THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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MY JEWELS.

The Master gave into my hand
Five jewels, rich and rare.
Said He, "Until I call for them,
I trust them to your care.
It may be long ere I shall come
To take my treasures home:
But to you ready—no one knows
The hour in which I come."

At eve, the Master came and called,
"Where are my jewels fair?"
"Oh! Master, I have learned to love,"
Said I, "those treasures rare.
They are my life's most fond delight,
My earnest constant care,
The dearest objects of my life—
My jewels, Master, spare!"

"They are my own," the Master said,
"I did but lend them thee,
I held thee faithful—come again,
And take them back to me.
But hear my words, my promise true:
Thou shalt not lose thy care,
But thou shalt find them all again,
More bright, more pure, more fair.

"Nay! ask not for my reasons now,
Nor doubt what I shall do:
Safe are the jewels of my care,
And safe thyself too."
If thou canst give them meekly up,
Nor murmur at the word,
Fret not, if waymarks mount be still,
And know that I am God!

FORGIVE HIM!

'Forgive him! said Mrs. Stains, 'Oh, William, forgive him!'

The speaker was an aged woman and a widow. Her head was white with the frost of years, and her mild features were deeply marked by the hand of time. There was a tear in her eye, and her face was clouded with sorrow. She spoke to her son, a middle-aged, strong featured person, whose countenance betrayed a firm-willed, unbending heart, but yet who appeared an upright, honorable man.

'Forgive him! repeated the white-haired widow, as she raised her trembling hands towards her son. 'He is your brother—your only brother. Oh, if you know, your own heart, you will forgive him!'

'Never!' spoke William Stains, in a firm, deep tone. 'John has wronged me—deeply wronged me—and I should lie to my soul were I to forgive him now.'

'And have not you wronged him? asked the widow, imploringly.

'I wronged him? How?'

'By withholding from him your love, by treating him harshly, and causing him to sin,' answered his mother, kindly.

'Cease, mother. When you say that I have caused him to sin, you are mistaken. He has chosen his own path, and now he must travel in it.'

'William, you are the oldest, and from you should come the love that can alone heal the wound between yourself and John.'

'Listen to me mother,' said the stubborn man, with a piece of bitterness in his tone. 'John has been unjust to me—he has been unmanly and unkind. He has injured me beyond reparation.'

'No, no, William,' interrupted his mother 'not beyond reparation.

'Yes, he has injured my feelings by the most fatal darts of malice and ill-will. He has told false tales about me to my friends, and even assailed my private character.'

'And can you not forgive all this?' she asked, tenderly.

'Perhaps I might,' returned William Stains, 'but he added, in a hoarse tone while his frame quivered with deep feeling, 'he has done more than that. He has spoken of my wife, and —— but I will not tell it all. I cannot forgive him this.'

'Forgive him, and be happy. His heart is as kind as yours, and he is all generosity and love to his friends. More than forty years have passed over John's head, and during all that time he never spoke one unkind word to his poor mother.'

'And did I ever speak unkindly to you, my mother? asked William Stains, in a half hushed voice.

'No, no; you and John have both kind hearts, and it grieves me sorely to see you as you are now. Ah, William, I fear me you do not perceive how noble a thing it is to forgive those who have injured you.'

The man made no reply to his mother. He saw that she was unhappy, and he knew that he was himself unhappy also. In former years he had loved his brother, and he knew that he had been tenderly loved in return. The trouble which had so unnecessarily separated them, had been trivial in its beginning; but William's sternness of will and John's hastiness of temper had kept the feud in the increase. The first fault had been with the younger brother, but a word of explanation at the time might have healed it without any trouble; now, however, the affair had become deep and dangerous, and there was but one way for remedy. That way the aged mother would point out.

'William,' continued Mrs. Stains, speaking in a trembling tone, 'I can spend but a few short days longer on earth. I feel that the sands in my glass have most all run out; but before I depart I hope I may meet my two boys together in love—I hope I may see them once more bound together by the sweet bonds of friendship. When you were babies, I nursed you and cared for you, and I tried to do a mother's duty. I tried to make you both fit for the great world. As you grew older I promised myself a full share of happiness in your companionship, and naught has come to dim the joy of my widowed heart, till this sad cloud lowered upon me. I love my children—I love them both alike—and yet they love not each other. William, my son, one thing weighs heavily upon me. Should this thing last till I am dead, then how will you and John meet by the side of my corpse? How will you feel when you come to ——'

'Hush, my mother!' uttered the stout man trembling like a reed. 'Say no more now. This evening I will speak to you my mind.'

John Stains sat in his easy chair in his own cozy parlor, and about him were his wife and children. Everything that money could procure toward real comfort was here; yet he was not happy. A cloud of his coming there was one dark cloud to trouble him. The spot where for long years he had nurtured a brother's love was now vacant. No not vacant, for it was filled with bitterness. He knew that he was in the fault, but he tried to excuse himself by thinking that his brother hated him. This, however did not ease his conscience, for he knew that he was lying to himself.

While he sat thus he heard a rap at the front door, and in a few minutes one of the children told him that 'Uncle William' wanted to see him.

'Tell him to come in, said John; and after this he made a motion for his wife and children to leave the room. 'I shan't budge an inch,' he muttered to himself. 'If he thinks to frighten me, he'll find his mistake.'

Before he could say more, his brother entered the room.

'Good evening John,' said William, in a kindly tone, at the same time laying his hat on the table.

John Stains was taken all aback by this address, and he could hardly believe his ears; but he responded hesitatingly to the salutation. For an instant he looked up into his brother's face, and during that instant there flashed across his mind a wish that he had never offended.

'John,' continued William, still standing, 'you know well what has passed to make us both unhappy.'

'Yes, I know,' answered John, hardly knowing what tone to assume.

'Well, my brother, continued William, while a tear glistened in his eye, and at the same time extending his hand, 'I have come to bury the evil that has risen up between us. If you have wronged me, I freely forgive you; if I have been harsh and unbrotherly towards you, I ask that you will forget it. Come, let us be friends once more.'

Like an electric shock came this speech upon the ears of John Stains. A moment he stood half bewildered, and then the tears broke forth from his eyes. He reached forth his hand, but his words were broken and indistinct. He had not expected this from his stern brother; but it came like a heaven-sent beam of light to his soul, and in a moment more the brothers were folded in a warm embrace. When they were aroused, it was by feeling a trembling hand laid upon their head; and when they looked up they found their aged mother standing by them.

'Bless you, my children, bless you!' murmured the white haired parent, as she raised her hands towards heaven; 'and oh, I pray our Maker that you may never be unhappy more.'

John Stains knew it at his mother had been the angel who had touched the heart of his brother, and it did not alter his forgiveness.

'Oh,' he murmured, 'I have been very wrong—I have abused you, my brother; but if you can forgive me, I will to make it all up.'

'Your love will repay it all, John. Let me have your love, and I will try never to lose it more.'

'Now I am truly happy,' said the aged mother, as she gazed with pride upon her sons 'Now I can die in peace. Oh, my boys, if you would have your children sure of happiness in after life, teach them that forgiveness will heal social wounds which can be healed in no other way. Many a heart has been broken from the simple want of that talismanic power.'

Both those brothers tried to bless their mother for the healthful lesson she had taught them, and they failed not to teach it to their children as one of the best lessons that could be given them for life.

What A Mother Can Do.

In his admirable tract on parental obligation Dr. Dabney says: "A church was rejoicing with its new pastor in an ingathering of souls, and among the converts was one whose appearance was so surprising that it filled them with wondering gratitude. The subject was a man of the world, who had lived past middle life, far from Christ and good. He was a man of inherited wealth and social position generous and profuse, profane when irritated, a sportsman and keeper of thoroughbred horses, a frequenter of all scenes of gaiety and worldly amusements which are not low. This man suddenly manifested a solemn interest in divine things, was constant in God's house, and was found, before long, sitting like a contrite child at the feet of Jesus, and, let it be added here, that his after life nobly attested the genuineness of the change. He lived a pure Christian and devoted philanthropist, and died in the faith.

"There was naturally in the new pastor's heart a curiosity to know how so surprising and gratifying a revolution was wrought, and perhaps, a trace of elation to be secured with himself that this case must be purely a result of pulpit instrumentalities. So when the convert came to confer with the session, he was asked what sermon had been the special means of his awakening. It seemed hard for him at first to comprehend the drift of such a question, but at last he answered very simply that his change was not due to any sermons or recent means but to his mother. To his mother? She had been dead so long that few remembered what manner of mother he had! She had been in her grave more than forty years. The oldest elder present had never seen her; had, in fact, never heard of her. She had died in the bloom of her beauty and maidenhood, when he was a boy of six years.

"This the wonder grew, but he explained that she was a Christian woman, a girl of the great Westmoreland of Samuel Davies in the colonial days, and she had begun to mould her infant boy in the cradle. He added that now, if he was Christ's, it was the memory of those teachings over his infant mind, and especially of the dying scene, which was the great instrument of bringing him back, against which all other influences had proved in vain. When this young convert was about to die, she had gathered her children about her bed to bless them, giving to each a portion for life, and made them promise before him in prospective, death, had prayed for and blessed them, and so had her dying hand upon his brow, and charged him, her first born, to fear his mother's God, and remember her lessons. The hand had been upon his head ever since, through the long years of his worldliness, he had felt its touch in the hours of loneliness, as well as in the hours of sociability in the hunt as he was hieling his hounds after the fox, on the race field as he chased his whirling horse, and it was this which at last had brought him back to God."

O mothers, mothers, pray on! Hope on. Be strong in faith, giving glory to God. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

"I'll Master You if I Die for It."

In the course of a recent address, Mr. Lucy R. Gough said: "I knew a man in America who undertook to give up the habit of chewing tobacco. He put his hand into his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco, and threw it away, saying, as he did so, 'That's the end of it.' But it was the beginning of it. Oh, how he did want it! He would sick his lips, he would chew camomile, he would chew tooth picks, quite anything to keep the jaws going. No use, he suffered incessantly. After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty eight hours, he made up his mind. 'Now, it's no use suffering for a bit of tobacco, I'll go and get some. So he went and purchased another plug and put it in his pocket. 'Now,' said he, 'when I want it awfully I'll take some.' Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he loved it was God's good spirit who was strving with him as he held that tobacco in his hand. Looking at it he said, 'I love you, but are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man, you are a thing, and I am a man. 'I'll master you if I die for it.' Every time he wanted it he would take it out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away and feel easy, but he said the glory of the victory repaid for his struggle."—The Royal Road.

An exchange prints a lengthy article on "Science at Breakfast." Valuable space wasted. Science at breakfast is getting away with four slices of ham and a half dozen eggs while your vis-a-vis is unfolding his napkin.—Keokuk Gate City.

A debtor's tree—willows—Whitehall Times. A boarding-house keeper's tree—ash.—Yawcob Strauss. A tree that everybody would like to be—poplar.—Whitehall times. A tree that resembles fashionable young men—spruce.—Albany Eggs.

Northern Business Men on the South.

The Brooklyn Eagle has been interviewing the leading business houses of New York City without regard to their political opinion in reference to the state of affairs at the South. We republish a part of the Eagle's editorial comment on these interviews. It is the most conclusive proof that has been made during the campaign—an argument that no republican can refute. Will they try?

'If there be impartial witnesses, where are they more likely to be found than in the ranks of gentlemen who, indifferent to either political party or representatives of both, look upon the South with the unjaundiced eyes of commerce; who are doing business with the people of that section every day; who go there as northern men, and who, inasmuch as they have their money at stake, may be trusted to examine the ground pretty carefully before they give credit? The Eagle confesses that it can think of no testimony that will satisfy the doubting, if the affirmations of such men be put aside as not to be depended on. It will be observed that among the gentlemen interviewed were the heads or representatives of A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., T. B. & H. K. Fourtier & Co., Dunn, Wyman & Co., Tefft, Griswold & Co., Denham & Co., Burkly & Co., Bates, Reed & Co., Cooley, E. S. Jaffrays & Co., Howards Bros. & Reed, and Mills & Gibb. Now, what in brief do these men say? Well, simply this:

First—They without exception give the lie to every pretense that the southern people exhibit any hospitality to northern men.

Second—They give the lie to the not unfamiliar assertion that northern men, unless they be democrats, are ostracised in southern communities, and that the southern people will not do business with northern republicans, or for that matter with republicans from any section.

Third—They report a state of mind in no respect different from what prevails with good men here. There is attention to business, contempt for issues that are dead beyond recall, love of honor and justice between man and man.

Fourth—As between the negro and the white they report a steadily growing good will, be it of the colored man's ignorance that or his fidelity in point of interest with his white neighbor, and the white man's equally clear appreciation that the colored man's labor is indispensable to him.

Fifth—Of the reported hulloaing, secession sentiment and general violence, they have seen and heard nothing except in the columns of partisan newspapers.

Sixth—Their proof of sincerity in affirming the peaceable purposes of the people, is furnished in the fact that they are doing trade in every southern city and town, and have given them credit to the extent of millions, and are pressing them to expect millions more.'

The Brooklyn Eagle concludes: 'We submit to our republican readers that they cannot, in the face of this testimony, support a party which has for its most prominent issues distrust of the South, and which is appealing every day to the passions of the civil war. If such witnesses cannot be relied upon, it will be vain to rely on the annual more correspondence, and expected experiences, and the accustomed other means to inform truth. It is no object, not to merchants whose word is good as gold in every exchange of the civilized world? It seems to us there is no room for hesitation. If it be answered that these gentlemen see things from a business standpoint only, and speak rather of business relations than of politics, we answered that the South is true in business and false in politics, without prejudice in the ordinary arrangements of life and in the hospitalities of home, but full of treacherous designs against the Republic. It is the first time in the history of the world that such opinions have been found mixed.'

The Power of Song.

In one of the hospitals at Edinburgh lay a wounded Scotch soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a consumed by death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A young and wicked life with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities, and made profanity and scoffing his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought that he had no feeling, no pleasure in the recollection of childhood, no longing, and that he had never felt moved by love. But to despite he felt it was true so.

A young and gentle christian man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind kindness, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid no attention to his respect. He plainly told him he did not want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length.

"No, I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

For her conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment a song was begun to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every Christian in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sang them. Presently soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments yielded to his mother's God and the singer's friend.

Flying With His Charge.

A gentleman just returned from Canada tells the following story:

'A day or so ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cowcatcher. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the track behind us, and he stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child, had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighboring house followed by the dog, and it supposed that the child lay down and went to sleep on the track.'

Wanted to See the Editor.

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading and then threw it aside with disgust and remarked:

'I don't want news from that paper.'

'I supposed everybody read it in these parts,' I answered. 'Has it been pitching into you?'

'Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think it had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper.'

'You never make anything by striking an editor,' I said, 'better grin and bear it.'

'Yes, that's all right for you to say, but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper.'

'What did he do?'

'Do! He did a thing right. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield in the evening and come home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony and we went to the music hall and the theater. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; in fact, we were having a good time, when some fellow came in and tried to raise a row. In less than two minutes the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined $7.40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out, but the very next morning I'll be eternally confused if that paper didn't have it all in, and my name too.'

'Did your wife see it?'

'I should say she did.'

'Did she make a fuss?'

'Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?'—Haweye.

Neglect of the Household.

Sometime ago I noticed that Lois Cately had written well and ably in regard to her opinion concerning fathers who bury themselves in business cares, to the neglect of the mental and spiritual training of their children. While I agree with her, that too many spend their time in this way, I know that there is still another class, who sin against their families in another way, and more culpable.

There are thousands of men all over our land and country who require the whole of their household duties to be performed by the slender hands of their wives. And while those husbands and fathers are engaged in their daily business, or worse still, are fettering away their times in idleness or dissipation, those wives and mothers are literally buried alive. I know many mothers, noble, intelligent, pious women, who would gladly spend much of their time in training their little ones, and yet the minds, the hearts, the souls of those mothers are starving—starving because of the heavy burdens heaped upon them by the men they call their husbands.

What should mothers do under such circumstances? Should they rebel against the authority of such husbands, or should they continue in their obedience, starving their own souls and the souls of their children, until they sink into premature graves, leaving their little ones motherless, and worse than fatherless.

To Be Remembered.

Professor Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eye, avoid rubbing, but dash water into them. Remove cinders, etc., with the corner of a soiled pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound, if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked get on all fours and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc., water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath and then stoop low, but if caught in suspense, walk erect. Such poisons as vitriol, nitric acid, potash, soda, or large the wound, or bathe at once the part without delay. Bind the wounded part as long as can be done to a thermometer or cut of a sage. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisoning, give acids, in case of opium poisoning give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back with the nose and mouth project free. For apoplexy, raise the head and body. For fainting, lay the person flat.

Truth.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—Bulwer.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all society.—Castaldin.

Truth will be uppermost one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.—Sir W. Temple.

Truth, which they care not of fashion, is the measure of an knowledge and the business of the understanding.—Locke.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings, with it a man is blind, it is the eye of reason.—Boussaun.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosity of worldly affairs, for truth, like light travels only in straight lines.—Colton.

He that finds truth without loving her is like a bat, which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun. Sir Philip Sidney.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth, for all truth is beauty. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music.—Shaftesbury.

It Didn't Work.

At precisely two o'clock by the bells, the other morning, a policeman who was walking on Bleecker street caught sight of a negro who was sneaking along a fence, and he called upon him to stop.

'I'm in a big hurry to keep the morning train for Toledo!' called back the African.

The officer threatened to shoot if he did not stop and the skin for halted.

'Does you imagine that I look like I got a chicken head?' he asked as the officer approached.

'Yes, sir, that is exactly what I imagine.'

'An' if I don't got a chicken I kin go right down to de depot, I kin?'

'I guess you can.'

'Well, sah, den jes' gib dis yer, an' tell me if de name is chicken?' said the man, as he pulled a big goose around in front of him.

The officer went back on his word, and took the negro under arrest, and the virgin was yesterday explaining:

'Wah's de use ob tryin' to git 'long wid dem policemen? De best way is to drop de goose an' make fo' de woods.'

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit or else float away, useless and wasted upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision or be entirely dissipated by delay.

General News Condensed.

The report of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture indicates that notwithstanding the August drouth and the early September frosts, the corn crop of that State will not fall below the average.

At Logansville, Wis., Henry Rietz married the girl whom Otto Ringert wanted. Otto went to the wedding with a knife, and when the ceremony was over he stabbed the bridegroom three times.

A Texas clergyman, about to become chaplain of a penitentiary, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, who had ill treated him, from the following text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am you may be also."

General Hancock's old army comrades are rallying to his support by thousands. In Philadelphia alone there are no less than twenty 'Hancock clubs, numbering in the aggregate 5,000 men, all of whom have heretofore been active members of the Republican party.

Henry Herbert Crane lived childless at Grafton, Ohio, until he was 65. Then his young wife gave birth to twins. The joyful father hired a band of music, and marched through the village bearing a banner on which was inscribed the word "Victory."

Nothing—with the exception of his wife's millinery bill—so utterly dumbfounds a young husband and father as the paradox of a nine-pound baby, half as long as his arm, with about two miles of noise packed in it.

A clergyman's daughter in Galesburg, Ill., ran away and married a negro. Her relations are among the people of the highest standing in society. Her father was a distinguished Episcopal minister at the time of his death. Lynching is threatened the negro.

A remarkable woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis. She was 87 years old, and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of whom there were pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and four were born at one birth. Ten of her children are living.

The Caspian sea is gradually becoming lower. A portion of the eastern shore is now transformed into a series of lagoons separated by muddy spears, and measurements have shown that in 1877 the level was nearly four feet higher than in 1861. A similar diminution of the water seems to be in progress in all Asiatic lakes.

It is said in Ottawa that Major Walsh, of the Dominion mounted police, has secured Sitting Bull for three years for a company of Canadians, who propose making a tour of the United States and Canada with him, commencing on the 1st of January. He will appear in a border-life drama. The story is rather doubtful.

Martin H. Clancy, a well known resident of Hawley, Wayne county, Pa., committed suicide three or four days ago in a very singular manner. He was sitting at his desk reading when he suddenly said, "It is very hot! guess I'll blow my brains out." A second later there was an explosion and he fell dead with a pistol ball in his brain.

San Francisco society is deeply interested in a report that Miss Flood, to whom U. S. Grant, Jr., was engaged, has jilted the young man. He appeared in public with a girl described as "not over nice," and when Miss Flood heard of it she terminated the engagement. The pecuniary loss to young Grant is something like $6,500,000.

Dr. Tanner lectured in New York Thursday night at Booth's Theatre. He especially denounced Dr. Hammond, and renewed the controversy between them. He advocated fasting for all inflammatory diseases and especially for dyspepsia and rheumatism, and said that he believed that sooner or later the benefit of science he was willing to undergo his ordeal.

A remarkable family of fat children live in Barren county, Ky. The father, Smith Land Chambers, weighs 430 pounds, and his wife only 415 pounds, but a six-year-old daughter weighs 250 pounds. The latter is about as tall as other girls of her age, measures eighty-four inches about the waist. A son died when five years old weighing 287 pounds, and some younger members of the family are growing up rapidly.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the late Dorothea Kitchener used to have a "finger cure," and that it was no unusual thing for him to starve his patients for a few days or a few weeks. Mrs. Abbey Hutchinson Paton of the famous Hutchinson family, a patient in this institution, went without eating for twenty-one days, surrounded with tempting grapes, peaches and other fruits from her husband's farm.

The scientific papers have of late exhibited wonderful ignorance of the subject to speaking of the hottest place in the world. They make no allusion to the occasion in which a young man has invited two new lady acquaintances to supper at a church festival and makes the startling discovery that he has a thing but a ratty dollar and two suspender buttons with which to liquidate a bill of two dollars and a quarter, that the extraordinary exuberance of his new friends has generated.

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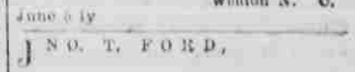

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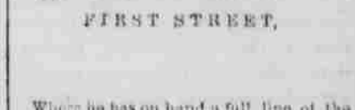

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