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#### HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY J. W. HATTON. Alone and friendless: doomed to die, With never a soul to hear thy cry; Nor feed, nor drink, nor shade of tree; Banished!—how cruel it seems to thee!

Death-meaning and heartless the dec Depart, forever, the child and thee! Perish of want, and die unblessed, is boy pressed to thy breast

Unseen the hand that leads the way From the home of plenty, far away, To a world of sands, all parched and bare, To die of hunger and despair

Hunger and thirst, and the maddening moan of the dying boy, so plaintive grown That Hagar flees, she knows not where, Crazed with hunger and dazed with care.

But a mother's love, grown strong in death, Countrains her heart, while life and breath Still animates the form of one— The beautoous form of her darling son.

Only a how-shot could she go From sight and sound of Ishmael's woe; There sat she down and prayed to die— How sad and pitcous was the cry! Her eyes, bedimmed with scalding toars,

Are oped at last; she listens, hears A voice speaking, as from afar: "Behold a well of water near! Rise, drink, refresh thyself and child, And journey yet a little while,
For I will make, in future years,
A Prince of him thy heart reverseA father of Kings shall I-shmael be,
And source of endless joy to thee."

## JENNIE'S ROMANCE.

- "You don't pretend to say so!" "But I do, really," "True ?"
- "Just as true as you live and breathe!" "Well, I never! When are you go-'In the morning stage as far as
- Springfield, and then in the cars."
  "Won't that be nice?" "You can just believe so !"
- "Remember and tell me all about Boston."
- "Oh, I will." "Wish I was going.
- "Wish you was, too." These were the words of a bit of conversation between two young ladies one Sunday morning, as they stood in the Congregational Church of Perryville, and pretended to be singing "Corona-

Jennie Jones had confidentially told Ellen White, when they arose to join in the singing, that she was going to Bos-ton, and Ellen had expressed herself as perfectly surprised.

In Perryville, it was a great and important event for one of the citizens to go as far away as Boston. Once in a long while some adventurous Perryvillian visited Greenfield or North Adams, and the village merchant went twice a year to Springfield, but no one, excepting perhaps Rev. Mr. Profounde. ever went to Boston. Perryville was an isolated town in the backwoods of Northern Massachusetts, out of hearing of fin ished civilization, and a little world in itself. The people were Yankees of the purest stamp and quality, and as con-

Among the good people of Perryville and to be the great man of a Yankee town is to be a person of consequence. Thomas Jones had the best farm town, was the thriftiest the citizens, and held all the most important town offices. Jennie was his only child, and from her birth had been reared to believe her father the one bright star in Perryville. It had dawned on the magnate's mind that his daughter might become a talented lady if she could only be educated, and he determined that she should have the best educational advantages that money could buy. And so she was going to Bostonthere to be transformed from a red-

haired, milk-and-water country beauty into a cultured lady. Ellen White hastened to impart the important news to her next neighbor Mrs. Phipps, and long before Rev. Mr. completed his sermon nearly

all of the congregation knew of it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was com-pletely overwhelmed by their congratu-

George Harrison came that Sunday evening, as he always did, to "set up" with Jennie. The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts, "I want you to remember me, Jen-

"Of course I will !" Jennie replied. And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jenuie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

Monday morning came to Jennie, not as other Monday mornings usually came. There was no washing to do, no cream to churn. She was free to act her own pleasure, and she moved about the old arm house sublimely sensible that : grand era in her life was about to begin, Her mother was tearful and sad, and George, hiding behind the rail fence. shed great, briny tears. Her father

alone was confident. "I'll resk Jennie," he said; "she's jest like me, an' she'll git aloug." As proof of his confidence he placed in the girl's hands a purse of \$100. "Put it right inter yer bosom, "they say that pickpockets can't

Jennie obeyed, and firmly resolved that no pickpecket could get at her treasure.

The stage came at 9 o'clock, and Jen

nie took leave of her parents. The old black trunk that had been her grandmother's was lashed on the boot; and the journey for Boston began. At the postoffice, Jennie's boon friends had met. and, while the stage-driver was waiting for the mail bags, there was an osculatory leave-taking. Then the lumbering coach drove off, and the happy girl left Perryville behind her

The sun had shown its noonday to the city of Springfield when the fair traveler reached there, and was set down at the depot. There never was a 17-year-old maiden before who saw Springfield in such a brilliant light as she saw it. To the country girl it was something like paradise, but it was not Boston.

The eastern-bound train came in, and Jennie dutifully obeyed her father's instructions to take the rear car the moment that the train stopped at the depot. There were but two or three vacant seats, and she chose the one nearest the door, A multitude of forebodings and wonderings filled her mind. She thought of the possibility of an accident, of the rate of speed that the train would run, of the route, the great Boston beyond, and litran over her father's many injunctions in regard to board bills, car fare, extortionate hackmen, and especially about

venture with a pickpocket, wherein that personage was described as a modern Claude Duyal, handsome, black-whiskered, and wearing an immaculate suit of black and a silk beaver. The story recurred to her mind, and instinctively she looked about the car for one who should have the appearance that the sto-ry had named. She started the next noment. In the seat directly before her sat a gentleman, tall, noble looking, and dressed in faultless black. A long and heavy black beard hid his mouth, and from beneath his hat a curly wealth

of raven hair was thrown care. 31: 2 Jennie lost no time in arriving at conclusions. Nothing could have been more confident than her decision. Undeniaoly the gentleman filled her ideal. Without doubt he was a knight of the road, a wolf seeking whom he might devour. Jennie trembied just a little, and began to hope that the gentleman would not notice her. She felt of her pocket-book, and resolved that she should keep it at all hazards.

The train started, and Jennie felt s little less perturbed. The dark gentleman took from his pocket a copy of the morning's Republican, and began to

"Just like a pickpocket!" Jennie thought. "Perhaps," she added, "he thinks I'll get sleepy by and by, and then he'll give me chloroform. But I guess I'm smart enough for him!" The summer scenery of dusty Hampden

county lost its charms to the country girl, who, utterly regardless of the changing view of hill and vale, kept er eyes fixed nervously on the very suspicious-looking gentleman in the seat

Presently the train reached Palmer and among the passengers who entered was one gentleman who stopped beside Jennie's seat, and in a pleasant, manly tone of voice asked "if it was engaged?" It was slightly unfortunate that the train was just starting, and the questioner's words were made indistinct to the young lady. She understood the word "engaged," but the rest of the query was inaudible to her.

"What if I am?" she retorted, quick, petulantly, and only as a Yankee girl can.
"I would like to sit down if it is not," the gentleman smilingly persisted.
"Sit down for all I care!" Jenni

He took the seat by her side, "Warm day," he began,

Jennie looked poutingly out of the

"I hope I do not crowd you," the tranger and applogetically, and in such pleasant voice that Jennie turned and ooked forgivingly on him.

The gentleman's face was full and ruddy, and a pair of black eyes smiled in rivalry with the frank lips. He was bressed in a light summer suit, very be-Jennie had never seen such captivating man, and she was ashamed herself for showing so much petulance 'She thought that perhaps sin was mistaken, and that he had not asked if she was engaged. Of course he wouldn't, such a fine-appearing man Something about him entranced her, and seemed precisely as it did when she and George Harrison sat on the parlor sofa of an evening.

"No, sir, you do not crowd me," she enswered, hesitatingly, "It is tiresome to ride, is it not?" the

entleman remarked. 'Yes, sir," was the demure answer. You are from the West, perhaps? "I am from Perryville, sir. That is in this State?"

Yes, sir." "I beg your pardon, but you have like and calm."

ves like a Western lady's-gentle, dove-Jennie felt flattered. The Western ladies are very pre-

the gentleman said. "I have traved extensively in the West, and I have yet to see a lady in New England so sh and fair as the Western flowers. dways feel so cold here in Massacht setts, where fair ladies are so rare. You may doubt me, but no fairer face than yours have I seen here." "Thank you," Jenme guilelessly an

The stranger sighed, and continued 'Now, I am going to Boston, and expect to die of cunui, for fair women are at a discount there.

"I am also on my way to Boston, ir," the girl said. "Indeed! Are you going quite through on this train?" "Yes, sir,"

"That is too bad, I stop over in Worcester one train. You are traveling

"If I were only going through, now, flatter myself I could be of service to

Boston, and I should like to be directed Pa told me perhaps I might fall in with some kind person who would help me "Too bad, madam, that duty is duty I should be pleased to help you. It is no pleasure to travel alone and know no

"I think so, sir. And it is 'specially for a lady. There are pickpockets, you

The last words were uttered in whisper, and Jennie looked harder than ever on the gentleman in the seat bevoluble companion answered, "but I hardly think there are any in this car."

"O, sir," Jennie whispered. "I am are that that gentleman ahead of us is othing else." "He has a very indifferent look, cerainly," the affable man said, "But of course von do not carry money with von

to any amount ?" ' I have \$100, sir."

"Ah! Let me advise you not to arry it in your pocket. Thieves are too adept, and would not fail to find it "So pa said, sir, and I put it here in

iv bosom. "A good place to carry it, madam.

"Do you think he could find it "No, I presume not. My sister delares that her purse is safe there, but nother carries hers in her hat. lace is safe. My sister would agree vith you. Miss-

"My name is Jones, sir." "A very poetic name! Mine is Lawence-Alexander Lawrence. I have no cards with me; but I am a commercial traveler from D --- & Co., New York. Conversation continued. Mr. Lawrence showed himself more and more agreeable, and Jennie was completely won by the charming address, of the stranger. Although she was a blushing and sensitive girl, she had some of he ckpockets.

Conce on a time she had read in the the tone and style of her new acquain-Weekly Gazette a story of a lady's ad- tance a man altogether different from

any one she had ever before met. His refined ease and deference made an immediate impression on her. She was fascinated, and felt that she had found an atmosphere where her lightest words might safely float. There are men who may well be styled male flirts, who trifle with an artless maiden till they read her soul, and then leave its book unclosed. The drummer was such a man. Before the train reached Worcester, Jennie felt that she had known him for a life-time. She told him of her own history, of Perryville, of her father's wealth, of her purpose in visiting Boston. With rapt attention Mr. Lawrence listened, per-fectly satisfied to find that he had opened

the girl's heart, and encouraging her confidence by attentive flattery. "You must favor me with your address while you are in Boston," he said, "for I shall do myself the honor of calling on you."

Jennie promised that she would, and fondly imagined her pride at having such a gentlemanly admirer. In her heart she determined upon writing to George Harrison the next day, and asking to be released from her engagement. Wouldn't it be nice to astonish Perryville by announcing her engagement to such a nice gentleman as Mr. Lawrence! In her mind she married the words "Mrs. Alexander Lawrence." Wha would Ellen White say? Wouldn't all

the good people of Perryville be aston-All too soon Worcester was reached. Jennie's foolish little heart beat rapidly when Mr. Lawrence took her hand and

bade her good-by, with a tender ex-pression of the hope that he might meet er again in Boston. Then he went out, and Jennie felt very lonely. She caught one last glimpse of him from the car window,

and then the cars went on, and the dream was over. So agreeable had been the companion ship with Mr. Lawrence that Jennie had for a whole hour forgotten all about her fear of pickpockets. Now the thoughts came again. There was the dark-bearded gentleman still in the seat before her. There was—no, there was not! She put her hand to her bosom. Her pocket-book was gone. She made the discovery, and announced it with

a little scream, and then a succession of shricks. The attention of all the passengers was excited, and the gallant conductor came running to the rescue, expecting to find the lady in an epileptic fit.

"Oh, oh! It is gone! He has got t!" she cried, in perfect agony.
"What is it, madam?" (The conuctor did not ask the question very pleasantly.)

"He has stolen my pocket-book!" she cried. "He-that fellow-that pickpocket!" adicating the astonished gentleman, who had leaned over the seat, looking

nildly at the young lady. Which gentleman?" asked the conictor, not at all pleased with the dis-"That man ! Jennie cried. "Don't let him get off! He has got my money

had it in my bosom, and he stole it! Searchhim! Get it!" "Madam," the conductor said, "it is

"He's got it, an' you know it!" the girl remonstrated. "You're in league with him, I know! Oh, dear; won't omebody help me?" And poor Jennie burst into a paroxysm tears.

The conductor looked doubtfully at he accused gentleman, who immediatev said :

"If the lady thinks I have her pockt-book, I am willing that you should earch me, conductor."

The search followed. The gentleman garded the conductor with a quizzical apression on his face, as he emptied rst one pocket, then another. The assengers regarded the proceeding with faces. Jennie anxiously vatched every movement. The pocketook was not found.

"O dear, dear!" Jennie cried. "What shall I do?" "Madam," the conductor said, vas, no doubt, the young man who ocupied a part of this seat that deprived on of your pocket-book !" "What!" Jennie exclaimed, looking

up through her tears "What! you do not think he stole it? No, sir; that was Mr. Alexander Lawrence, from New "Indeed!" the conductor returned.

And who is he?" Jennie was zettled. "He is one of the nicest of men," she

"Did you ever see him before?" "What if I didn't?" "Madam, you will find him to be the thief. By the way, do you know who this gentleman is that you have accused

"It is no other than Rev. Dr. Sof New York,"

Jennie turned deadly pale, What had
the done? The name of Rev. Dr. S. had often met her eye, and she had hought of him as one of the great men f the United States. Confusion posessed her soul, but her natural frankess came to her rescue. The conducor had gone on down the aisle, and, ting on an impulse of her better ature, she leaned forward.

"Dr. S-," she said, g your pardon for what I did." The reverened gentleman smiled plandly. "I am glad that you are satisfied

my innocence," he mischievousiy "One hundred dollars, sar.
"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it." "Do you think Mr. Lawrence took

A nameless fear seized Jennie's mind. "I think it probable, madam," Dr.
— answered. "Just think it all over and make your conclusions.' His manner was so kindly that Jennie elt herself ashamed. Gradually there dawned on her mind the idea that Alexander Lawrence was not only a fraud but a flirt and a hypocrite. It is easy for a New England girl to arrive at a conclusion. The fire flashed to her eyes,

feeling of faintness came over her. "O dear, what shall I do?" was she could say.

The kind heart of Dr. S uched, and he interested himself in the oung lady, inquiring into all of the par- at 450,000 souls. London financiers look ticulars. ents and her home a tender chord was

she had so foolishly confided, and whom

she now regarded as an impostor. A

touched in the elergyman's heart. He station, return to Worcester, and there put the case in the hands of the police,

Fortunately the up-train was met at the next station, and Jennie, with Dr. her position, and divided her anget be-tween Alexander Lawrence and the au-thor who had dared picture a pick-pocket as a man with a black beard, wearing a suit of conventional black. No longer did she distrust Dr. 8-

When they reached Worcester Dr.
S—sought the chief of police, and the
result of the matter was that Mr.
ander Lawrence was soon in the hards of the law. The missing pocket-book was not found on his person, but an in-dictment was procured against him, and after an examination he was admitted to bail. In the strongest terms he depre-cated the accusation, alleging that he was "only flirting."

Dr. 8— felt confident that the thief

and been secured, and was equally sure that, with the conductor's evidence, he would be convicted. He took Jennie to hotel, and, with assurances of hope,

bade her good-night.

The poor affrighted girl threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to her grief an outburst of tears. She felt that er money was lost, Boston an impossibility, and a disgraceful return to Perry-ville a certainty. In the agony of her sorrow she frantically pulled off her hat and threw it from her—when out rolled he lost pocket-book!

Jennie now remembered indistinctly that she had slipped it from her become into her hat that morning when Mr. Lawrence had stepped out for a glass of water, thinking that it would be safer there. She had been so fascinated by he flatterer that the act had been forgotten. Dr. S- received the explanatory

confession with a merry laugh, Mr. Lawrence was released. In the morning Jennie went on to Boston with Dr. S—, and by him was introduced to a ladies' seminary. The \$100 did good work, and Jennie returned to Perryville a "finished" young lady. Of curse, Rev. Dr. 8— married her and George Harrison, and Jennie tells her children of her romance.

### Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to we died of "disease of the heart," we re in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the "heat" as the cause; this sinces all inquiry and investigation, and repulsive "post-mortem." A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a reput disease of the heart" that may hich covers at once his folly and hi rime; the brandy-drinker, too, quietly ides round the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short, this port" of "disease of the heart" is the

throw around the graves of "genteel At a scientific congress at Strasbourg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that whatever-one sudden death only, in thirty-three, from disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six died of apoplexy -one out of every seven; while forty-six -more than two out of three-died of lung affections, half of them of gestion of the lungs," that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room for air enough to get in to support life. It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common, every-day causes of this "congestion of the lungs," a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many persons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet; tight shoes; tight othing; costive bowels; sitting still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor or a long, hasty walk; going too suddenly from a close, heated room, as a lounger, or listener, or speaker, while the body is weakened by continued application, or abstinence, or heated by effort of a long address; these are the fruitful causes of sudden death in the form of "congestion of the lungs," but which, being falsely reported as ease of the heart," and regarded as an inevitable event, throws people off their guard, instead of pointing them plainly te the true causes, all of which are avoid able, and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has been once in-

Journal of Health. The Importance of Vegetables.

Says a writer on dietary : The vegoable-eater can extract from his food all the principles necessary for the growth and support of the body, as well as for he production of heat and force, pre that he selects vegetables which contain all the essential elements named. But he must for this purpose consume the best cereals-wheat or oats; or the egumes-beans, peas, or lentils; or he ust swallow and digest a large weight of vegetable matter of less nutritions value, and, therefore, at least containing one element in large excess in order to obtain all the elements he needs. Thus the Irishman requires for his support ten or cleven pounds of potatoes daily, which contains chiefly starch, of which he consumes a superfluous quantity, very little nitrogen, and scarcely any fat; hence he btains when he can some buttermilk or oacon, or a herring, to supply the deficiency. The Highlander, living mainly on oatmeal, requires a much smaller weight; this grain contains not only starch but much nitrogen, and a fair mount of fat, although not quite sufficient for his purpose, which is usually supplied by adding milk or a little bacon to his diet. On the other hand, the man who lives chiefly or largely on flesh and eggs as well as bread obtains precisely the same principles, but served in a concentrated form, and a weight of about two or three pounds of such food is a full equivalent to the Irishman's ten or eleven pounds of potatoes and extras, and with the rushing of the blood came a sense of hatred for the man in whom

ow exceeds \$130,000,000, while almost very one of its principal towns is gether New Zealand owes England nearly \$175,000,000, which at 5 per cent, is \$18.30 per head per annum interest on its population, taking that

If we may judge from an anecdots in the Smolensker Bote, says a London pa-per, there are parts of the Russian empire in which it is no easy matter to Jennie consented to the plan, and, great-ly to her surprise and pleasure, Dr. S— volunteered to accompany and sesist willfulness of the Russian clergy. A schoolmaster in the district of Jacknow was engaged to wed the daughter of a landowner in the neighborhood, whose wealth was not at all preportionate to his acres. The bridegroom, bride, and the parents of the latter called on the priest of the lady's village, in order to settle the amount of the wedding fee. The clergyman fixed it at twenty-five rubles. Unhappily the bride's father was determined to make a show more in accordance with his ancestral dignity than with his impoverished condition, and invited all his kinstells and acquaintance from far and near to attend the cercession to the church included no fewer than eleven carriages, all full of wedding

Matrimony in Russia.

When the priest saw this magnificent preparation he hurried to the bridegroom and informed him that the fee for a marriage of such pretensions would not be twenty-five but 100 rubles. When the man pleaded his poverty as a school-master, the pastor replied by pointing to the signs of his father-in-law's wealth. The wedding party held a consultation, and, indignant at the priest's conduct, resolved that the whole procession should drive off to the next village. The priest outwitted, them, however. His messenger arrived at his brother cleric's door long before the lumbering coaches, so that when they reached the church and asked the price of the sacerdotal function the parish priest was ready with the reply—"One hundred rubles!" The procession started again for a further village, but the messenger had got there before them, and the priest of he place could not marry them for less than 100 rubles. They experienced a similar discomfiture, according to the eports, at no less than four churches, and it was only after a long drive across the country that they suceded in finding a little father who readily consented to bestow the sacra-mental benediction of matrimony for the fee which the lady's own paster had originally asked.

" A Most Respectable Jury."

The law provides for an ideal jury, that is, one which is not prejudiced for or against the prisoner. But in practice it is difficult to secure twelve men of "cold neutrality." All men are more or less influenced by unconscious prejudices, such as arise from birth, ducation, social position, or habits of

Lawyers know the power which sympathy has over the judgment of men. In defending criminals, they not infreto secure unconscious sympathies will be in favor of the prisoner. A thief's counse would not be grieved if he believed Shakspeare's words true of those trying

May in the sworn tweeters. Suiltier than him they try. An ancedote of a distinguished lawyer f Kentucky, the late John J. Critton den, sets forth this trick of advocacy. mantle of charity which the politic He had been retained to defend a man indicted for biting off another man's ear Coroner and the sympathetic physician in a fight. The trial came off before Judge Broadnax, a stately, high-toned gentleman, who dressed in short trousers, silk stockings and top-boots. The Judge hated rowdyism, and, though a warm admirer of Mr. Crittenden, ofter eldded him for taking fees of low rascal who habitually engaged in brawls.

After much sparring between the court and State's Attorney and the prisoner's counsel, eleven jurymen were obtained ed by Mr. Crittenden, a fact which had exasperated the Judge. An ill-looking llow, with a tattered straw hat, a piece of his nose torn off, and a bruised face. was brought up to be sworn in as the

Mr. Crittenden asked him a few questions, and then coolly said: Well, Judge, rather than be the cause of any more delay, I'll take this

"I knew it!" exclaimed the ancry Judge, springing to his feet. "Yes, I The moment I laid eyes on the fellow, I knew you would accept in female apparel have shadowed you him! Did any living man," he confortwo days—now," drawing a revolver, tinued, looking contemptuously at the jury-box, "ever see such a jury be-

Mr. Crittenden, "I pronounce this a most respectable jury." Of course, after the Judge's he prisoner's case was decided. The inry went through the formality of a trial, and brought in a verdictguilty." Their prejudices and their irritation, excited by the Judge's contempt, were too active for them to render a verdict according to law and evitelligently drawn to the subject .- Hall's

> How They Capture Hyenas. The following mode of tying hyenas in heir dens, as practiced in Afghanistan, s given by Arthur Connolly in his Over-

and Journal, in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkaree Syud Daoud: "When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slipknots upon it in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The mimal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep on moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and, though he may bite the felt, he can not turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then, with one strong pull, draw them tight up to the blame me for it. Alas! Brown, how lit-back of his neck and tie them there. back of his neck and tie them there, The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the when a candidate puts himself in the kraal, and hunt them on the plain with hands of his friends they at once probridles in their mouths, that our dogs ceed to hold a funeral and bury the remay be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild." Hyenas are also taken alive by the Arabs by a very similar method, except

felt closk. The similarity in the mode keeps of capture in two such distant countries as are Algeria and Afghanistan, and by wo races so different, is remarkable. From the fact that the Afghans consider that the feat requires great presence of mind, and no instance being given of a man having died of a bite received in a clumsy attempt, we may infer that the Afghan hyena is more powerful or more ferocious than his Airican congener.

HENRY WARD BEECHEE thinks that nephews in particular, exclaimed the average man knows as much of a When Jennie spoke of her par- grave over these figures, especially in woman after sparking her for a month say he was recovering - I said he is dyview of the falling off of the land sales, iss at the end of a five years' courtsh'p, ing !"

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

stances are inert until fermentation takes

A very simple and expedizous way of oking a little bit of chicken or fish for sick person is to butter a paper thickly, and place the food to be cooked within the paper, and place it on a gridiron over a clear fire. A very short time suffices to cook it thoroughly; and I have often found that to be eaten when all other modes of invalid cookery have peen tried in vain. - Chambers' Journal. TRETH are destroyed either by the ction of acids or the development of vegetable parasites. The former is the uch more frequent cause of decay. It has been demonstrated by actual experiment that even very weak acids may suffice to decompose the teeth sub-stances. In forty-eight hours the juice of grapes will render the enamel of a chalky consistence. Most vegetable sub-

stances exert no deleterious influences ntil putrefaction is far advanced. When cold affects the head and eyes and impedes breathing through the nose, great relief is gained by a wet napkin spread over the upper part of the face, vering the nose, except an opening for reath. This is to be covered by folds f flannel fastened over the napkin with a handkerchief. So also a wet towel over the throat and whole chest, covered with folds of flannel, often relieves oppressed lungs. So says Miss Bucher, and truly. In addition, use a hot foot-bath and take a glass of hot lemonade on retiring at night. This is the best time also for the hot foot-bath, which should be followed by the lemonade.

Invalids should keep the refreshments covered in their sick-room. The pellies, blanc-manges, and various liq-nids used as cooling drinks, are more or less absorbent, and easily take up the impurities which float about a sick-room. glass of milk left uncovered will soon ecome tainted with any prevailing dor, as can be proven by leaving it in a coom freshly painted. How important, hen, that the poisons of sickness should e carefully kept from all that is to be

Ir a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from saving overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustarl, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed soon as the stomach is quiet, as these articles nullify a large number of viru-

A Detective's Story.

There is a story told of a lady and genleman traveling together on an English other. Suddenly the gentieman succ.
'Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes: I am going to make some changes in my

wearing apparel." 'Certainly, sir," she replied with reat politeness, rising and turning her ack upon him. In a short time he pleted, and you may resume your sent."
When the lady turned she beheld her ale companion transformed into a dash-

Now sir, or madam, whichever said the lady, "I must n to look out of the window for I also mave some changes to make in man in lady's attire immediately com-

"Now, sir, you may resume your To his great surprise, on resuming his scat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said : "It appears that we are both anxious

to escape recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank?" "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs. Detective J ...., of Scotland Yard, and "keep still."

What Alled Jones.

Brown and Jones used to be friendsal good friends—but there is a chasm between them now. Jones didn't know of it until Brown had passed him several times without saluting, and then he determined to know what was wrong. Halting him on the street, he began : "See here, Brown, what's come over you all of a sudden?"

"Sir," replied Brown, with freezing dignity, as he drew himself up an extra "What have I said or done to break our friendship?" continued Jones.
"Mr. Jones, you are not the sort of man I supposed you to be," answered

"Sir, you were a delegate to our counv convention?" Yes, I was,"

professed to be my friend, political and otherwise 9" 'So I have-so I have.' "Do you remember, sir, of our having a talk about a week before the convention? Do you remember that I said

could be induced to accept the nomination of County Treasurer. 'Yes, sir. I said that I was in the hands of my friends." "I remember it now." "And I didn't get a vote, sir-not even a complimentary vote!" "No, I guess you didn't, and now you

Why, sir, every man who attended

ward caucus over three times knows that

mains ten feet deep!" Jones made a motion as if to shake hands and forgive all, but suddenly changed his mind and walked on, care that a wooden gag is used instead of a fully pincing each heel with a thud, and ng his spinal column as stiff as a

> An expectant nephew took one side the physician who visited his uncle, and demanded to know the whole truth concerning that beloved relative.

"He is dying," said the doctor. The nephew howled with piteous lamentations. But the old doctor, who knew human nature, and expectant You misimilerstood me! I did not

Tributes of Audiences to Actors. Fruits, as well as flowers, now figure ong the tributes proffered by London sudiences to favorite actresses. To most of them, this is, no doubt, an agreeable innovation. A basket of luscious Bartlets or Oldmixons, if less poetical, is certainly a much more practical present than the rarest bunch of camellias or jacque-

These theatrical offerings vary curious y in different parts of the world. In pain a favorite matador is ovewhelmed with showers of the men's cigars and the adies' gloves and fans. On our Western cost the hardy miner testifies his de-

coast the hardy miner testines his de-light in a popular actor or actress by flinging gold pieces on the stage.

A still more singlar or much less agree-able sort of compliment was once paid to Tom Playside in New Orleans. At the end of a much applauded scene, when "braves" rent the air and flowers were falling thick around him, a carpenter's place and acetic acid is formed. Animal broad chisel sped whizzing from the 'flat" a few inches from his head. The offender was speedily discovered and brought before the indiguant actor. "What have I ever done to you," he said, "that you should attempt my life?" "Attempt your rife, Mr. Playside !" cried the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes, "I never dreamt of such a thing. But they was all throwin' you things, Mr. Playside, and I hadn't nothin' but my old chisel to show how I liked ye, Mr. Playside, and so I throwed yer that," "All right," said the actor, laughing, "here's your chisel, but next time let me take your liking for granted."-New York Hour.

### Afghan Etiquette.

An Afghan never receives unceremonious calls. The visitor must send a few hours' notice of his intention. He is then received at the door by some confidential retainer or retainers, and conducted through an open courtyard to the foot of a rude, winding staircase, which leads first to an uncovered landing, and thence to the ordinary reception room or paleony of the proprietor. Here he is received by the host in person, and conducted with every mark of courtesy and respect to a small row of chairs, the use of which article of furniture seems to be general in good society in Cabul, and o have quite superseded the carpets and felts which satisfied an older gen-eration. After a few words of welcome and inquiries in a set formula after health on both sides, a tray of fruits usually appears, and is placed upon the carpet at the feet of the visitors. The fruits are followed by the tea-tray, and a cup of highly-sweetened green tea, without milk, is placed before the visitor. The conversation is then carried on with more or less spirit on the ordinary topics of the day, and here, if the visit is a merely formal one, the interview comes to an end and the visitor is learn from this solemn event?" when itor. The conversation is then carried conducted to the door with the same the reply from a little girl came pat and was received. If, however, a confidential interview is desired, the attendants

## are requested to withdraw.

Paper Barrels. A company in Connecticut make barrels, kegs and cans from paper pulp, which is done wholly by pressure by screw or toggle joint, or both combined. The barrel is made on a shape or form to make the inside, and outside of this s another to make the outside, the inner orm being hinged in sections to admit of its folding on itself for the removal of the barrel; the outer form contracts by during the process of shaping the barrels. One machine is capable of proing lady with a heavy veil over her face. ducing 200 barrels per day. The heads of the barrels are produced by similar means, but on a much simpler machine. These are disks with a rim slightly proecting on one face. In some cases both reads are comented in and straightened by an iron hoop at each end. emoved from the machines the barrels, kegs, heads, etc., are placed in a kiln or drying room, where they remain from three to twenty-four hours, according to size and degree of heat admitted to the room. The barrels are coated inside and are painted or varnished outside. They are adapted for flour, sugar and any dry substances, for kerosene, lard liquid, and kegs are made for powder, and cans for other materials. The vessels are said to be practicably indestructible, cannot leak, are light and ensily handled.

It was a saving of Sir George Lewis hat, although he had heard of many ersons killed by idleness, he had never net with a genuine case of death from overwork. It cannot be denied that illsses attributed to excessive mental abor are often due to other causes of a less elevated kind-such as indigestion produced by want of exercise, or neglect of simple rules as to diet; but, on the other hand, deaths from overwork are by no means unknown in the present

day among those engaged in physical A melancholy case of this description formed the subject of a Coroner's in-quest at Sheffield, England. The deeased was a striker at some steel works. 'Striking" is an occupation that involves great strain on the physical powers of those engaged in it, and may be described in every sense of the term as "hard labor." It being necessary to get out an important order at the works, the men were told one day that they must work all night. The deceased continued to work accordingly through the night without cessation, nor did I cease from his labors until noon on the following day, when he fell down and died suddenly, his death, according to "Oh, yes, you said that perhaps you the finding of the jury, being due to exhaustion caused by overwork.

A Curious Piece of Horse Flesh. A correspondent at Marion, Ohio, relates the following: A curious piece of horse flesh was brought to town recently by a farmer namad Synder, living in the south part of this county. The animal is destitute of hair, except the tail, which is unusually black and luxuriant. Last winter the critter was afflicted with an eruptive disease, known among country farriers as "yaller water," but among more scientific veterinary surgeons as humid exanthems. This malady caused the complete destruction of the hair bulbs, and the animal began rapidly to shed, leaving the body as stated above. The skin is remarkably smooth, glossy, and of a leaden color. The horse was originally a roan. He is sixteen hands high, in good condition, and works regulary on his owner's farm. Snyder became disgusted with the appearance of the quadruped and brought him here to dispose of him. Early in the day he would have taken \$50, but before night

he returned to his home refusing \$300. Commons.

PITH AND POINT. FAR-FETCHED-Oolong tea.

A BAD habit-A seedy coat. A roos sick man, with a mustard-plaster on him, said: "If I should eat loaf of bread I'd be a live sandwich." Howeven dirty a man may be, says the Elmira Advertiser, it is possible for

him to keep a clean conscience. It was on account of his being turned out to grass that he was called Nip-aud-nezzar. - Philadelphia Bulletin. A LEADING actor declined an invitaon to fight a duel on the ground that ne didn't believe he would make a hit.

THERE 's a man in Aurora so thin that he had a row of buttons put on his um-brella cover and wears it for an ulster.— Burlington Hawk-Eye.

"And you lost, my little fell w?", asked a gentleman of a 4-year-old, one day, in Rochester. "No," he sobbed

in reply, "b-but m-my mother is." JOSH BILLINGS has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest ex-

pression of opinion on the part of the "THERE," said a charming lady, with naive expression that made her face adiant, pointing to an ebony case of china-ware, "that is my brick-bat cab-

"What papers off my writing-desk are you burning there?" cried an author to the servant-girl. "Oh, only the paper what's all written over, sir I hain't

ouched the clean. A man gets into trouble by marrying wo wives. If he marries only one, he may have trouble; and some men have come to sure tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble any-

Two coquerres met a gentleman in the street. "What!" said one, "you passed him without bowing! You certainly were in love with him vesterday. Yes, for about an hour. I fancied that he resembled somebody with whom I was in love for a week last year.' An Irish agent, having been instructed to raise rents, called a meeting of the tenants, and apprised them of the inten-"You can afford it," said ho;

tion.

"see how the prices have risen." Si-lence was broken by an old farmer, who said: "Yes; there is no denying that, It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now, be jabers, it can't be done under two." The rents have not been raised. A MINISTER was questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of Eu-

not preach too long sermons." THEY were walking in the fields, and Mary hesitated to pass through a land that contained a pugnacious-looking goat. "Why, Mary," said Charles, "come along; this is the first time you ever refused me when I asked you to pass the butter." Upon this appeal, of course she hesitated no longer, especial-

y as she now noticed that William was A FORTUNE-TRILLER was arrested in Paris, and carried before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. "You know how to read fortunes?" said a man of great wit, but rather fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, sir," said the sorecrer.
"In that case," said the President, "you "In that case," said the President, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce?" "Certainly," "What will happen to you?" "Nothing!" "You are sure of that?" "Yes; you will acquit me." "Acquit you?" "There is no doubt about it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irouy to misfortune." The President, disconcerted, turned to his brother Judges, and the sorreerer was discharged.

# Judges, and the sorcerer was discharged.

A Father Who Melted. A fond father beckoned to his twelveear-old son to follow him to the worst-hed, and when they had arrived there "Now, young man, you have been

fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to "Oh, father, this wasn't about mares or anything of the kind," replied

"I can't belp it. As a Christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat." "But, father, the boy I was lighting with called me names."
"Can't help it. Calling names don't Off with that coat !"

"He said I was the son of a wire

puller." "What! what's that?" "And he said you was an office hunter." "What! what loafer dared make t' it ssertion ?" "It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a "Called me a hireling! Why, I'd

like to get my hands on him !" puffed the old gent "Yes, and he said you was a political "Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old

man, as he hopped around,
"I put up with that," continued the
boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition?" "My son," said the father, as he felt for half a dollar with the one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy you two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to

brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coatland run

fight but the Bible must make allow-

ance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only

The Dying Year. "My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do these autumnal tints, this glowing baldrick of the sky, this blazing garniture of the dying year, remind you?" "Pancakes!" promptly answered. And then she calized, for the first time, that two

hearts did not beat as one According to London Truth, the life The British House of Lords will not last long in its present form, according number of speculative persons, as are to the London Truth, which says that it the lives of many other prominent perhas only existed up to now because there as nages. Large sums were paid by sev-