AWAY FROM THE THRONG.

It may not be—yet it seems to me
Away from the throng is best;
By some lonely shore where the waters roar,
Or far in the crimson West.
For friends are few that are sure and true—
Aye, the crowd is a mob to me;
More tame and mild is the distant wild,
More calm is the stormiest sea.

Ah, it must be so, for the wisest know
That man is a foe to man!
The love is small that extends to all,
Tho' we trust it as we can.
To have one friend at a long life's end,
Is a blessing rare, I sigh,
One faithful clasp as we dying gasp—
One glance in an honest eye!

Yet there's love in all, in great and small,
In the fiend whom all avoid;
You may see its gleam in a demon's dream,
And it cannot be destroyed.
In the great and least, in man and beast,
'Tis the soul, till life shall fail;
I'm sure 'tis part of my lady's heart,
And it wags my spaniel's tail.

But I sigh again as I say with pain,
Away from the throng is best;
My fondest dreams are of woods and streams
Afar in the hostile west.
There's a gleam I prize in my horse's eyes,
And I like—three dogs at most—
Aye, one dear face in my heart has place,
But it cannot hold a host.

—*Forest and Stream.*

THE FLAXEN WIG.

PART I.

Brodrick Adrian, of Emlyn Park, Surrey, was close on 50 when he determined to marry. Hitherto he had lived a life of much seclusion; though, as he was not morose, and on occasion could display a social disposition, he could not justly be considered a recluse. An ample patrimony, which he had inherited at an early age, had permitted him to lead a life of studious leisure. As he took a first class when at Christ Church, and had shown considerable debating powers at the Union, many of his friends had anticipated that he would attain to a distinguished place in public life; but he soon lost all taste for politics, and his retiring disposition kept him from taking an active part in any social or economical questions.

Mr. Adrian was a man of inexpensive habits, and by judicious investments his fortune had greatly accumulated, so that, naturally, as he advanced in years thoughts regarding the ultimate disposal of his wealth sometimes occurred to him. It was probably in consequence of such meditations that he was suddenly seized by the regret that he had not married in early life. But when he was considering this question it occurred to Mr. Adrian that he was not yet too old to repair the omission. Many men older than himself, he knew, had married happily, and been blessed with desirable families. The result of these deliberations was that he thought fit to mention to some of his most intimate friends the probability of his entering the married state if he could find a suitable partner. Those who heard of his intention thought that great good fortune was in store for some lucky lady, as Mr. Adrian, being only 49, was not outrageously old, and there could be no doubt that he must be enormously wealthy.

As soon as he had fully made up his mind to marry, perhaps as a natural consequence, Mr. Adrian suddenly began to be more particular about his personal appearance. Without being actually slovenly, he had long been somewhat neglectful in the matter of dress. This circumstance was the more remarkable because in his youth he had been something of a dandy. It was, therefore, the easier for him now to employ the good taste that had formerly distinguished his apparel. He found it a difficult matter, however, when he came to consider the changes which time had wrought in his personal appearance. So devoted had he been to his studious pursuits, and so careless of his looks, that it may be doubted if Mr. Adrian had ever before fully realized the fact that he was perfectly bald. With this one important exception, time had been rather indulgent to him than otherwise. He was erect, and his step was still elastic; he was free from bodily complaint; his teeth were sound, and his complexion was fresh and contained much of the ruddiness of youth. It was probable Mr. Adrian's comparative ignorance of the world that led him to take an exaggerated view of his chief defect, causing him to believe that it might prove a serious obstacle in the eyes of the lady on whom his choice might fall. Certainly no man in his circumstances, whose knowledge of the world was extensive, would have been likely to entertain such an opinion.

It was while ingenuously musing upon the disadvantages under which he would labor on entering the matrimonial market that Mr. Adrian bethought him of procuring a wig. It is a singular fact that men and women of the utmost probity in all the other affairs of life have no compunction in cheating each other about themselves, even although they are aware that the deceit must ultimately be detected.

The first time he was in London Mr. Adrian accordingly went to his barber and stated his wishes. The barber replied that he would be pleased to make the article he required, but, if he did not mind some additional expense, a wig could be procured for him from a celebrated perruquier in Paris superior to any that could be made in London. Mr. Adrian said that in a matter such as this, excellence was the point chiefly to be considered. Measurements were accordingly taken of his head, and memoranda made respecting his complexion and the color of his whiskers. Then he was told that in about three weeks the wig would arrive from Paris, and would, if approved, be at once forwarded to him. The barber added that if any minute alterations were required he would be pleased to make them, though, such was the skill of the Parisian artist, there was little doubt that the wig would fit perfectly and give great satisfaction.

Mr. Adrian's present state of mind may be judged by the fact that during the next few weeks he awaited with impatience the arrival of the wig. Only a few days after the stated time he received it. When he first opened the box in which it was, it appeared to him to be of too light a shade, but this opinion was soon altered when he tried on the wig and observed the metamorphosis which he underwent. The change wrought in his appearance was simply marvelous. The wig fitted like a glove, and—to use another rather hackneyed phrase—detection was impossible.

Mr. Adrian was one of those fair, smooth-complexioned men, who, provided they keep their hair upon their heads, retain a youthful appearance till far in the middle age. Hitherto he had looked every day of his years, but now he might readily have passed for twenty-nine. Irrespective of the improvements which it wrought in him, the wig was a marvel of skill and also of beauty. The hair, instead of having a stiff, set appearance, as is usual, fell in natural curves, and was as crisp and soft as when it grew. Notwithstanding the lightness of the shade, it seemed to accord perfectly with his light whiskers. He was naturally elated by the striking change produced in his appearance, so that Mr. Adrian not only looked but felt young again.

The fact that he had intended to marry had circulated among his friends, and suddenly a shower of invitations fell upon him. Those who had marriageable daughters could scarcely be said to be disinterested in the hospitality which they proffered, but there were others, chiefly middle-aged matrons, who out of sheer kindliness of heart asked Mr. Adrian to their houses with the intention of aiding him to get a wife, urged also, it may be, by a feminine desire to have a finger in so promising a matrimonial pie. Mr. Adrian would doubtless have accepted one or more of these invitations, and his marriage would in due course have followed in an orthodox and commonplace fashion, but for the singular events which now took place and which were fated to change his destiny.

PART II.

The day following that on which Mr. Adrian began to wear his wig, after he had lunched, contrary to his want he felt rather drowsy, and sitting down in an armchair in his library he fell asleep.

He slept for more than an hour, and, on awakening, his face had an almost ecstatic expression of happiness. On catching sight of himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece Mr. Adrian thanked heaven that he was still young enough to enjoy what Victor Hugo has called the "honey of life." It was evident by his radiant look that something unusual had occurred. The fact is that Mr. Adrian had just had a most remarkable dream. Nothing he had ever dreamed before had appeared so vivid and real, or had made upon him so intense an impression, or, it may be added, had filled his heart with such blissful emotions.

Taking into account the nature of the thoughts which were occupying so many of his wakeful hours, it was no more than natural that when asleep he should dream of a lady. But it was no ordinary evanescent vision that had appeared to Mr. Adrian—indeed, no one whom he had ever met in real life had impressed him so strongly, and he did not doubt that in some mysterious fashion he had beheld the counterpart of an actually existing person. The place in which she had appeared to him seemed to be a ballroom in some stately edifice, but amid the splendor of the scene he had been attracted only by her voice and features, which remained indelibly fixed in his mind. So vivid was the impression that he not only believed that the lovely being whom he had seen had a real existence, but hoped that one day, with vigilant, though entranced, senses, he should watch the play of her sympathetic features and listen to the music of her voice.

Mr. Adrian's life entered a new phase. No more was he troubled with regrets that he had not married earlier, for in that case he might never have found his ideal. The lady who had appeared in his dream seemed to be about twenty-five, and it was with satisfaction that he told himself he was not yet too old to win her heart.

On the following day at the same time he had a similar dream. By night, to his regret, he slept as usual. It was clear to him that the lady who occupied nearly all his wakeful moments, and whom he often saw more plainly still when he was asleep, was a person of high rank. The place where he oftenest saw her was a room or hall such as could only belong to some princely dwelling; her appearance and manners were aristocratic; the people among whom she moved had a high-born air, and all her surroundings were of a corresponding nature. Mr. Adrian congratulated himself on the fact that his own descent and fortune did not render him an ineligible match, even for one who plainly moved in an elevated station. There was one remarkable peculiarity about the dreams, which was that their scene never seemed to be in England; the dress, too, and surroundings were undoubtedly foreign, though of what nationality they might be Mr. Adrian had not sufficient knowledge to determine.

Sometimes the dreams took an exquisite variation. Once he seemed to be walking in a forest with her whom he now deemed his own, for, if he could read her eyes aright, she had given him her heart. They were alone, and hand in hand went beneath the shadows of tall trees. At last they reached an opening in the wood, and beneath them, on a fertile slope, could be seen the outlines of a great chateau, while all the landscape seemed bathed in a mystic light, as though it had been painted by Poussin or Claude Lorraine.

It has been said that Mr. Adrian did not doubt that there was a human counterpart of his visionary love, and ere long he resolved to exert himself in order to find her. He was prepared to spare neither time, labor, nor money in conducting his search. He often regretted that he had no artistic skill, and was therefore unable to portray the lovely features imprinted on his heart, as he believed that if he had a portrait it would soon be recognized, seeing that it was impossible for so much beauty to remain unfamed.

One afternoon, when, contrary to his wont, he felt no inclination to sleep, a singular circumstance happened, which influenced him as though it had been a direct entreaty to lose no more time ere he began his quest. This afternoon Mr. Adrian had entered his conservatory and cut a few of his choicest flowers, which he told himself, he would have taken delight in presenting to the object of his affections. Before putting the flowers in a vase he laid them on a small table in his library and left the room for several minutes. On his return, as he opened the door, he distinctly heard a sigh from within, and on entering he found that the flowers had been moved, though the room was empty, and it was impossible that any one could have entered during his absence unnoticed by him. Mr. Adrian was much perturbed by this incident, and felt almost as though he had been reproached for his dilatoriness in beginning his search; but he now resolved to delay no longer, and he was prepared if necessary to seek through every country of the world her whom he was eager to find, and he had determined not to cease until he was successful.

PART III.

The evening before his departure Mr. Adrian invited the Rev. Thomas Charlton to dine with him. He had made Mr. Charlton's acquaintance at Christ Church, and when the living of Fairmile fell vacant he presented it to his old college friend. Though no estrangement had arisen between squire and parson, during the last few years there had been much less social intercourse than at one time. When calling at the vicarage a few weeks before this, Mr. Adrian had communicated with some diffidence to Mr. Charlton and his wife the tidings that he was contemplating marriage, and they were both overjoyed to learn the fact.

There was, of course, no ceremony between the old college friends, and when Mr. Charlton received a request in the morning to dine at the manor house that evening he at once accepted the invitation, and sent a message to his curate to inform the members of an industrial society in the course of formation that the meeting in connection with it, which was to have been held that night, would be postponed till the next.

It was easy for Mr. Charlton to perceive during dinner a change for the better in his host's manner, which reminded him more than once of the early days of their friendship. Mr. Adrian was also rejuvenated by the wig, so that the clergyman was, on the whole, slightly bewildered by the new character in which his patron appeared to him. It was only natural that Mr. Adrian should be elated, because now, on the eve of his departure, he did not doubt that fortune, which had excited his hopes in a manner so singular, would also guide him to their realization, bringing him a happiness far beyond the highest expectations of his past life.

After dinner Mr. Adrian informed his guest that he was going away next morning with the object of bringing about if possible the important matter of which he had recently spoken to him. "I hope," added Mr. Adrian, "that when I next see you there will be reason for you to congratulate me."

"So you are off to-morrow—Cœlebs in search of a wife!" laughed the Vicar; "I envy you. You must feel, and indeed you look, young again. I trust," continued the Vicar in a more earnest tone, "that you will make a choice which will greatly contribute to your happiness and comfort. There are many ladies now—"

"I have already chosen," interrupted Mr. Adrian; "there is only one lady in the world whom I can desire to be my wife."

The Vicar looked at his host in surprise. It was only about two weeks before that he had heard Mr. Adrian express with much diffidence the difficulties he expected to encounter in finding a suitable partner, and he had not been from home since then. It was scarcely possible, the Vicar thought, that Mr. Adrian could meanwhile have fallen in love with any of the young ladies in the parish, not certainly because they were destitute of attractions, but because he had seen them all grow up from their infancy. Besides, Mr. Adrian had just told him that he was about to leave home in connection with his marriage.

"Let us have a cigar, Charlton," said Mr. Adrian, noticing his guest's perplexed look. They then went to the library together, and, standing by the fire, Mr. Adrian told the astonished Vicar all about the dreams and visions that had recently been haunting him. Mr. Charlton was a thoroughly practical man, with no superstition about him and very little imagination. His surprise kept him silent for several minutes after Mr. Adrian finished speaking. The Vicar's eyes were bent upon the floor, and he seemed to avoid looking at his host.

At last he said. "The only tangible matter you have related—I mean the only thing which may not be accounted for naturally—is what you have told me about the flowers. Now, I think that when you opened the door a current of air, especially if one of the windows was up, might explain the sound you heard."

"A window was open," returned Mr. Adrian; "but you surely give me credit for the ability to distinguish between the sound of a rush of wind and a human sigh!"

"At all events," suggested the Vicar in a mollifying tone, "might not an air blowing from the window account for the disturbance of the flowers?"

"No," was the curt reply; and then Mr. Adrian continued: "I know the difference between wind-scattered flowers and flowers that have been tenderly handled, and perchance caressed!" Mr. Charlton glanced at the speaker furtively, and again bent his eyes upon the floor. He was silent, but his host's words had evidently impressed him deeply.

"What is your opinion regarding what I have told you?" asked Mr. Adrian. "My reason for taking you into my confidence was that I might ask your advice."

"You are imposing a difficult and somewhat delicate task upon me," replied the Vicar.

"Give me your candid opinion," said Mr. Adrian; "I start to-morrow on my search for the lady who has thus mysteriously manifested herself. Do you think that my difficulty in finding her will be great?"

"For our old friendship's sake, no less than because I think it my duty, I shall tell you what I think, even at the risk of offending you."

"That is what I wish; and do not fear that I shall take offense, provided you tell me the truth."

"Very good. You must pardon me, then, if I tell you that I believe you to be laboring under an hallucination, which is doubtless due not only to your solitary mode of life, but to the momentous step which you lately have been contemplating, and which has naturally been occupying much of your thoughts."

"In other words," observed Mr. Adrian, coolly, "you think that I am not perfectly sane."

"Not precisely that," said the Vicar, withdrawing his eyes from the host, and once more fixing them on the floor; "you misapprehend my meaning. On general matters, I am confident that you are as sane as I am, but you must excuse me for thinking that on one point—I refer to the fair sex—you are at present, perhaps, just a little—not as sensible, I might say, as could be wished."

Mr. Adrian inclined his head and smiled sardonically; but the Vicar was not looking at him, and proceeded:

"You have asked my advice, and you shall have it. No harm has occurred yet, but such fancies as those you have narrated to me, in my opinion, indicate some degree of weakness in the constitution, and one hallucination, I understand, often leads to another. So, ere the matter goes any further, I strongly recommend you to consult some eminent specialist, who will doubtless benefit you by his advice."

"In other words, you advise me to go to a 'mad doctor.'"

"Not exactly that. But there are certain physicians who have devoted their lives to mental ailments and peculiarities, and you might derive benefit from their advice and treatment."

"May I ask if you have noticed any other peculiarities besides that to which you have already alluded?"

The Vicar glanced involuntarily at the wig, and then replied in a hesitating fashion:

"I have observed nothing unconnected with the matter which is at present so greatly concerning you, which could possibly call for any remark."

"I am obliged to you. And to prove that I have taken in good part what you have said, I intend to follow your advice, I told you that I intended to leave this to-morrow, and I shall now go straight to Paris and consult Dr. Lionnet."

Mr. Charlton thought that this announcement was only an additional proof of his patron's eccentricity, for why, he asked himself, should Mr. Adrian go to Paris, seeing that there were several eminent specialists close at hand in London?

Of course, it cannot be a pleasant thing to converse with one who has the impression that your mind is affected, as little that is said in these circumstances is likely to influence the hearer favorably. So Mr. Adrian—who was never saner in his life—under the plea of his early departure on the morrow, gave his guest a hint that he would like him to leave, and Mr. Charlton accordingly went home at an unusually early hour.

Next day Mr. Adrian carried out the intention which he had stated to Mr. Charlton, and after spending several hours in town he left for Paris on the night mail. He had appeared to acquiesce very readily in the Vicar's suggestion, but the reasons which prompted him to go to Paris were quite unconnected with Mr. Charlton's opinions. Mr. Adrian knew that the celebrated French physician had carried his researches into many strange channels connected with the human mind, so he hoped that Dr. Lionnet might at least be able to furnish him with some explanation of the phenomena that had been manifested to himself, if not to provide him with some clue that would aid him in his search. Another cause—even more potent than the other—that brought Mr. Adrian to Paris was the fact that the scenes with which his dreams had familiarized him had apparently been located in France, and it was in that country he believed he would find the object of his affections.

PART IV.

Mr. Adrian was an accomplished linguist, and had no difficulty in explaining his case to the great physician in fluent and idiomatic French. The doctor, however, who knew a little English, on discovering the nationality of his patient, resolved to speak to him in his own language, that there might be no possibility of being misunderstood.

Dr. Lionnet, on hearing Mr. Adrian's story, was evidently of the same opinion as Mr. Charlton, for, spanning Mr. Adrian's head with two fingers he asked him if he ever felt a sensation of tightness at the places indicated. Then, before his patient had time to reply, the physician exclaimed in surprise, "Why, monsieur wears a veeg!"

So perfect was the deception that it had escaped the physician's notice until by the presure of his fingers he felt the scalp slipping on Mr. Adrian's smooth cranium.

Mr. Adrian assented, and in reply to the question, "How long has monsieur worn the veeg?" he replied, "About a month."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor significantly, while he kept his fingers still spanning Mr. Adrian's head, "and probably this is the first veeg monsieur has ever worn, though he has been belt for years?"

Mr. Adrian was forced to admit the truth of the conjecture.

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor again; "the veeg has given heat to monsieur's brains and caused them to ferment. *Voila!*" and with these words the autocratic man of science, with a deft and rapid movement of his hand, plucked the wig from Mr. Adrian'a head, and ere he could be prevented, threw it into the fire.

So inflammable did the wig prove that it blazed up almost as quickly as gunpowder and disappeared with similar rapidity.

As it vanished a very audible sigh fell upon Mr. Adrian's ears. "Did you hear that?" he asked, appealing to the physician, while his face had a disturbed expression.

"Monsieur will hear and see no more," was the reply, "for now his brains will be cool."

Without saying more, Mr. Adrian drew himself up stiffly and laid a handsome fee upon the table. He then bade the physician a haughty adieu, and left the consulting room.

He was excessively grieved at the loss of his wig, which he had grown to value greatly, but he felt no inclination to get another.

He told himself that he was only justly punished for acting upon the Vicar's advice. He was soon, however, forced to admit that the physician's prognostications had turned out correct, as no more, either when asleep or awake, did he meet with any of his recent experiences. But still the lovely face he had seen remained indelibly fixed on his mind. For several weeks he lived aimlessly in Paris, and, though he believed as firmly as ever that he must some day find her who was occupying most of his thoughts, he seemed to lack the energy or to be at a loss for a method to enter upon his search. Sometimes, when in a picture-gallery or at the theater, and even on the boulevards, he would look around as if in search of some one whom he expected to see.

Among his other pursuits Mr. Adrian collected curios of various kinds, especially favoring cameos and medallions. He was passing one day a small shop in a rather obscure quarter, when noticing several antiques in the window he entered, in the hope of finding something worth adding to his collection. While examining the various articles exposed for sale, Mr. Adrian suddenly uttered an exclamation of mingled astonishment and joy. He was holding in his hand a small and exquisitely-painted enamel, a portrait of the beautiful face which he had come from England to seek.

"Who is this?" he inquired with an effort, for his voice seemed to come from one who was scant of breath.

"I do not know," replied the dealer, "but Monsieur will see that the portrait is very fine. The price is 200 francs." Mr. Adrian at once paid the money. It was a moderate sum for so exquisite a work of art, but had ten times as much been asked the price would have been paid without demur. Mr. Adrian knew nothing about enamels, and after he had looked for some time with a rapt gaze he said:

"How did it fall into your hands?"

"It was sold to me by a woman whom I do not know."

"Do you possess no information about it at all?"

"None. But I can give Monsieur the address of a connoisseur who at least will be able to tell the artist," and the man then named one of the chief dealers in articles of virtu in Paris, from whom Mr. Adrian had frequently made purchases, and who was, therefore, known to him. He at once hurried to the shop.

"It is by Decazet, and very valuable," said the connoisseur as soon as he had seen the enamel.

"Where shall I find that artist?" asked Mr. Adrian, as though he were again breathless.

"Find Decazet? In his grave, Monsieur. Decazet has been dead for a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" exclaimed Mr. Adrian, repeating words that had fallen upon his heart like heavy weights and crushed it.

"If it is to know whose portrait this is that monsieur wishes, I can tell that without troubling the shade of Decazet. The portrait has passed through my hands, though not by the same artist. The lady was the daughter of the Duc de Castres. He fled from France at the time of the great Revolution, but what became of his daughter was never known, for ere his flight she suddenly disappeared."

Without speaking another word, and with a look on his face of blank despair, Mr. Adrian left the shop. Acting almost involuntarily, and scarcely knowing what he did, he went straight to the shop of the perruquier from whom his wig had been procured. On the account which had been sent to him from London, the French barber was named, so he knew where to go to.

"I am come," said Mr. Adrian to the perruquier, "to make some inquiries regarding a wig that was made by you and sent to London two months ago."

"A flaxen-colored perruque made for an English milord?"

"It was for me. I wish to know where the hair came from of which it was made?"

The barber shrugged his shoulders, but did not attempt to reply.

"I paid what appeared to me a very high price for it," said Mr. Adrian, "but I will willingly give you the same amount again if you tell me its history."

"Very good. The bargain is made. Monsieur has rightly conjectured that a strange history pertains to that perruque. First, then, Monsieur must know that the hair was that of a lady. The very beautiful hair was stained, and had, therefore, unfortunately, to be cut short, and so was suitable only for a purpose such as that for which it was used. The stains were unfortunate, or the hair would have fetched ten times the price charged to Monsieur. Such beautiful hair to be so stained!"

"Stained! How?"

"With blood, monsieur," replied the barber, lowering his voice.

Mr. Adrian said nothing, and after a pause the speaker continued:

"My family have been perruquiers for three generations. The hair of which monsieur's perruque was made was found with much more in a box belonging to my grandfather, which, supposed to be valueless, had long been stored away as lumber. When opened at last it was found to be full of hair, most of which was attached to the scalp. The hair of monsieur's perruque was still rooted to the natural scalp. All the hair in the box was very fine and of great value. It was the hair of some of the noble ladies of France who perished by the guillotine."

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Adrian will never marry. But of late he has grown more genial and kindly-hearted. Among his numerous eccentricities is the reverential regard which he bestows upon a very beautiful enamel that hangs above his writing table in his library. Many who have seen him looking at this portrait and who are aware that it was painted more than a hundred years ago, have thought that it must remind him of some one whom he has known.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Led by the Blind.

Some years ago in Paris there was a small restaurant known as the Blind Men's Cafe, much frequented by the blind, where an orchestra of blind musicians performed for the amusement of patrons.

One extremely dark night in winter, when a thick fog had fallen upon Paris—so thick that no one could see his way, nor so much as distinguish a street lamp ten feet away, and when policemen, carrying torches, here and there assisted some groping foot passenger to find his course—a gentleman, seeing another man walking along confidently and boldly, ventured to say to him:

"Sir, will you please tell me where you are going?"

"To the Palais Royal," said the gentleman, who was walking with such sure footsteps.

"And how do you find your way so readily?"

"Oh, never mind; I never get lost. Do you wish to follow me?"

"Thank you."

So the first gentleman caught hold of the pocket of the other's overcoat and started after him. Not a thing could he descry, but his companion marched confidently along. At length the two arrived under the familiar arches of the Rue de Rivoli.

"We are safe, now," exclaimed the gentleman who had been led, "and may I thank you for giving me the advantage of your wonderful eyesight?"

"Yes, but you must not detain me. Your faltering along the way has already made me a little late for my orchestra."

"What orchestra?"

"The orchestra in the Blind Men's cafe."

The man was perfectly blind. The thick fog was nothing to him who had walked in darkness all his life, but had nevertheless learned his way surely through the great city. This was one instance, at least, where the blind had an advantage over the possessors of sight.—*Youth's Companion.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At your druggists.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

I could not tell—I do not know
What classic lines, what curves of grace
Must meet, and blend, and intergrow,
To make a beauteous human face.

I do not know—I could not tell,
With all the lines and curves complete,
What look within that face must dwell
To make the faultless beauty sweet.

Unknown the laws that make it sweet,
And flower-like, mold it as it grows;
Enough that when that face I meet
I know it as I know the rose!

—*Wilfred Woollam.*

HEAT AND HEADS.

It is Supposed that the Sun Will Harden the Human Skull.

One of the most interesting things mentioned by Professor Virchow, in his little book just published, entitled "Medical Remembrances of an Egyptian Journey," in which he describes an excursion up the Nile as far as the first cataract, is that the broken skulls on the first great sepulchral fields, dating from Roman times, are as thick and hard as Herodotus says those of the Egyptians were in comparison with the brittle ones of the Persians. The Greek historian explains this by attributing it to the early exposure of children to the heat of the sun; and in many parts of Upper Egypt the German travelers actually found young children thus exposed during their parents' absence in the fields in immense clay bowls, resembling in shape a champagne glass with a stem, into which they were put without shelter.

This discovery by Professor Virchow is interesting, because it at once suggests the question whether the proverbial thickness of the skull of the negro has not been caused by exposure to the sun, and whether it is a peculiarity of savages of tropical countries that their skulls are thicker and harder than colder countries. Students of craniology have never made any investigation to ascertain whether the skulls of different races vary in degress of hardness. It would be almost impossible to make such an inquiry. As is well known, the human skull increases in hardness from childhood to maturity and age. A miscellaneous collection of skulls of any given people would be of no value in such an investigation. To obtain a collection of skulls of a number of nationalities, that should be taken from subjects of all the same age, to have them all similarly prepared and in sufficient numbers to make it possible to draw any conclusions from their comparison with each other, would be manifestly impossible. More attention has been given to the relative thickness of different skulls, or rather to their weight, from which their thickness may be inferred. Of the large collection of crania in the Army Medical Museum at Washington the thickest are those of negroes and Alaskan Indians. The skulls of other Indians, both of North and South America, in tropical or temperate climes, and of the Eskimo, do not appear to be particularly thick. Among the ancient Peruvian skulls recently received by the museum, and the ancient crania collected in Arizona last summer, there are frequent individual variations in thickness, but no tendency to unusual thickness.

The conclusion from these facts is that exposure to the sun probably does not cause thickness of the human skull. In connection with this subject it is interesting to note that among the Australians the *sinus frontalis* is generally found to be solid in the males, instead of being hollow, as in the skulls of other races. This bone in the Australians generally extends straight across the head, the lower side overhanging the eyes so that they seem to look out from under it, while in the North American Indians a modification of shape deprives them of that heavy look about the forehead. The heavy *sinus frontalis* of the Australians, of course, increases the weight of the skull.—*Analyst.*

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MURTAUGH K. BARRETT.
Executor of the Estate of Jane Deal, deceased.
Dated March 9, 1889.
CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, Attorney for Executor.
mr9-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF HENRY J. ORTH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administratrix of the estate of HENRY J. ORTH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administratrix at the office of Taylor & Holl, No. 6 0 J street, corner of Seventh, in the city of Sacramento.

Dated Sacramento, March 8, 1889.
ANNA ORTH, Administratrix.
TAYLOR & HOLL, Attorneys for Administratrix.
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