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Hon N P Battle

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SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man shoulder,
Some may escape from its troubles and care;
Misfit it in youth and 'twill come when we're
older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear;
Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of
joy;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.
Every-day toil is an every day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may
share,
Walk is the back on which burdens are press-
ing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened
by prayer.
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn there were none to be-
friend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem
lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

The Charlington Hardness.

Helen Charlington was as white as the
crimson cloak which she had wrapped about
her head and face. Perhaps it was the
night air that made her shiver; but she
faced Doctor Warren Bolton with a determi-
nation which needed no words for its ex-
pression.
"But Helen—"
"Listen to me. If you cannot come to-
night, do not come to me again anywhere.
It is the end between us."
"Helen, Helen!"
Her eyes had not left his face.
"Are you going?" she said slowly.
"For an instant he seemed to waver; but
only for an instant."
"I am going, Helen," he said as slowly;
"if you ever want me I will come back to
you."
He doubted afterward if she had even
heard the words, so quickly did she turn
away from him. He caught the dazzle of
the brilliantly lighted room which she en-
tered, turned his face to the darkness and
the cold again, and strode off where duty
waited for him.

The Charlingtons were called "a hard
family," not from any social shortcomings,
but on account of their well-known obsti-
nacy. Seth Charlington was one of the
largest manufacturers in Riverford, and in
the numerous strikes among his operatives,
always held his own against them longer
and more successfully than any other mill
owner. He had discarded his only son for
some slight disobedience. Rumor said that
his wife, who had died when the boy was
born, had gone gladly out of a home in
which she had never known happiness.
There was but one other child, a daughter,
"the image of her father," every one
agreed, and the impression prevailed in
Riverford that she was exactly like him in
disposition. A few who knew the facts
asserted that she had taken her brother's
part with such determination that both of
them had been ordered to leave the house
never to return to it; Helen being pre-
vented from doing so only by the refusal
of her brother to allow her to sacrifice her-
self to his interests. That Helen and her
father were too much alike to agree was
well known, though their lives ran in such
different directions that they seldom
clashed. Mr. Charlington's time was spent
among the looms and spindles of his factory
to which he would not wholly trust any
overseer. His daughter was a social favor-
ite, and with abundance of money at her
command, gathered about her in her
father's house whatever friends she pleased
to select. Mr. Charlington was glad to
see any display which could be made with
his money, although too busy in making
more to take time for any comfort of his
own.

Helen, after her engagement to Doctor
Bolton, found herself for the first time in
her life in a position where she was occa-
sionally called upon for some self-sac-
rifice. For this her previous life had wholly
unfitted her. Much as she loved Warren
Bolton, the new relation between them had
not existed six weeks before they had
many stormy times and words. He was a
popular young physician, with a large
practice among the mill operatives, and
Helen, though neither a jealous nor capri-
cious woman, was exacting and unreason-
able. She ignored the poverty and wretched-
ness of the world. That there was a good
deal of it she knew in a vague, general
sort of way; for Doctor Bolton, he was
content to have it so. It would have been
his first instinct to shield her from any-
thing disagreeable or painful, had she
needed such protection. But for himself
he reserved the right of ministering to the
afflicted, asking no help in his work, but
submitting to no interference. His own
comfort and convenience he was always
ready to sacrifice to her, that of his
patients, ever the poorest among them—
never! and slight as the cause of their
quarrels had been, they involved a princi-
ple vital to both.

The old New England fashion of a
Thanksgiving dinner had always been held
in the Charlington family, and Helen's in-
vited guests always made a gala day of
what would have been in Seth Charlington's
house a very sombre festival. On this
particular occasion she had arranged a
little different programme. The preceding
summer Mr. Charlington had built a
cottage on the bluffs by the seaside,
five miles south of Riverford, and it was
Helen's fancy to invite the guests, who at
different times had sojourned there with
her, to a Thanksgiving party by the side
of the sea. Her father humored what he
called one of her many unaccountable
whims. The sleighing was fine, the
weather perfect, and it would have been
hard to find a merrier party than the one
assembled at the ocean at that unaccus-
tomed season. But Dr. Bolton was absent.
Helen had not waited for him. She had

received a note from him before they left
the city, saying that business detained
him, and he should, if possible, drive down
to the cottage later in the day. She was
terribly annoyed at the disappointment.
She had always made Thanksgiving her
greatest holiday of the year, and never be-
fore had anything occurred to mar its
pleasure.

"Heartless and selfish where I am con-
cerned," was the feeling with which she
crushed in her hand the little note. It was
surely too brief and curt to be loverlike,
that was true, but Helen refused to con-
sider under what painful pressure it was
probably written.

The whole day passed without his ap-
pearance, every hour intensifying Helen's
anger against him. It was nearly ten
o'clock before he entered the house, pale
and worn, and, without removing his over-
coat, he made his way directly to Mr.
Charlington. A few animated words
passed between them, evidently disap-
pointing the doctor, who, crossing the
room to Helen, said hurriedly:

"Come this way one minute. I must go
directly back to the city."

Her first impulse was to turn away from
him. Her second to make him answer for
what she considered nothing less than an
insult. She followed him without a word
to the front door, where he stepped outside
so as not to be overheard; but once
again at her face made him realize the use-
lessness of words.

"You must trust me, Helen," he said,
"until I can explain, but she would not
listen making her own terms. And, so they
parted.

"If you ever want me, I will come to
you." Over and over she heard the words,
and hated herself for hearing them, as she
moved, smiling and brilliant, among her
guests. Her father was apparently at his
ease, but she knew from the red spot on
his forehead that something had disturbed
him.

The Thanksgiving party was a great
success. At precisely twelve o'clock the
sleighs were brought to the door, and all
returned to the city, separating for their
several homes with many hearty congrat-
ulations to the host and hostess.

Mr. Charlington's face was still flushed.
Even the drive in the snowy air had not
lessened his color. Helen removed her
wrappings, and sat down facing him.

"Doctor Bolton had some news for you,
father. What was it?"
He glowed at her angrily.

"Nothing pleasant for you to hear,
Helen."

"I have heard things before that were
not pleasant," was the answer, "and I
have a special reason for wanting to
know."

"Doctor Bolton made a discovery in his
visit to-day. Your brother Edgar is in
Riverford Hospital, brought there yester-
day, he tells me, from New York."

At the mention of her brother's name
Helen sprang to her feet.
"And you—?" she gasped.
"I am in no way responsible. Edgar
took his own course. I told him that if
he left the house that night, he need
never return to it. For once he obeyed
me."

"Father, father! And you can be so
cruel! It is Thanksgiving night."
"Did you forget that," he sneered,
"when you sent Bolton away with almost
the same words. I heard them—acciden-
tally."

Appeal was useless, Helen knew. With-
out another word she left the room. At
six o'clock that morning she was driven to
the hospital, and shown to her brother's
room. Doctor Bolton had spent the night
there; but that very hour Edgar had
passed beyond the need of any human
friends. Helen stood rigid by her brother's
bedside.

"He is to be brought to my father's
house," she said, without looking toward
the doctor, who waited silently, and with-
out another word she passed him.

At the door she hesitated an instant,
looking back at the living and the dead,
the only two she had ever loved on earth.
But Warren Bolton's face was hidden in
his hands, and, crushing the impulse that
had moved her, she made her way out
into the street.

Her father was alone at the breakfast
table.
"Edgar will be brought home to-day,"
she said, sharply. "You had your way
with him when he was alive, I take mine
now he is dead," and she passed on her
solitary way up-stairs.

The paths of Helen Charlington and
Warren Bolton never crossed each other.
He heard of her often as a brilliant mem-
ber of the society to which she pre-emi-
nently belonged. She knew nothing of
him, as his work and time were given to a
class of the community with which she
could have nothing in common.

Thanksgiving had never been observed
in the family after the day spent at the
seashore. Father and daughter passed it
separately, and it was an anniversary for
either, it was never spoken of. It was
four years afterward that Helen, a few
days before the annual holiday, announced
her intention of spending it at the seaside
cottage. It was really a delightful month,
a prolongation of the Indian summer, but
Thanksgiving Day dawned as bleak and
cheerless as the heart of the lonely woman
by the sea. Toward noon a storm came
up, the day wore away in a tempest, which
lulled at nightfall. Helen, wrapped in her
solitary musings, and watching the roll
of the enormous breakers on the beach, was
interrupted by her maid.

"One of the fishermen from the shore
would like to speak to you, Miss Charl-
ington."

He entered as she spoke, an old weather-
beaten man, evidently in great distress.
"It's my boy," he explained, "hurt, my
lady. They brought him ashore, and the
Riverford doctor has come down to see
him, but it's a bit of the brandy that's
wanted, lady, and I thought may-be you
would have it to give me."

As the maid left the room to get the

needed supply, she asked, "Doctor Bol-
ton?"

"Oh, yes, lady, the doctor who is so
good to the poor fisher folks. He always
comes when we need him, God bless him,
though it's little of the money he gets from
any of us."

The old man hurried away with the
brandi. A few minutes later a servant
was dispatched with an immense basket of
provisions, and a note which ran:

"WARREN, you said if I ever wanted
you, you would come to me. If there is
less hardness in your heart than in our
family blood, come and spend Thanksgiv-
ing evening with—"

"HELEN."

It was fully three hours later before
Doctor Bolton stepped upon the cottage
piazza. It was duty first then, as it had
always been. But a woman met him at
the door, eager, impetuous, radiant. With
one look into his intense, loving eyes, she
threw her arms about him.

"Take me back," she cried, "here, in
the very spot where I was so cruel years
ago. I have wanted you all the time,
Warren."

And as he folded her close to his heart,
he realized the love which could conquer
the Charlington hardness, was a love worth
waiting for, and to both it was indeed a
Thanksgiving.

The Irish Earl's Stratagem.

The Castle of Mogeely, two miles from
Tallow, was a principal seat of the Des-
mond family. At this castle resided
Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who
had a favorite steward that often took
great liberties with his Lord, and by his
permission, tyrannized over the Earl's
tenants equally with his master. This
steward, unknown to the Earl, gave an in-
vitation in his Lord's name to a great
number of chiefs of Munster, with their
followers, to come and spend a month at
this castle. The invitation was accepted,
and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the
great surprise of Desmond, who began to
be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should
not be found for such a number of guests.

They had not stayed many days when pro-
visions in reality began to fail; and at last
the Earl's domestics informed him that
they could not furnish out a dinner for the
next day. The Earl knew not what to do,
for his pride could not brook to let his
guests know anything of the matter; be-
side, his favorite steward, who used to
help him in such difficulties, was absent.

At length he thought of a stratagem to
save his credit; and inviting all his com-
pany to hunt next morning, ordered his
servants to set fire to the castle as soon
as they were gone, and pretend it was
done by accident. The Earl and his company
hunted all the forenoon, and from the ris-
ing grounds he every moment expected
with a heavy heart to see Mogeely in
flames. At length, about dinner time, to
his great surprise, his favorite steward ar-
rived, mounted upon a fresh horse. The
Earl threatened him severely for being so
long absent at such a juncture.

The steward told him he had arrived just in
time enough at the castle to prevent his
orders from being executed; and further,
that he had brought a large supply of corn
and cattle sufficient to subsist him and
his company for some months. This news
not a little rejoiced the Earl, who re-
turned with his guests to the Castle,
where they found sufficient of every
thing they wanted.

The Jeweler's Joke.

Mr. Smiley, the undertaker, got it into
his head, the other day, that his eyesight
was not what it used to be, and that a pair
of spectacles would be beneficial to him
as well as make him look more venerable.
So he proceeded to Mr. Karat's jewelry
store, in the next block, to purchase the
desired article.

The obliging Mr. K. displayed his whole
stock of spectacles for his customer's in-
spection. Mr. Smiley would try on a pair,
elevate his head, then lower it, then look
over the tops of them, meanwhile holding
a newspaper before him.

One pair was for younger eyes (so he
said); another pair was for older eyes, and
so on until he had tried on all of Mr. Ka-
rat's spectacles. Not one pair could he find
that was suited to his sight.

Now the patient Mr. Karat was at times
fond of a joke, and informed Mr. Smiley
that he had a pair that he used himself
sometimes, and he might try them on, and
perhaps they would suit him. Mr. Karat
took from the drawer a pair minus the
glasses, and after carefully wiping them
inside and out adjusted them over Mr.
Smiley's proboscis.

After going through the usual perfor-
mance with his head, Mr. Smiley said:
"Why, they seem better. I can see as
well with them as I could without them
twenty years ago. I'll take these. They
just suit my eyes."

Home Sale.

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods
on Michigan avenue, Detroit, the auctioneer
put up a wolf-robe and invited bids. An
old man inspected it closely, seemed to think
there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesi-
tated to bid.

"Don't you want it?" asked the auc-
tioneer.
"Yes, kinder," was the reply.
"Then why don't you bid and take it?"
"Wall, I've bought heaps of things in
dog goods and so on," slowly rejoined the
old man, "and I never yet took home any-
thing that the old woman thought was
worth the price. If I got that 'ere robe
for even fifteen cents, she'd grab it up, pull
at one end, chew on a corner, and call out—
'Cheated agin—more'n half cotton!'
That's the reason I dasn't bid!"

—Edward S. Stokes and the widow
of James Fisk, Jr., chanced to sit at the
same table in an Atlantic City hotel.

Mrs. Grumper on Baby Shows.

The other day a lady called on Mr.
Grumper's wife, informing the latter per-
son that she (the visitor) was on the com-
mittee for inviting babies to the prize baby
show, soon to be given.

"No," said the old lady, "I can't do
nothing for you, becuz, in the first place,
I hain't got any baby to begin with, and in
the second, I don't believe in baby shows."

"For reasons hereinafter to be expres-
sed," put in the old man, as he detected a
significant glitter in his wife's eyes.
"Now," began Mrs. G., "there was that
baby show in Milton, when me and Josiah
lived there and Wilberforce was but a
fourteen months old, and a dear, sweet, un-
comprehending child."

"Ah, hum—!" from Mr. Grumper.
"The neighbors said he was the finest
boy that ever sucked point off a red-colored
rattle or cut teeth under disadvantageous
circumstances. He was such a nice, peace-
ful child, he was never getting out of hu-
mor, allus good, seeming like he knew that
yelling wouldn't help him through any
quicker. The folks down there at Milton
got up a baby show, and the first prize
was a twenty-five dollar cradle, to be given
to the finest baby exhibited inside of three
days at the town hall. Josiah knows how
I fixed Wilber up and combed his silky
locks until the first day of the fair came,
and how when it did come I took him over
on an old wheelbarrow. I sigh to think of
it—of the fair. When I got there they was
about forty brats arranged along the wall
in cradles, and in I wheeled, toting Wilber
and wheelbarrow up along 'ginst the wall.
I took him back and forward the whole
three days, and at the end of the third day
the time for prizes was at hand, and I was
all of a tremble. There was five deacons
on the judge's committee, and towards
evening they all come down to where I was
sitting with the wheelbarrow, coming to
inspect my baby. I found. The first one
grabbed him by the nose, and when the
poor infant gasped, the big brute laughed
and smacked his finger at the rest. Another
one stepped up and says, 'Good woman, we
must test the physical qualifications of
your child; and then he lifted the poor
child pudy near out of the barrow by his
ears. My blood begun to boil, when up
came another sayin', 'We must examine his
phenological capacities.' Then the son-
of-a-easter-egg began rappin' his knuckles
about the child's head, much to the amuse-
ment of the rest of the committee. I
could stand it no more, so rushin' up to the
skinny brute I gave him a smart lick in the
right eye with one hand and punched his
ribs with the other. I treated his associ-
ates to a similar dose, and airing my
opinions of their individual selves, I trun-
dled the wheelbarrow out, invoking disas-
ter to the whole concern. Since which
time," the old lady mused, wiping the
preparation from her brow, "I hain't been to
no prize baby shows."

"Thank heaven!" said Josiah.
"But what became of the other babies?"
"Queried the committee lady, as she arose to
go. 'Who got the prize?'
"I ain't certain," said the lady, "but I
heard they give it to the minister's brat—a
yaller-mouthed, freckle-faced, red-headed
little brat. Good day."

The Advantage of Poverty.

Poverty has its uses as well as prosperity.
The other day we met old Skoonberry, just
returned from a tour through Europe. We
were about congratulating him on his im-
proved appearance and beaming smile,
when we observed crape on his hat band.

"No immediate relative?" we said, with
a sympathizing glance at the signal of woe.
"Mrs. S," he replied, looking decorously
solemn.

"When? How? What of?" we asked.
"Well, the fact is, my boy, Mrs. S isn't
actually dead, so to speak. This is the way
of it. You see we were traveling through
Greece last winter and were captured by
brigands. They fixed a ransom of \$100,000
for my wife, and liberated me to re-
turn home and arrange for its payment."

"Is it possible? Well—"
"Well—of course!—ahem! You don't
seem to exactly understand—to—to grasp
the result. Of course, I can't raise any
such sum these hard times—the very idea
is absurd—and—well I have concluded to
call it a death in the family, so to speak,
and start in fresh as a widower."

And he moved off with a resigned smile,
or benign wince, we forget which.

The Grecian tour is becoming more and
more popular every day, somehow.

Taming Animals.

The ancients apparently knew little of
natural science. The Romans domestica-
ted some animals, and acclimated many
more than we have yet done in our day.
Rome, in her degenerate days, saw
astounding collections of hippopotami,
ostriches and giraffes, hundreds of which
were let loose into her gigantic arenas, with
whole packs of lions and tigers; but the
only object of these sanguinary shows was
to gratify the brutal appetite for slaughter
and a degraded people. The only remarkable
success obtained in those days was the skill
of the numerous professional tamers, who
seem to have done wonders. "They tame
the tigers" says a poem of early imperial
date, "they soften the rage of the lion,
converse with the elephants, and render
these unwieldy masses fit for human arts
and duties." Nor was their skill confined
to dancing apes or talking parrots, to
dramatic dogs and acrobatic elephants;
they seem actually to have been able to
change the nature of the fiercest brutes,
for Marc Anthony rode about Rome in a
chariot to which two lions were yoked; and
Berenice, the Egyptian Queen, had a favor-
ite lion, who is reported to have eaten at
her table, and to have licked her cheeks.
Up to the fourth century it was a regular
profession to "make bears, bulls, and lions
fit for intercourse with men."

How Hiram Hodder Popped the Question.

Hiram Hodder was as comely a young fel-
low as there was in all the country round.
He had plenty of spirit, to—that is, when
among "the boys"; but in the presence of
girls or women all his courage oozed out.
He would blush and stammer, and look so
sheepish and timid on such occasions that
one would never have taken him for the
gallant soldier he had proved himself in
defense of his country's flag.

Love and fear, it has been said, are in-
compatible; but to this rule—if it be a rule
—there are exceptions; at least, there was
one in Hiram Hodder's case. For, with all
his dread of woman-kind, he fell over head
and ears in love.

Hiram had more than once faced death
at the cannon's mouth, and would have
sooner done it again than venture on tel-
ling Dolly Lillypink the true state of his
feelings.

"If she only knew," he would often
sigh, but then the fear that if she did it
would only excite her ridicule, would put
him in a tremble that almost set his teeth
chattering.

Endurance has its limits, and at last Hi-
ram's fairly gave out. "Better the pangs
of despised love," he reasoned, "than the
torments of suspense." Come what would,
he resolved to speak his mind to Dolly,
and know the worst at once. He would
see her home from Mr. Gamut's next sing-
ing school, and tell her all about it by the
way.

When the momentous evening came, Hi-
ram attired himself with great care. It
was like arraying a victim for the altar, he
could not help thinking; still his resolution
did not waver.

Hiram, we are afraid, was little edified
by Mr. Gamut's melodies. His feelings
were too turbulent to be allayed by that
sweet singer's notes. The twang of the
tuning-fork grated harshly on his ear. He
was impatient for the end of the exercises,
yet dreaded the moment of its coming.

The last piece was sung standing. As
Hiram rose with the rest, his knees shook
under him, and during the last stanza they
smote together like those of the wicked
king when he saw the handwriting on the
wall.

The last word hardly died away when
Hiram caught up his hat and started hur-
riedly toward where Dolly stood chatting
with some friends.

"Miss—Miss?" he stammered,
"Miss Lillypink, will you do me the
honor of permitting me to see you home?"
was the speech he had prepared himself to
make; but the words either slipped from
his memory or stuck in his throat.

While he stood staring like a fool, and
making a jug handle of his elbow, Tom
Tate, who never lacked assurance, took
advantage of the situation, offered Dolly
his arm, and marched off with her amid
a general giggle.

Beside himself with rage and vexation,
Hiram, after knocking down Pete Looby for
smiling a little louder than the rest,
dashed on his hat and rushed from the
scene.

If there was an unhappy man in the
world that night it was Hiram Hodder. It
had been bad enough to think that Dolly
might reject his love; the thought of her
accepting another's was little less than
maddening. Already he hated Tom Tate
as a man can only hate a rival.

"I'll know my fate before another day
passes," said Hiram, as he rose next morn-
ing from his sleepless pillow.

Accordingly he walked over bright and
early, to farmer Lillypink's.
While passing the farmer's barn he
caught the sound of voices from within.
The weather boarding was thin and not
very close; so there was no difficulty in
hearing.

"Dolly's only fault is being a little skit-
tish now and then," said a voice, which
Hiram recognized as the farmer's.

"I think I can manage her," returned
another, which was plainly Tom Tate's.

"Well," replied the farmer, "you must
speak to my daughter; if she consents, it
will be all right."
"I'll go right over and ask her now,"
said Tom, starting toward the house with-
out observing Hiram Hodder, who stood
rooted to the spot.

Tom had already reached the door, when
Hiram, with the exclamation:
"It may not yet be too late!" started in
pursuit.

His eyes flashed with desperate resolve
as he hurried along the walk and up the
doorsteps. Without waiting to be announc-
ed he bolted into the front sitting room in
time to hear Tom utter the words:
"Miss Lillypink, I have come to ask—"
"And I, too, have come to ask—" wildly
interrupted Hiram.

"Really, Mr. Hodder," interrupted Tom,
in turn, "I think I have the floor, and
should be allowed to finish."
"You cut in ahead of me last night,"
growled Hiram, with a fierce look at Tom,
"but you can't do it this time!"

"Perhaps Mr. Hodder's affair is more
pressing than mine," said Tom, blandly,
not quite relishing Hiram's threatening
glance, and not forgetting Pete Looby's
late misadventure. "In that case I have
no objection to withdrawing for the pres-
ent."

"You can go or stay as you like!" an-
swered Hiram, gruffly, and now quite reck-
less. "I don't care who hears me!"

"Well, Mr. Hodder," interposed Dolly,
anxious to preserve the peace, "what is it
you have come to ask me?"

"To be my wife," blurted out Hiram,
in a voice thrilling with emotion.

"Mr. Hodder's errand," said Tom, turn-
ing to Dolly where she stood blushing, "is
so much more important than mine that I
think I had better call again. I only came
to ask your consent to Mr. Lillypink's sel-
ling me your namsake, the brown filly,
which he declines to do unless you are wil-
ling."

And with a polite bow Mr. Tate took his
leave.
An hour later Hiram Hodder went his
way the happiest of men.

Sprains.

These are among the more common acci-
dents and are more serious and painful
than is commonly supposed. A broken leg
or arm is often more readily cured than a
sprained ankle or wrist. In sprains, the
tendons, ligaments, and soft parts around
the joints are stretched and perhaps torn.
The first thing to be done is to place the
sprained part in the straight or natural po-
sition, and to keep it perfectly quiet until
the injured parts have resumed their nor-
mal state. To reduce the inflammation, ap-
plications are in most cases the best for the
first three or four days, and may be ap-
plied in the following manner: Dip a good
sized piece of flannel into a pail or basin
full of hot water or hot poppy fomentation
—six poppy heads boiled in one quart of
water for about a quarter of an hour—
writing it almost dry and apply it over the
sprained part. Then place another piece
of flannel (quite dry) over it, in order that
the steam and warmth may not escape.
This process should be repeated until the
patient feels that the flannel next to
his skin is getting cold—the oftener the
better. If, however, the patient find cold
or tepid water more comfortable, it could
be used. If the swelling be great, cold
water should be applied. The diet should
be nourishing, and not tend to constipate
the bowels. When the knee is the joint
affected, the greatest pain is felt at the in-
side, and therefore the fomentations should
mainly be applied to that part. When the
shoulder is sprained, the arm should be
kept close to the body by means of a linen
roller, which is to be wrapped four or five
times round the whole chest. It should
also be brought two or three times under-
neath the elbow, in order to raise the
shoulder. Gentle friction with the hands,
after the swelling and pain have subsided,
will help toward recovery. In severe
cases, treatment should be applied under
direction of a physician.

Her Boy.

Such wild eyes! Such matted hair!
Such strange thoughts as came to her half-
cracked brain as she staggered along the
street! A drunken man is an object of pit-
y—a drunken woman is a terrible sight.
She loses every good emotion, every won-
der