

the evening train. For the past few minutes his brows had been slightly knit. Gradually they relaxed, and his face went back to its old look of self-reliance. Not easily daunted was this man. All his life circumstances had yielded to his patience and perseverance. Even now he knew nothing of the feeling of despair.

For Janet, she sat a whole hour where he had left her; then she arose with a smothered sigh and sought her room.

After this, Mr. Harding went about business in the usual way, while Janet made extra exertions to pass time pleasantly. She read, walked, she even made a difficult drawing, and commended herself oftener than necessary at the way she got on. She was preparing herself to become an old maid, she told herself; and notwithstanding the success of her endeavors, she sometimes got very gloomy; and these occasions she found were becoming more frequent, and she devised various methods to bring about tranquillity.

One day, feeling unusually depressed, she set out for a walk, and took her course around the bank of the river. A very pleasant little route it was, where she and Mr. Harding had more than once wandered together.

This was about six weeks after Mr. Harding's last visit to her, and business had again called him to Milton. This he had dispatched; and to occupy the time before the evening train, he also started for a walk. And because it was connected with pleasant remembrances, he took the same road Janet had taken a half-hour previous.

Janet arrived at a little point rising somewhat bluffly from the river. This spot had usually terminated their walk, and here she sat down, feeling a good deal refreshed.

There were wild honeysuckles trailing down this rock, and after a while she arose to make an effort to secure some.

From this rugged point a tree leaned down toward the water. Holding by one branch and another, she climbed around, and then raising herself to reach the blossoms, the elastic limb sent her back with a rebound, throwing her from her footing into the river, which at this point was quite deep.

Mr. Harding had walked on leisurely, his thoughts naturally reverting to Janet Strong; and he used the time in planning a little,

as he often had of late, to bring matters between them around to his liking; for I have told you he was a man that hardly recognized defeat.

It so occurred that he was near enough to Janet at this moment to hear the splash as she dropped into the water; and hurrying forward, he caught sight of her as, in trying to lead herself out by the limb, which she still clung to, it had broken, and she was sliding back.

Mr. Harding was a good swimmer, and he easily rescued her, though she had been carried out some little distance from shore.

She had been wretchedly frightened, and was in no condition for standing; so he placed her on a stone where she could lean against a tree, and asked what he could do for her.

There was a house not far back from the shore, and she signified her intention of walking to it; and after a few moments longer, taken to recover herself, she attempted to go. But she could hardly step, and Mr. Harding offered her his arm.

While she had been sitting to gain breath, she had seemed to herself to be the embodiment of all weakness; while he who had rescued her, and was now standing quietly before her, seemed to possess all strength. She took his arm, but, exhausted from the shock she had just received, and unhappy at her own helplessness and dependence, she hid her face on it, and began to cry.

In another moment his other arm supported her also.

"Janet," he whispered, trembling now himself from the force of his emotion, "you are mine. In another moment you would have been lost without me."

"Oh, Mr. Harding! I am such a puny weakling, that I can never get along without you for support. Take me, if you will."

He took her in both his arms, and, after holding her a moment still, she nestling close, as though she had found perfect safety at last, he carried her up to the house away from the shore.

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**WORSE THAN AN EARTHQUAKE.**—Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake, a South American Paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall:

"Dear P—. Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

### BY-AND-BY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

**W**H Y is it that some lives must wait,  
 in yearning  
 For the rare sweetness other  
 lives can know?  
 Must watch, and wait, while argo-  
 sies, returning  
 From over seas where balmly  
 spice-winds blow,  
 Bring, unto *other* hearts, a wealth  
 of sweetness?  
 Rare gems of love, and lotus-  
 flowers of rest,  
 To fill *their* lives with deep and  
 glad completeness,  
 And leave no room for sorrow  
 in their breast.

**H**I I have seen such lives, and wept  
 in sorrow,  
 So bare they seemed of all that  
 makes life sweet,  
 Forever looking for a glad to-mor-  
 row,  
 The morrow always bringing  
 hope defeat.  
 Oh, it is sad to think that hearts  
 are aching  
 For just *one word of love, one*  
*hour of rest!*  
 And yet 'tis true, for these poor  
 hearts are breaking,  
 And sorrow holds full sway in  
 many a breast.

**H**I God is just! These loveless lives  
 shall blossom,  
 In love's divine completeness,  
 by-and-by,  
 And rest shall thrill the weary, tired  
 bosom,  
 The rest and peace for which so  
 many sigh.  
 For all the weary years of patient  
 waiting,  
 For all the hopes crushed down  
 in sad defeat,  
 Shall come reward, most fully com-  
 pensating,  
 And making life, *at least*, divinely  
 sweet.

### MOORISH WOMEN.

THE young Moorish girl is one of the prettiest and most fascinating creatures in existence. Her features are oval, her eyes are wonderfully expressive; but she is as deceitful as the most artful European coquette. The gracefulness of her carriage is exceedingly striking. Her hair, which is not unfrequently straight, though sometimes curly, is as dark as the raven's plumage. It is generally arranged in bands, and is passed round the head and fastened in a simple or double tail, which is tied with ribbons, and almost sweeps the ground. That *coiffure* is covered with a velvet "chachia," which is fastened under the chin with two pieces of ribbon.

The Moorish maiden has very small hands and tiny feet. Her stature is about the middle height,

and her carriage graceful. Her costume is generally very elegant. The plainest toilette consists of a gauze chemise, with short sleeves and a *serroual* (pair of drawers), made of white calico or muslin, very wide, and reaching down to the knee. It not unfrequently happens that the Moorish maiden wears, in addition to the above toilette, the "djabadoli," a kind of richly embroidered vest, which seldom or never reaches below the shoulders, and which tends to contract the chest.

At other times she wears the "rila," a kind of jacket made of silk, and richly embroidered in gold. She wears over her hips, not a crinoline, but a large piece of striped silk called "fouta," which reaches down to the ground; and over that a silken sash, the gold-embroidered ends of which hang down in front. When the "rila" is worn, the *coiffure* is changed; then the "chachia" is replaced by a silk handkerchief of bright colors, or else by the "sarma," which is nothing else than the "hemine" which the French women wore in the fourteenth century. The "sarma," which is made of gold or silver thread, is generally a masterpiece of embroidery. We must not omit to mention the "babouches," which are made of green velvet, and which almost cripple the feet as much as the slippers worn by the Chinese ladies.

The Moorish women never move abroad without being closely veiled. They envelop themselves so in a white "kaik" in Algiers, and in a blue one at Constantine, that it is utterly impossible to catch a glimpse of any other part of their features than their eyes.

Such is the physical portrait of a Moorish woman. Her moral one has nothing very attractive in it, which arises from the want of education. If of poor parents, she is beaten frequently, and sadly cuffed about; her only wish is to escape from their tyranny.

If her parents are rich, even then she is a stranger to domestic comforts. She is generally secluded in a corner of the house, and left entirely to the care of a negress; and as she grows up her sole aim and delight is to become one of the most arrant coquettes, and to plunge into all kinds of intrigue. A woman, according to the idea of Mussulmans, is nothing more nor less than a mere toy—a plaything, a piece of furniture, which every man ought to possess, but who has no right to think or



to act. Hence the cause of her profound ignorance and semi-barbarous state; and yet the Moorish women possess wonderful talent for learning. There is a French institution at Algiers to which young Moorish girls are admitted.

Those children who belong to the poorer class, and who are sent there by their parents for the sake of the small sum that is given to all who attend, and because they get rid of them during the day, are remarkably intelligent and quick at learning. The Moorish girl is not named until eight days after her birth; but until that ceremony takes place she is always called "Fatima," as the mother of the Prophet. Their principal names are Aicha, Bedra, Djohar, Fatima, Halima, Haouria, Khredoudja, Khreïra, Meriem, Mimi, Mina, Mouni, Orgoya, Rosa, Safia, Shida, Zeïna, Zohra. Not a few of these names have very flattering significations; for instance, "Zeïna" signifies pretty, and "Sbida," orange flower. The Moorish maiden marries very young; but scarcely any change takes place in her social position after she quits her paternal roof to abide under that of her husband.

If she moves in good Arab society, she passes most of her time at the baths (the gossiping shops of the East and of Algeria) and at her toilette; the rest in eating all kinds of sweetmeats, disputing with her husband's other wives, or making appointments with her friends to visit the mosques, where she goes to offer up prayers to the holy marabouts that she may be the mother of many sons. Thus does she pass her days in trifles light as air until a certain period, which, alas! comes but too soon—that is when her youth and beauty vanish like a dream—and then she falls into a lethargy from which the hand of death alone relieves her.

Should she belong to the poorer class, then her condition is much more to be lamented. She is trained up from youth to perform the most laborious work, and for which, like the donkey, "she receives more kicks than presents." Her husband beats her and her children, and her condition is neither more nor less than that of a domestic animal.

Most assuredly this sketch is anything but encouraging. Nevertheless it is positively true, and is not only the condition of the Moorish women, but that of all Moslem women. They are much to be

pitied, and it is to be hoped that civilization will one day take compassion on them, and make them the companions, and not, as they are now, the slaves, of the nobler sex. R. W.

### CHEER UP HEART!

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

**C**OURAGE, Heart, though ill betide,  
Legion angels by thy side,  
God each darkest step shall guide,  
Shall guide, Heart!

**B**ATTLE sharpest troubles through,  
Hardest duties bravely do,  
High o'erhead thy skies are blue,  
All blue, Heart!

**O** thy prayers no answer nigh,  
All His wisest reasons why,  
God will tell thee by-and-by,  
By-and-by, Heart!

**A**NST thou? Won't thou understand,  
In the dark His busy hand  
Wisely works thy glory planned?  
All planned, Heart!

**S**TORM-TOSSED, lonely, wrecked  
thou be,  
Deepest wave and darkest sea  
Cast up brightest pearls for thee,  
For thee, Heart!

**H**Y life-boat tossing high and low,  
Hard soe'er the rough winds blow,  
O'er life's ocean thou must go,  
Must go, Heart!

**G**RIEF'S flood shall soon be over-  
past,  
On mount of bliss thine ark safe  
cast,  
Joy's bow shall sure shine out at last,  
At last, Heart!

**W**HEN though best you do and fail,  
Almost lost in life's rough gale,  
Still, through all the storm's wild  
wail,  
Cheer up, Heart!

### ROMANCE IN A SEMINARY.

BY ELIZABETH MARVIN.



It is a bad thing to have pity wasted," said my sarcastic friend, Kate Farwell, walking into my room and seating herself in the easiest easy chair. I enquired who had been wasting so valuable an article.

"Oh! nobody especial," continued she, "but just now I happened to call on our friend Mrs

Philips, and in the course of our conversation, she remarked, what a pity it was that I should be in a seminary, teaching; and how glad she should be if I had a home of my own. The idea! that she should pity me for my lot in life. Not that a pleasant home and a good husband are not desirable articles, but they must really be such, or they are not blessings. If they are, they are blessings in disguise, by our patient endurance of them, developing the Christian graces; but, for my part, I am willing that mine should not be so developed, even if Mrs. Philips does pity me."

Mrs. Philips was one of our friends who had married a selfish, indolent man, and whose life was a constant struggle for existence. No time had she for culture or society, for she was obliged to help support her family by taking boarders and sewing. That she should pity my friend Kate was a little absurd. Kate did not look like a person to be pitied, for she was very good-looking, and was always dressed in perfect taste.

We were teachers in a young ladies' seminary, and to-night were to have a little "symposium" in our room. One by one the other lady teachers dropped in, until there were seven of us, and then we set to work.

We were obliged to have our banquet in the bed-room, fearing lest some of the girls might come in, and we preached total abstinence from food between meals, whatever we might practice. We had tea and chocolate for those who were not confirmed old maids, grapes, peaches, cold tongue, currant jelly, and biscuits. Rare little suppers did we get up, and what delightful affairs they were! Then we talked and laughed and ate in a way that would have surprised the girls of the institution. What a pleasant company it was! Instead of unripe, undisciplined school-girls, were ladies of culture and refinement, whose manners were as agreeable as their lives were pure.

Constant complaint is made of women's gossip and unmeaning conversation. While true in some cases, still it is by no means universally so. I never listened to more entertaining talk than that of these women.

They discussed old times, the books they had read, and the people they had seen, in that witty, keen, picturesque way that cultivated women have.

Many a subject did we discuss

together, and sometimes our meetings seemed quite like debating societies. "Woman's Rights," the "Heathen Chinese," "Free Schools" and the "Education of the Sexes," all received their share of attention, and when they were talking, I could not help thinking of what De Quincey said, "that if an intelligent man talked for half an hour, he wasted material enough for an essay," and I had half a mind to be Boswell to some of them.

Certainly, their remarks would have been interesting to a larger audience than ours. Kate always declared that a keen intellect in a woman would never be desired by men; that moderate ability, with a fair share of good looks and moral purity and power of affection would be much more acceptable to mankind, who liked to feel that his intellect was the stronger. Moreover, she, in that way, supplied what he lacked, and so was more like "perfect music, set to noble words." Some of us scouted the idea and thought that a woman was no less lovable, even if she did have a powerful mind. Then Kate would answer that "if a woman had a great intellect joined to these other good qualities, she would be a perfect being, and, therefore, no companion for man; but as long as she must be imperfect, her brother man could pardon want of intellect better than anything else."

We used to have reading societies, and as there was another large school not far from ours, the teachers of both institutions would get together and have delightful times. Perhaps the young ladies under our charge pitied us, but we did not consider ourselves objects of commiseration.

One day when the "melancholy days had come," and the woods began to wear their gorgeous robes, Kate and I hired a "gentle nag," and started for the neighboring school.

The air was full of decaying sweetness, and the cool, fresh breeze blew the leaves from the trees upon us as we rode along.

Kate said that the hills were altars and the trees sacrificial fires. She was in an unusually pensive mood that evening, and seemed fond of recalling gone-by times.

We talked about our old school-mates, and what had become of them all.

"There was one boy whom I knew at school whom I should like to see," said Kate. "He has gone out West, I believe, but his