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A DISTRACTED PARENT.

Five daughters—four of them engaged—
Good heavens! I shall go mad!
For such a surfeiting of love
No parent ever had.
The very atmosphere is charged
With it; no matter where
I go about the house I trip
Upon some whispering pair.

At evening, when I take my pipe
And seek a quiet nook
To read the *Evening Times*, or
Some new and tempting book,
I ope, perhaps, the parlor door,
When a familiar sound,
Quite unmistakable, suggests
It is forbidden ground.

So then more cautiously I turn
To our reception room;
But lo! again upon my ear
From its romantic gloom
Comes softly, yet with emphasis,
That warning, when I start
And leave, as Lady Macbeth wished
Her guests would all depart.

My next resort is then the porch,
Where roses trail and bloom;
Ha! is it echo that betrays
The joys of yonder room?
Ah, no! a startled "change of base"
Reveals the presence there
Of Cupid's votaries, and, alas!
There's still another pair.

"But sure," I think, "my library
Will be a safe retreat,"
So there at once with quickened step
I take my weary feet.
Vain hope—that warning sound again
Breaks on my listening ear;
Thank heaven, my youngest hath not yet
Attained her thirteenth year.

Hark! there she is! and bless my heart,
That popinjay, young Lunn,
Is at her side—I do believe
That she, too, has begun.
Oh, ye who love to sit and dream,
Of future married joys,
Pray heaven with honest fervor that
Your girls may all be boys.

—*N. Y. World.*

KITTY'S DIAMONDS.

A Tale of Mystery.

In these sober, matter-of-fact days, when everything is reduced to law, explained and accounted for; when, daily, new and astonishing discoveries and inventions are announced, and hourly the impossible becomes the possible, the inconceivable conceivable; when space seems nearly annihilated; when personal converse with friends miles away is easy, and to hear the voices of the dead no longer an impossibility—it is almost refreshing to meet with an incident which baffles the scientific man to account for, and which common sober sense is at a loss to explain.

I am a searcher into the dark and difficult questions of psychology and physics; also, into the phenomenon, real or apparent, of (so-called) Spiritualism. Mark, I do not say I am a believer or an unbeliever; but I am an inquirer, open to conviction one way or the other, without a basis to either side. Are ghosts myths or solemn realities? Can the dead revisit this earth and hold converse with those they have left behind? I reply to these questions, "I know not. I have sought to know, but as yet have sought in vain."

I have heard strange stories from friends, whose evidence on other subjects I should receive without hesitation. I have visited celebrated mediums, attended the seances of mediumistic friends, seen strange sights, heard strange voices, felt the touches of strange hands and strange faces, while lurid lights have floated in the air about me; and yet—yet—was it all real, or was I the victim of a delusion or a deluder? I could not say.

In this frame of mind, hanging restlessly between doubt and belief, I was when, a few days before Christmas, I received an invitation to visit some friends in the north of England, whom I had not seen for several years, but with whom at one time I had been very intimate, and with whom, as a boy, many of my holidays had been passed; and while with them there befell me an adventure, so strange, and, if I may so speak, so beyond the bounds of recorded spiritualistic experiences, so odd and utterly inexplicable, that, being my one personal experience of the *marvelous*, I shall never get over the impression it made upon me. How can it be explained. I am aware of no known theory even that could adequately account for it.

I accepted my friend's ivitation, and left London one autumn day for Northumberland; and, after an unusually dull journey through pouring rain and chilling winds, arrived at Landerston Hall at about seven in the evening.

It was a fine old place, I thought, as I drove up to it, and beautifully situated, surrounded as it was by a well-wooded park, and standing not far from a noble river that wound through the estate.

My friends—a brother and two sisters—were happy to have such property left them, and must revel in such a lovely spot, and, as I jumped out of the carriage they had sent to the station to meet me and entered a fine old hall, and passing through a library and ante-room, lit by stained glass windows centuries old, and hung with old family portraits, into a magnificently-proportioned drawing-room, where my host and his sisters were seated round the fire, this impression was not lessened.

My old school-friend, Herbert Evelyne, greeted me warmly, and introduced me to his sisters, the youngest of whom I remembered only as a child of ten or eleven years old, and the eldest as a girl of fifteen, and I found both now grown to woman's estate, tall and handsome, though in different styles.

Winning, graceful and lady-like, they soon made me at home among them, and then Herbert Evelyne led me to my room to prepare for dinner.

It was a large, airy, spacious apartment, furnished in modern style, with cheerful chintz curtains and bed-hangings, and a beflowered carpet, and light-colored polished wooden furniture, with white marble slabs, instead of in the style of centuries ago, as I had expected. A bright fire burned in the grate, and the room looked thoroughly comfortable, cheerful and homelike.

"What a delightful room!" I remarked to my host.

"Ah! do you admire it? It's Kitty's taste. The furniture is all of her own choosing. She declared we must have some of the rooms modernized; that some of our friends would never consent to sleep in the mediæval apartments this old house contains, with their grim oak bedsteads and tapestried hangings, and that we must try to please all. If, however," he added, laughing, "you prefer oak tapestry and the like, say the word, and you shall have a room that will freeze your blood, conjure up dark visions, murder sleep, and carry you back to the fifteenth century at least. We have plenty of them here; but I think they are pleasanter to stroll through in the day than sleep in at night. But as you like."

"No, no, my dear fellow!" I cried. "I am content. If modern furniture is less romantic than ancient, it is certainly more cheerful and far more comfortable; and this room is perfection."

And I looked at the delicate chintz and muslin curtains, the snowy bed, the pretty flowered wall-paper and modern nick-nacks and conveniences all about, with a well-pleased, contented eye.

"Very well," said my host; "then I'll leave you to dress. Kitty will be charmed to hear that you admire her taste. By the way, do you think you can find your way back to the drawing room?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. First turn to the left—you know—second staircase. Dinner will be ready in half an hour; but don't hurry."

And so he left me to perform my toilet.

I unstrapped my portmanteau and took out what I wanted, and dressed. Then, hearing a gong sound, as if for dinner, I hastened down stairs. But in my haste I made worst speed, for I took the turn to the right, instead of the left, and, following a long passage, came to a staircase; but, instead of going down, the stairs went up; so I was evidently on a wrong tack, and stood still for a moment, puzzled.

As I stood, a sound fell on my ear—a low laugh, and then two or three heavy knocks. Then all was still, till I heard a soft footstep descending the stairs, and perceived a short, square, strongly-built, middle-aged man coming toward me. He looked surprised to see me, and I felt surprised to see him. I wondered who he could be. He was not a servant, and certainly he wasn't a gentleman. There was something very strange about him, I thought. What was he? For a moment he looked at me with a piercing eye; then, to my great relief, spoke.

"Perhaps you have lost your way, sir?" he said, very politely.

"I think so," I replied. "I was going to the dining-room."

"Follow me, sir," he interrupted, quietly.

And, turning back, he led me by the way I had come, till I stood before my own door again.

"Ah, here is my room," I said. "Thank you; I can find my way now."

And looking into the room somewhat curiously, as I thought, he bowed and left me.

We had a charming evening; music, singing and friendly chat passed away the time; and when the ladies went to bed I and Herbert Evelyne retired to the smoking-room, where we indulged in a long confidential chat, such as only friends who have not seen each other for years can enjoy.

"By the way, old fellow," said Herbert, at length, "you are a man of taste. There is something I wish you would get done for me. Kitty wants her portion of the diamonds left her by our uncle reset; it's no use intrusting them to a country jeweler, they are too valuable; but if you would take them to London and have them remounted, I should be so much obliged. They are fine stones, and will become her well."

I undertook the commission with alacrity. To do anything for such a charming girl as Kitty Evelyne would be a real pleasure, and next day Herbert took the stones from the strong box in which they were kept, and gave them to me—a splendid pennant, bracelet, and ear-rings of the finest diamonds.

As we took them to my room the strange man I had met the first evening of my arrival passed, and darted a curious glance at us.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"O, no one," replied Herbert, evasively. "An old servant of my uncle's we have kept on. Queer fellow rather, but quiet enough."

So I asked no more, and, taking the jewels, shut them up in my dressing-case, which I carefully secured under lock and key in my wardrobe.

But somehow I could not get the strange man and his curious glances out of my head. I caught myself looking over my shoulder every now and then, expecting to see him standing respectfully behind me; and when I went to bed I looked all round the room, and then laughed at myself for doing it, to see if he were anywhere concealed behind the curtains, feeling certain that if I so found him he would not be a whit abashed, but ready to give me an excellent reason for his presence in my chamber in his gentle, quiet voice.

So my days passed pleasantly and my nights peacefully for the first week I was at Landerston Hall. The house was old enough and quaint enough and large enough to have harbored a dozen ghosts had the spiritual powers that be so willed it; but either they did not, or there were no ghosts about, or I was not one of those persons fitted to communicate with them—at least so it seemed at first. However, things changed.

One night, still, clear and bright, when all the house was hushed in sleep, I awoke, and in the passage outside my door heard a soft, stealthy footfall and a hand placed lightly on the door-handle.

I lay still and listened attentively, but all was quiet again; and thinking it was a chance passer-by who had unintentionally brushed past my door, I turned round and went to sleep again, and it was not till I went to bed next night that I called to mind the strange sounds I had heard.

Before getting into bed I bolted the door. I would not trust to the lock, as it might be possible to unlock it from the outside; but the bolt would effectually protect me from intruders—in human form, at least.

Getting into bed, I soon fell asleep; but awoke ere long with a start and a cold thrill.

I felt there was something near me—that I was not alone; and my heart, in spite of my spiritualistic experiences, beat fast.

The crisp chintz curtains of my bed rustled; and looking up, I distinctly beheld a white hand grasping them, and slowly they were drawn aside; and close by the bed, vague and indistinct, but yet unmistakable, I saw a white-robed figure standing with flowing hair and erect mien. The features, however, were indistinct. I could but catch their general form.

There stood the figure beside me, grasping in one hand the curtains, and with the other pointed fixedly at the floor.

I looked in the direction the outstretched hand indicated, but could see nothing; and when I turned my eyes again toward the figure it was gone, and the curtains, as it faded away, slowly rustled back to their original position with a slow, creepy, mysterious sound that made me feel quite uncomfortable. I heard, faintly, the sounds of retreating footsteps, and was alone again.

I started immediately from the bed, and searched the room. Everything was as I had left it; nothing had been touched or moved a hair's breadth, and the door was still bolted.

How, if my mysterious visitor had been a thing of flesh, had it gained admittance. Were there secret doors, sliding panels, in the walls? It might be; but the walls had been but recently repapered, and, if such modes of exit and entrance had existed, they were now utterly useless; and I returned to bed again, feeling sore perplexed, but, I am bound to say, not one whit alarmed, and next morning I descended to the breakfast-room determined not to say a word about my adventure to any one.

So two or three days passed away, and I rather to my chagrin, saw no more of the weird, white-robed figure. I was disappointed, and on more than one occasion lay awake listening for, and hoping to hear, the footsteps and the rustling of my chintz bed-hangings, but in vain.

The Hall was now full of guests, who had arrived for the Christmas festivities. A ball was to take place on the Christmas Eve, and, as I had not yet sent the diamonds to London, Kitty decided on wearing them on the occasion; and we were talking about them, standing in the hall, when, turning suddenly round, to my surprise, I saw the strange-looking man I had met the first evening of my stay at Landerston, and whom I had now almost forgotten, standing in one of the embrasured windows, listening to us. He pretended to be arranging some pots of choice flowers and ferns, but I knew better, and drew my fair companion to the other end of the hall.

"Who is that odd-looking man?" I asked.

"Who? O, Willis, an old friend and favorite servant of our poor uncle's," she answered. "Don't you like him? Really, you look as if you could eat him," and she laughed musically.

"No," I replied, shortly; "I don't like him. I've taken a decided antipathy to him."

"Poor Willis!" she laughed, gently. "How funny of you, Mr. Brandon! He is such a quiet, harmless creature!"

"Well," I replied, "I don't know why, but I distrust him. However, I dare say it's all a foolish prejudice on my part, Miss Kitty. I will polish up the diamonds for you with my own hands, and on Wednesday you shall have them."

And, so saying, I left the hall.

That night Herbert came to the door and knocked, and begged admittance to talk over some arrangements for the morrow; and when he left I got into bed, forgetting to lock or bolt the door.

"No matter," I thought, as it suddenly came into my mind; "ghosts laugh at locks and bars. Witness the other night. Much use it was my bolting myself in so securely! I may just as well leave the door open as to keep it shut!"

And, turning on my pillow, I was soon fast asleep.

Heavy knocking at the head of my bed awoke me, and I confess to a sudden thrill of terror that shot through me as I heard a footstep come stealthily to my bedside and a hand steal slowly along my curtain, and for a moment all was still and silent. Then the curtain was suddenly and violently thrown back, and there before me—clearly and distinctly this time—stood the tall figure of a wan, gaunt woman, whose wild, frenzied eyes made my blood run cold, pointing, as before, to the floor.

I raised myself on my elbow and looked, and there, weltering in a pool of blood, lay the form of a man, face downward, with the handle of a gleaming dagger protruding from between his shoulders.

I started up in horror. The weird figure turned, its lips moved, but no sound issued from them. It dropped the curtain as suddenly as it had raised it, and was gone.

In a moment I was out of bed, but no trace of it was to be seen; and the ghastly form, with the stream of crimson blood flowing from it was gone, too, and the bright flowers of the carpet, on their delicate gray back-ground, were unstained and fresh, unsoiled and uninjured by the hideous form that had seemed to repose on them.

I searched the room as before, and with the same result, and feeling next door to convinced that I had been a denizen of the other world.

I returned to bed again, but this time too agitated to sleep.

A discovery I made next morning did not lessen my perplexity, but, on the contrary, increased it a thousandfold. Close to my bedside, where the figure had stood, I found a long gray hair!

I stood before this sign of humanity in profound astonishment, and again examined the spot where the bleeding and prostrate corpse had appeared to be, but not a sign nor stain of blood was to be seen anywhere. I was thoroughly bewildered. I resolved to find out, if possible, if any of the servants in the house had a head of hair from which the silver thread I had picked up could have come. I broached the subject to Kitty after breakfast, who examined my relic with amused surprise.

"I don't think any one of the maids would thank you for imagining this sign of old age could belong to her," said she, laughing. "Why, Mrs. Bond, the housekeeper, who is the oldest of them, is only forty, and has a head of hair—well, of the brightest auburn, let's say. The housemaids are all girls, and the cook and kitchenmaids are quite young, too. No. Don't know whose property this can possibly be;" and she wound the gray hair round her pretty white fingers, and for the next half hour teased me to tell her why I was so anxious to find out its real owner.

"When the right times comes I will confess," I promised, oracularly, and so escaped further teasing; and then retired to puzzle my brains over what had occurred at my leisure, and to try and decide in my own mind whether the form of the woman I had seen was human or supernatural, and, if the former, then to what category did the body she had pointed to belong.

Christmas eve came, and great were the preparations we had made for the entertainment. A military band from a neighboring town was to be in attendance, and over a hundred and fifty guests were expected. The ball-room was profusely decorated with holly, mistletoe, evergreens and ferns, and the old hall brilliantly illuminated.

With my own hands I had polished up the gorgeous diamonds that had been given into my charge, and with my own hands I gave them to Kitty and helped her to clasp them on her neck and arms, and—. Well, I will say no more about her just now, for this is to be a ghost story, not a love story; but suffice it to say that the ball went off splendidly, that Kitty was universally allowed to be the loveliest woman in the room, and that ere the end of the evening she had promised to be my wife.

She gave me back the diamonds in presence of her brother after the guests departed, and then we told him our little secret, and received his congratulations, which I was delighted to perceive were real and heartfelt. And so we separated for the night, and, taking the diamonds, I shut them up in their velvet cases, and locked them in the wardrobe.

Needless to say, when I lay down to sleep, a being far more heavenly, at any rate than any ghost filled my mind—an angel in a delicate lace robe and glittering jewels; and not a thought of the white woman entered my head till the clock struck four, and a stealthy "click" was heard in the direction of the wardrobe.

I was very tired after my evening's dancing, and had not very long fallen asleep; and the little click fell unheeded on my drowsy ear, and I was only thoroughly aroused from slumber by the sound of a stifled cry, followed by a heavy fall.

The curtains were again violently torn aside, and there stood the white-robed woman, her gray hair floating to her waist, her wild eyes blazing, her thin hand outstretched; and on the ground lay the prostrate body of the man, transfixed by a gleaming dagger; and beside him, glittering and gleaming and sparkling, the diamonds that had so lately adorned the fair form of my promised bride.

I sprang up, half-expecting to see the horrid vision vanish in a moment. But no; the skinny hand was laid on my arm, and grasped it powerfully. The pale lips moved, and a mocking laugh broke from them, followed by inarticulate words as she pointed steadily to the body.

It was no spirit hand that grasped my arm, no spirit form that lay at my feet

No; it was the corpse of Willis I saw before me, grasping in its hands, already stiffening in death, the glittering gems; but who, in Heaven's name, was the terrible creature beside me whose hand had doubtless laid him low?

I shook off the strong grasp, and, rushing to the bell, rang peal after peal; and then, turning, saw the woman kneeling beside her victim, her white robe and gray hair dabbled with gore, placing round her skinny throat the blazing diamonds, with a look of insane triumph, and signing to me, as if she wished me to approach and admire the baubles.

My peal speedily roused the slumbering household, and Herbert, followed by the valet and butler, rushed into the room.

"What's the matter?" he began; then, starting back with an exclamation of horror, he cried, "she has done it at last, then!"

With a wild yell the woman rose, dashing down the necklace, and would have fled, but was seized and held till another woman, and one whom I had never observed before, entered with a strait-jacket, in which the maniac was imprisoned, and then carried away to a distant part of the mansion, shrieking and raving wildly, while we busied ourselves with trying to restore animation to Willis.

Too late, however. When the doctor arrived he at once pronounced life to be extinct. The blow had been given with such strength that the sharp blade had pierced the man's heart just as he must have imagined he had safely possessed himself of the coveted jewels. He had been struck down by the hand of the mad woman he had tended for years, just as he imagined he had achieved riches, and that a life of ease and plenty lay before him.

"Poor wretch!" said Herbert. "I believed him so true, so honest, so trustworthy. He has had charge of that poor maniac yonder ten years and more."

"Who is she, Herbert?" I asked. "I have a strange tale to tell you, and should like to know"

"You shall hear," replied he, taking my arm, and leading me into his dressing-room. "She was a distant relation of my uncle's wife, and went mad from disappointment in love. Her intended died suddenly on the morning of their intended marriage. I believe, though, there was hereditary madness in her family. She had been the bosom friend and companion from childhood of my aunt, who would not allow her to be taken to an asylum, and made my uncle promise to keep her always at the Hall. When he died he made me promise the same to him, telling me Willis and the woman you saw, who brought in the strait-jacket, had tended her for years, knew her ways and whims, and, in her worst and most violent fits, could always manage her.

"Her apartments were at a distant angle of the hall; though I have constantly visited her myself, I and her two attendants were the only people, besides the doctor, who knew of her existence. Her fits had grown worse of late, and to steal those diamonds Willis must have left her alone, and she took the opportunity to follow and murder him, for when the fits were coming on she often showed great animosity toward both her attendants. Poor, miserable creature! the doctor is with her now. I don't know what to do with her. However, there will be an inquest of course, and probably the matter will be taken out of my hands altogether; I hope so, I am sure, for I should never feel easy with her in the house again, after this. Now what have you got to tell me, Brandon?"

"A queer tale. I can't make it out a bit," I said, and told him all that had happened.

He was as much struck and puzzled as I had been.

"It is most inexplicable," said he, at length. "On the first night you saw the figure—her figure only—the door was bolted; no one could have entered. On the second occasion, the body you saw on the ground must have been an illusion, even if the woman was by your bedside in the flesh herself. I can't make it out at all!"

"Neither can I," I replied; and to this day the mystery is unexplained—is a mystery to me still, and to my friends also.

A gloom, which made it anything but a merry Christmas for us all, was cast over the Hall by the tragical scene that had just been enacted beneath its roof, which was increased by an announcement from the doctor that the maniac was fast going, and that in a few days she would be no more. Inflammation of the brain had set in, and erelong the poor creature breathed her last.

After her death the secret of her hatred to her keeper soon became apparent. The poor, worn body bore marks of cruel blows. Starvation had done its work, and neglect. The body was terribly emaciated, and only the strength of madness had enabled her to follow her keeper and take revenge on him, aided by the cunning for which maniacs are so famous.

The dagger with which she had killed him she had snatched from a trophy of curious arms in the corridor down which she had crept, as she stealthily followed in the wake of her victim.

After the funeral of Willis and the unfortunate woman we all left the Hall and came to London, and a few months afterward I married Kitty, but could not induce her to wear the diamonds at the wedding, though I had them beautifully reset. She preferred a modest set of pearls I had given her, and which became her fair complexion perfectly, and a lovelier bride has seldom been seen.

Herbert is married now, and often over the fire at Christmas time, in the old Hall, I have had to repeat my tale of mystery to my children and his, while the famous diamonds glitter and blaze away on my wife's fair form, and we all puzzle our brains for a satisfactory explanation of what will ever remain to me a profound enigma.—*English Magazine.*

Country Doctors' Horses.

The physician who practices his profession in the country seat must necessarily have a life of considerable hardship, for no matter in what state the weather may be, or at what hour of the night, when a demand is made for his aid, if he would do his duty he must be ready and willing to give the service. In some of the mountainous regions in this county physicians attend families ten or twelve miles from their offices, and are forced to travel that distance with a horse and wagon, generally over the worst roads known, and that, too, often in the night, when the way to an ordinary traveler would be one of great danger to limb and even a risk to life itself. These physicians, however, becoming acquainted, as they soon must, with almost every spot of ground in their circuit, and their horses, with that wonderful sagacity possessed by the most intelligent of these animals, acting as guides it might be said, in this kind of traveling, can generally go in places in perfect safety, at times when other men would run a chance of losing their way, or in some other manner come to grief before they had gone three miles from home. So much dependence do physicians place on their horses that they have been known to fall asleep at night, when riding toward home, and be carried safely by their horses until they reached their own stable-doors. Once a country doctor, practicing in the town of Wawarsing, was carried several miles in this manner over a dangerous road, where in portions of which, if the wheels of his wagon had gone a foot from the track, the horse, wagon and occupant would have been thrown over a precipice a hundred feet in height. In going this distance, three bridges were safely crossed, and the doctor was only awakened when the horse arrived at the closed gate near the barn and pawed for admittance.

As an illustration of the dangers to which physicians are exposed, last week when the wind-storm reached the town of Olive, Dr. Hasbrouck, of Shokan, was at Kromville, about seven miles distant from home, and drove to Shokan in the night when the wind blew so hard it unroofed buildings along the route, blew fences down in almost every direction, and often raised his sleigh from the ground. While crossing the long bridge which stretches across the Eropas at Shokan he found that three planks had been blown out of their place, and, stopping his horse, he was about to alight and close the opening, when the animal, becoming restless, started, and, with a spring, cleared the space, taking the sleigh with him, and, soon after coming to another spot where four planks had been blown out, the horse actually jumped over that opening also, taking with him in safety the sleigh and driver, so that the doctor now claims that he has one of the best jumping horses in the country. It certainly was a very dangerous way of crossing the bridge, for the distance to the creek is far enough to break the neck of any horse should it fall through, and a man would quite likely be treated in the same manner; though the doctor is willing to stake his reputation that the horse knew he could go over the place in safety, or he wouldn't have tried it.—*Kingston Freeman.*

Fashion Notes.

Cameos are fashionable again.
Coiffures are as varied as ever.
Nacarat is the newest shade of red.
Bell-shaped pendants are much worn.
Cable necklaces are as popular as ever.
Double dresses are all the fashion in Paris.
Street dresses for walking are all made short.
Watteau styles are coming in but very slowly.
Bangle rings are among late jewelry novelties.
Feathers are again worn in the hair in the evening.
Lace pins are more worn than square or oblong brooches.
Conch-shell ornaments retain their popularity for young girls.
Both real and imitation jewelry is much worn at the moment.
Coral and celluloid coral are always fashionable for young girls.
Gold bead or gold ball necklaces have not gone out of fashion.
Square jabots of pleated muslin and lace are the most fashionable.
Paniers are becoming matters of course on full-dress Paris toilets.
India muslin, the real Oriental fabric, is again worn for evening dresses.
Paniers of watered silk or brocade are used on plain silk and satin toilets.
Bangles with the lover's knot on the back of the arm are popular novelties.
Overdresses of satin are worn with underdresses of plush, and *vice versa.*
Dolman visites fit closely to the figure, and for the most part have elbow sleeves.
It is said that a few fashionables are trying to revive the use of powder in the hair in Paris.
Street wraps are either long sacks, heavy ulsters, or fur-lined circulars and dolman visites.
Masculine-looking, rough, gray mixed ulsters are worn, with rough, gray mixed felt hats to match.
Pendants are the popular ornaments in jewelry, either in the form of lockets or crosses of various forms.
Carnelian sets, including the necklace, pendant brooch and ear-rings are carved in antique intaglio patterns.
Fancy necklaces are in daisy, aster, pansy, forget-me-not, and flat basket, rosette and oblong link patterns.

How Diphtheria Was Spread.

A few weeks ago a little girl in St. Albans, who had just recovered from diphtheria, was taken by her parents to visit a family in a neighboring town. She slept with the children in that family, and shortly afterward three or four of them were taken with the malady, and some have since died. The family permitted relatives and neighbors to visit them, and the result is several cases in the neighborhood. They had public funerals, even keeping the remains of one child an unusual time, waiting for another to die, so as to bury them together; and this also spread the contagion. The physician was not powerfully impressed—as some physicians are not—with the contagious character of the disease; therefore, he did not take the necessary precautions for the protection of the neighborhood or of his own family, and the result is that one of his own children has died and another is dangerously ill. A lady who went to one of these houses to robe the victims for the grave has called at houses in the vicinity where there are children, without any change of her garments or any attempt at disinfection, and has fondled the children of those families, apparently in utter ignorance of the danger to which she was exposing them.—*St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.*

A Brilliant But Erratic Ram.

"Billy," the pioneer of Comstock, died at one o'clock yesterday. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum,* nevertheless Billy died of the delirum tremens. Eight years ago he was an innocent, soft-nosed little black lamb, so pretty that the police force adopted him as their pet. As this innocent lambkin grew in years and became more civilized he grew in vice. First the officers taught him to chew tobacco, then they gave him plain cider and after a while whisky.

In a year or so Billy got to be the most reckless inebriate west of the Mississippi. He bummed drinks off of everybody. He knew all the saloons in town, and used to go the rounds every day. Once and only once was he known to turn his nose up at a drink, and that was when offered water. When very drunk he was fastidious, and refused to touch anything but champagne. Yesterday morning he ba-ba'd for whisky, and some fool gave him a quart can chuck full of the stuff. Billy drank it off and at once became much intoxicated. He showed signs of the "rams"—literally "rams" in this case—and at midnight breathed his last. He was buried this morning. A monument will be erected over his grave.—*Condensed from the Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

—It is said that the real estate on Manhattan Island has been so taken up that there are not over four hundred building lots for sale above the lower end of Central Park. Land is being held very firmly in that part of the town. Even if real estate has gone down, the taxable value of New York City has gone up in spite of it. In 1872 the assessment was $797,125,115, but in 1878 it was $900,855,700.

—Editors of Sunday papers are refused admittance to church membership in Boston. And the editors of the other papers never apply. Notices of sociables and the manuscript of stirring sermons, etc., are handed into the office of the wicked Boston editor for free publication, just the same as in other places.

No wonder the people have confidence, when the best physicians are prescribing Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in all cases of Cough, Cold, etc.

—Among other utensels originating in the Yankee brain is a "pie-lifter."

RECIPES, ETC.

Never leave out your clothes-line over night; and see that your clothes-pins are all gathered into a basket.

To Glaze Linen.—Linen may be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped soap to a pint of starch.

To remove grease spots from a carpet and restore the colors, take a handful of crushed soap bark (quillays) to a pail of water. Scrub the spots and sponge the carpet all over.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible before you go to bed. Except in very cold weather, this keeps the handle from freezing. When it is extremly cold throw a rag or a blanket over the pump.

Breakfast Cake.—Two eggs, two cups sugar, two dessertspoonfuls of butter; beat well; add one cup sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls cream tartar and two teaspoonfuls soda, mixed with five cups of flour, and salt.

Cup Cake.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, half cup of milk. Beat the butter and sugar together, and the eggs separately.

Doughnuts.—Take one cup of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one-fourth cup of butter, one nutmeg, four cups of prepared flour; mix as soft as tea biscuit; make them half the size you wish when fried; fry in lard; about five minutes will cook them. This recipe will make four dozen.

Meat Diet.—It is a great mistake to suppose that much meat is necessary in order to give us strength and nourishment. It is very well in proportion, but rice eaters, buckwheat eaters, cracked wheat and oat-meal eaters are the strongest people living and the healthiest also. A fair proportion of milk supplies every needed ingredient not furnished by the grain.

Icing for Cake.—While your cake is baking get ready the following: The whites of four eggs; beat half an hour; then add one and one-half pounds pulverized white sugar; beat half an hour; then put in one teaspoonful of cornstarch and any flavor to please the taste; again beat half an hour; lay on cake while hot from the oven; let it dry, not too quickly; cover again with frosting; when dry do your trimming. If icing is rather thin for this work, add a little more corn-starch. You cannot beat too much; you must not beat too little.

The white grubs which infest meadows and other lands is the larva of the May beetle, and, as it lives in the ground until the third season before it transforms, it often does great damage to crops. The grass roots are frequently eaten off from one to two inches under the surface by these pests. Hogs are fond of insects, and are well-known destroyers of the white grubs, as also of field mice. It has been thought by some German farmers that the late plague of mice in Germany may be attributed to the practice now prevalent there of keeping swine entirely penned up instead of allowing them, as heretofore, their liberty in the fields. Certain it is, that not only in the fields, but in our orchards, swine may become great helps in the destruction of not only vermin, but many noxious insects.

The *Massachusetts Ploughman* very sensibly says: "'No smoking' ought to be posted in every barn. There is not much difference in having a horse-thief around a stable and a man cleaning off horses with a pipe or cigar in his mouth; and there is no hired man much meaner than the one who, when his employer comes around, slips his pipe into his pocket or puts his hand ever it. All such fellows should be paid off and started off. As for the proprietor himself going into his barn with his pipe in his mouth, no complaint can be made; nobody should cry unless it be his wife or children. Lightning, incendiaries and spontaneous combustion combined do not cause as many barns to be burned as the pipe, and, generally, at least one good horse goes too.

—The American Home Missionary Society is making greater exertions than ever to cut down its enormous debt. A month ago this amounted to $38,000, now it is only $26,000. The secretaries announce that if this cannot be paid by one united effort, the work of the Society must be cut down to the actual monthly receipts. Much of the money owing by the Society is to poor clergymen who have been doing missionary labor in the far West and Northwest. These men are in debt to the dealers in the places where they live, and must be prosecuting their Gospel work under the heaviest disadvantages.

—Smith has a good opinion of himself. He has never done a stroke of work, but lives on a hard-working father. Nevertheless, he fancies that some credit is due him for the fortune which he enjoys. The other day, leaning against the mantlepiece, his back to the fire, he said: "I was born the son of a poor laborer. Before I was thirty years old I was the son of one of the richest men in the country."

Business Failures.

Lack of judgment causes fully 50 per cent. of all business men to fail, earlier or later. Do not an equal proportion of physicians fail to cure from the same cause? At the Grand Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce, through the skill attained by his several specialists, each having devoted years to a special department of medical science, is able to cure a large per cent. of cases hitherto considered incurable. Many physicians, in view of the superior advantages of this model sanitarium, bring there stubborn, obscure, complicated, and surgical cases, for examinations, operation, and treatment. Full particulars given in the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. Price, post-paid, $1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK. Feb. 4, 1879.		
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$3 75 @	$5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 08½ @	1 08½
No. 1 White	1 09½ @	1 10
CORN—No. 3	42 @	42¼
OATS—Mixed Western	30½ @	31
RYE—Western	56 @	60
PORK—Mess	9 50 @	10 50
LARD—Prime Steam	6 70 @	6 75
BUTTER—Western	06½ @	30
CHEESE—Ohio	07 @	08¾
HOGS	3 90 @	4 20
CATTLE	7 50 @	9 50
SHEEP	4 12½ @	6 12½
CLEVELAND		
FLOUR—XX White	5 00 @	$5 25
XX Red, No. 1	.... @	3 75
Spring, X Red	.... @	3 75
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	.... @	99
No. 2 Red	.... @	94
CORN	33 @	35
OATS—No. 1	27 @	28
RYE	44 @	45
BARLEY—State	75 @	95
CHEESE—Choice Factory	07 @	08
Skims	05 @	06
BUTTER—Choice	16 @	18
EGGS	29 @	30
PORK—Mess	9 50 @	11 50
POTATOES	65 @	90
LUMBER—First Clear	34 00 @	38 00
Strips	13 00 @	30 00
Stock Boards	14 00 @	19 00
Joists, etc.	12 00 @	17 00
Flooring (matched)	28 00 @	35 00
SHINGLES—No. 1	2 00 @	2 50
LATH	2 00 @	2 10
BUFFALO.		
BEEVES—Best	.... @	4 75
Heavy	3 00 @	3 50
SHEEP—Fair to good	3 75 @	3 95
Best	4 25 @	4 75
HOGS—Common to fair	3 00 @	3 50
Heavy	3 75 @	3 95
Choice	4 25 @	4 75
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	$4 25 @	$ 25
WHEAT—Red	90 @	95
CORN	33 @	34
OATS	24 @	26
RYE	61 @	62
BUTTER—Choice	15 @	16
HOGS—Common to Light	2 90 @	3 05
Butchers' Stock	3 85 @	4 00
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	.. @	94½
Western Amber	.. @	98½
CORN—High Mixed	.. @	33¼
No. 2	.. @	33¼
OATS—No. 2	23 @	33
PITTSBURGH.		
BEEVES—Best	4 10 @	$4 80
Medium	3 70 @	4 25
HOGS—Yorkers	3 75 @	3 90
Philadelphias	4 00 @	4 20
SHEEP—Western Fat	.... @	5 00
Medium	.... @	3 75

$500 Reward.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs," another column.

Dr. Pond's Cancer Institute.

The continued and unvarying success of Dr. F. L. Pond, of Aurora, Ill., in his treatment of cancer and kindred diseases, is something so extraordinary as to be worthy of more than passing notice. Since the Doctor first opened the doors of his mansion to the afflicted, hundreds of cases have passed under his care. Some came in good time, before the dreadful scourge had fully developed and fastened itself on some vital part of the system; but by far the largest number only came to the Doctor when their family physician had given them up and hope had almost fled. Yet, notwithstanding what might properly be called such unfair odds against him, the Doctor has but seldom failed to cure even these desperate cases, and in no instance has he failed to give relief. Such a record is simply marvelous. The Hospital is capable of accommodating in the neighborhood of 300 patients. It should be said, here, that this institution is not a hospital in the common acceptation of the term. There are no large wards, where numbers of patients are lodged together, to annoy each other with their complaints. Nor is the attendance of that mechanical sort so generally afforded. At a very moderate charge each patient may have a room to himself, and the most careful and tender attention is bestowed on all. All afflicted with Cancer are advised to go at once to Dr. Pond.

Reduced Price.—Twenty-five cents will now buy a fifty-cent bottle of *Piso's Cure for Consumption.* Thus the best Cough Medicine is within the reach of everybody. For sale by all druggists.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Asthmatic Bronchitis,
Of Nine Years' Standing,
Cured by the Syrup.

I have been, for the last nine years, a great sufferer from Bronchitis and Asthma, at times so ill that for weeks I could neither lie down or take any nourishment of consequence, and during the time suffered intensely. Finding no relief from all the medicines I had taken, I concluded to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have, in all, taken twelve bottles, and now I feel as strong and well as ever I felt in my life, and for the last year have not had one moment's sickness, and neither cold dampness or draught have the least effect upon me.

MRS. HIPWELL.

FELLO