

## Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks. My right arm was withered away to skin and bone, and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling a little better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm and the soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since, we have used from three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla is cheaper than to pay doctor's bills. I

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# Silence

"Oh, yes. Only—And that was your sister? Did you know she was to be there?"

Silence spoke with hesitation, even with a slight constraint.

"I did not know, or I should not have gone," said Roderick, decidedly. "But perhaps it is well. Poor Bella! Did you notice her husband?"

"Yes. She was—she was always like that, and not like you?" asked Silence, after a long pause.

"We were never very much alike, but—"

"But you are brother and sister. I am very glad you met. And, if they wish it, you will go?"

"With you—not otherwise. But no need to talk about that. Let us talk about the dinner—a regular grand Richerden dinner, and some of the best Richerden folk at it—the little leave which leaves the whole lump. I like the Grangers. And you?"

"Yes; they are your friends, and this is your country; I wish to love it, and them. But I am afraid you will never make a grand lady out of me, like like your sister."

Heaven forbid! Roderick was on the point of saying, but he did not. In his tender heart there was a pitiful sense of apologizing to his own people. He knew all their faults; but they had belonged to him all his days. Kissing her wife, he said with a smile, "Sisters are sisters, and wives, wives; I am quite satisfied with mine."

"It never rains but it pours," said he, two days after, throwing over to Silence a heap of letters which had succeeded a whole pack of cards, left luckily during a day's absence, when he had been showing her some Scotch mountains, and apologizing for their not being Alps. "Here are invitations enough. The way of the world! Once met at the Grangers', all Richerden is satisfied and delighted to visit us. Even my sister; did you notice these?"

The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander

Thomson and a formal dinner invitation sufficiently proved Bella's sisterly feelings.

"We shall go?" Silence was still feeble in those auxiliary verbs, which to a native can take such delicate shades of meaning.

"You did know; I told you myself," said Roderick, sternly. "But it is useless to talk. As one makes one's bed, one must lie on it."

"I know that. And you?"

"There is no need to speak—we had better not speak—either of me or mine."

At this instant the gentlemen were heard coming up; and one of them, approaching, tapped her on the shoulder, with a joyful, "Well, my dear!"

A shiver of repugnance—almost of fear—passed over poor Bella from head to foot. Well might the sapient Mr. Alexander Thomson observe that "women are fools;" but the greatest of all fools is the woman that marries a fool for his money.

"Jardine! here still? Do introduce us to my wife and me—to our charming sister-in-law. Or, rather introduce her to us, if Bella thinks it more proper."

"Yes, yes, bring her here. I beg you will, and quickly. Don't you see everybody is looking at us?" said Bella, hurriedly.

"Let them look; it is nothing to me," said Roderick, and was walking away, when he felt a little hand slipped under his arm.

"I came not to hurry you, dear, but to tell you that Mrs. Grierson offers to take us home in her carriage. She is so kind. I like her so much."

"I knew you would, my darling!"

Bella heard the words, and the look which answered it. A sudden spasm, almost like despair, passed across her face—the despair which a woman, any woman, cannot feel but on catching a glimpse of the heaven she has lost or thrown away.

But she righted herself speedily; and having much of her mother's cleverness, slipped out of the difficult position by coming and taking Silence's two hands with an air of frank pleasure.

"You would not carry off my brother this very minute, when I am so delighted to see both him and you? I am Bella. Of course you have heard of Bella? Nay; you must let me kiss you, my dear."

The tone, if a little patronizing, was kind; and though the soft cheek turned scarlet, it did not shrink from the kiss. Silence stood, neither shy, nor afraid, nor ashamed, to receive the greeting of her husband's sister. But when Bella's husband came forward, with rough exuberance, to take his share in the salute, she drew back.

"It is not our custom in Switzerland," she said in French to her husband; and, as she extended the tips of her fingers, it would have taken a bolder man than even Mr. Alexander Thomson to offer a kiss to her.

She crept close to him. She felt the beating of the strong, true heart that she knew was wholly her own. Then lifting up her face, all wet with peaceful tears, she looked earnestly at her husband.

"I am sorry, I never can tell how sorry, for the women who are not happy."

There is a proverb—Roderick sometimes thought of it nowadays but felt that he could almost understand it—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

"I hope so, too," responded Mrs. Grierson, in a tone which showed that the gentle old lady was fully cognizant of the Jardine history, as no doubt, in some form or other, was everyone present, or would be, within ten minutes. Indeed, as Roderick took his wife from the room, he felt that, like the celebrated wit in the anecdote, they "left their character behind them."

"What matter? What did anything matter, so long as he held fast that tender hand, which, in the friendly dusk of the carriage, he had taken, for he felt it trembling much. But neither they nor Mrs. Grierson made any save the most ordinary remarks, on the way "home," which yet was so sweet.

Arriving there, Silence threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"I am so glad, so glad!"

"Of—everything, I think. But most of all to get home."

"What a little home-bird you will grow to. Exactly suited for a poor man's wife. Suppose now I had married a fashionable young lady, who wanted to have, every day, dinner-party, like the one we have left! But you did enjoy it!"

kneft beside him. She was very young, very childish, or childlike, in many things, and hitherto her husband had treated her like a child; an idol, certainly, but still a child. Now their positions seemed reversed. He looked up at her for a moment, then laid his head on her shoulder with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it would be such a comfort to tell you everything."

"Do so, then." The "everything" was not very serious, but it seemed so to him, who had never in his life known what it was to want anything he wished for.

"I am an idiot, I know I am, to feel so keenly the lack of a few pounds; but I never was used to this sort of thing. MacLagan asked me to show him my 'accounts.' Why, I never kept accounts in all my days! My mother allowed me so much a year, or half year. I spent it, and when it was done, I came to her for more. Not that I was extravagant; she knew that—but, oh, Silence! my money seems to slip through my fingers in the most marvelous way. As MacLagan told me, and I could not deny it, I no more know how to make the best of a small income than if I were a boy. You do?"

He looked up in such a pitifully helpless fashion that she could have smiled, had she not felt so infinitely tender over him. But it was the tenderness which is born of utter reverence. Without any urging she answered simply, "Suppose I try?" and began looking over the mass of papers before him, and which he himself regarded with an expression almost of despair. Poor fellow! he had got into what women call "a regular muddle"; like many another man who, neglecting or despising the small economies which result in large comforts, and regardless of the proportion of things to the proper balance of expenditure, drifts away into endless worries, anxieties, sometimes into absolute ruin, and all for want of the clear head, the firm, careful hand, and, above all, the infinite power of taking trouble, which is essentially feminine.

Roderick watched his wife slowly move in such a pitifully helpless fashion that she could have liked to dash his sword through.

"What patience you have!" he said. "Do throw it all aside. You must be very tired."

"Oh, no; it is my business; I ought to have undertaken it before. My mother used to say it was the man's part to earn the money, the woman's to use it. I can, a little. Mamma let me keep house ever since I was 17. I managed all her affairs. Perhaps, if you would let me try—"

"To manage mine, and me?"

"Now," a little indignantly. "I am afraid I should despise the man I 'managed.' But I would like to take my fair half of the work of life. Yours is outside, mine inside. Will that do? Is it a bargain?"

"After all, the world is exceedingly like a flock of sheep. Let one jump the ditch, the others are sure to follow. And this was a very wide ditch to jump, truly," added he, looking round the room. "We ought certainly to take a house, if only for the sake of our friends. What agony it must have cost some of them to stop their carriage in front of a flat!"

Silence laughed merrily. "And yet we are happy in it! It is ugly. I know that; but I think I have never been so happy in all my life; and as for all this visiting, it is quite necessary."

He hesitated a little; then said gently, "Yes, my wife, if you do not dislike it very much, I think it is quite necessary."

"Now," with a pretty impertinence—"you must give me all the money you have, and all the bills you owe, and tell me exactly how much you have a year. Then, take a book and read. No—passing her hand over his forehead, which was burning hot—"go and lie down for an hour. When you wake up you shall find all right."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### JOHN BULL'S HUMOR.

It is of the fat-witted kind, that is what Americans Think.

Hawthorne, observing Englishmen in England, speaks of them as "heavy-witted;" Emerson alludes to their "saving stupidity." Howells has introduced a sort of typical specimen of Englishness respecting undrank and tankards in his chair after American fashion, but on the scent and arriving at a point of appreciation after considerable silent thought sometimes lasting into the next day; and here is the testimony of Lowell, from his recently published "Letters." In a letter written in 1889 from England to Professor Norton he thus explains the warm reception given to Buffalo Bill by London society.

"But I think the true key to this eagerness for lions—even of the poodle sort—is the dullness of the average English mind. I never come back here without being struck with it. Henry James said it always stupefied him at first when he came back from the continent. What it craves beyond everything is a sensation, anything that will save it from the "blue." These people seem to be in a state of mind which is almost like a stupor, and they are not even aware of it. They are like the pugnacious, stupid, and touchy fiber, set on a sensitive, cheaper, and do not find Wordsworth's emotion or a common flower so very wonderful."

"People are dull enough on our side of the ocean stream, al o, God wot; but here, unless I know my people, I never dare to let my mind gambol. Most of them, if I ever do, look on like the famous dead man at the dances, wondering to what music I am dancing. They call it superficial. Let us thank God, dear Charles, that our nerves are nearer the surface, not so deeply imbedded in fat or muscle, that we must take a picktooth to us."—Outlook.

Roderick laughed. "This place rather resembles a hut, certainly; but would Richerden be flattered by your likening its splendid hospitalities to