

### How the Gospel Came to Tim Oaks.

On Christmas Eve a strange tragedy was enacted in the far Northwest. Away up in Montana a mining-camp was established in days when women were as scarce in that country as they were in the early days of the settlement of California; there was in fact but one woman in the camp. She was young, of fine appearance, great physical strength and endurance and indomitable nerve. Two years before she had left an unhappy home in Wisconsin to become the wife of a reckless dare-devil named Jim Oaks, with whom she had shared the vicissitudes of a long, slow journey across the intervening plains. This man just missed being a ruffian through his wife's influence. She loved him with noble devotion, and, although he was incapable of a like attachment, he loved her, too, after a fashion of his own. She was made much of by the camp; it would have been a sorry day for the miner who should have shown any disrespect to Minerva Oaks.

The day before Christmas dawned lowering. Toward the middle of the afternoon huge, lumbering clouds began to loom in the northwest. A mournful wind sought through the gulches. The miners, housing their picks, shovels and pans, took their axes into the neighboring bottoms and set at wood-cutting with a vengeance. All signs portending one of those fierce cold storms that occasionally descend upon the border, arresting torrents in chains of ice and freezing even the shaggy-coated buffaloes.

The wagons, heaped with freshly-chopped sticks of cottonwood and aspen, had hadly distributed their loads at nightfall when the wind, changing to the northeast, grew stronger and brought snow. Higher and higher it rose as darkness came on; faster and faster fell the snow. As the cold increased the snow was condensed into fine particles that bit like needles into the cheeks of belated miners struggling toward their cabins. Still swelling in volume the roar of the tempest appeared to effect the earth as well as the air; the plains and distant mountains were shaken and the ground under the camp trembled like the floors of a dwelling in a city when heavy trucks roll by along the pavement; the heavens whirled gigantically overhead; at length the tempest became a hurricane. The volumes of pulverized snow in the atmosphere were now so dense and piercing and the gusts were so violent that it was impossible to see even a lighted window at a few yards distance.

It was considerably past Jim Oaks' supper time. But as Oaks was the only man in the camp who didn't have to cook his own meals he had lapsed into a habit of coming in late to supper, for which fault his wife, who was not of a complaining or nagging disposition, never reproached him.

Seven o'clock. Mrs. Oaks fed the fire from the ample supply of wood which one of the wagons had dropped at her door, then stepped to the pane of glass, which formed the only window in the diggings, and essayed to look out into the night. The glass was caked inside with frost and covered on the outside by a snow drift. Sighing, the young wife returned to her seat by the fire. She snuffed the candle with a pair of snuffers which Jim Oaks had ingeniously carved out of an antelope's horn for her last birthday present, and then putting her hand into the bosom of her dress she drew out—

—what?

A well-worn copy of the New Testament. There was something covert in the manner in which she brought this volume into the light, and, thinking she heard a noise at the door, she thrust it back again. Jim Oaks had somewhere and somehow acquired so rank a detestation of the Holy Scriptures that he could not bear to hear them quoted from or even mentioned. The sight of a Bible affected him exactly as the devil was described by Pat O'Grady's grandfather to have been affected by holy water.

Finding that the noise was nothing but the crunch of a settling drift, she opened the little book and began to read:

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. These passages, on which Minerva Oaks was accustomed to dwell, were marked in her New Testament, and under-scored with a pencil. High spirited and able to handle a rifle or a revolver on occasion, she was a sincere Christian in most respects, and quiet in her ways.

She sat with the Testament spread open on her lap, and the Christmas-Eve supper growing browner in front of the fire, until nearly eight o'clock. Then, as a mighty throce of storm threatened to wrench the cabin from its foundations, she started up with a cry:

"Jim! Why, Jim was to be off at Wild Swan Gulch this afternoon. He was going to get us some feathers for Christmas. Ah, God! It is eight o'clock. And the storm! How ever can he find his way home?"

Springing to the door, she lifted the hickory latch and drew it toward her. The mass of snow which had been piled against it fell in and streamed across the floor, and the blast, driving in more snow, extinguished the candle.

"Hah!"

In a few moments she had managed to sweep away a part of the dirt and close the door. Then she relit the candle. Next she threw off her dress and petticoats. Going, now, to an old horse-hide-covered trunk in a corner, she pulled out of it her husband's spare suit—the clothes in which he won the \$3,000 at Faro, which let him marry and start with his bride across the Mississippi. She dressed herself in them, and put on the long rubber boots Jim wore when he worked in the sluices; then his old cap, and tied close to her head with a comforter; then her own thick shawl and mittens. Lighting her lantern and taking a shovel, she opened the door again and attacked the drift until it yielded

far enough to let her latch the door behind her.

The night was awful. She could see nothing through the flurry. She hardly dared to turn her face to the yielding blast. She thought of asking some one to accompany her, but the camp lay some distance out of her line. Moreover, she knew the country in every direction. She could feel her way anywhere, if necessary; beside, she had her lantern—that would enable her to distinguish objects within a small circle. Turning resolutely in the direction of Wild Swan Gulch, she set out to find her husband and guide him home.

As she emerged from the canyon and gained the level of the surrounding broken plain, a strange pause came. It seemed as though the winds had suddenly forsaken the neighborhood and gone reeling away into the mountains. She took advantage of this sinister calm to hurry onward at a run. Out of breath at last she stumbled and fell.

The lantern went out. She had no matches! Staggering to her feet she heard the moan of the returning storm. She shouted:

"Jim!"

Again, with all the might of her voice, she lifted the plainsman's call:

"Yip, yip, yip—ya-ho! Jim!"

No answer. Then the tempest rushed round her in a baffling, ferocious whirl of sound and wind and snow.

In the meantime Jim Oaks had been at one of his old diversions. Having returned from Wild Swan Gulch with a splendid trophy in the shape of a black-billed swan-drake, he was lounging toward home when the storm came on and stopped in at the last saloon, as usual, to get a drink. It was always warm and cozy in that liquor mill, and on Christmas Eve the place was peculiarly inviting. The boys were assembled for a night at poker, and Jim sat down and took a hand.

"It's kind o' rough on Minery!" he thought once, about midnight, "leavin' her alone up there such a night as this. Never mind; she'll worry it through, I reckon."

But when the man entered his cabin next morning and started toward the bed with a peace offering (his winnings) extended in his hand he was completely stunned by what he saw. The untouched bed, the fireless hearth, the cold, untasted supper, his wife's clothes strewn on the floor, the open trunk, the absent cap and lantern—these flashed the truth into his brain.

"She's gone to hunt for me! She's been gone a long while. All night, perhaps—in the storm. O, Minery!"

Out he sprang through the doorway. The storm was over and the air was clear still, and bitter cold. The sun was rising. He cast one strenuous look around the narrow horizon, and then plunged through the drift towards the camp.

"Minery!" he shouted, "have any of you seen Minery?"

Immediately the camp roused itself from its aromatic slumbers. When it was found that Mrs. Oaks was really missing the miners volunteered as one man to go to her rescue. Asled was prepared—some fire-wood, provisions, blankets, and a keg of whisky were roped fast to it, and, with Jim chaffing by this time, and far in front on the way to Wild Swan Gulch, the company started. Parties were assigned to search the whole prairie, east, west and north; the largest group followed Oak's trail. It was hard work, floundering across the gullies and washouts, which were packed to the edge with snow. Often the men shuddered to think what might be hidden under those heavy white masses.

The first sign was discovered by Jim Oaks' partner, one "Spick" Jones who kept to the left and signaled from a clump of timber. The bark was partially torn off about four feet from the ground, on the side of a tree, not by the teeth or claws of a wild beast, but, as was plainly to be seen, by the hands of a human creature. Almost every miner was familiar with the trick. It was a trick to keep from freezing, at the sacrifice of nails and finger tips. It was a desperate method of exercise to arrest lethargy. One veteran of the camp remembered to have climbed up and down a tree all night one winter when he was over taken without matches by a mountain blizzard.

Jim Oaks set his teeth hard when he saw the frozen blood spots on the tree. "Stay with me, boys," he said, hoarsely, "and help me find my wife."

The men struggled on. Some two hours later a figure on a distant bluff was seen waving a hat. All sought the place where the wind had blown so fiercely during the preceding night that it had prevented the snow from lodging on the windward ridges. Mrs. Oaks lay on her back there, half covered with snow, frozen to sleep. Her left hand was thrust inside the vest she wore her right hand was extended above her head and covered with blood from her poor torn fingers.

Everybody made way for Jim. He came up and knelt down reverently beside her, and kissed her rigid lips.

"Minery!" he said, ge-tly. He reached, trying to feel her heart.

"Minery!"

He looked around on the faces of his fellow-miners with such an expression on his drawn and haggard visage that they turned away.

He touched the cold hand in her bosom. It covered something which she had clutched for when she fell. He drew it forth; it was her Testament. Opening it mechanically at the fly-leaf, he saw the words, written, behaps, long before:

"Read it, Jim."

And below:

"I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

"Boys," said Jim, half rising to his feet, and holding out the open book with both his trembling hands, "she's left me—a Christmas present. See?"—N. Y. Herald.

### A Test of Humanity.

A curious story is told of St. Philip Neel, who was directed by the Pope to inquire into the truth of certain miracles said to have been worked by a nun. To ascertain whether the woman possessed

true humility, which, as one of the cardinal virtues, must be held before the power to work miracles is bestowed upon any one, he entered her cell with a pair of thirty boots on, pulled them off, threw them at her head, and ordered her to clean them. Vehement and shrilly expressed was the indignation of the lady; whereat St. Philip reported that a new saint had not arisen.

### GROWING UP.

Oh! to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure, Mother's smile their pleasures crowning, mother's kiss their radiant eyes.

Oh! to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls and radiant eyes, Pattering feet and eager prattle—all young life's lost paradise.

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and clasped, Little forms that, close enfolding, all of love's best gifts were grasped;

Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round the winter hearth, Bidding all the bright world echo, with their fearless, careless mirth.

Oh! to keep them. How they gladdened all the path from day to day, What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay;

How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed, As each bark went floating seaward, love-decked and fancy-sailed.

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold, Lo! the brave buds bloom and burgeon, lo! the shy, sweet buds unfold.

'Olip, and cheek and tresses, steals the maiden's bashful joy; Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them. Soon in other shape than ours Those young hands will plant their weapons, build their castles, plaze their flowers;

Soon a fresher hope will brighten their darkening we trained to see; Soon a closer love than ours in those waking hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so. Fast the river nears the main, Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again.

Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are rent; But us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content.

### TOMPKINS' ADVENTURES.

Bringing His Tack Cat to the New York Cat Show—A Midnight Encounter in a Museum.

"I read in the papers," said Mr. Tompkins to a New York Times reporter, "that there was to be a great cat show at a museum in New York, and that handsome prizes were to be given for the best cats. Now, I had a cat that would take the first prize, it was a very large Maltese, and its strong point was that it ate tacks. It lived on tacks. It ate two or three papers a day—eight-ounce, ten-ounce, no matter what size, it ate them all. I knew that cat would take the first prize, and I brought it down to New York. I had never been to New York before, but I went to a hotel and went to bed. On Monday morning before I went out I left word with the waiter to have the cat fed with tacks. He started at first as if he thought I was crazy, but I happened to have two or three in my pocket, and when I gave them to the cat, and the waiter saw him eat them, he was satisfied. So then I came out to see the city. At dinner time, when I went back to the hotel, I went up to my room to see how the cat was getting along. How do you think he was? He was dead. Yes, sir, he lay stretched out on the floor, dead as a door-nail. There were two empty tack papers on the floor. I sent for the waiter, and asked him about the cats dinner, and he said, he had fed him the two papers of tacks, just as I had told him. I picked up one of the papers off the floor, and then it was all clear enough. What do you think that careless waiter'd done? Yes, sir, he'd fed that cat tacks with leather heads. Of course, that killed him; it would kill any cat. You never saw a cat in your life could eat tacks with leather heads, nor no other living man. Well, it was all up with the cat, and there was nothing for it but to box him up and send him home."

"Did you get all these cuts and bruises in a misunderstanding with the waiter?" the reporter asked.

"No," said Mr. Tompkins, "I was coming to that. It was late in the evening when I got the cat boxed and ready to go to the depot, and then I went down to the cat show. When I told the manager the tack cat was dead he was the disappointed man I ever see. I thought he was going to cry, and he says to me: 'Go right in, Mr. Tompkins, it shan't cost you a cent. No man as has met such a loss as that shall pay me money. No, sir; walk right in.' I went in and looked at the cats and things. It was pretty late, and when I was in a room in the third story all the lights went out like a flash—turned off in the cellar, you know. There wasn't no one else in the room where I was and I thought it was about time to go, but when I went to go down stairs there wasn't no stairs there. I'm sure I went to the very same place where I'd come up but the stairs was gone. So I was in for it. What to do I didn't know. I felt around in all my pockets for a match. Without any foolin' I'd a gin half a dollar for a match. It must have been an hour or more that I was trying to find the stairs, and at last I gave it up, and I lopped right down on the floor for a rest. I don't know how long I'd sat there, but I must have gone to sleep. All of a sudden I was woke up by hearing the most frightful noise close to my ear. It sounded like some wild animal. It went pretty regular, like breathin', and I was afraid to stir for fear it would spring. After a while, though, I put out my hand to see if I could feel it, and where do you think my hand went? Well, sir, if my hand didn't go straight into some wild animal's mouth, right between his teeth, then I never owned a tack cat. But he didn't close on it quick enough, and I jerked it out; you better believe I got away quick, and ran across that room. I was bound to find the stairs, whether or no, and I found them. I didn't find them till I struck the last step, though, and that's how I got this bruise on my cheek."

"You mean you fell down stairs?"

"Fell down? Yes, that's it. Then I didn't know which way to turn, and I went three or four steps ah-ad, very careful like, and first thing I knew I touched a man's arm. It was sticking out straight, and I think he was waiting to grab me. I saw through in a minute. They'd got me up there and turned off the

lights, so as to rob me. But I wasn't quite so green as that, you know. I made a good calculation by touching the man's arm again, and made up my mind just when the face was. Then I drew back and let him have one just as square between the eyes as I could in the dark.

Drop? Well, I guess he dropped. He dropped so hard and lay so still I began to be afraid I'd killed him, and after a while I stole up to him and touched his face. It was cold as ice. I felt down his arm for his pulse. His pulse didn't beat. I had killed him!"

Mr. Tompkins, as he spoke, re-licked a piece of court-plaster that had dropped from his forehead.

"Then I knew I'd got to get out of there. I'd come down one story, and knew I was on the second floor, and I thought the best way would be to get to a window and jump out. I calculated which was the front, and started. I hadn't gone five steps before I ran against another man. He was sitting down, and I fell over him and right square into a third man's lap. But I was good for 'em. I turned over quick, and grabbed the nearest man by the collar. He never moved, and I gave him a h't that sent him heels over head. Then I grabbed the other one, but as I went to sling him too, I stumbled over the third man's chair, and away I went. What do you think I struck out? More men! The room was full of 'em. They were laying for me. But I was good for 'em. That was when old Steuben came to the rescue. What did I do? Why I just grabbed a chair and laid about that room till there couldn't have been a man in it as big as a mouse without getting his head cracked. It was murder, I know, but my blood was up. I wouldn't care if there was one hundred men in that room I'd a killed 'em all. No man mustn't lay in wait in the dark for me! Then I went up to the window and gave her an all-sen-der with the chair. The window gave way, of course, but there was a big canvas sign outside of that yet. I was pretty well exhausted by this time, so I gave it up and yelled murder just as loud as I could.

"I expected somebody would come with a ladder and get me out the window; but they didn't. I heard somebody pounding on the sidewalk with a club, and in a minute afterward the front door was broke in. But wasn't I a happy man! There was a little streak of light come up the stairs, and in a minute it got bigger, and I saw my victims lying on the floor. I swear to goodness I never knew before I was so strong. The floor was covered with 'em. And while I was looking at them, who do you think come up the stairs? Four policemen. As soon as I saw the first one coming up I tried to hide behind the table that stood there, but it was no good—they had me out in a minute.

"Your're the man wot's been making all this racket, are you?" said one of the policemen.

"I tried—" said I.

"Oh, yes; you tried," said another policeman, "and you'll soon be tried. What kind of swag did you think you'd get out of this place? Been assaulted, have you? That's too thin. You come along with me."

"When we got to the station-house, I got them to send for the manager. As soon as he came he told the policemen about the tack cat, and how I went into the museum very late, and must have got locked in. So they let me go. But when the manager came to see me this morning, he said I spoiled a stuffed tiger worth \$300, and mashed Ben Franklin and Roger Sherman so nobody could tell them from the wax images in the 'Last Supper,' and as for John Hancock, he had a dent across his cheek big enough to put your fist in. It's a bad thing, I suppose it'll cost me three or four hundred dollars before I get through. The manager says what I heard up stairs was the fat boy snoring, and that the tiger I found was stuffed; but that's too thin."

### DROWNED BY A DOG.

A Convict Battling for Life's Liberty in the Waters of the Savannah.

From the Savannah News.

A report was current in the community yesterday morning of an uprising of some of the convicts belonging to the house under the lease of Col. T. J. Smith, now at work on Hutchinson's island, opposite the city; and the escape of seven, after the guard had been over-powered and murdered.

In the northern side of the building occupied by the forces as sleeping quarters there was a hole about two feet square where the chimney of the sugar-refinery stood, which had been closed up with bricks, mud being used instead of mortar.

About a quarter after 1 o'clock George Billups, a negro, who slept near the opening, managed to free his feet from his shackles, and pushing the bricks out, worked himself slowly through to the ground. In getting out however, he struck against the man who slept in the bunk next to him. The movement awakened the fellow, who, raising himself, discovered George's legs just disappearing through the aperture. He at once gave an alarm, crying to the guard who was on duty at the door that a man was escaping. The guard darted around the building and caught sight of George running toward the bank of the Savannah river.

He immediately opened fire on the fugitive, firing six times at him. About three hundred yards from the building one of the dogs caught the flying negro, who was impeded in his flight by the dense swamp reeds. After a short struggle, during which the guard fired at him again, he succeeded in freeing himself from the dog, and continued running toward the river. On reaching the river bank the negro plunged boldly into the water, and the dog after him. When about twenty yards from the shore the dog seized him again, and a fight for life and liberty ensued in the waters. The night was clear but not sufficiently clear to enable the guards to discern where the man was.

His cries and struggles with the dog were heard, and in a few moments the dog returned to the bank.

As nothing was seen of the convict on this side, it is believed that he was drowned. It is supposed that he was wounded, by one of the shots, and it is certain that he was badly bitten by the dog when he was first caught and during the struggle in the water. The morning was very cold, and he would most probably have been numbed before he could have swum to this side, even had he not been injured.

Hence there is but little doubt but that his dash for liberty resulted in his

finding a watery grave. George Billups was a young negro convicted of burglary in Fulton county Superior Court.

### A Horrible Death.

Virginia (New) Chronicle.

One of the most extraordinary and horrible accidents that ever happened on the Comstock took place in the Savage car-penter-shop. Here is in use a steam auger, which points towards the workman and makes 1,000 revolutions per minute. It is a self-feeder, and anything that is laid up against the point is caught and thrown over its coils with lightning-like rapidity. William Carpenter, the unfortunate victim, at the time mentioned was boring a hole through a stick of hard wood, about three inches thick and eight feet long, and was leaning his might against it, under the impression that there was a gauge attached to the machinery to prevent the block going further along the auger than the distance required.

Suddenly a workman near Carpenter observed an indescribable look on his face as his body shot forward and doubled over the terrible machine. It had passed, like a fencer's sword, through his stomach, and was protruding at the back. He was literally impaled upon the auger, which was churning his intestines at the rate of from 1,000 to 1,500 revolutions per minute.

In the midst of the horrible agony Carpenter seems to have maintained his presence of mind, for he cast himself backward and got off the auger, falling to the floor as he did so. The most terrible excitement prevailed among his comrades in the shop, and there was a rush to the prostrate man. The sight must have almost paralyzed them. Carpenter was lying on his back, with his clothes torn and twisted above the region of his abdomen. Just above him the deadly auger was still whizzing, and clinging to it was a mass of intestines, the loose ends of which spread out with the revolutions and gave the auger the appearance of a buzz-saw. The man was removed to the bath room and laid upon the floor. He was still cool, and not a cry escaped him. His brother (the ex-City Jailer) was sent for, and, on his arrival, he communicated his wishes in regard to his business affairs and the disposal of his effects, remarking, "my brother is an honest man, and will do the right thing." Presently it became evident that he was suffering intense pain, and the physicians in attendance decided that he had better die under the influence of chloroform. Before the drug was administered he was told that he would never come from under its influence alive. He merely nodded, bade those about him good-by, and in a few minutes was unconscious.

He lay in this state as a sleeping child until after 4 o'clock in the morning when the influence of the chloroform passed off and he opened his eyes. He did not seem to suffer much pain, and occasionally talked to his attendants. He died like a man. His last words were, "I'm passing into the unknown." A couple of hours later he was removed to Wilson & Brown's undertaking establishment.

A Chronicle reporter called at the Savage works this morning and inspected the scene of Carpenter's death. The bath-room where he died was being washed, and the blood scraped up from the floor. The most ghastly sight was the boring-machine. The auger which did the work was covered with blood for its entire length, and shreds of flesh still clinging to it. A workman informed the reporter that nearly sixteen feet of intestines had been taken from it after Carpenter was taken into the bath-room to die. The framework was coved with blood, and almost every thing splattered with it.

Superintendent Gillett had given orders to have every vestige of the man's death removed and a carpenter was removing such portions of the framework of the machine as were sprinkled with blood, to burn. The wood which is bored by this method is placed in a framework and then run up against the auger. There are pieces of wood (cut at different lengths as occasion requires) which are laid in the frame in order to prevent it going beyond a certain distance. Carpenter had bored over a dozen pieces, and the workmen think that the stick must have fallen down and caused his death as described.

### A Faithful Terrier.

We had a house full of company all summer. One night our guests had all left us for a few days. My sister and myself were all alone in our old house, with the servants quite remote from us in the L of the house. Our room was on the ground floor, and very easy of access from the piazza and road, but we felt quite protected, having with us two small dogs, an electric bell connecting with the man's room in the stable, and a good six-shooter. We were thankful to our sharp voiced terrier before that night was over, as my tale will tell.

It was a foggy, grim night out; you know what seashore fogs are can picture to yourselves this night! And just after I had retired, my Josh, the hero of this story, started up from his snug quarters and barked furiously and continuously. I remonstrated, but he had no idea of being pacified, and barked with such evident purpose that he completely aroused both my sister and myself. So we consulted as to what was best to be done, feeling sure some mischief was brewing. We listened but could hear no sound, still Josh kept on with his voice of warning, and at last I touched my electric bell to call over the man.

In the stillness of the night the clear ring of the bell could be distinctly heard, and as it was sounding I heard some one run, and concluded it was our man; but soon after he came walking quietly over. I let him in, and sent him over the house. Everything seemed as quiet as a well-regulated family should be, and so I sent him back, and we again settled for a tranquil night.

No sooner, however, had the man gone into the stable than we were startled by hearing three men jump from off the roof of the piazza over our heads. They saw that the alarm had been given, that we were aroused; so, the fog shielding them, they laid quite still on the roof of the piazza till their danger was passed, and then descended in haste. Their plans were well laid, but they were ignorant of one small but important fact, that in our room was a vigilant watchman, doing his duty by night as well as by day.—Correspondence of Our Dumb-Animals.

### WHAT COMES OF OVERWORK.

Symptoms of a Common Brain Disease Described by Dr. Hammond.

From the New York World.

Before the New York Neurological Society last evening, Dr. E. C. Seguin presiding, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond read a paper on "Cerebro-Hyperemia." This, he said, was quite a common disease, and was brought on generally by over-intellectual exertion. The symptoms are vertigo, noises in the ears, dark spots before the eyes, a staggering in the walk, numbness in the limbs and twitchings or spasms in the face. There is a mental disturbance which is shown by hallucinations, and principally by sleeplessness. The digestion is impaired. These are the symptoms in violent cases.

In general the patient is deprived almost wholly of sleep, or has unpleasant dreams. He finds it impossible to fix his attention on any subject, and is attacked by a pain in the head if he makes a mental effort. An accurate accountant who was attacked by this disease could not add up a column of figures, making mistakes which in his normal condition he would consider ridiculous. In one case reported a gentleman attempted to commit suicide because he could not solve a simple sum. The patient is forgetful of names and faces, and makes mistakes in using words. There is, too, a great deal of indecision manifested in simple matters.

"I knew a patient," Dr. Hammond said, "to carry several thousands of dollars every day for a month to Wall street, intending to make a certain speculation, but every day he put it off without any reason whatever. There is a morbid apprehension of impending evil, and the patient is afraid that he will himself commit some dreadful act. I have known of a man who dreaded to go on a ferry-boat because he feared that he would throw himself off; of another who would not go near a train, for fear he would throw himself in front of it; of a husband who made his wife keep his razors locked up; of a man who would not take a warm bath, in the fear that he would not turn off the hot water. The subject, however, never yields to these impulses. The emotional system is deranged.

The patient becomes suspicious and annoyed on the slightest grounds. A patient once was liable to be attacked by vertigo at any time, so that frequently and in the street he would have to support himself by a lamp-post, or sit on a stoop until the attack was over. This vertigo is generally increased by mental effort, and disappears more or less when the patient is about to go to sleep. The ocular muscles are easily tired, so that the patient cannot read. Sometimes the sense of hearing is very acute, and at other times very dull. The disease is generally accompanied by congestion of the tympanum, and the symptoms are intensified by sulphate of quinine and other medicines, which are sometimes given to patients who are suffering from this disease. The muscular strength is impaired so that the patient sometimes is unable to lift his arm or his foot.

"The causes of cerebro-hyperemia are mental. A young lady was once attacked by it in consequence of an intense intellectual effort she put forth to solve a mathematical problem. The disease is more apt to attack those in middle life than the old or young. To be cured the patient should abstain from severe mental work, should exercise in the open air, indulge in moderate gaiety and a plain but nutritious diet."

### A Great Lawyer With a Weakness.

Luther Martin was one of the most famous lawyers of his time. He was a little above the medium height, and was slovenly in appearance. His dress was a compound of the fine and the coarse, and seemed never to have felt the brush. He wore ruffles at the waist richly edged with lace after every one else had abandoned them. These ruffles were conspicuously broad, and were always dirty with tobacco juice. Judge Taney said that in his speech he used vulgarisms, and that he heard him say "crotch" him, instead of caught him, and we set down, instead of sat down.

His genius was frequently clouded by his excessive use of strong drink. Being engaged in an important case, he promised his clients the day before the suit was to be tried not to drink any liquor. He retired to his room, but could not resist his desire for stimulants. He sent for a bottle of brandy and a loaf of bread, and after saturating the bread thoroughly with the brandy, he ate it, and his unfortunate appetite was satisfied, and he claimed he had kept his promise not to drink. He tried the cause in the ablest possible manner, but on being reproached by his clients for his virtual violation of his promise, he remarked: "I did not drink a drop; besides, say no more about it. Had it not been for the bread, I would have lost the case."

He had a paralytic stroke, and having squandered his large earnings at the bar as fast as they were acquired, in his old age, under the goadings of penury, he removed to New York, and received the hospitalities and kind attentions of Aaron Burr, whom he had ably defended at Richmond. Before his death the Legislature passed a resolution that every one on being admitted to the bar should pay one dollar cash for his use. He died on July 10, 1826, when he was eighty-two years of age.

### Victory of Death.

The Grosbeck (Texas) New Era says: The following singular courtship of a Prairie Grove gallant is an illustration that "faint heart never won fair lady." He proposed, but was gently refused. He went a second and a third time but with the same result. But at length he rode over one evening and told her that he would neither eat, sleep nor speak, until she consented to be his bride. She invited him to dinner; he shook his head. She talked on; he merely looked dejected. Then she requested him to take supper; a negative shake of the head was the only reply. She played, sang and chatted on till bed time; when a servant showed him a room, a negative shake. She tripped away to her chamber; he sat determinedly still. About twelve o'clock she came back and said: "I don't wish to cause the death of a good officer, so I will marry you." The released one rose, and with much eagerness said: "My dear, have you any couch cushions on hand?"