded, he, warming with the recollection, but suddenly checked himself as if he had been betrayed into chattering of forbidden things.

"When did Mrs. Mallock die?" asked Aimee timidly.

"The year after young master went away," said the old man, whisking a tear from his wrinkled cheek with the tuft of his coat sleeve. "She was that lonely without him that she just pined off and died."

"And what became of your young master?" ventured Aimee.

The old man shook his head and muttered something, answering, muttering deeply.

Aimee questioned the housekeeper without better success. On all other subjects she was loquacious to a fault, but about the young master she maintained the silence of a sphinx.

"At any rate it is not for me to pry into the family affairs of my guardian," she said to herself, and, being a young woman little given to curiosity or to morbid imagination, she soon nearly forgot the subject, and in her bright, cheery way had made friends with every child and pining old woman, and with every horse and dog in the stables.

Nature had endowed Aimee with a singularly beautiful voice, and whatever may have been Monsieur Aucassin's shortcomings, he had yet attended carefully to his daughter's education, and her voice especially he had had trained by the best masters, although to compass this result he was often himself out at the elbows. Music was now Aimee's absorbing delight, and, as little occurred to disturb the routine of the days, she spent more and more time in the little gray, lone church, which had by some chance possessed an unusually good organ.

One afternoon, in the tardy, North Country spring, she wandered into the church, thinking to delay her walk to the village only a few moments, but the short afternoon slipped away and still she sat before the organ, her fingers straying dreamily over the yellow keys, until at last the gathering twilight reminded her of the errand with which she had started from home. Reproaching herself for her forgetfulness, she moved hastily to the door. It was locked fast.

For a moment horror possessed her, as she realized that she was alone in the church. Unoccupied buildings seem to take on an oppressive individuality at night quite different from their cheerful daytime impersonality. But Aimee knew every part of the dim church by heart and she soon dispelled her fears. Some one would miss her and come for her, and if not, surely there was nothing very terrible in the thought of staying there all night. She dragged several cushions together, settled herself as comfortably as she could, and while musing on the novelty of her position fell asleep.

What occult perception it is that stands sentinel over our sleeping senses science has not yet told us, but that there is such a perception has been many times indicated. Suddenly Aimee started and sat upright with a wide eyed consciousness that there was some one beside herself in the church. The clear moonlight streamed through the mullioned windows and fell full upon the dusky pews, but there raised her eyes slowly from the covered figures at its base, dreading yet irresistibly impelled to look higher. Then she saw near the altar rails a dark figure looming long and gaunt in the moonlight.

It was only the shadow that some scudding cloud had cast, she told herself, and what seemed to be gleaming eyes fixed upon her were the gleaming silver clasps of the great Bible. But the illusion did not seem to vanish.

Slowly the figure moved down the pulpit stairs, sliding one hand along the railing. His frame had apparently been one of great physical vigor, but it was now emaciated, and the clothes hung limply upon it, as if they shared in the decline of physical energy. His great, lamp like eyes were fixed full on the face of the terrified girl, and in a moment there flashed through Aimee's mind the belief that she was face to face with the mystery of Mallock's tower.

Of ghosts she had no fear, but to be caged at midnight in a lonely church with a lunatic for company was enough to strike terror to a stauncher heart than that of a frightened girl. To shriek would be useless, for the church was removed from the traveled way, and stood upon a windy hill overlooking the village; she had, moreover, sufficient coolness to realize that outcries might provoke violence.

The mute figure came nearer. The soft pat of its footsteps sounded distinctly on the floor, and she counted its breath coming in sharp, hard gasps. It reached out its hand and Aimee felt the clasp of long, bony fingers on her arm. For a moment her head swam and she shivered with horror. Then a recollection came to her. Had she once heard or had she dreamed that music was thought to have a soothing effect upon the insane? On the inspiration of the moment she began to sing the first air that occurred to her—a gay little dance song in grotesque contrast to the horror that almost overpowered her senses.

The man sank down beside her, without loosening his hold upon her arm. Her voice was broken and echoed strangely through the church, but gradually her tones grew clearer, and under the tension of the singular excitement she felt that she was singing as she had never sung before.

One thing after another she sang, melodies and martial strains, snatches from the opera with fantastic inspirations, tilting ballads and crooning cradle songs. The lunatic listened with strained attention. Varying expressions swept across his face. But his eyes were still bent upon her face.

Full and tender, her voice rang out in the grand solo from Elijah, "O Rest in the Lord, and wait Patiently for Him, and He Will Give Thee the Heart's Desire." Sweet and comforting were the words, and the blind emotions which before had been roused by the mere musical sound now wedded to find definite expression.

Slowly his grasp relaxed, and his eyes were the look of one whose soul was turned in upon itself in thought rather than that of a distracted mind. Sometimes he brushed his hand across his forehead as one who knows not whether he wakes or dreams.

The night dragged itself away, and Aimee sang on through its terrible hours. At some time the night-cloud grew dim, and that dark time that precedes daylight fell over her with its awesome mystery. It is said that in this solemn hour between the night and morning the greatest number of souls pass from out this shadow land to the shores of the vast unknown. The vital forces are, certainly, at this time at their lowest ebb, and the earth is farthest from the life giving influences of the sun.

Yet she dared not falter. On she sang—until the gray light of early morning struggled through the high windows. Then his grasp relaxed and his head sank forward upon his breast, the lines of his face expressing a tranquil melancholy and his breath coming softly, like that of a sleeping child.

Rosy clouds chased across the sky, and the bright sun streamed a flood of light into the church. Still the two figures sat silently side by side. One might have thought that the angel of death had passed by and laid a quieting finger on the lips of both.

The sound of footsteps without and the crunching of a rusty key turned in the lock caused Aimee to start, her heart beating fast with hope of a speedy deliverance.

Never had a dream or vision seemed more beautiful to her than did the stooping form of the grizzled old janitor as he stepped over the threshold. Seeing before him with purblind eyes, the old man caught sight of the motionless figures. Superstitious to the backbone, he thought that he had come upon two apparitions, that forgetful of cock crow yet lingered in their midnight haunt. Crossing himself in fear, he trotted from the church as briskly as his legs could carry him, muttering as he fled a prayer to the saints for protection.

The air of the soft spring morning floated in through the opened door and dispelled the weird fancies of the night. Aimee laughed aloud. The ringing, joyous sound echoed from the musty walls, and the man beside her opened his eyes and looked at her with a bewildered gaze. A smile broke over his face as if in sympathy with her laughter, and the effect was as when the sun breaks through gloomy clouds.

"Madam," he said, "will you kindly tell me where I am, and how I came in this place with you?"

"Who you are, I cannot rightly tell you," responded Aimee, "and how you came here I can answer you no better."

The young man brushed his hand across his forehead, and sat a while in perplexed thought.

"Strange," he said at last, "the night seems to have been a long one and to have had troubled dreams."

"Perhaps, if you were to tell me your name and how you came here, it might help us to a solution of the difficulty," he said, after a pause, while Aimee was trying to think how she could best explain the situation to the stranger.

"I am Aimee Aucassin," she replied gently to his question, "the ward of Mr. Mallock."

"My father's ward!" he exclaimed, looking at her with suspicion. "I have never seen you or heard your name!"

"I think you have been ill," replied Aimee, soothingly; "do not try to think about it now. Come, we will go home, and it shall be explained by and by."

Passively he arose and allowed her to lead him from the church, his brain whirling with elusive thoughts as they proceeded out into the fresh spring day. The birds twittered over their nest building in the hedge rows, and the sweet odor of the budding spring filled all the air with perfume.

"I feel," said Aimee's companion, dreamily, "some one who has been dead and who has been buried under the brown earth," while Aimee, fearing a relapse into his previous condition, hastened him forward with gentle force.

They passed at length through the alley that led through the grounds, and the shaggy watchdog came stretching himself lazily to meet his young mistress, but stopped suddenly, sniffing the air with animation. Then he threw his head back, and with a sharp bark dashed frantically forward, throwing himself upon the stranger with every manifestation of canine delight.

"There, that will do, old fellow, one would suppose that you had not seen me in five years," said the young man, and the dog, rushing before, as if knowing that he was the bearer of good tidings, precipitated himself against Mr. Mallock's door with such yelps and scratchings that Mr. Mallock hurried out in consternation to see what was the cause of the disturbance.

"Ernest," he cried, staggering back against the door, "can it be you, Ernest?"

Ernest Mallock smiled. "I seem to have been indulging in a little sleep walking," he said, "and this young lady, who tells me that she is your ward, has brought me home."

Overcome by the exertion of the walk, he had nearly fallen to the ground, and Aimee ordered the servants who had gathered around to carry him to their master's room.

The surgeon who was telegraphed from London arrived before Ernest was restored to consciousness. He brought with him a colleague. The chief physician shook his head gravely over the condition of the patient, and the colleague, after an interrogatory glance at his superior, shook his head also, after which they signed to Mr. Mallock to withdraw to another room, where, after some further consideration of the patient's condition, they joined him.

When Aimee had told the story of the previous night, in the presence of those learned gentlemen, Mr. Mallock, uttering an exclamation of joy, took down with trembling hand from the book shelves a worn volume, and opening it at a certain page read from the text a certain paragraph:

"Febrile diseases often weaken the mind, but such patients commonly recover the manifestations in proportion as their health returns. Sometimes the impediment of the manifestations of mental powers lasts for life. In such cases organic changes take place in the brain, such as serous effusion, adhesions by pseudo-membranes, turgescence of the blood vessels and other inflammatory diatheses. The case is cited of one Pierre Mabillon, who, having been pronounced incurable, was restored to his sound mind and reason solely by the influence of music."

Mr. Mallock paused a moment when he had finished reading this passage and closed the book, still keeping his thumb and forefinger in the place.

"But, my dear sir," began the chief surgeon, and "My dear sir," interpolated the assistant surgeon; but Mr. Mallock silenced them with a gesture.

"My dear child," he said, turning to Aimee, "you have given me back my son, and my gratitude to you can never be adequately expressed."

"Listen," he continued, turning to the surgeon, "you can believe what you choose, but I am convinced that when this reaction has passed my son will be returned to the full possession of his reason."

The surgeon, after vainly trying to persuade him of the unreasonableness of this opinion, went away, declaring that Mr. Mallock deserved imprisonment in a strait jacket himself.

Nature, however, sometimes steals a march on the wisest of the doctors, and so it happened in this case, for Ernest Mallock soon began to recover. The way to health was a long one, and led through many alternations of hope and despair, but never was there an hour dark that Aimee could not by song charm away the gloomy fantasies that crowded through his weary brain. The time came when he was pronounced on the high road to returning health.

It was evident to Mr. Mallock, who anxiously watched Ernest's every word and movement, that no trace of insanity remained. The occurrences of the past five years, however, always remained a blank in Ernest Mallock's mind. His night's sleep had indeed been a long one, but the morning dispelled the shadows.

The story of Ernest Mallock's recovery created considerable excitement in the professional circles of London. Some enthusiastic physicians were in favor of introducing music as a psychological treatment into the retreats and asylums for the insane. It is doubtful, however, if this was ever undertaken, or, if practiced, was attended with gratifying results. Whether in this isolated case the recovery was due to the influence of music, or whether nature would have brought about the same result without any intervention, must be a matter of individual opinion.—H. E. Clarke in New England Homestead.

Caius Marius.

Caius Marius, a Roman general and emperor of B. C. 157, while not a man of gigantic stature, was nevertheless, possessed of muscles fully developed and hard as iron. He was born of an obscure family and often performed extraordinary feats of bodily strength before becoming the ruler of an empire. His favorite trick was that of having his feet made fast to a tree with chains and ropes and then holding the axe of a soldier in spite of the combined strength of two heavy horses. On other occasions he would lie flat on his back with a heavy timber across his chest and allow horses to be led the full length of the beam. Trebellius Pollio tells of this, and he is usually reckoned as one esteemed for the truth and fidelity of his history.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

We, in the United States, do not begin to appreciate the value of the right sort of industrial schools. What they can accomplish is well shown in Denmark. Five years ago that country took seriously to hand the national dairy schools. Government has since then spent on them $30,000 annually, with such effect that the dairy exports of Denmark have been increased six fold of late years, and there is throughout Europe a great demand for Danish butter.

The uses of the cotton plant are developing rapidly. Formerly the fiber of the blossom was the only part utilized. Then the seed began to supply a large proportion of the "olive oil" that "lies" in the country, and now the hulls are found to be cheaper and better than wood for paper pulp.

Lucas, England, has a permanent art gallery, containing museum, library and vestibule, sculpture gallery, and six well lighted rooms for pictures. Its own collection is still small, but the exhibition is enlarged by pictures lent from other museums.

Crippled Confederates.

There is something that appeals with an infinite pathos to every humane person in the thought of the thousands of disabled and crippled Confederate soldiers who are left stranded wrecks upon the shores of the new south. For them there are no soldiers' homes and no pensions, unless their own states provide them. Undoubtedly private subscription north and south would aid largely in establishing soldiers' homes for Confederate veterans. But it has been suggested that individual states can do easily what no other agency can in the passing of state laws giving pensions to crippled soldiers who wore the gray uniform. Prosperity has returned to the south in greater measure than it knew before the war. Wealth is pouring into it and new life is regenerating it. An excellent thing in the midst of this new found prosperity would be to provide for the scarred veterans who have no hope and no future in this world.

The Origin of Calico.

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoda, or the cock crowing. Afterwards it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name of calico.—Montreal Star.

An Impertinent Question.

Duff—Did you see the handsome compliment paid us by Cuff of The Daily Gusher?

Guff—No; what was it?

Duff—Oh, he calls our paper "one of the immortelles of journalism."

Guff—H-m-m! He is more than half right. Dryness is a leading characteristic of immortelles.—Drake's Magazine.

Two German seedsmen of large experience give eight years as the limit of the vitality of most seeds.

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