

The Baby.
Pray, have you heard the news?
Sturdy in lungs and thighs
There's a new baby!
King bells of crystal life,
Wave boughs with blossoming tints
Took what he may be!
Love cannot love enough,
Winter is never rough
All around such sweetness;
One of a million more
Lent to the glad heart's door
In their completeness.
Though in each year 'tis told,
Such news is never old
Of a first birthday;
Welcome thou ray of light,
In joyous wishes bright,
Fall down thy mirth-way.
—*Rev. H. Lathrop, in the Harbinger.*

Mrs. Melthorpe's Mistake.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.
"Mark Antony's widow!" said Mrs. Melthorpe, sharply. "Again! Didn't I desire you to tell her yesterday, when she called, that I was particularly engaged?"
Hyacinth Melthorpe hesitated. She was a tall, angular girl of fifteen, with feet and hands pitifully in her way, and big, frightened eyes, like those of a hare disturbed in its wood and haunts.
"Mamma," she ventured, "won't you see her! She is very pretty and young, and she looks so dreadfully tired."
"No, I won't," said Mrs. Melthorpe, standing with a little Dresden statuette in her hand, and considering whether it had better be packed in a trunk or carried by hand. "I am going down to my brother-in-law Harper's, with Norine, and I have no time to spare for poor relations."
"Oh, mamma, hush! She will hear you!"
"Let her hear me. The truth never yet did anybody any harm. Mark Antony would marry her, in spite of all of us, when he might have had Prudentia Goldland with her quarter of a million, for the asking."
"Mamma, she is your brother's widow."
Mrs. Melthorpe fixed upon her youngest born a German glance which nearly froze her to death.
"Be silent, Miss!" said she. "Is it for a slip of a thing like you to contradict me and lay down the law? Tell Mark Antony's widow to go about her business!"
At this moment, however, Hyacinth was rebuffed by a slight, far-banded little woman in a very plain black gown, who valiantly presented herself on the scene.
"Do not blame Hyacinth, Mrs. Melthorpe," said she. "I called to see you because I have just returned from a visit to Harper Castle."
Mrs. Melthorpe stiffened visibly. Hyacinth looked appalled. Even Norine, the beauty of the family, who lay like a sultan among her cushions, and drank chocolate, round herself into something like attention, lifting her big, deer-like eyes to the blushing face of the newcomer.
"She is pretty, in a way. Doll sort of fashion," thought Norine, who herself was a sort of Junonian belle—large, languid and pink-checked.
"Yes," said Mrs. Melthorpe. "But if you will allow me to mention it, Mrs. Mark Antony, it was hardly the thing for you to beseege my poor dear brother-in-law—even at his own house."
"His wife was Mark Antony's sister."
"Ha! ha!" said Mrs. Melthorpe. "If you expect, madame, to be adopted by all Mark Antony's relations, you will find yourself considerably mistaken. You are young and perhaps inexperienced. Allow me to warn you that too much pushing will not be tolerated by the family."
Mrs. Mark Antony may-would colored to the very roots of her golden fringe of hair; she would have spoken, but her sister-in-law kept her floor.
"If you will read the newspapers," said she, "you will perceive that there are plenty of situations as companions, stenographers, amanuenses, and so on, to be had."
"But—"
Again Mrs. Melthorpe struck in:
"Or I would recommend you to study telegraphy, or purchase a typewriter and practice diligently upon it. Anything would be preferable to becoming a burden upon your friends. Good morning!"
Mrs. Mark Antony withdrew silently. Norine Melthorpe tossed her head; Hyacinth burst into tears.
"Goose!" cried Norine, "what are you sobbing about?"
"Oh, it was too cruel," faltered Hyacinth. "You might at least have offered her a cup of your chocolate, Norine!"
"Nonsense," said Norine. "The woman has got to be taught to know her place! Let her go to work!"
"But she ever was brought up to do anything. She was rich when Uncle

Mark Antony married her," pleaded Hyacinth.
"She might have had a few thousand dollars—nothing to what Prudentia Goldland would have inherited; but it is no fault of ours that Mark Antony gambled them all away. Her mother should have brought her up differently."
"Mamma, it's just the way you have educated Norine. She can't even sew on her own shoe buttons!" protested truthful Hyacinth.
"How dare you argue with me, you impudent minx!" retorted Mrs. Melthorpe, putting down the Dresden statuette and giving Hyacinth a smart box on the ear. "Go down stairs and help Budget, at once; and don't you ever dare again to dictate to me!"
So the pecking went on—for although Mrs. Melthorpe had only written to her wealthy brother-in-law that she would spend a few weeks at Harper Castle, with his permission, as dear Norine's health was delicate, and Hyacinth, sweet child, was growing a great deal too fast, still she had made up her mind to remain there permanently, when once she had obtained a footing.
"And I wonder," thought indignant Hyacinth, "what mamma calls that but pushing."
The Melthorpes went down by train the next week but one, leaving the packing-boxes on storage, and taking only nine trunks. For Harper Castle was not many miles from Saratoga, and Mrs. Melthorpe intended that "dear Norine" should have the benefit of the fashionable season.
"Albert Harper is as rich as Croesus," thought the maneuvering mother, "and there's no reason that some of the money shouldn't be spent on his niece!"
She had not seen much of the Harpers of Harper Castle, of late years because there had been no very particular warmth of affection between herself and her sister. "If I had supposed," reasoned Mrs. Melthorpe, "that Artemis was going to marry rich, I should have treated her very differently those years that she lived at home with me. But Melthorpe said there was no reason she shouldn't earn her living, and save us the extra expense of a lady's maid—and, of course, all that is a bygone now, and if we play our cards well, we can have a home at Harper Castle for the rest of our lives!"
The elegant open landau with its deep bay horses glittering with gold-plated harness, and its two coachmen in black livery, was waiting at the station. Norine entered it, more like royal Juna than ever. Mrs. Melthorpe bustled after her, and Hyacinth seated herself timidly at the back of the carriage.
"This is something like," said Norine, languidly exultant. "Mamma, we've been grubbing all our lives, now we are commencing to be butterflies. I must say, I like to feel my wings."
And Hyacinth was silent.
"Colonel Harper met them at the door—a superb archer ported beneath a row of Corinthian columns. He was a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, his hair just sprinkled with gray, his keen, dark eyes sparkling through eye-glasses. Norine kissed him effusively. Mrs. Melthorpe squeezed his hand. Hyacinth shrank back, scarcely daring to appropriate any of the welcomes to herself.
"Pray walk in," said the Colonel, "I was just considering the propriety of writing to you, when I received the letter announcing your speedy visit."
"My dear Albert! Of writing to us?"
"Yes," said Colonel Harper, ushering them into a stately drawing-room. "I do not know that my affairs particularly affect the rest of the family, but I had decided to let you know of my second marriage."
Mrs. Melthorpe gave a gasp. Norine looked appalled. No thunderbolt could have taken them more by surprise.
"Artemis has been dead a year now," went on the Colonel, in cool business-like accent. "The lady who has honored me by intrusting her future to my care is a connection of this family. Evelyn, my dear" (beckoning to a slight figure which up to this time had lingered among the shadows of the bay-window draperies). "I wish to introduce to you my late wife's sister and her daughters. Mrs. Melthorpe—young ladies—this is Mrs. Harper."
"Why?" cried out Hyacinth, in her impulsive fashion, "it's Uncle Mark Antony's widow!"
Mrs. Melthorpe had reddened as if boiling carmine paint had been poured through all her veins. Norine grasped at her lace neck-frills as if she found difficulty in breathing. Mrs. Harper greeted them with a certain calm graciousness, like a queen receiving her subjects.
"I tried to tell you about it that day in the city," said she, "I should have liked to ask you to our quiet wedding; but you declined to hear me. You desired me to read the newspapers,

or to buy a typewriter, or something of that kind. I could not get a chance to explain to you that Colonel Harper was a friend of mine in the old days before I married Mark Antony, and before he was betrothed to Miss Artemis Maywood."
Mrs. Melthorpe and Miss Norine returned to New York in the evening train. After all that was come and gone they deemed it best speedily to retire from the field. But Mrs. Harper put in a plea for Hyacinth to remain at the castle.
"She was the only one who spoke kindly to me," said she. "Without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard her begging for quarter for me. That it was cavalierly refused was no fault of hers. You will stay with me, dear little Hyacinth!"
"If mamma does not object," said Hyacinth, secretly wondering if the world was coming to an end.
"Mamma" did not object in the least. It was something to have that tall, awkward school-girl provided for, she thought.
"But what Colonel Harper could have seen to fancy in Mark Antony's widow," as she said afterward to Norine, "I can't imagine."
Perhaps all this was a lesson to Mrs. Melthorpe; perhaps not. There are some people who will never learn much in the school of that grim old pedagogue, Experience!—*The Ledger.*

Cod Liver Oil.
Cod liver oil is, as its name indicates, obtained from the liver of codfish. It is an agent which could scarcely be dispensed with, being a nourishing tonic of exceeding value. Many people have an idea that consumption is one disease for which it is peculiarly adapted, and they fail to recognize the fact that it is equally efficient in many other affections. Hence, when physicians prescribe it, patients at once assume that they have trouble with their lungs. The accepted list of diseases in which cod liver oil is of special efficacy is much larger than that of a score of years ago. Undoubtedly physicians in old times, in attempting to combat disease, often used drugs which depressed and reduced the vital powers, doing thereby more harm than good. All that is changed now; physicians of the present may be said to ignore, to a certain extent, the disease, but nourish and keep up—restore the life that is being drained, fed up the tissues being wasted." Cod liver oil is practically a food, and as such only does it act. It nourishes and fattens waste and wasting bodies, and in that way it of an checks the progress even of pulmonary consumption. Among the many affections in which it is given is nervous debility. In some coughs, too, even where the lungs are perfectly sound, it proves a valuable, and often cures the same. Its taste is so disagreeable that comparatively few patients can take it, a fact much to be deplored. Many are the ways devised to make it less unpleasant, flavoring it with peppermint, mixing it with coffee, rinsing the mouth first with brandy or whiskey, pouring it into the flesh of loaves, etc. Some recommend that it be salted and peppered and then "bolted down," afterward the mouth to be rinsed with tincture of myrrh and water. Lately it has been suggested that a few grains of salt be dropped on the tongue before taking cod liver oil, as by that means it will be rendered palatable. Or a bite of pickle before and after taking the oil will render it acceptable.—*Boston Herald.*

How He Paid His Lawyer's Fee.
"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, "was the defence of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money."
"The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and just as a joke handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got."
"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two \$20s and a 10."
"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.
"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."

Mustard Oil as a Lubricant.
Mustard oil has of late been given some attention as a lubricant, and it is reported to have been successfully used for some time in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said not to be susceptible to cold, and, besides, does not easily become rancid or form fatty acids which would attack metal. Its lubricating value, moreover, according to Prof. G. Hermann, of Aix-la-Chapelle, is of a relatively high order. No particulars have been yet given as to the cost of the new lubricant, its specific gravity, etc.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
WEAR A SMILING FACE.
Does any one like a drizzling rain
As well as a sunny sky?
Does any one turn to a frowning face,
If a pleasanter one is nigh?
Oh, give us all the look that springs
From a kindly nature's grace!
We do not care if he's dark or fair—
The boy with a smiling face!
Does any one like a lowering cloud
As well as the shining night?
Does a peevish word have power to please
Like a laugh that is sweet and bright?
Oh, the girl that is gloomy with frowny
scowl,
Tho' she dresses in silks and lace
Has never such art to harm the heart
As the girl with a smiling face!
Dear boys and girls, remember this,
You are apt to meet with loss,
No matter what thing you undertake,
When you're sullen, and sour, and cross.
Dear boys and girls, I would say it thrice,
'Twill help you in every case,
If you'll win success, and the world would
be bliss,
You must wear a smiling face.
—*Golden Days.*

JOHNIE'S ORATION.
"Get your speech ready for Friday, Johnnie!" asked a school-boy.
"No," said John.
"Well, I have. You'd better hurry up."
"Shaw! what's the use?" asked John. "You see, a speech for Friday isn't just like lessons that a fellow ought to learn. Ever so many things may happen, so that I shan't have to speak at all. Victors may come in, or some other boy may recite something very long, so that there won't be time for me. I shan't bother. Maybe I'll go out in the country that day, and then if I hear anything it would be of no use. I'll wait till the time comes."
John waited, but he did not go to the country; the other boys chose short declamations, and Friday morning was so cloudy that there was no prospect of company. At noon John was in a state of dejection. He flew here and there about the house in search of something that would answer his purpose. Uncle Jack gave him a book of old dialogues and orations, but before he could learn more than a line or two it was school-time.
The others spoke, but John listened without hearing much, and when his own name was called he walked across the floor with a very bewildered feeling, and staring at the ceiling, leaning against a post in the centre of the room. Mr. Grey would not accept excuses; John knew that perfectly. He put his hands into his pockets and looked at the boys, pulled them out again, and looked at the clock; then he began confusedly: "My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills—my name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his—his—name is Norval."
"Ruin in the family, that name does," slyly whispered a boy near him. The others began to laugh, for they all knew how grandly John had talked of not taking any trouble. Mr. Grey began to look curiously over his glasses, and John knew something must be done; so he suddenly said: "I don't know much about Norval, but I know something about industry; so I'll talk about that. Industry is a good thing to have; it's better than luck. If a boy just trusts to luck, it may not turn out as he expects, and then he gets into trouble. If a boy is really industrious and gets ready for things why—their's ready. If the man that invented telegraphing had waited for luck, I don't suppose there'd have been any messages sent yet. Boys, be industrious; get ready for things beforehand, and don't wait till the time comes."
John bowed and sat down, and the boys applauded heartily. Mr. Grey, who did not understand the matter so well, hesitated a moment, but finally said: "This address seems to be original, and I suppose we must judge it leniently on that account, though it is very imperfectly prepared. There is some valuable truth in it, however, which the speaker himself may profit by: 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' Or, rather, he added more seriously, there is a better note to still that I should like to give you: 'Whatever you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.' That will prevent all sham and careless work."
The boys thought John had escaped wonderfully well; but he was certain of one thing—that if he had not learned anything to recite, he had learned something else that day.—*Morning Star.*

A Sign Which Failed.
Young Husband—"Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough."
Young Wife—"I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself."
"Did you examine it closely?"
"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."

A BLOOD THIRST.
Abnormal Appetite Developed in a Texan Girl.
Periodically Afflicted With a Craving for the Life Fluid.
A ma'ny of the most remarkable and distressing nature has recently attacked the young daughter of Winthrop Davis who owns one of the largest saw-mills in this vicinity, says the Atlanta (Tex.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The young lady is in her 16th year, and, when in her normal health, of an amiable, rather shrinking disposition, and possessed of no small claim to beauty, besides being intelligent and well advanced in her studies. About three months ago she fell into a low, melancholy state, and displayed a singular aversion to all society, refusing entirely to converse at times and exhibiting a sullen, angry disposition when questioned or remonstrated with.
All food was rejected for several days until a piece of freshly-killed beef was accidentally brought into her presence, when she threw herself upon it with all the savage greediness of a famished animal, and began to tear and rend it with her teeth, sucking the blood with a shocking relish for the yet warm fluid.
Since then, at periods ranging from three to seven days, she is seized with the same thirst for blood, and when brought in sight of it will drink it with avidity, in spite of all efforts made to restrain her. Such efforts are attended with much danger, for during these attacks she fails to recognize even the members of the family, and will snap and bite savagely at anyone attempting to mole her.
Her entire appearance undergoes a change, her usually gentle expression becoming infernally ferocious, her eyes blood-shot and glaring, while her jaws snap furiously and she keeps up a hideous snarling and growling. Her face becomes suffused with blood and her hair bristles on her head like that of an angry animal. Once satiated with blood she falls into a deep sleep, as if from intoxication, and in awakening seems to have no remembrance whatever of her singular attack and is once more her quiet, lady-like self, only complaining of severe headache, which frequently lasts until her next seizure.
Physicians who have seen her are at a loss to account for the cause of her malady and have, up to the present, failed entirely to relieve her. By the advice of several, attempts have been made to keep her from the sight of blood, but the result is so distressing that it is now thought best to allow her to gratify her unnatural thirst. Unable to do so otherwise, she attacked her own flesh, tearing it without any apparent pain and sucking the blood with avidity.
On another occasion, when seemingly at herself, her attention was attracted to a younger brother, who, having out of his hand, entered the house for the purpose of having the bleeding gash bound up. She instantly leaped across the room and without warning seized the boy's hurt hand in her mouth and bit him to the bone. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be made to release him, and when finally forced to let go gave vent to her rage in hoarse cries, or rather screams, like a wild beast cheered of its prey.
Mr. Davis and his wife are persons of education and refinement, and profess themselves entirely unable to account for their daughter's peculiar affliction, as on both sides for generations there has never been any intemperance or mental disease.

Life in "Mulberry Bend."
It is upon "The Bend," in Mulberry street, New York, that this Italian blight has fallen chiefly. It is here the sanitary policeman locates the bulk of his Four Hundred, and the reformer gives up the task in despair. Where Mulberry street crooks like an elbow, within hail of the old depravity of the Five Points, are the miserable homes of the ragpickers. The law of kaleidoscopic change that rules life in the lower strata of our city long since put the swarthy, stunted emigrant from southern Italy in exclusive possession of this field, just as his black-eyed boy has monopolized the boot-black's trade, and the Chinaman the laundry. Here is the back alley in its foulest development—naturally enough, for there is scarcely a lot that has not two, three or four tenements upon it, swarming with unwholesome crowds. What squalor and degradation inhabit these dens the health officers know. Through the long summer days their carts patrol The Bend, scattering disinfectants in streets and lanes, in shacks and cellars, in hidden hovels where the tramp burrows. From midnight till far into the small hours of the morning the policeman's thundering rap on closed doors is heard, with his stern command, "Apri port!" on his rounds gathering evidence of illegal overcrowding. The doors are opened unwillingly enough—but the order means business and the tenant knows it even if he understands no word of English. In a room not thirteen feet either way slept twelve men and women, two or three in bunks set in a sort of alcove, the rest on the floor. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the fearful atmosphere, probably to guide other and later arrivals to their "beds," for it was only just past midnight. A baby's fretful wail came from an adjoining hall room, where, in the stillness, three recombent figures could be made out.—*Scrubber.*

Two Delicate Operations.
There are at present in St. Mary's hospital two patients whose cases are attracting a great deal of attention among physicians and surgeons, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The most remarkable case is that of a gentleman connected with one of the leading business houses of the city, who has lately been suffering from brain trouble. His case had become so serious that it was decided an operation was advisable. It was what is known as degeneration of the brain. The only possible remedy is by removing the top of the skull and taking out the diseased matter. It is an exceedingly delicate operation, of course, and one the success of which in this case was considered exceedingly problematical, but as it was the only hope the operation was performed in the presence of a score of physicians. The patient is doing well, though the final result cannot yet be determined. The flow of blood is very great, and the operation has proved much more successful than was thought probable at the time. It is said to have been the first operation of the kind ever performed in the state.
The second case, if less remarkable, is more curious. A man in some mysterious way swallowed his teeth, and the molars which nature gave him, but the set which his dentist provided as a substitute. They lodged deep down in his throat, and put a stop to everything except breathing. A hole had to be cut in his throat and the teeth extracted. The operation was successfully performed, and the patient is doing well, and will keep his eye on his teeth after this.

The Mist and the Night Wind.
The mist rose from the river,
It sifted through the trees,
And wound about the wooded hills
A gray and ghastly fringe.
And the wind amid the pine trees loomed
Its lofty swags of the valley mist.
The mist spread over the valley,
It crept on quiet wings
O'er sedge and marsh and meadow,
O'er rocks and fairy rings.
And the night wind told the trees it loomed
Its late for the low bare valley mist.
But when the day was dawning,
The pallid mist grew pale,
And to the warmer of the hills
In clouds of gray it fled.
While amid the pines and in its pride,
The sorrowful night wind came and died.
—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

HEMORRHOIDS.
The coming man will fly when the coming moon is after him.
The boy who is left unmolested in the pantry is likely to strike a pudding.
When a woman wants the earth, it is with the view of giving it to some man.
No one is allowed to destroy pavements, yet it is not unusual to see a man go tearing up the street.
Cavender—Yes, it is early; but I'm a morning glory—open out early. Victim—I hope you'll emulate that flower, too, in shutting up before noon.
In Spain it is death to mention the king's name. In Russia it is destruction to the jaw to pronounce some of the names of the common people.
Scientific—Being on a dissection of burned peas, sweetened with glucose and lightened with chalk and water. Walter (sotto voce)—Coffee for one.
The Good Friend—So, good-bye, dear old fellow, and if ever you want \$50 come to me and we'll go together and find some one who will lend it to us.
How inconsistent some men are, to be sure! There's Beigh, for example. He is forever boasting that he never does anything by halves, and yet everything that is done at all in his hands done by his better half.
"Don't stop with your mouth open," said Fred to his younger brother. "You should breathe through your nose."
"But I don't know when my mouth's open. What do you do when you wake up and find your mouth open?" "Wake up! Why, I get up and shut it."
The Man With the Curcumin Cap.
One night a young gentleman went half a dozen of us to go to the village hotel in the vicinity of old New York, and among the crowd was a curious-looking old chap, dressed in very plain good and wearing a brown felt cap. It was the top of a stage coach and he sat in the barroom, a very fresh young man but the regular, mighty little for a super, and that poorly covered, and there was more or less growling. The man with the curcumin cap was treated very roughly by the crowd, and if the rascally-headed waiter girl didn't seem to care whether he had anything to eat or not he didn't say much, but it was evident that he was mad.
After supper the landlord and "Commodore" had a private cab. When it was called the old man came down stairs, opened the front door, and then turned to the clerk and said:
"You go!"
"What do you mean?"
"I have rented this hotel. Skip!"
The clerk put on his coat and hat and walked out. Then "Commodore" turned to the clerk and waiter girl to be out in half an hour, for the hostler to be gone by midnight, and for the bar-keeper to vacate by noon the next day. He kindly allowed us to stop over night, but we had to get our breakfast at a bakery. By some of the folks of the hotel were called up, signs of "Closed" posted, and as we tried to get down to the depot the old man showed out sufficiently to observe:
"I'm after seven more of 'em along this line of railroad, and if I can shut 'em up the public will be in my debt. I have figured it out to my entire satisfaction, and I truly believe that three-fifths of the crime in this country is invited by poor hotel keeping."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Epidemics of Influenza.
There were altogether about 600 distinct epidemics of influenza in Europe between 1510, when the disease was first noted at Milan, and 1850. In 1723 the whole of Europe suffered severely. According to statistics published by the *Noroo Feuille*, the disease caused 908 deaths in London in one week, and in Vienna 60,000 persons were affected. In 1757 and 1743 there were further outbreaks, and the deaths in one week in London amounted to 1093. In 1775 domestic animals were first attacked by it. In 1782 40,000 persons fell ill of it in St. Petersburg, in twenty-four hours. In St. Petersburg quarantine is now served out daily to the troops, mixed with vodka.