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Letters of administration having been issued to the undersigned, upon the estate of David W. Kerr dec'd, they hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and all persons holding claims against said estate to present them, on or before the 1st day of December 1880 or this notice will pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 27th day of October 1879.

CHAS. J. KERR.
ALEXANDER WILSON. } Admr's

A MOUNTAIN RIDE.

Of course we girls all pitied Rachel Tinkham, but we never quite made her one of us.

She was such a shy little thing, and blushed if you spoke to her, and acted afraid of her own voice, and wore print dresses all the time, and never was invited to our parties.

She lived in a tumble down old house which had been a very grand mansion once.

The Tinkhams had been great people in my grandmother's day. Nothing was left of their grandeur now, however. for there had been wine in one generation, and whiskey in the next, and *delirium tremens* in the third.

Ray's father was the third. She had a wretched time keeping house for him. Her mother was dead.

'We' were the girls of Mrs. Bland's private school.

A dozen of us were upon the east verandah one morning. We were all talking at once. Some one, it seemed, had said the high school girls were better scholars than we were.

'Very well. So they are.'

This was Kate Avery, and she was standing up by the lattice where the morning glory vines grow, and where a hundred clusters of little bells swung out blue and purple and rose pink. If Kate was anything, she was honest, though she was handsome too.

'We have music and French conversation, and Lou has a phæton, and I have two donkeys, and Queeny has been to Europe; but,' lowering her voice, 'it's an awful secret though it's the truth. The high school girls are miles and miles beyond us in Latin and mathematics.'

'Indeed they are,' said I. 'I'm what mademoiselle calls an 'idgit' in arithmetic. I really suppose that two and two make four, but if one of those girls were to tell me that they made five, I shouldn't dare dispute her.'

The fact is,' said Kate, 'little Tinkham is the only one of us who is sure of her multiplication table. But then she doesn't really belong to us. She would not be here if it wasn't for sweeping and dusting to pay her tuition. There she is this minute.'

A small, tired looking figure in a coarse dress came in sight round the corner. It was Rachel with her load of books in her arms.

'She has worn that dress every day for three months,' said Lou Stedman; 'I verily believe she goes to bed when it is done up.

'My dear, she can't. She has to wash and iron it herself. Oh, there is Queeny!' cried Kate. It was such a gentle, graceful girl who came walking fast to overtake Ray, caught step as she overtook her, and began talking pleasantly. 'Doesn't she look nice in that seal brown suit? And isn't it just like her to carry Ray's books for her.'

Queeny's real name was Alice. You would have known why we called her Queeny if you had seen her walk beside little Tinkham that morning, open the gate, and stand still, erect, with that grand way of hers for the girl to pass through. I believe we all rather worshipped Queeny.

Kate met them with her forehead all tied up into hard knots, and asked Ray, 'didn't she want to be an angel, and help her with those dreadful fractions?'

So the two sat down on the door step, and the rest went into the schoolroom. Then Lou called out to Ray to come and dust her desk. She said 'It wasn't half dusted.' Queeny said:

'Ray is busy, I will do it;' and she, silent and looking prouder than ever, dusted Lou's desk herself.

It was this morning, Friday, that Mrs. Bland told us that to-morrow would be 'Mountain day.'

All the schools in our town drive to the mountain once a year. Our day always comes in September.

This time Mrs. Bland couldn't go, so she sent along her cousin to matronize us. She was a fidgety person, afraid of spiders, and no good anyway.

'We are to start at nine o'clock,' Queeny said. 'Ray can you be ready so early?'

Queeny was a new scholar. She didn't know that Ray never went with us to such places. Now she flushed and replied:

'I don't think I can go to the mountain.'

'Certainly, you are going,' Alice said it in her queeniest way. 'If you can't go to-morrow we will put off going.'

'Saturday is my day to clean the schoolroom,' Ray answered.

'We will clean it. Let's begin this minute,' and off came Queenie's cuffs and Kate's, all the cuffs, in fact. We went to work, and had such fun sweeping and scrubbing. Just imagine Kate and Queeny washing the floor. They did it well, too.

'Now, remember, Queeny said, the last thing, 'everybody is to wear her oldest dress. And, Ray, would you be kind enough to bring hard boiled eggs for your luncheon? One apiece for us all round?'

Ray looked bright all over, and said yes.

Now I think it was just beautiful of Queeny to think of that. She knew little Tinkham couldn't bring frosted and French rolls as the rest of us did.

So she spoke of the eggs. We all remembered that Ray had wonderful chickens. I am sure the word about old dresses, too, was meant to help her.

The next morning Obed Tainter came round with his uncovered omnibus and his two great horses and picked us up.

We went for Ray last. She was standing in front of the old house, beside the tumble down gate, with her basket of eggs in her hand.

She looked perfectly happy, and her dress was so clean and smooth Kate whispered to me.

'That dress has been washed and ironed since last night. Just think of it!'

It was a clear, warm morning and every one was in such a glow of good spirits. I think we were all glad we had Rachel with us.

But if it hadn't been for Queeny, Ray would never have gone, and if Ray hadn't gone the rest of us would never have come home, and this story—for there is a story—would never have been told.

It is eight miles to the mountain and there is a carriage road to the top. The last two miles are very hard and steep, because you rise nearly a thousand feet above the Connecticut river in that distance.

But Obed was a steady, good driver and his horses were steady good horses.

We always drew lots for the seats beside Obed, and it was one of our treats to get him talking about his 'team,' as he called it.

'What are their names?' asked Queeny.

'Well'—a pause. Obed was a slow talker, but he had a great deal to say. 'The off one there is Cæsar and the nigh one he is Alexander.'

'Are they afreid of the cars?'

'Aint afeard o' nothing in natur.'

Obed paused for us to think this over, and then went on:

'Know too much, them creeturs do. They've carried a load to the mountain four times a week all summer. They'd take ye 'bout 's well ef I wan't along. They know—well beats all what them animals know. Understand 't I'm talking 'bout 'em this minit 's well 's you do. They're used to being talked to. My wife she thinks a sight of 'em. Beats all! She'll go out to the barn, and she'll carry 'em apples, and she'll be all over 'em; an' one week when she was sick, an' kep' in the house, you c'n believe it or not, but it's a fact that them creeturs lost flesh. She braids up their front hair for 'em and ties it with a red ribbon one day, and then the next day she unbraids it, an' it's crimped, all in the fashion, you'll understand. As they were a comin' to a party to day, they've got their hair crimped.'

But alas for Cæsar, and alack for Alexander. It was a terrible piece of work that you came near doing that day tho' we girls never shall feel that you were much to blame.

You see this was what happened.

We were all tucked into the wagon as tight a figs in a box, that afternoon, ready to start for home, when Lou called out that she had left her parasol. She must get out, and run up to the tower to get it.

'You just keep y'r sittin,' said Obed. 'I'll fetch yer umbrill;' and he started for the tower.

It was about ten rods off. The tower and stable are built in a small cleared space at the top of the mountain. All around and below are thick old woods great rocks.

Obed had just gone out of sight when Queeny gave a little scream, and put her hand to her eyes. 'Something has stung me,' she said, and then, that instant, while we were all looking at her, it happened.

The horses both reared, then gave a plunge, the omnibus seemed to rise from the ground with a leap, and sooner than I can tell it, we were all being borne, at an awful speed down that narrow rocky road.

I glanced toward Cæsar and Alexander and saw a terrible pair of wild animals. I looked toward the girls, and saw two rows of white frightful faces.

The reins were dragging on the ground Some of us were shrieking. 'Whoa!' A few were getting ready to jump. All this in an instant, and then, suddenly above the noise of the wheels and everything else, we heard a voice ring out clear:

'Sit still girls! I think I can stop the horses.'

It was Ray Tinkham, of all people in the world.

She stood up with a steady look in her eyes.

I must explain here that the road from the tower runs down a gentle slope for half a mile, and there comes a short turn. Beyond that is Long hill, the steepest, and most dangerous part of the way. Kate seized my hand and whispered:

'If the horses are not stopped before they get to the turn, we shall all be killed'

Ray was climbing over the driver's seat. She always could climb anywhere like a cat. She didn't pause an instant, but she called back to me:

'Natty Brock, put on the brakes. The rest of you sit still. Only pray as hard as you can.'

I sprang to the drivers seat, and jammed down the handle of the brakes. I prayed too. I believed I should never pray again.

I saw and thought of a hundred things at once. I saw the great tree trunks and the huge black rocks close upon us. I remembered the clematis over the front door at home, and wondered who would tell my father that I was dead.

Meanwhile, Ray was over the dashboard and down with her feet over the whiffletree.

How she did it, I shall never know, but the next we saw of her, she was creeping along the pole between the horses steadying herself with her hands on their backs.

The horses went tearing on like wild horses, their manes flying and their great bodies quivering all over.

Every instant the girls were becoming more excited.

Queeny was holding Mrs. Bland,s cousin with both hanns to keep her from leaping out. Kate cried:

'We are almost to the turn. What is Ray doing? She will frighten the horses worse than ever!' and she covered her eyes.

The brow of the hill was not forty feet off. Far behind, we could hear Obed's voice screaming to the horses to stop. The keeper of the tower was flying toward us.

But they were to far away to do any good. There seemed not one chance in a thousand for us. But that very instant when we all believed we were lost, we looked at Ray.

We saw her reach forward with one hand, and grasp the reins which joined the heads of the horses together. Just where the connecting straps crossed one another her fingers clutched them.

One sharp, fierce jerk of those heads backward, and the horses slackened their speed, and in an instant more stopped.

The wagon stood still, although the creatures were snorting and plunging yet. But that small hand of Ray's held on with a death grip, and in a moment more Obed caught the horses by their heads.

His face as white as it ever could be, and he spoked one word only. It was:

'Hornets!'

The horses had been stung in more than twenty places. They were unharnessed at once, and we were all out on the ground directly.

We laughed and we cried, and Mrs. Blaup's cousin distinguished herself by fainting away.

'I don't blame the horses in the least,' Queeny said. 'One sting is bad enough, and she showed where her eye was beginning to swell. 'The hornets came swarming out of the woods there.' As for Obed he was a humiliated man.

'But I was the one to blame, he said. 'I thought the horses would 'a' stood till the'r hides dropped off'n the'r ribs; but I tell ye ther' never was the team hitched up yet that 'nd stan' hornets. Blast the creeturs!' he added in an undertone.

'But Ray Tinkham!' cried Kate, and she went up to where the little thing was sitting on a rock, looking pale. 'You saved us all, you blessed child. How did you ever think of doing that?'

My grandmother stopped some runaway horses in that way once,' grasped Ray. I didn't know whether I could stop these or not, but I knew somebody must do something, or we should all be dashed to pieces.'

'Well,' spoke Obed. 'I've known o' that thing's bein' done just once afore in my litetime, but it was a boy that did it.

There's a sayin' 'mongst teamin' men that, when you aint got the reins, you can stop a runaway horse if you walk out on the pole and grip hold o' the bridles, but it ain't every horse that'll stand it.'

'But wasn't it splendid of Ray?' cried Lou, going over, and putting her arms round her.

'Never knew a girl e'd have so much pluck, answered the driver. If she had not been light on her feet, an' level in her head, she never c'd'a' done it. I tell you if these horses had'nt been been uncommon good horses, nothin' on airth' woul a' stopped 'em.

And Ray? I never meant to make so long a story of it, but I must tell you that we gave her a party soon after this. All the fathers, and mothers, and brothers went, and we carried her a carpet for her room and a new chamber set, and nice new clothes all through; and a few of the gentlemen gave her a bank-book, whatever that may mean. I only know that she was to have the income of certain money, and that it was enough to educate her thoroughly. We had the best time that night, and Queeny's father took Ray out to supper, and she sat at his right hand, and everybody treated her as though she had been a princess of the blood. I do believe there never was a happier girl on earth that Rachel that night

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

The Manner in Which a Texas Child is Kept Alive.

The San Antonio correspondent of the Galveston *News* tells the following story of a wonderful surgical operation recently performed in the former city. San Antonio contains a wonder the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It nothing more or less than a child seven years old that, instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the asual manner, is fed through an aparture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair soon to be as stout and healty as any other child. On Saturday last I determined to go and see the child for myself. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at that time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his little daughter Jessie drink a solution of lie, which a negro woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain result in such cases. There have been quite a number of casus in San Antonio, where children drank concentrated lye, and none have survived except in this instance. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the aesophagus is formed which means that the throat or at least the channel through the which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them can pass through. If the child does not die at once, it lingers for a year or so and then goes into a consuptive condition and then perishes of slow starvation. It is impossible for a human being to live exclusively on liquid nourishment; but where concentrated lye has been taken there are times, particularly in cold, damp weather, when the sufferer cannot even drink milk. All attempts to open the closed aesophagus are furtile, hence the sufferer slowly starves to death.

Such was the condition of the little girl, Jessie Lumley, when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much emaciated, could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performedin England, but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. Your correspondent cannot give the technical terms, but can make the *modue operandi* intelligible to the general reader. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, much stitching being required. Through the incison the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists in sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but the greatest care has to be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the walls of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately the child had an attack of chills and fever, which had to be cured, which gave it a setback. The operation described took place three weeks ago. The stomach had grown on the sides of the abdomen, and eight days ago the final operation in making a small incision into the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day during the past week a beef steak cut up fine has been passed with the forceps in the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

On Saturday last I visited the child and saw it fed. We halted in front of a small one-story house, which we entered. A little girl with light hair and blue eyes was sitting up in bed surrounded with playthings. Her mother, a young woman of about thirty years of age, was busy in the room.

"Don't you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor.

"I want steak. I don't want any bread, 'cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak, which the doctor proceeded to cut up into small pieces, crumbling up some bread at the same time. The food being prepared the child lay back on the bed and the opening in the side was exposed. It was only an inch in length and presented the appearance to, a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. I stood by and saw the doctor take one piece after another and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach until the plate was nearly empty. The child complained a little at times, but did not appear to be suffering any. She finally said, "My stomach is full," and as there was no more steak the doctor desisted. Finally some cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her playthings.

The following additional facts may be of interest to the medical fraternity and others interested: No particle of solid food has passed through the child's throat since the accident. A grain of rice nearly strangles her. Milk is also injected into the stomach shrough the opening. The only possible danger is from the wound closing up, hence it is kept open with cotton. At first a plug of expansive cotton was used. There is no reason why the child should not become stout and healthy. The food digests readily, just as if chewed and swallowed. To the inquiry if this mode of taking nourishment would have to be kept up through life no definite answer was given, as it depends on the possibility of reducing the stricture of the throat.

Gleanings.

"Ah," said a deaf man, who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear below."

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was 'prepared for the worst,' and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

Switzerland puts up condensed milk in large quantities for English market, where it finds a constant sale. There are several Swiss factories engaged in the business.

When a man buys a new hat his male acquaintances take it off, examine it and inquire the price. When a woman gets a new one her female friends turn up their noses at it and call it a 'horrid thing' That is the difference between the two.

"Martha,' said a new-made granger to his wife, "we'll have lots of pumpkins next year. I planted about forty; had to dig awful big holes to put 'em in, though.'

A not altogether gallant proprietor of a provincial menagerie posted up the following notice: "Ladies are requested not to remain stationary in front of the cages. It tires the monkeys."

A rather gayly dressed young lady asked her Sunday school class what was "meant by the pomp and vanities of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected; "Them flowers on your hat."

"No," said a Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded Deringers on the table before him, "the fact that the witness is a desperate man will not deter me from asking him such questions as I may deem proper.

A waiter uncorked a bottle of wine in a Parisian cafe. "How long did you say this wine had been bottled?" "Fourteen years." Ah; that is a long time for a fly to live; see, he is swimming around quite lively.

"The man who helps to circulate a piece of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist in a tar barrel and then go around shaking hands with everbody is what some people like to do" sententiously remarks the *Herald* "Chit-Chat" man.

More than one half of the glass used in the United States is produced in Pittsburg, where over 5,000 hands are employed in making it. Twelve thousand one hundred and ten tons of soda ash were used in the business during last year, and the value of the glass made amounted to nearly $7,000,000.

While in New York a few days ago P. T. Barnum replied to an old friend who told him he looked as hale and hearty as he looked ten years ago: I ought not to, my dear sir; I'm an old man; I'm seventy. But I gave up rum and tobacco years ago. I havn't smoked a cigar for eighteen years, and havn't tasted a glass of liquor for many more years. That has kept me young and hearty."

In the midst of the performance of an extravaganza at a Boston theater an old man rises in the parquett and says that he is displeased with his seat, as he is unable to hear well. One of the actors invites him to sit in a chair on the stage, which he does, and finally takes ludicrous part in the acting. It is not until near the close of the piece, so clever is the imposition, that the audience sees the old man is a member of the company,