ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

ALONE.

I stand in the summer morning
Beneath the great oak trees,
And I catch the low, soft murmur,
Of the fluttering baby breeze.

The day is calm and perfect,
But I know in my bitter pain
There is something gone from its beauty
That can never come again.

Some shade has gone from the flowers,
Some light has gone out from the sky,
And I stand in the early morning,
And only pray to die.

It all seems so very cruel,
For I am young and fair,
And yet I feel old and weary,
Alone in the morning there.

Alone, aye! there is the sorrow;
Alone, where before I had been
In my happy love and triumph,
A heaven-crowned, royal queen.

But now it has all gone from me;
My love has gone from my sight,
And all the glories of the day
Are to me as dark as night.

And so this summer morning
I stand alone and cry:
"Oh, God! in Thy tender mercy,
I pray Thee, let me die!" —[Gretchen.

A CHOLERA SCARE.

Mr. Timothy Fox was an old bachelor of comfortable means and unsocial ways, who for many years past had lived entirely for himself and by himself. He was even more selfish than old bachelors usually are; and he had, as they invariably have, a monomania. His monomania was the fear of disease. Though brave enough and sensible enough in other respects, nothing could persuade him to go near any one suffering from an infectious disorder, or convince him if he did so he could possibly escape the infection. He would walk a mile out of his way to avoid passing a house where there was sickness; and he admitted that he would rather suffer penal servitude than venture into those slums where fever and small-pox add to the misery of vice and poverty.

Accordingly, when in the early summer he heard that small-pox was becoming epidemic in London, he immediately determined to leave town. At first, as certain business matters necessitated his being near London, he only went to a western suburb; but directly these matters were arranged, and there remained nothing to interfere with his freedom, he decided to go to some seaside place. After a good deal of careful consideration he chose Dover; but he had not been there three weeks when to his horror the cholera made its appearance at Toulon. To most persons it would appear that the distance between Toulon and Dover is such as to preclude any serious danger of contagion; but to Mr. Fox it did not seem so. On the contrary, he was firmly convinced that before long that seaport must become a hotbed of that fearful epidemic. It was, he reflected, on the high road between England and France; what could be more likely, therefore, than that some Frenchman, flying from the plague-stricken towns in the south, should carry the contagion to Dover? This thought made him feel extremely uneasy. If he had not contracted for his lodging for the whole summer he would have left at once; but having done this, and being of rather a parsimonious disposition, he resolved not to leave until the cholera reached, at least, Paris. But once it appeared there, no matter what it might cost him, he determined that he would take refuge in some quiet country place.

While he watched with anxiety and alarm the progress of the disease in France, and traced each day its movements northwards, he thought it would be as well to make all necessary preparations for an immediate departure, should that become desirable. This gave him but little trouble, for at Lilyburn—a little village about fifteen miles from Dover—resided a nephew of his, a farmer with a large family, who on account of his poverty and children, was deferential to Mr. Fox, on account of his wealth and childlessness. To him Mr. Fox wrote that probably before the summer was over he would pay Lilyburn a long-promised visit. The nephew replied by return of post that he would only be too happy to have the pleasure of his delightful company. Then, having settled this to his own satisfaction, Mr. Fox awaited the approach of the cholera with more equanimity.

One morning, when wandering up and down the Admiralty Pier, he encountered Charley Reckless—a young acquaintance of his, and the son of an old friend. In reply to Mr. Fox's inquiries, Charley, who was a medical student, told him that, having been "plucked" at his last examination, he and a friend who had suffered the same fate, had come down to Dover to spend the summer and to study for the next attempt. It immediately occurred to Mr. Fox that, as medical students, they were likely to know more about the great subject of his thoughts—cholera—than ordinary persons; and so, though he was not fond of young men's company, as it generally entailed expense, he invited Charley and his friend, Mr. Bold, to spend an evening at his house. They at once accepted the invitation.

When they came they soon discovered the reason of the old gentleman's hospitality; but as he gave them free run of his wines and spirits they did not object to the position, and told him all they knew about the cholera and a great deal more besides. They made his blood run cold and his hair stand on end by the terrible anecdotes they related to him about the sufferings and misfortunes of cholera patients, all of which anecdotes were of course evolved from their own brilliant imaginations. Mr. Fox was horrified, but still he was fascinated by these accounts. He again and again invited the youths to sup with him, and on every time they came insisted on turning the conversation on the old topic. The young men were equal to the occasion, and they seldom left him without having placed before him something more unspeakably ghastly than anything he had heard before.

But at length their power of invention began to fail them, and they got tired of the old gentleman's company, which was not, at the best of times, particularly entertaining, and of late it had been less so to them as he had been considerably more stingy with his wine. The novelty too had won off of frightening him; in fact, the young medicos wanted some change in the entertainment. One day, however, Charley Reckless, who was of an inventive turn of mind, hit upon a happy idea. "Would it not," he said to his fellow-student, "be great fun to call late one evening on Mr. Fox, tell him that the cholera had appeared in Dover, and induce him to get into a cab to go over to Lilyburn, and then to spend half the night driving him to his nephew's?" They could easily, he maintained, when he had been there two or three days, write and tell him it was a mistake, and that the cholera had not appeared. The suggestion was no sooner made than agreed to; and they determined to put it into immediate operation, both chuckling over the old gentleman's rage and indignation when he found that he had been made a fool of.

Late the next evening Charley Reckless and his friend called at Mr. Fox's lodgings. When they were shown in he at once noticed that their faces bore a very serious expression. He anxiously inquired as to its cause.

"The fact is, Mr. Fox," said Charley, in a solemn voice, "the cholera has appeared here."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Fox, turning pale with alarm. "You don't mean in Dover?"

"Yes, I do," answered Charley. "The authorities are trying to conceal it to prevent panic; but they can't. There have been nearly a dozen deaths already; and it's said there are over a hundred persons attacked. There's a terrible panic in the town. Every train that leaves is simply crammed."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Fox, in a helpless tone. "What shall I do? I wonder whether I could catch a train tonight for Lilyburn?"

"Don't try that," said Bold. "Very risky business traveling in crowded carriages. Possibly your next neighbor has got the infection. You should drive."

"Yes, yes, I will drive. It's only a few miles. Could one of you get me a cab while I pack up some things? I thought I had everything prepared; but then I did not expect so sudden an outbreak as this."

"Yes, certainly," said Charley. "Harry, you run out and try to get a cab. They'll hardly all be hired yet. I'll help Mr. Fox to pack."

Bold started off at once, and Mr. Fox and Charley began to hastily pack a portmanteau. They had just finished their work when Bold returned with a stout hack and a closed fly, but without any driver.

"All that's left," said he to Mr. Fox. "No driver—all bolted."

"No driver!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What on earth shall I do?"

"Never mind," said Bold; "Charley or I will drive you; in fact, we'll both drive."

"I'm so much obliged to you, Mr. Bold," answered Mr. Fox, a little doubtfully. "But I couldn't think of putting you to such trouble. I can surely get some one; I'm ready to pay anything."

"No use," said Bold; "no one to be had for money. It's no trouble to us."

"Not the least, my dear sir," interrupted Charley; "not the least, I assure you. Just give me your portmanteau."

And before Mr. Fox had time to protest his portmanteau was thrown on top of the cab, and he himself was hustled inside. The young men then jumped on the box and lashed the horse into almost a gallop.

For a few minutes Mr. Fox was inclined to accept the situation without objection, so glad was he to get out of Dover; but before long the pace became so great that he felt bound to put his head out of the window and remonstrate with the drivers. He might as well have remonstrated with the wind; they never paid him the slightest attention. So after screaming himself hoarse he had to sit down again, exhausted and scared. He expected every minute the cab would go over, and he was surprised to find himself at the end of an hour's journey still uninjured.

As for Charley and Bold, they were enjoying the joke immensely. It was true, they had carried it a little farther than they intended. Instead of the quiet drive they had decided upon giving old Mr. Fox, it had turned out a wild gallop. But in the excitement they thought little of this. In fact, instead of wondering whether they had not gone too far, they began to consider whether they could not go a little farther. "How would it do to upset the cab?" suggested Charley. Before he had well spoken Bold, who held the reins, turned the horse into the ditch by the roadside, and in a second the cab went over, and Charley and Bold were flung head-over-heels to the ground.

Charley fell into the ditch, and was not much hurt. He immediately sprang to his feet and caught the horse, which, not having fallen, and being frightened by the shock, was plunging about in a dangerous manner. Then a glance round showed him his friend Bold stretched insensible on the road, and bleeding from a wound on the head. The cab, with one shaft broken and all the glass smashed, lay against the hedge. What had happened to Mr. Fox he could not say, but he was glad to know, by the cries coming from the inside of the cab, that at any rate, he was alive. The serious state of affairs brought Charley to his senses. He now saw the folly of which he had been guilty in its true light.

As he was trying to calm the frightened horse in order to leave its head to assist Mr. Fox and to see to Bold, a man came running up.

"Upset, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes; give me a hand," answered Charley, thankful for the unexpected assistance. "Help the gentleman out of the cab."

"All right," returned the stranger, setting immediately to work.

In a few minutes Mr. Fox was on the road. He was considerably shaken, but not otherwise injured; and Charley was delighted to see that he seemed to have no idea that the upset was due to anything but pure accident. Bold was next attended to. He was suffering from a cut on the forehead, which, though severe, was, as Charley's surgical knowledge enabled him to see, not dangerous. He was soon restored to consciousness and then was able to stand without support.

But the upset put them all into a difficulty. They were still seven or eight miles from Lilyburn, the cab shaft was broken, it was too late to look for another conveyance, and Bold was too much injured to walk far. Under these circumstances, things might have turned out very awkwardly if the man who came to their help had not, with rustic generosity, offered to give them the shelter of his roof for the night. This they all at last decided to accept, and the stranger conducted them to his house.

It was a neat little farm homestead, at no considerable distance from the scene of their mishap, a pretty little place called Whitfield. Bold at once went to bed and Charley remained with him. They both, however, were very hungry, so the farmer kindly took them a substantial meal up in their bedroom. Mr. Fox had a little refreshment with his host, and then also retired to rest.

Charley and Bold did not wake up very early the next morning, and when they did so they did not feel particularly well. Considering what they had both gone through the previous night it would not have been wonderful if they neither of them were very sprightly. But they were worse than could be accounted for by anything that had happened. They were both deadly sick. Charley noticed that Bold's face was of a pea-green color, and when he arose and looked in the glass he found his own was the same. They felt so weak that they could hardly summon sufficient energy to put on their clothes. Neither of them could suggest any possible cause for their sickness.

When they left their bedroom their host asked them to have some breakfast, but they both declined. The very sight of the rashers and eggs almost made them sick. They naturally, however, inquired after Mr. Fox, when the farmer told them, to their surprise, that their friend had left—having had an early breakfast and started to walk over to his nephew's. They therefore decided to get back as quickly as possible to Dover, more especially as their host (who refused to accept anything for his hospitality) was by no means pleasant in his manner. He kept looking at them in an inquisitive and not over-pleased way, evidently struck by their ghastly appearance.

"You both look extremely ill," he at length said.

"Yes," answered Charley, with a sickly smile, "we don't feel quite as well as we could wish."

"I've got your cab into workable order," said the farmer; "so I hope you will drive back at once to Dover and consult a doctor."

"Oh, we're not so ill as that," answered Bold in a weak voice.

"I don't know," answered the farmer in gloomy and almost sulky tones; "but at any rate I should feel greatly relieved if you left as soon as you could. I don't want any more sick strangers in my house. I have had trouble enough that way lately."

"Of course we'll leave at once," said Charley. "We've trespassed on you long enough already."

"Don't mention that," answered the farmer. "I'm sorry I have to appear so inhospitable. But only four days ago a Frenchman, whom I never saw before, while coming along the road, became suddenly ill. I was foolish enough to bring him here and send for a doctor. He died next night in terrible agonies in the very room you slept in; and the doctor said it was cholera. You may guess what a scare that was for me. Now I don't want to frighten you, but you have just the same look in your face now as he had when I took him in."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bold, turning a shade greener than before. "I knew there was something frightful the matter with me."

"You ruffian!" shouted Charley. "Why didn't you tell us that last night? Oh! my goodness!" he moaned, "I'm dying; I know I am."

"Well, if you are, you're not going to do it here," cried the farmer, angrily; "I'm not going to have any more of that. Here, get into your cab, both of you. One of my men shall drive you home."

"You scoundrel!" began Bold, but he was too weak to say more, and without making any opposition he allowed himself to be put into the cab. Charley, in a similar state, was soon behind him. Then a laborer mounted the box and drove them rapidly toward Dover.

Every yard they went on their way to Dover they felt, or imagined they felt, worse, and by the time they reached their lodgings they were almost unable to move. In fact, it required considerable exertion on the driver's part to get them out of the cab and into the house. Once they were there, the landlady was instructed to send immediately for a doctor.

Before the doctor arrived the postman knocked at the door with a letter for Charley. When that youth saw by the postmark that it came from Lilyburn, in spite of his illness he tore it open and read it.

"What a confounded old devil!" he exclaimed, in a tone so energetic and so different from the one he had lately been speaking in, as to at once attract Bold's attention.

"What is it, Charley?" moaned that sufferer.

"Read that. Instead of our fooling him he has fooled us."

Bold read the letter. It ran:

My Dear Charles: I take the earliest opportunity of writing to thank you and your friend for the kindness and earnestness you both displayed in assisting me to escape from Dover. I trust the unfortunate accident did neither you nor the cab much damage. I should be sorry if you were put to any inconvenience or expense on my account. Yours, etc., TIMOTHY FOX.

P. S.—Did the farmer tell you about the cholera-smitten Frenchman? He should have, because I paid him to do so. And how did your supper agree with you? T. F.

—[London Truth.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Signor Perugini-Chatterson returns to America this month.

Mme. Janisch is said to have the finest stage diamonds in existence. They are paste.

Sarah Bernhardt says whatever may be her sins, she has never denied her age—43 in October.

Mme. Schroder and Herr Schott are to appear in opera at New York during the coming season.

The latest American addition to the English stage, Marie Jansen, continues to meet with flattering success.

E. E. Locke, the well-known comedian, is engaging a company to take the road early in November in "Inshavogue."

Bi-centennial celebrations in honor of Sebastian Bach and Handel will be held in Europe next February and March.

Miss Annie Louise Cary was recently offered $1,000 to sing in a single concert in Boston, but she would not consent to appear.

Ellen Terry's salary per week during her American tour with Henry Irving will be $1,750. Her pay in London was only $375 per week.

Patti, it is said, proposes to celebrate her twenty-fifth operatic anniversary in November by singing in New York. Her debut was made in that city November 24, 1859.

The magnificent organ in the Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, has 7,031 pipes, and 115 sounding stops, and is believed to be the third largest organ in the world.

Earnest Lewenberg, a pupil of Rubenstein, and one of the brightest stars in the musicial world of Vienna, recently died from the effects of a severe cold which settled on his lungs, at the age of only 28 years.

The Sacred Harmonic Society in London propose to give, during the winter, works of Handel, Bach, Mendelsshon, and among compositions of the present day the "Rose of Sharon," by Mackenzie. The introduction of classical music at the promenade concerts in London is said to be quite successful.

All ladies that wear the cowboy hat to the theaters this season ought to be charged for two seats—the one she occupies and the one at her back that she obscures. It would be a blessing if they were to remove their head-gear entirely, as the poor downtrotten males are compelled to do.—[Freund's Weekly.

Adelina Patti boldly began an aggressive campaign against those jaw-breaking Welsh towns by appearing at a concert in Llangwiddy-bangchochiddydab wearing a bouquet composed of drobium formosum giganteum odontoglossum roezhi, a new yellow onedium and the sweet-scented pilumna fragans lallygagin.—[Critic.

An exchange says: "The largest organ in the world has just been completed by Walck, of Ludwigsburg, and placed in the cathedral church of Riga. The instrument measures thirty-six feet in width, thirty-two feet from back to front, and sixty-five feet high. It contains 6,826 pipes, distributed among 124 sounding stops."

The papers at the East are having a serious time in trying to grasp in an artistic way the name of the musical artist Mademoiselle Georgine von Januschowsky. There is nothing at all difficult about its pronunciation, but somehowe these newspaper choppers "down East" don't seem to get the thread of the whyality of the whichness.

Ignatius Donnelly, it is announced, will shortly publish a book which will startle those who are interested in the controversy regarding the authorship of "Shakespeare." It is said he has found in the works of Sir Francis Bacon a cipher, which, if applied to Shakespeare's plays, proves beyond doubt that they were written by Bacon. [Freund's Weekly.

Rubenstein's opera of the "Demon" has exceeded its one-hundredth representation in St. Petersburg, and in Berlin the composer will shordy conduct in person the performance of "Nero." Verdi will do as much for the Parisians in conducting the opera of "Aida" at the Italiens next winter. The inspiration of the great composer's baton seems vastly communicative when he waves it violently over the heads of the singers, imbuing them with new life and a thrill of his own magnetic presence.

The Hour, referring to the Italian opera troupe recently on this coast, and which appeared in New York on the 21st instant, said in advance of the opening in that city: "The list of Italian names which compose this troupe is to the public generally not indicative of superiority of any sort or the reverse. The indorsement of California, which is one of the certificates of excellence offered to New Yorkers, is only half reassuring." The only wonder is that the stilted "New Yorkers" would even mention the indorsement of California. Verily, there is yet hope that the music-dudes and sharps of New York and Boston will in due time become aware of the fact that a goodly portion of the Pacific coast has passed out of the hands of Spanish musicians and the native Americans, and that the foreign missionary work for the suppression of cannibalism and other tracts of Fiji savagery "on our Pacific frontier," has already taken a strong hold upon the manners and customs of the benighted people of California, and which fact should be "half reassuring" to them that the prospects of our soon being able to distinguish an Italian opera from a Fiji dance, is really good.

THE CINGALESE IN BANGLES.—All the people in Ceylon, from babies just "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendant from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, and silver plates on her toes. This is the perfection of adornment; but in one or other of the fashions, or in several of them, the Cingalese woman, of whatever station in life, is set forth. I saw running out of a house a sturdy little boy two years of age, who had nothing on but a silver key fastened round his waist by a girdle of silver wire. The men take their pleasure less expensively. They delight in gold earrings and rings, but beyond this they are content to intrust the recommendation of their personal appearance to a fine tortoise-shell comb, of circular shape, set on the crown of their heads with the ends toward the forehead. —[Good Words.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.), June 12, 1883.

"I suffered with kidney disease and intense pain in back. One bottle relieved and six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY completely cured me."—H. S. Procter, Furniture Dealer, 60 Salina street.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FISHER-BOY.

I am the fisherman's eldest boy—
Winds and waves, you may shout for me!
I never would follow the drum's loud beat,
I could not live in the crowded street,
I envy no boy in the hay-field sweet;
My home is down by the open sea;
Winds and waves, you may shout for me.

Under the midnight moon and stars
The winds and waves call out for me.
Oh, what a happy crew are we
When we sail away to the open sea,
Where the cod and haddock and herring be,
And we fling our nets out wide and free,
While the winds and waves chime merrily!

I follow no plough, I sow no corn—
The winds and waves do all for me;
I build no barn my harvest to keep,
For my store-house is the mighty deep;
And whether I wake or whether I sleep,
The fish come into the landward sea,
And the winds and waves call out for me.

The city is busy and rich and gay;
The winds and waves are enough for me.
I'd rather lie dreaming upon the wave,
Or face the storm when the wild winds rave,
Than buy and sell and spend and save.
It is better to cast my line, and be
A fisher-boy on the open sea.

Oh, yes, I have been in the summer woods,
And the winds and waves kept calling me.
I could not breathe in their still, warm shade;
I felt that a spell was on me laid.
I thought of my boat where the surges swayed,
And was sick and sad, till I saw once more
The tossing sea and the sandy shore.

Some day a master fisher I'll be;
Then winds and waves you may shout for me.
By a breezy bay I will build my cot;
I'll ask little Fanny to share my lot:
Good, if she's willing—good, if she's not;
It is pleasure enough with my nets to be
Where the winds and waves can shout for me.

Come, boys, from city and camp and farm,
And hear how the winds and waves can shout.
Come out in my boat when the moon is bright,
Come out when the morn is fresh and light,
Come out with the winds and waves to fight,
And you will say that "the open sea
Is the only place for a boy to be."

—[Mary A. Barr.

A STORY OF A TREE FROG.

One sultry night in Indiana I sat busily writing upstairs, close to an open window. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back, vainly kicked its little legs in air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on a window-sill a little tree-fog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green color, shone in the lamplight. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird-note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence not misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes, and then, hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered—as if to say good-night—and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signalled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit my room nightly, and he and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disks, or suckers, on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one leg and then the other, and when within proper distance, he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing-head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.—[St. Nicholas.

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

It was a bitter cold night; the snow was several feet deep on the ground, except where a few paths had been dug here and there. But inside the Clifford cottage the fire burned brightly, and two little girls sat before it. Although their eyes were fixed upon the dancing flames, they saw them not. They were thinking of their little brother lying pale and still in the room above them, where he had lain for two hours without hearing or seeing anything. They thought how, only a little while ago, he had stood kissing his hand good-night to them from the landing above, when he made a step backward, and fell the whole length of the staircase, and had been picked up insensible.

Helen, the elder of the two, was the first to speak. "You know, Cassie," she said, "that the doctor should see Aubrey, and I have made up my mind to go for him."

"Oh, Helen, how can you? Dr. Howe is the nearest one, and he lives three miles away; and, anyway, mamma never would let you go, it is so cold and dark out-doors," going over to the window, drawing aside the curtain, and gazing out into the darkness.

Helen followed her sister, and putting her arm around her, said: "I heard mamma say that if she only had some one to go for the doctor, Aubrey would not die. And you know how papa told us to take good care of mamma and Aubrey until he came back. I know how to harness Dobbin, and I will get the doctor and surprise mamma. And oh! we may be able to save Aubrey after all."

"You shall not go alone, Helen," said Cassie, putting away her own fears, and resolving to be brave like her sister. The look on Helen's face thanked her better than words.

They put on their warm coats and hoods, and while Cassie held the lantern Helen untied Dobbin and brought him up near a bench, so that she might better reach to harness him. She then backed him between the shafts of the sleigh; she had seen her father do it often, and he had let her try once, and praised her for doing it so well.

When all was ready, she threw open the barn doors, and drove steadily out into the yard and through the gate, and was soon trotting fast toward town. The snow had drifted a good deal, but Dobbin, well knowing who was driving him, though he wondered at being taken out at such a time of night, went bravely on. Suddenly he stopped; the sleigh was caught in a drift, and no exertions on the part of the girls or of Dobbin could make any impression. Cassie and Helen gazed at each other with horror-stricken faces.

"Oh, Helen, have we got to stay here all night?" cried Cassie, trying to keep back her tears. "What are you doing?" she added, as Helen jumped from the sleigh and struggled through the snow up to Dobbin, and began tugging at the horse.

"Unharnessing Dobbin," answered Helen. "We shall have to ride the rest of the way on his back."

Cassie waited, and wondered how they ever could keep on, while Helen brought Dobin to the side of the sleigh, climbed up on his back, and then helped Cassie up after her, and telling her to keep firm hold of her, she guided Dobbin gently through the drifts until they came upon the main road, and then urged him into a trot.

Dr. Howe was sitting reading by the fire, having just returned from a visit to a sick patient, and wishing to warm himself before retiring. He was startled by hearing the bell pulled two or three times sharply, and on going to the door was still more surprised on seeing two little girls, and hearing the elder exclaim, "Oh, Dr. Howe, please come at once to see Aubrey; he is hurt very much by a fall." And then down she sank on the doorstep.

He took them in, and, after Cassie had explained, ordered his sleigh, and had Dobbin put into his stable; and taking the two girls, whom he had tried to persuade to remain at his house over night, but who had begged so hard to go back with him that he could not resist, they all drove over to the Clifford cottage.

To make a long story short, I will say that it was not too late to save Aubrey, and that mamma *was* surprised, and hugged her little girls tight, and also that when papa came home and the story was told to him, he said that he could not have left mamma and Aubrey in better hands.—[Harper's Young People.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A mollusk with 11,000 eyes has been discovered by Professor Moseley.

In the moon are five mountains over 20,000 feet high, the highest measuring 28,975 feet.

Two steamers sailing from New Zealand with cargoes of frozen beef caught fire in their freezing chambers from the volatile liquids used in producing cold.

Russia has a project for turning the Oxus river from the Aral to the Caspian Sea. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century this was the outlet of the river.

The Horseshoe fall at Niagara has worn away the rock and receded a distance of 100 feet in the last thirty-four years.

A horse can scarcely lift two-thirds of its own weight, while many small insects can lift over seventy times their own weight.

A strong opposition is growing up in Germany against the use of tobacco. The police in the large cities have instructions to stop boys smoking, under 16 years of age. The medical faculty have found that smoking unfits German youths from developing fit for the army, in which they must all bear a part.

Flammarion, who has long been engaged in investigating the probabilities of a trans-Neptunian planet, has published the results of his work. He thinks there is no doubt of its existence and that it will finally be discovered, but not for some years to come; that it will appear as a star of the twelfth magnitude, and quite large enough to be seen and followed by many telescopes now in use.

In a case of extensive burn, unhealed after six years, Dr. Frank C. Wilson, of Louisville, Ky., in *Med. News*, says: "I made use of three different kinds of skin grafts, namely, from the skin of a young rabbit, from the human skin, and from the inner membrane of a fresh hen's egg." Of the three he much preferred the egg membrane as being much more readily obtained, and one egg will supply any number of grafts needed.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

There are only six cows, two mules, and no horses in Alaska.

Moss agates are among the vegetable petrefactions of Arizona.

Cayenne pepper is coming to the front again as a stimulant and tonic.

The quality of steel which in 1810 cost $200 per ton can now be bought for $37 a ton.

The Welland canal is to be dredged to a uniform depth of fourteen feet. The work will cost $1,000,000.

A woman at Sheboygan found a minnow two inches long imbeded between the white and yolk of an egg.

A pond near Opelousas, Louisiana, is covered with a plant which is said to be the veritable lotus of the Nile.

The law of Vermont prohibits the use of tobacco by school teachers, and they are liable to dismissal for its violation.

The natives of the coast of New Zealand, having no iron, shave themselves with a piece of glass. They formerly used flint.

A device, not new, for evading the Maine liquor law, is to open the eyehole of coconnuts, scald out the interior and refill with whisky.

A Kansas man has removed the family tombstones from the burial lot to the roof of his house, where seven of them stand in a row along the ridge-pole.

In Australia the use of opium is spreading from the Chinese to the white population to such an extent as to make legislation on the subject necessary.

On the Bosphorus, near Constantinople, the fish are so numerous that they darken the surface of the water and run their noses into the sand on the beach.

Two hundred stoats and weasels, at a cost of thirty dollars each, have been purchased by the New Zealand Government, for the purpose of thinning out the rabbis in that colony.

A caged chimpanzee in the New York Central Park is being taught housekeeping. He sits on a chair to his meals, sets his table, makes up his bed and rocks himself in a rocking chair.

Making paper from cedar bark is a novel enterprise at the Acushnet Mill in New Bedford, Mass., with capacity for working up three cords a day. "For carpet linings," the *Northwestern Lumberman* says, "it will be unequaled, on account of its quality of keeping off insects."

The island of Cos, in the Mediterranean, contains a gigantic plane tree, in whose shade Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, is said by tradition to have been consulted by his patients. The branches overspread nearly the whole of the marketplace of the town of Cos, and are supported by marble pillars. Photographs of this ancient tree were recently exhibited to the Berlin Medical Society by Professor Virchow.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up, and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
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CANCER.

The development of the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific seems so wonderful, that all so afflicted should write us:

CANCER FOR 14 YEARS.

SPARTANBURG (S. C.), March 14, 1884.

I have for 14 years been a sufferer from a running sore on my face, that everybody called a CANCER. I have used over $300 worth of medicine, and found no relief. About four months ago, I bought one bottle of Swift's Specific from Dr. H. E. Heintish, and since have bought five others; have taken it, and they have CURED ME sound and well. My face is as free from a sore as anybody's, and my health is perfectly restored. I feel like forty years had been lifted off my head. Yours thankfully, ELIZA TINSLEY.

Mr. B. F. Burns, Hope, Ark., says, under date of January 22, 1884: "I have taken five bottles of Swift's Specific for a sore on my temple—said to be a cancer. I have been wonderfully benefited and will soon be a well man."

Mr. W. R. Robinson, Davisboro, Ga., writes, under date January 3, 1884: "I am getting on finely, the ulcer is gradually healing. I feel that Swift's Specific will cure the horrible cancer which has been feeding on me for over 20 years."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y. Office, 159 W. 23d st., bet. 6th & 7th Ave. je10-1yTuThS

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

Toronto.

Messrs. Fleming Bros.:

Sirs: I take this opportunity of informing you of the benefits I have derived from *Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills.* I have for two years past been afflicted with a severe pain over the eyes, accompanied with a nervousness and a sense of dizziness; a malady beyond the power and skill of our physicians to relieve and cure, caused, as far as I myself could judge, by a diseased state of the liver and stomach. Some of the doctors tried bleeding, and various other remedies were tried, but all in vain, for the deep-rooted disease still stuck fast. At last I procured a box of your Liver Pills from a druggist here, and found, after taking a portion of them, that the disease and painful sensation over the eyes have almost entirely left me. I will close by advising all those afflicted as I have been, to procure the valuable medicine at once and save much time and pain, with little expense. With sincere gratitude and respect I remain, yours respectfully, GEO. W. RUSSELL, Toronto.

New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, No. 248 Seventh street, testify that they have both been suffering with the liver complaint for about five years, during which time they have spent a large amount of money and tried many remedies, but to no purpose. Finally, hearing of *Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills,* prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., they purchased four boxes, which they took according to the directions accompanying each box, and now pronounce themselves perfectly cured of that distressing disease.

THE ONLY GENUINE

McLane's Pills,

Are the Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills,

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE.

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CORRESPONDENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

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