"LIFE EVERLASTING."

A "flower story," to-day, child! said Miss Rebecca. Look at my garden! Everything in it froze stiff—an' it's goin' to snow this afternoon. A "flower story"! There's none left to tell about! Of course there's the house plants, but they're a different set altogether. I'm sorry to disappoint you, when you've come on such a cold day, too. Set up to the fire an' warm your feet.

Tell you a story 'bout myself. Land sake! What would there be to tell? You wonder why I never got married. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon! What is there I should mind about that? I'm 55 years old, an' it ain't the first time folks has said they wondered. I never pretended to be set 'gainst marryin' as some does, an' I had my chances; but I had my reasons for stayin' as I was, an' I kep' 'em to myself. They wa'n't nobody's business but mine.

Now don't go to thinkin' I'm put out with you for speakin' as you did. I'll tell you how 'twas, if you want to hear, but I ain't likely it'll interest you. I wasn't brought up to talk much 'bout myself.

Well, this story's got a flower in it, too, after all. Do you see that "life everlasting" on the mantel? That on each end come from my garden, but the bunch in the middle ain't nothin' but the wild sort that grows out anywhere on the hills—some calls it "Injun posy." What you say? Immortelle? I never heard that name for 't, but I reckon it all 'mounts to the same thing. It has a pleasant smell when it's fresh, kinder soothin'; some folks thinks a pillow stuffed with it is good to make you sleep. That's why grandfather wanted one— But I may as well begin at the beginnin'.

Cousin Almiry Beamon had always kep' house for grandfather sence grandmother died, an' I guess he thought he could 'pend on her 'long 's he lived. She knew all his ways, an' was used to 'em, an' he had more ways to get used to 'n some, which made it harder for him, an' other folks, too, when she got married. 'Twas all kinder sudden, we wa'n't none of us prepared for it, an' it put us out. I never blamed Cousin Almiry particularly after I'd took her place with grandfather for a spell. Deacon Swan was a pleasant-spoken, peaceable sort of a man, if he wa'n't one to set the great river on fire, an' I guess Almiry never regretted the chance.

But as I was sayin', there didn't appear to be nobody but me to go over an' take her place with grandfather. I tried to make mother say she couldn't spare me, but 'twan't no use; she felt bad enough 'bout lettin' me go, but she said grandfather needed me more, an' that settled it.

'Twas a lonesome place for a girl who had been used to livin' right in the town with plenty o' neighbors an' five or six in the family, for there wa'n't nobody but grandfather an' me in all that great house. It used to be a tavern once, an' then it was lively enough, I dare say. There was rooms in it for plenty of visitors, an' the great ballroom was there yet where they used to have their dances. The house stood close to the river, right at the foot of a big hill, covered with rocks and pine trees. The road come windin' down round under the hill—pretty steep in some places it was—an' ended at the ferry, front o' grandfather's. If you wanted to go further, you'd got to cross over. The ferryman was the only neighbor we had, near'n Essex, an' grandfather wouldn't call anybody neighbor that come from there; he was dreadful down on Essex folks.

'Twas in October when I come to live at the ferry, towards the last of the month. Grandfather wa'n't enjoyin' very good health; he'd been so put out 'bout Cousin Almiry—it had upset his liver, an' he'd been takin' thoroughwort tea an' tansy, an' I don't know what all. Mother always said he knew as much as most doctors, an' maybe he did, 'cept in prescribin' for himself an' takin' his own medicines. Reg'lar doctors keep their doses for other folks an' find it pays better. But grandfather tried all his'n on himself first, an' 'twas no wonder he got run down. There was always a basin of somethin' stewin' on the stove, an' the garret was hung from one end to the other with herbs a dryin'.

I hadn't been there more'n a day when he sent me after "Injun posy" to make his pillow. I didn't mind goin'; 'twas a beautiful afternoon, the sun a shinin' an' the red an' yellow leaves droppin' down softly an' rustlin' away under your feet. There didn't none of it grow down at the ferry, so I had to walk up the road an' hunt round in other folks' parsters, for there was plenty of it on the other side the hill. I got my basket full in no time, an' all I could carry in my hands besides, an' then I stopped under an old cedar to rest. I was real warm, 'twas so sheltered there, what with the trees an' all to keep the wind away, an' I took off my sunbonnet an' sat down on the grass.

How did I look, child? Well, to be sure, it's kinder unhandy to describe one's self. You see how I look now—then I was younger, that made all the difference—an' perhaps happier; I reckon that helped some, too. Oh, I can go into particulars if you want me to. Nobody ever would 'a' thought I was sister to Catherine, she was so light, an' I was dark as a gypsy. I took after father, you see, an' she was clear mother, right through. I used to kinder envy her yellow curls an' pink cheeks, though I had a good head o' hair myself, thick an' soft, comin' down to my knees when I undid it; but, land, 'twouldn't curl, an' 'twas black as could be.

Yes, I had plenty o' red in my cheeks. Somebody told me once they was like bunches o' carnations, an' I reckon they didn't lose none o' their color by hearin' 'bout it. Got some of it, yet? Ah, no child, those carnations faded an' died years ago, winter-killed, like the flowers in my garden.

But what was I tellin' you? Oh, I sat there on the ground fannin' myself with my sunbonnet. There was a bitter-sweet vine growin' over the old cedar, just full o' berries, an' I sat lookin' up, an' thinkin I'd get some of it to take home to put in' the jars on the mantel, when I see a man comin' towards me down the hill. I'd heard a good deal o' firin' round all the mornin', so when I see how he was dressed an' that he carried a gun, I judged 'twas him I'd been listenin' to. 'Twa'n't nothin' strange to see gunners round that time o' year. They'd come up far's Essex in their boats an' just overrun the whole country. There wouldn't 'a' been a feather left in the land if they'd been the sportsmen they looked to be. But I reckon they got as much satisfaction out o' their fixin' as they could have out o' the birds, an' 'twas better for all hands.

Well, I wa'n't no more 'fraid o' him an' his gun than the birds had 'casion to be, so I just sat an' watched him comin'. But 'fore he got close up I see I'd made a mistake—on more points 'n one. He wa'n't no stranger to me, though 'twas much 's five years since I'd seen him; an' as for the birds, they hadn't been so safe all the time as I'd thought—his bag looked pretty heavy. I was real pleased to see him, for we used to go to school together, 'fore he went off to sea, an' I didn't know he was home.

"Kit," sez I, "where in the world did you come from?"

His name was Christopher Columbus Madison, and he wa'n't never called by it. Nobody needs a name o' more 'n one syllable in Essex. It'll just be wasted an' thrown away if they have it. His brother was Junius Edward, so 'course he was always June, an' it kinder suited him. He was blue-eyed an' light-haired, no more like Kit than Catherine was like me.

But as I was sayin', Christopher he come up to where I was standin' an' shifted his gun inter his other hand, an' put his arm round my waist, and was goin' to kiss me if I hadn't pushed my great bunch of everlastin' up in his face instead, an' slipped away from him laughin'.

"I should think I might ask you where you come from?" sez he, an' then we both explained. He was stayin' home a spell to please his mother, an' I told him 'bout grandfather.

"Plants are scarce at the ferry, I reckon," sez he, lookin' in at my big bokay. "Hard up for flowers, ain't you, Rebecca?"

"It's gettin' late in the season," sez I, "but these are pretty. Don't you think so? An' they're sweet."

"I don't admire 'em specially," sez Kit. "But as for their sweetness—" he bent his dark face down over the white flowers again to give 'em another trial.

I wasn't thinkin' he meant to play me a trick, an' was lookin' up at him, innocent enough. 'Course he had his revenge—an' his kiss—'fore I knew it. I was clean took aback, for I wa'n't one to let the boys take liberties in that way as some girls do. All my Injun posies tumbled in a heap to the ground, and I just stood there, not knowin' whether to laugh or to cry.

Kit took one look at my face, then he dropped down on his knees in front o' me, an' begun pickin' up my flowers as fast as he could. Yes, I reckon I can tell you how he looked. Wait a minute till I put another stick on the fire. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, dark as I was, naturally, an' sun-burned darker still, but he had handsome teeth, an' his eyes were clear and bright, the sort that could flash easier'n they could cry—but they could grow tender for all their keenness, an' I've seen 'em sad enough for tears. Well, as I was tellin' you, he picked up my flowers in a great hurry, an' offered 'em to me, still on his knees.

"Here they are, Rebecca," sez he, "every one of 'em. Please forgive me for makin' you drop 'em."

But I wouldn't look at him. I picked up my basket an' walked away; so then he jumped up an' come along too, takin' the basket out o' my hand, 'fore I could stop him.

"What are you goin' to do with all this stuff, anyhow?" sez he.

But I thought he'd got through his apologizin' in rather too short order, bein 's I hadn't said nothin' 'bout forgivin' him, so I answered pretty stiff an' distant:

"It's for grandfather; I won't trouble you to carry it home for me. It ain't heavy."

"It's no trouble, thank you," sez Kit.

He'd slung the basket on the end of his gun, an' was carryin' it over his shoulder, an' he went right on, talkin' 'bout June, an' folks I knew in Essex, an' places he'd been to while he was away, an' one thing after another, just as unconcerned as could be.

"If I liked a girl," sez he, lookin' at the flowers in his hand, "I should give her a bunch o' these to remember me by."

"If you liked a dozen girls, you mean," sez I, for I'd heard o' Kit Madison afore.

"If I liked a dozen, 'twould be the same as none at all," sez he. "Only, one would be different."

We'd reached grandfather's offset steps by that time, an' I thanked him an' took my posies.

"I can't ask you to come in," sez I. "Grandfather don't like me to have much company."

"I'll come some other time then, if I may," sez Kit; "have you forgiven me, Rebecca?"

"I don't see as it's any consequence whether I have or not," sez I. "You're just as happy."

"I'm not," sez he, "I'm very miserable. Will you take this, Rebecca?" holdin' out a bit o' "life everlastin'."

"Course," sez I, "after all my trouble, I don't want to lose any of it."

"You didn't have any trouble with that piece," sez Kit, "I picked it."

"O, well," sez I, "every little helps, when you're makin' a pillow."

"That's not goin' in a pillow," sez he.

"What shall I do with it then?" sez I. "Put it in one o' grandfather's stews? I don't s'pose he'd know the difference."

"A thing that's everlasting 's meant to be kept," sez Kit.

"A thing that's everlasting 's pretty hard to get rid of," sez I, an' he went off in a hurry.

I was glad he did, for grandfather was out splittin' up kindlin' wood, an' I knew he'd have something to say. I took my posies into the house an' spread em' up in the garret to dry—all but two bunches I put in the jars on the mantel; I hadn't got my bitter-sweet after all, you see—an' the little piece Kit gave me.

"Who was that you was talkin' to out to the door?" sez grandfather when he came in with his kindlin' wood.

"Kit Madison," sez I, flyin' round, lively 's I could, gettin' supper.

"I thought as much," sez grandfather, "an' you may as well understand, Rebecca, first as last, that I ain't goin' to have nothin' o' that sort goin' on here. If you're cut out after the same pattern as your cousin Almiry, the sooner you leave the better. I can't be bothered in that way again—by Essex fellers 'specially."

I didn't say nothin', but 'twas kinder hard on cousin Almiry. She was 45 years old, an' I don't believe she'd ever looked at a man in her life till Deacon Swan asked her to have him.

It's begun to snow, child, just as I told you. Look how thick it is down on the river. I'm afraid you'll have a real uncomfortable time gettin' home. You don't mind it? O, well, I didn't when I was young.

The winter set in real early that year. The ground was covered with snow by Thanksgivin' time, an' grandfather an' I went over in a sleigh an' spent the day with father an' mother. I was homesick enough, when I went back again. 'Twouldn't 'a' been so bad if grandfather'd only let me have some company. I can't begin to tell you how the wind howled round that great empty house. We didn't use the main body of it never, but just lived in a side wing, that was built this way: First the keepin' room, as grandfather called it, joinin' the house; that was parlor, sittin'-room, kitchen an' dinin'-room, all to once. On the end o' that was a storeroom and grandfather's bedroom; mine was up-stairs, over the keepin' room, with windows on the north side, an' south side, too, just as they was down-stairs.

'Twas a sightly place. From my south windows I could see way down the river past Essex, an' a long stretch o' meadows, all white an' smooth, with never a track across 'em. My north windows looked up the steep hillside, covered with white like all the rest, 'cept where the rocks an' the pine trees showed black under their load o' snow.

Course the river froze up the first thing, an' great blocks o' ice lay piled an' heaped 'long the shore, an' of all the unearthly noises that anybody ever listened to, that river'd make the worst at night, when the tide was comin' in. 'Twas 'nough to scare anybody to death if they didn't know what 'twas. I never could get used to it.

Well, the days was short, an' I kept to work pretty busy. When night come, grandfather 'n' I would sit down, one each side the fire. I'd have my knittin', an' he'd be stirrin' his herb teas, while he talked an' told stories. I was interested in these stories, to be sure, but they made me dreadful p'voked, for they was all 'bout what lively times they used to have in that house years ago, when he an' grandmother first come there to live an' keep the tavern. For you see I knew it might be real pleasant, even then, if only he was willin'. There was young folks 'nough, that would 'a' come if only he'd let 'em. The Madison boys did come every once in a while. June had pretty good luck 'bout not findin' grandfather to home, but he 'most always caught Kit, an' then how he did go on, to be sure. He mortified me so I 'most felt I'd rather folks would stay away.

I was tellin' Kit 'bout grandfather's stories one afternoon—he'd come in for a few minutes; grandfather'd gone down to the store, an' hadn't got back. I was tellin' him how lively the old place used to be. "I listen to him all the evenin'," sez I, "an' then I can't help listenin' for the rest o' the night. This house is full of ghosts. You can laugh, but I hear the ladies goin' down stairs in their slippers—pat, pat, pat. I s'pose it's the rats o' course; an' the swish o' their dresses, that might be the wind; an' the sound o' their voices an' the music, that would be the wind, too, singin' through the pine trees, but it's too mournful a tune for any but ghosts to dance to."

"Poor little girl," sez Kit, but I reckon he thought I scared myself a good deal for nothin'. He took my hand in his great brown fist, an' he held it, as we stood together 'fore the fire.

"I wish we could have a real party here," sez I. "'Twould make the whole place seem different ever after, an' I don't believe grandfather'd mind, when once they got here."

Kit said if I was sure 'bout that, he could manage the party easy enough. There were plenty of 'em would like to come. They were gettin' up surprises all the time, an' they'd bring their own music an' refreshments with 'em.

Well, child, if you'll believe me, we just 'ranged to do it. We told June, an' he entered right in, o' course. He was all for fun any time.

What's the reason you haven't asked 'bout June's looks, child? He was better worth describin' than most—the prettiest fellow I ever see. Not many girls would come up to him. Those two brothers was dreadful fond o' each other. Folks used to laugh at Kit, an' say the reason he didn't settle down to no girl in particular was 'cause he was in love with June.

But we talked the party all over that night as we stood afore the fire, an' we got everything settled.

Land love you! No! He wa'n't holdin' my hand all the time. I took it right away from him! 'Fore he went he asked me what I'd done with his piece o' "life everlasting." I s'pose the bunches on the mantel made him think on't. I looked at him as if I didn't know what he meant, an' he laughed right out.

"No need to ask no further!" sez he; "I s'pose it went into your grandfather's pillow with the rest. It'll give him queer dreams, I reckon!"

"He hasn't said nothin' bout it yet," sez I, an' the door opened an' grandfather walked in.

He was in a dreadful bad temper. He'd met a team on the way home—Essex fellers, he said they was, scowlin' at Kit—an' they wouldn't turn out for him more'n so much; so he had to do the rest, an' got upset in a drift an' broke one o' the shafts an' lost his whip. It sounded like the old family coach, when he was tellin' it. But it had made him late, an' you couldn't wonder he was put out. I kinder let Kit see I wished he'd go, an' got him off 'fore grandfather said anything very bad to him.

Well, I got that ball-room scrubbed; I did every bit of it on my hands an' knees, an' 'twas cold enough in there to freeze two dry rags together! June got the wood for the fire, when he was in one day, an' piled it up all ready to light. We grated a wax candle over the floor, an' danced round it till 'twas smooth as satin. June an' I 'tended to all that; he was a splendid dancer.

We tried to get Kit to see how nice it was when he come in, but he shook his head. He said he'd wait for the party. I thought he looked dreadful tired as he stood there watchin' June an' me. I wonder if there was anything the matter, but June was all right, an' what 'fected one generally touched the other. He brought me another bunch o' everlastings Kit did. He said his mother sent 'em; they was some she'd raised in her garden.

Well, everything was ready, an' the next night grandfather 'n' I was sittin' by the fire, talkin' as usual, an' just as he was tellin' how the parties used to drive up, there come a knock at the door an' there they was. Grandfather was so s'prised, I reckon he didn't know for a minute whether he'd gone back to old times or not, an' they all crowded round him, shakin' hands with him an' actin' as if they s'posed he'd be real pleased to see 'em. I showed 'em up stairs to the rooms I'd got ready for 'em to dress in, an' then I slipped away to fix myself up.

I wore a white dress, child, an' the everlastings Kit brought me. They were big white ones, an' shone like silver in my black hair. I wore some more of 'em in the front o' my dress, an' right in the center the piece o' "Injun posy" he give me first. I was kind o' 'shamed of it, but June had just told me he was goin' off to sea again the next day an'—I'd got an ache in my heart, child; I may as well own it! I could hear the girls laughin' softly in the other chamber, an' the tap o' their slippers as they went down stairs, an' the swish o' their dresses. It sounded for all the world like the noises I heard every night, an' the fiddles tunin' down in the ball-room. It all seemed a part o' the same thing.

"It's more cheerful," sez I to myself. But I could hear the moanin' o' the frozen river, an' the wind was sobbin' through the pine trees, just the same.

Kit an' June met me at the door as I come down.

"The first dance is for me, an' the last on's for Kit," sez June. "We're goin' to divide even to-night, Rebecca."

"I hope you've fixed everything to your minds," sez I. "When I have company I like to have 'em consult their own wishes 'stead o' mine."

"Oh, come! You're satisfied, an' you know it!" sez June, an' we went off together.

Oh, well I remember every minute o' that evenin', though it don't make so much to tell I danced straight through with those boys, first one an' then t'other, though I don't s'pose 'twas 'cordin' to rule. More'n one wa'n't pleased by it, for Kit an' June was the best partners in the room an' fav'rites on all sides. But I didn't care; I knew I might as well make the most o' the chance; I'd never have another. Grandfather'd gone to bed in an awful temper, an'—Kit was goin' to-morrow!

"You liked these everlastings better'n the other sort," he said to me as we stood for a minute restin' at the end o' the room.

"What other sort?" sez I, lookin' down at the flowers on my breast, an' he looked too, an' saw his Injun posy. I didn't dare look up at him, but I knew he saw it.

"You kept it then, after all," sez he under his breath.

"You said everlastin' things was meant to be kept," sez I, turnin' my face away.

The music began again then, an' June come up for his turn. I wondered afterward why I hadn't noticed how quiet they both was that night—they that always used to be so lively, but I s'pose they didn't give me time, an' everybody round us was makin' noise enough.

I had my last dance with Kit, an' then the musicians put up their fiddles an' the girls fluttered off to put on their wraps. The sleighs come up to the door, an' the party was over all too soon.

Kit an' June an' I was left alone in the empty ballroom. The candles had burnt down to their sockets; I thought 'twas the flickerin' light made those two so pale!

"It's been the finest party o' the season," sez June, with a long breath. "Thank you for bein' so good to us, Rebecca. We shan't forget when we're far away, an'—you've 'greed to treat us both alike to-night—now bid us good-by just the same"; an' 'fore I knew what he was doin', he took me in his arms an' kissed me, an' was gone 'fore I could speak.

"What did he mean?" sez I.

"Only what he said," sez Kit. "We're goin' away to-morrow, but he'll come back some day, an' you'll be good to him; but—you'll keep the everlastings?"

An' then he was gone, too, with only a clasp o' my hand—he didn't kiss me—he left June that much ahead.

They were loyal to each other, those two brothers. What both couldn't have, either scorned to take. I never see 'em again. Kit was lost at sea, an' June went South and died o' the fever in New Orleans. Wild boys, folks called 'em in Essex, but they were as true as steel to each other—an' to me! It's most dark, child, my story's took so long! An' the snow is deep. Who would think the flowers could ever have bloomed in that garden to look at it now? But the sun will shine, an' the spring will come back again some day, an' I—have my "life everlasting."—New York Evening Post.

SHE BROKE THE SPELL.

We sat within the parlor bright,
When day had closed its eyes;
The golden moments in their flight
Unheeded passed us by.

It was an hour of boneyed bliss,
To which there was no string,
And in a whirl of happiness
I asked the maid to sing.

I thought to hear a carol gay
That hunters sing at morn,
Or true love's tender roundelay,
From ardent passion born.

She fixed her cuffs, she smoothed a bang,
And then began to play;
I held my breath—the maiden sang,
"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

—New York Press.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

It relieves the depression therefrom.

Miss Lisette De Wolfe Colt of New York, who had several chances to enter European peerages, has married Arthur Rotch of Boston.

NURSERY ACCIDENTS.

First Aid Often Prevents Serious Consequences.

Parents are often at a loss what to do when an accident happens to one of the children. The following hints, taken from *Cassell's Family Magazine*, will be found of great value:

BITES.

Sometimes while playing with a dog or cat the children get bitten. Very often the teeth do not go through the skin, and the fright is the worse thing in such cases. When the teeth do go through the skin you should immediately apply a hot bread poultice and renew this when cold.

BROKEN LIMBS.

These occur as the result of falls off a table or chair, or down the stairs. The first thing to do is to send for the doctor. Do not lift the child from the floor at once, as very often, when the bone is broken, lifting the child allows the limb to hang, and the sharp broken end of the bone may tear a hole in the skin, or even damage the blood vessels, which are very near to the bones, and either of these complications makes the injury much more serious. Before moving the child you must place the injured limb in such position that no further harm can be done. If the leg is damaged gently tie it to the other leg with soft handkerchiefs above and below the place where it is broken. If the arm is broken place it tenderly on a soft cushion, and let one person attend entirely to the careful lifting of this cushion as the child is lifted into bed. He should be placed upon a mattress and not upon a feather bed. Do not attempt to take off the clothes, but leave everything as it is until the arrival of the doctor.

The same treatment should be adopted in the case of any of the bones being put out of joint. This is the best place to give a serious warning against allowing anybody to lift, swing or jerk a child by its arms. Often by a sudden jerk or lift one of the bones is put out of joint near the elbow and this leaves a permanently weak arm. Nursemaids and others are greatly to be blamed for the habit of jerking children over crossings or puddles. Whenever a child is to be lifted it should be caught around the waist or under the shoulders as no harm can be done in this way.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Where matches are left about, or there is not a proper fire-guard always in front of the fire, burns are frequent. Should the clothing catch fire immediately lay the child flat on the floor and roll the hearthrug, a shawl or some woolen garment, round it to smother the flames. If a doctor can be obtained leave the child quiet, only keeping it warm, and, if faint, giving hot milk as a drink. If the doctor cannot be got at once, very carefully remove the clothing, cutting any part which tends to stick to the skin, and leaving where it sticks. Do not break any blisters, but cover the whole surface with strips of linen soaked in oil, or, where oil cannot be obtained, dredge flour thickly over, and then cover with cotton-wool.

Scalds result when the child upsets a cup of hot tea or a kettle, etc., over itself. They are treated in the same way as burns. All cases of burns and scalds are serious, and should be seen by a doctor as soon as possible.

CUTS.

When the child gets a cut with a knife or any sharp object, such as glass, or from a fall, wash the cut well with warm water to remove any dirt which may have got in it, and then put a piece of clean soft linen round the part and fasten it on by winding cotton round it, or by means of a handkerchief or bandage. Should there be much bleeding, or the wound be large, you should send for the doctor, as a stitch may be required to prevent a very ugly mark, which would be left if the cut were allowed to gape open.

FALLS.

Children are constantly tumbling, and generally their falls are not very severe. Should they have a bad fall on to the head or back, this should be carefully attended to, and an examination made by a doctor, as serious consequences often develop some time afterward. Some children have become cripples from falls down the stairs, or from their nurses' arms on to their backs. If the child is stunned lay him flat and keep him quiet. Loosen the clothing and give him fresh air, but do not attempt to rouse him, and let him be seen by a doctor as soon as possible. Even slight falls should be prevented whenever possible. There should be a gate at the top of the stairs, provided with swing hinges, so that it is always kept shut and fastened. Young children should not be allowed to climb into chairs or on to the table, etc., as many nasty tumbles may result.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE, EAR AND NOSE.

Children very often get such things as peas, beads or cherry-stones into their noses or ears. If they have only just put the substance inside the nose or ear it is easy to remove it, but should it be pushed tightly in, there is always a good deal of difficulty in getting it out, and it is very unwise to attempt it, as specially-shaped instruments may be necessary, and even chloroform may have to be administered. Every unsuccessful attempt pushes the substance further in and increases the risk and trouble in finally removing it. When anything gets into the ear turn the head on one side, with that ear undermost, and if a few gentle taps on the head do not dislodge the body, do not make any further efforts, but take the child to a doctor.

When anything gets into the eye gentle efforts to remove it may be made by using the end of a tightly-rolled paper spill, which has been softened by chewing. Hold the lower eyelid down and carefully remove any dust, etc., then bathe the eye with warm milk and water.

Peas, beads, etc., in the nose are difficult to remove, and if they cannot be expelled by an attempt at sneezing, or by putting your mouth over the child's mouth and blowing sharply, you should seek medical assistance.

SWALLOWING COINS, BUTTONS, ETC.

If any substance sticks in the child's throat, and it threatens to choke, try to pull it up with your fingers, passing them as far down as possible, and hooking the substance up. If this is impossible make the child swallow coarsely-chewed bread to try and send it down. Do not give emetics or aperients.

Sufficient has now been said to show how a little intelligent first aid is often of great use in preventing serious consequences following the little mishaps which are likely to occur in the nursery.

TAD LINCOLN.

Some Anecdotes of President Lincoln's Favorite Son.

One of the prettiest incidents in the closing days of our civil war occurred when the troops "marching home again" passed in grand form, if with well-worn uniforms, and tattered bunting, before the White House. Naturally an immense crowd had assembled on the streets, the lawns, porches, balconies and windows, even those of the Executive Mansion itself being crowded to excess.

A central figure was that of the President, Abraham Lincoln, who, with bared head, unfurled and waved our nation's flag in the midst of lusty cheers. But suddenly there was an unexpected sight. A small boy leaned forward and sent streaming to the air the banner of the boys in gray. It was an old flag which had been captured from the Confederates, and which the urchin, the President's second son, Tad, had obtained possession of, and considered an additional token of triump to unfurl on this all-important day. Vainly did the servant who had followed him to the window plead with him to desist. No. Master Tad, the pet of the White House, was not to be prevented from adding to the loyal demonstration of the hour.

To his surprise, however, the crowd viewed it differently. Had it floated from any other window in the capital that day, no doubt it would have been the target of contempt and abuse; but when the President, understanding what had happened, turned, with a smile on his grand plain face, and showed his approval by gesture and expression, cheer after cheer rent the air. It was, surely enough, the expression of peace and good-will, which, of all our commanders, none was better pleased to promote than the Commander-in Chief.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the President's tall, lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity, for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly and noble which his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident, which he himself related to the writer, occurred a day or two before his entering, temporarily, a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered:

"A wood-chopper."

"Oh, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high-born lad turned the cold shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when, very soon, the American lad's prestige being known to all the school, he found that he had made himself ridiculous. Tad, however, was too much of a little gentlemen not to accept the friendship, however tardily offered.—Harper's Young People.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A Claim That Other Countries Adopt But Improve Upon American Ideas.

An eminent English electrical engineer, on a visit to this country, spoke recently in high praise of American originality in electrical work. He also stated that Europeans wait for us to develop a new industry, but when they do introduce it they do it so thoroughly that we are left far in the rear. An instance of this is found in electric lighting. A few years ago London had very few electric lights compared with American cities. Now it far exceeds any of our large cities, not only in the number of lights, but more especially in the thorough, careful, well-designed and permanent construction of the plants. The same solidity and excellence of construction obtain in Berlin and Paris. While in America we were trying to make ourselves think that underground lines were not practicable, in Europe they were introducing nothing else but such wires. Much of this is due to the fact that we have been doing pioneer work, and many of the older installations partook necessarily of the temporary character of experimental plants. But the standard of construction is rapidly rising, as good work is found cheaper in the end.

It is pointed out, however, by a leading electrical journal that while we may well take a lesson from abroad in the building of our plants, there exists still one great drawback in the want of proper municipal participation in our large cities, without which we can never expect to have such general and complete systems as abroad. A municipal control in which "boodle" and "franchises" play an important part must necessarily be unsatisfactory and expensive. The way in which the progress of the storage battery in this country has been retarded by litigation is also alluded to and thus commented on: "More money has been expended in the legal controversy than in developing and exploiting the several storage systems. Despite this fact, the companies now engaged in the controversy are in practically the same relative positions that they occupied several years ago. It certainly does not look well to see the electrical companies of Europe instilling storage battery plants wherever electric lighting plants are found, while in America the plants of any consequence do not exceed a dozen in number."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

How many memories gather round the sound
Of bells, those silver monitors to us!
Whilom, they peal dire dangers, and the ground
Trembles to tramp of feet fear-furious;
Whilom, they toll above some burial mound.

Again, they summon souls to praise or prayer;
They mingle in with music when it plays
Melodious, so that all of life seems fair;
Or tinkle dimly in the covert ways
Where wethers lead the flock that is their care.

Whilom, at sea they hoarsely boom, and fright
The good ships from the rocks; on land they tell
The time o' day by morning, noon and night;
Chime o'er the sleeping city: All is well.
Or bid the folk be up with early light.

But where be bells so buoyant, sweet and strong
Upon the air as these of Christmastime!
So fraught with precious meanings is their song,
So swelling with a hope and joy sublime.
Christ's bells, to you all benisons belong!

—Richard Burton, in Godey's.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department One—Catlin, Judge.

FRIDAY, December 23d.

People vs. Henry Dobson—Partly heard and continued to January 3d.

[Law calendar continued one week.]

Department Two—Johnson, Judge.

FRIDAY, December 23d.

George P. Royster vs. V. S. McClatchy—Motion to strike out parts of answer.

J. J. Spieker vs. T. M. Lash—Continued two weeks.

A. Richter vs. M. J. Richter—Set for December 29th.

Clara O. A. Gruhler, by her guardian, A. M. Seymour, vs. Albert E. Gruhler—Judgment entered for plaintiff.

Wm. Gutenberger vs. Lorenzo Ratti—Continued one week.

Guardianship of Catherine and Joel S. Cotton—Continued one week.

Estate of Ellen McCloy—Account settled and distribution ordered.

Estate of John Oschwald—Final account settled, distribution continued one week.

Estate of John Scholl—Continued four weeks.

Estate of A. K. Boutwell—Petition for sale of real estate granted.

Estate of James W. Hanford—Petition to set aside estate for widow granted.

Estate and guardianship of Clara O. A. Gruhler—Improperly on calendar.

Estate of Eben Owen—Will admitted to probate and letters issued to petitioners.

Estate of Martin Devine—Account settled and distribution ordered.

Estate of Dorothea Winning—Administrator's report approved, and he is ordered to sell the property.

Estate of William Winkleman—Account settled.

Estate of John Damiao—Continued two weeks.

Estate of Thomas Morris—Petition to sell real estate granted.

Guardianship of Perkiss minors—Continued one week.

Estate of Eleanor D. Brady—Letters of administration issued to Milton Brady.

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hoods' Pills cure liver ills.

A SORE throat, cough or cold, if suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief.

M. Averof, a Greek resident of Alexandria, has presented the Queen of Greece, on the occasion of her silver wedding, with the sum of 200,000 drachmas for the erection of a reformatory for young criminals.

NO CHRISTMAS and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Like a Dead Fish.

I had terrible **ECZEMA** for 18 years—was in bed six months at a time—body and limbs swollen and scaly like a dead fish. The itching was terrible, and

FINALLY LOST MY SIGHT.

After treatment by five physicians, and other remedies without relief, I took S. S. S. and it cured me. My skin is soft and smooth, and the terrible trouble is all gone—R. N. MITCHELL, Macon, Ga.

I know the above statement to be true.
S. S. HARMON, Macon, Ga.

Send for our book on the Blood.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DANGERS of NEURALGIA and RHEUMATISM

Sudden Death from Neuralgia.

[New York Tribune, Oct. 12, 1892.]

After a brief illness Alfred Vredenburgh, for nearly forty years chief clerk of the tax bureau of New York City's municipal government, died at his home in Bayonne yesterday. The cause of death was a sudden attack of neuralgia of the heart.

A Similar Case.

[New York Times, Oct. 15, 1892.]

Lyons, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Ex-State Committeeman (Republican party) William Van Marter dropped dead this afternoon on a train on the New York Central, between Jordan and Port Byron. He had difficulty with his heart some time since and has twice fainted from heart failure. Last night he attended a performance at the theatre here, but was obliged to leave owing to neuralgia. * * * He was engaged in the malting business at Weedsport, and went there daily from here. He was worth about a quarter of a million dollars.

Rheumatic Fever.

[From the London Daily News, recent date.]

Paderewski, the eminent pianist, is out of danger, though not likely to be convalescent for five weeks, nor to be able to appear in public for at least two months. The whole of his British engagements have been canceled. His malady is rheumatic fever, and the loss to the pianist, owing to the enforced abandonment of his contracts, is officially stated to be nearly £9,000 ($45,000).

Spent Three Nights in a Ditch.

(Press Dispatch in Chicago Herald, Oct. 3, 1892.]

New York, Oct. 2.—Jacob Erickson, a laborer living in Newark, N. J., started Saturday, Sept. 24, to take a walk, which he thought would be good for the rheumatism from which he had been a sufferer for months. He went to Montclair, spent most of his money for dinner and started back. Before he had gone far he felt pains in his limbs, which became so agonizing that he could hardly walk. Suddenly he was seized with violent cramps, his legs gave way under him and he sank down in the road. Fearing that he would be run over, as it was then getting dark, he pulled himself along on his hands to a ditch. He can remember only dimly how he passed that night. It was afternoon of the following day when he came back to full consciousness. It was not until Tuesday morning that Erickson was discovered. The physicians said he was suffering from acute rheumatism. They say he would hardly have survived another night.

Safety, Prompt Relief and almost Infallible Cure are found in

ATH-LO-PHO-ROS

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA ETC.

PROOF:

Lancaster, Mo., May 18, 1891.—My wife was down with neuralgia and after using two bottles of Ath-lo-pho-ros she was well. G. MASTERS.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Aug. 4, 1891.—Ath-lo-pho-ros is the only medicine that will give me relief from neuralgia. MRS. J. A. LATCHA.

Sterling, Kas., July 12, 1891.—I was in bed, my joints swelled and unable to move myself. In three days after beginning to take Ath-lo-pho-ros I was able to walk about my room; swelling all left my limbs and I improved rapidly, gaining in health and strength, and at present am attending to my farm work. W. I. CARTER.

Ath-lo-pho-ros sold by druggists, $1 per bottle; 6 for $5.

The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

CHRISTMAS.

This is the holy Christmastime,
When wealth is freely poured,
And mirth doth mix with thoughts sublime
Around the festal board.

From homes where warmth and wealth abound
And want is never known,
To those in which the poor are found
Should charity be shown.

So on this holy Christmas Day,
When "peace on earth" is heard,
If to the poor no alms we pay,
Can cheer with a kind word,

And to them all this wish impart,
"A merry Christmas Day."
And thanks from many a saddened heart
Will our kind wish repay.

For kind words are like fragrant flowers
When scattered o'er life's way;
They soothe the heart in troubled hours,
They comfort bring in death's dark day.

And ever on this Christmas day,
While we on earth remain,
Our thoughts shall be alway
Of when the holy angel did the birth of Christ proclaim.

Then Christmas Day should be replete
With gladness on this earth,
For 'tis the day we celebrate
The Blessed Savior's birth.

And when at last our life is o'er,
For all of us this debt shall pay,
When we meet on a brighter shore
'Twill be a blessed Christmas Day.

KATIE CASEY.

Sacramento, December 25, 1892.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A CHRISTMAS SOLILOQUY.

Sez I to myself, sez I,
As Christmas approaches nigh
Jack Tar yer a tool
Fur watching a school
Of whales from a perch on high.

Fur on that most sacred day,
All covered with