

THE WIDOW.

Her smiles are tempered by her sighs;
Her garb scarce veils her glory;
The tender glances of her eyes
Eshrine her and her story.
No gresling girl, nor spinster tart,
She's all things that become her;
Her life, her beauty, and her heart,
Are in their Indian summer!

RIPPLES.

I hold her little hand in mine,
As at the rink we skated,
And met the glances from her eyes,
With purest love light freighted.
Her pretty face was very near;
I stooped and fondly kissed her,
And all the other fellows wished
They, too, could kiss—my sister.

GETTING A COUNTRY PRACTICE.

"Dr. Minter, Surgeon," such was the name upon a brass plate on the door; and as the young practitioner surveyed it, he modestly hoped that it would not draw a great many calls while he was away from home, and wondered if he had not better take it down and leave it until he returned with his bride. He had just "passed," not yet tried practicing, and was sanguine in his ideas upon the subject. He finally decided to let it remain as it would serve for an advertisement while he was away; and leaving word with his one servant woman that he would be at home on the eighteenth of the month, he departed on his short journey. The marriage came off, quietly and inexpensively, at the house of the bride's uncle. Annie had lived with this uncle ever since she was a little orphan child of three years. Now, having been fitted out respectably, in the way of clothing, which with his large family and limited means, was all her uncle could afford to do, she left, with Charlie for his new home, with many kind wishes and prayers for her happiness.

Dr. Minter's sole tangible possessions were a horse and chaise, a few articles of furniture, a pretty good stock of medicines and surgical instruments, and a loving little wife, whom he well nigh idolized. He had taken a tiny house, in the pretty town of Pineville, and had boldly displayed a brass plate, although it was directly opposite to that of Dr. Jagger, who supported his with many years experience, a generous sprinkling of gray hairs, and pomposity of manners. The unpretending little house, taken by the new doctor, consisted of four rooms and a surgery.

Annie's skillful hands soon transformed their abode into a little Paradise. Bright flowers flashed from every available nook; hanging-baskets were fashioned of mosses and creepers; curtains of snowy muslin were suspended from the windows; glasses and shells, filled with buds and blossoms, were liberally distributed around the rooms; and innumerable little inexpensive things, which only a woman's hand can form filled up the voids, giving an air of refinement, and purity, and comfort to the whole. But people cannot subsist upon pretty nick-nacks; even a plain way of living requires money for its support; and our friends became painfully conscious of this unpleasant fact as the romance of their lives was not invaded by the patients.

Annie would sit in her front room, and watch the patients flock to the house of her opposite neighbor, and wonder why people would persist in rushing blindly on to their ruin, as she felt certain they were doing in thus thus passing by her husband. Of course, she reasoned, a talented young man just fresh from the hospitals, must be better posted than one who had been rusticated for so many years in a country town. She had heard that a wife had much influence in establishing a practice; and she resolved that if her husband lacked business, it should not be owing to any dereliction of duty on her part. She gathered all the children of the neighborhood about her, and amused them by the hour with stories, she dressed dolls for the little girls, and played horse with the boys.

She received calls with the utmost affability, returned them promptly, and was sociable with most stupid and tiresome, as well as with the most eligible inhabitants of the town. Pineville was a place of considerable gaiety; and new comers, on principle, responded to all their invitations to parties and tea-drinkings. They threw open their small house in return, and entertained pleasantly and freely, putting themselves on a diet of potatoes and salt for days afterwards to make up for the extra outlay. People visited them, liked them, and made much of them, but in a business way ignored them. Her best friends seemed to forget in time of illness, that Annie had a husband, and persistently sent for their old physician.

When our friends came in contact with Dr. Jagger, the latter always shook hands in a pompous manner, smiled with an air of satisfaction, which seemed to say, "You are not in the least in my way, and are quite welcome to remain here if you wish," and blandly inquired how they liked "our little town." When others inquired his opinion of the new doctor, he would stroke his own gray beard affectionately, and reply, "Oh, a clever boy enough! A very clever boy, needs experience." This style of eulogy was not exactly calculated to throw patients in the way of the

new candidate, who penniless and half discouraged, was awaiting visits.

It is true, that owing to the fact that Dr. Jagger was sometimes away, and was too tired to ride when wanted, our friend found some few opportunities for airing his medical knowledge; but the generality of his patients were either very poor pay, or no pay at all, as his opponent showed remarkable energy for being at hand for people of importance. Humanity, however, cannot always be ubiquitous; and the time came when Dr. Jagger was wanted for some of his wealthiest patients, and he was away from home. The occasion was urgent and Dr. Minter was called in. It was a case of fever, which the older physician had been attending, and he had pronounced his patient full convalescent.

A relapse, however accompanied with unexpected symptoms, had alarmed her friends, and they had speedily gathered around her from far and near.

When Dr. Minter first entered the sick room he started, supposing for a moment that the lady must have died since the messenger left home, and that they were now holding her funeral. Arranged in a neat row around the walls seemed to be all the old women of the neighborhood, with their hands folded and their faces drawn up into solemn knots, ready to do duty as mourners, at a moment's warning. Occasionally, one old woman at a time would tip-toe softly to the bedside of the invalid, clasp her hands, roll up her eyes, and return noiselessly to her seat, perhaps remarking, in an audible whisper, to her next neighbor, "poor thing! she seems to be sinking!" or some other equally cheering bit of news. In one corner of the room were seated two little boys, trying to look demure and sad, with their feet dangling in the air. Finally, one of them slipped down, and proceeded to pet a cat, which seemed to be imbued with the general feeling of silence pervading the apartment. But he was immediately called to order by a rigid female, who had mounted guard over him.

"George," was shrieked in a harsh whisper, "come back to your seat! Ain't you ashamed to be playing when your aunt Sally is almost dying! See how much better Thomas behaves!" Thus admonished, the young culprit returned to his seat beside his twin brother, feeling that in some way, which he did not exactly understand, he had been instrumental in killing his aunt.

"Do you think she will be likely to last long?" was whispered in the doctor's ears.

"Not at this rate," he replied aloud, advancing to the bedside of the patient. He felt the pulse, and remarked, "It is high, but it is owing more to unnecessary excitement than to fever. This room is too warm and close; she must be moved."

"Oh, doctor! it will kill her!" was whispered by one who seemed to be commander-in-chief.

"Did you send for me to prescribe for this patient?" demanded the doctor, "Yes."

"Then I expect to have my orders obeyed. What have you here?" and he opened a door leading into an adjoining room.

It proved to be a parlor, one of those dreary, unused parlors one so frequently finds in the country, which are seldom opened except for funerals; it is probable that this one would very soon have been required for this purpose had it not been for our friend's decision.

"This will do," remarked the doctor authoritatively. "Open the windows to air the room, and put up a bedstead as quickly as possible; we will move her at once. This close room, with so many to breathe the air, and all this whispering is enough to kill a well person."

There was an air of command in Dr. Minter's manner which enforced obedience, and mechanically, the women, who had seemed almost like mummies, proceeded to execute his orders. The sick lady was soon moved, and quickly began to revive under the influence of the cool, fresh air. Her numerous friends having nothing further to do proceeded to arrange themselves against the walls of the room.

"I cannot allow this," said the doctor. "You will undo all that I have done. But one person at a time must stay in the room with her. I wish her to have pure air to breathe; and there is to be no whispering here; if you have anything to say, say it in an ordinary tone."

And he held the door open in such a decided way that all but the commander-in-chief passed through.

"Boys you had better go out to play," he remarked, as George and Thomas were bunglingly trying to walk on tip-toe.

They needed no second admonition, but were soon rolling on the grass, and our friend was thenceforth enshrined in their hearts as a "doctor."

The recovery of this patient was rapid, and Dr. Minter, in consequence, won some reputation as a skillful practitioner. His prompt, decided manner had gained for him the respect of those who had been made to yield to his power, and the result was some little practice. Finally, another patient fell into his hands, which proved to be of the utmost value to him.

Miss Dickford had been confined to her bed for many years, and her case had already baffled the skill of twelve physicians. It had been her custom to send for every new one who came into the neighborhood, and each one in turn had doctored her for pretty much every disease that human flesh is heir to, but in vain; she was still burdened with every imaginable pain and ache, and was unable to turn without assistance.

Assistance, however, she always had in very liberal quantities, as it was well known she was possessed of a large fortune, and it seems to be human nature to sympathize most deeply with those who are thus situated. She had heard of Dr. Minter's skill in the case thus cited, and therefore sent for him. He had also heard of her, and had made up his mind that a diseased imagination was the sole cause of her illness.

A drive of a few miles brought Dr. Minter to the residence of his new patient. After he had carefully felt her pulse, examined her tongue, and made a few inquiries, she languidly opened her eyes, and asked in a suppressed whisper, as though she were almost afraid of disturbing her own departing spirit:

"Do you think there is any hope for me, doctor?"

"Hope for you? Yes to be sure I do. I will have you out in two or three weeks, if you will only follow my directions faithfully. I saw several such cases in the hospitals. All that is required is a practitioner who understands your disease, and on your part, perfect obedience to his orders."

A faint smile flitted across the countenance of the invalid, and she found the strength to shake her head slightly.

"Oh, no, doctor, you do not know how ill I am; if you have me out in two years you will go beyond my sanguine expectations."

"Very well, ma'am," said her visitor, rising.

"Why doctor," she asked in alarm, "are you not going to do anything for me?"

"No; there is no use in attempting the case unless I can have strict obedience, and I see that you are not disposed to give it."

"I will promise to do what ever you say. Pray do not leave me, for I was ready in hope you might afford me some relief."

"My relief will be a perfect cure; but in order to effect this, you must not vary one iota from my instructions."

Faithful acquiescence in all his orders was solemnly promised. And the patient, thoroughly aroused and excited by so much earnestness and certainty on the part of her companion, watched his movements with the utmost interest.

Taking from his package of medicines a bundle of pulverized carbonate of magnesia, colored with tincture of cochineal, which he had prepared expressly for this occasion before leaving home, he proceeded to measure it very carefully on the point of his pen-knife-blade, and made it up in tiny powders.

Miss Dickford's eyes dilated as she watched him, and she forgot to talk in a whisper.

"What a beautiful color!" she exclaimed. "I never saw any medicine like that before."

"Know, of course you never did; it is something entirely new, and probably has never been heard of by the doctors of your neighborhood. You know I have just come from hospitals—there are constant improvements going on in our profession."

And holding his knife-blade, which contained some of the powder, critically before his eyes, he carefully removed an atom or two before doing it up in bits of paper.

When he had finished he counted his powders twice, and then seemed to be buried in a brown study, from which he finally emerged with the remark, "I don't know whether it will be quite safe to leave these with you."

"Why?"

"Because they will have a very powerful effect, and it is absolutely necessary that my instructions be followed to the letter."

"But I will promise faithfully to follow them; I will not vary one iota," said the excited woman.

The doctor laid down the powders, saying, "Let me see your watch." The watch was handed to him, and he compared it with his own.

"Yes, it is right; you may time yourself by this. Take a powder now, and in just three hours and a half (three and a quarter will not answer,) you may take another. Continue to take them at intervals of three hours and a half through the day, until six in the evening after that, if it is only a minute after, you must not touch them until six o'clock in the morning—then begin again, on the very minute, and continue them through the day as before. The effect of these powders will be quick and wonderful, if the rules are strictly adhered to; but if they are not, I will not be responsible for their effects. By to-morrow you will feel inclined to sit up, but there again I must caution you. If you exert your newly acquired strength too soon you will lose it. Lie still until the day after to-morrow then you may allow yourself to be propped up with pillows, and sit in bed as like; but you must not leave the bed until I see you again. I will call the day after to-morrow. I have given you powders enough to last until then."

"But, doctor," said the lady, hesitatingly, "if I do not feel inclined even to sit up in bed?"

"You will feel inclined," was the reply, in a decided tone. "I know the power of my medicine. The trouble will be to keep you from going farther."

And the doctor went home, having already effected half of the cure.

In two days he called again. He found his patient sitting up in bed, her eyes bent attentively upon her watch, which she held in her hand, waiting for a half minute to expire before she could take her medicine.

"This is just as it should be," said the doctor in a cheerful voice. "I see by your improvement that you have kept your promise."

Miss Dickford swallowed her powder and looked up at her visitor.

"Now you feel restless and tired of the bed, and would like to make another move," said the doctor in a confident tone.

"Yes—may I?"

"Not to day," was the decided reply "I will call again to-morrow, and if you continue to improve so rapidly—which you certainly will if you follow my orders strictly—you may occupy an arm chair."

By the next day Miss Dickford was ready to get up.

"Your medicine is really wonderful doctor," said she. "Just think how many years I have lain there, unable to raise my head, and now you are curing me so quickly!"

"I knew there would be no difficulty if I could only have my orders obeyed," was the reply.

The next step in her recovery was walking. This had to be undertaken very cautiously, for she had been out of practice so long that she had entirely forgotten how, and the lessons of her babyhood had to be taught her over again. It was all accomplished, however, in good time, and at the end of three weeks she had thrown aside crutches and all other assistance, and was walking with as steady a step as any one.

Miss Dickford could not say enough in praise of the new doctor. His wonderful cure was looked upon by the whole community very much in the light of a miracle. Patients poured in upon him continually.

The little unpretending house of four rooms became a formidable opposition to the imposing mansion on the other side of the street. Dr. Jagger continued to shake hands with the same bland smile; and he congratulated the young man upon his success, while he unwillingly admitted to himself that this very "clever boy" was a rival to be feared. Finally, he called upon his young brother in the profession, and proposed a partnership upon equal terms, to which our friend acceded.

It was not many years before the house of four rooms, which Dr. Minter had in the meantime purchased, became a wing to a larger edifice which arose beside it. Annie always laughingly declared that this was built upon a foundation of cochineal magnesia—Home Circle.

Jay Gould's Great Fortune.

Jay Gould has an income equal to a small fortune every day. The New York Journal "sizes him up" as follows: In round numbers the permanent investment stocks appearing on Mr. Gould's schedule were 380,000 shares of Western Union telegraph, 110,000 shares of Missouri Pacific, 140,000 shares of Wash-bash common and 90,000 shares of the preferred, 50,000 shares of Kansas and Texas, 40,000 shares of Texas Pacific and 70,000 shares of Erie. There were a large number of small lots of various stocks, apparently only incidentally held. Besides his railroad shares Mr. Gould holds five and a half millions of Wash-bash general bonds. At yesterday's prices the value of these securities is \$49,495,000. Western Union and Missouri Pacific pay dividends; the other stocks do not. The bonds also bear interest. Between them they yield him \$4,140,000 a year. His interest in the Union Trust company and his loans are profitable to him. The World building, nominally owned by the Western Union company, was built with his money. In real estate, loans and mortgages he has \$5,000,000, and \$3,000,000 more in floating investments. His two residences represent another \$1,000,000 and his yacht \$300,000. His wealth, as nearly as he can figure it, is \$58,795,413, and his income \$4,640,011. Thus his fortune earns him \$12,888.88 every day and \$8.95 each minute.

A strange dish, but one that has found favor with the epicure himself (he in no case being told how it is made) is called bacon short-cake. Make a crust just as you do for the biscuit served with fried chicken; roll it out in one large cake to be baked in a long tin; cut little slashes in the dough, and through these slip slices of bacon in. The bacon should be cut in thin slices or strips about five inches long, and not half that width. Have these slices about three inches apart. Bake the same as any short-cake, and serve hot. As an entrée, with game, this is considered especially appetizing.

This recipe is from those furnished to a fashionable cooking class in Providence: Select a given number (as many as may be desired upon occasion) of thin-skinned, juicy oranges, remove the peel, lay the orange upon its side, and cut (crosswise) into very thin slices, using a thin, sharp knife, and without entirely separating the slices from the orange, which will then spread open somewhat in the form of a sea shell; sprinkle over it fine granulated sugar, more or less according to taste; lay finely chopped or pounded ice over the whole, and let it stand about five minutes and serve. Eaten just before breakfast, the dish possesses a peculiar delicacy and flavor as an appetizer.

Rhubarb or pie plant may not only be preserved in cans, but may be made into jelly. After rinsing the stalk in cold water, cut them in pieces, and with only about enough water to cover them; put them in a porcelain kettle; let them boil until nothing seems to be left but a soft pulp. Strain through a flannel jelly bag. To each pint of this juice add a pound of sugar; let it boil after putting the sugar in, and try it by taking out a little and putting it on a cold plate; when it "jellies" at once, it is safe to pour it into bowls.

Books in the Home.

"I would urge," says Ruskin, "upon every young man at the beginning of his life and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can by the strictest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life." This excellent advice, which is given in the preface to the little book, "Sesame and Lillies," if followed out would do what we sometimes call missionary work, says a writer in the New York Evening Post. Who can doubt if it were made a rule when the household just assumes form and consists of but two members, who usually think alike, for a time at least, that it would become a habit, and in counting over the necessary expenses so much a year would be put aside for books as a matter of course, and to the lasting benefit of all the future inmates of the home? It may not occur to the young man and woman who found the home that the greatest safeguard of it will prove to be the tastes they have in common, over which time has no power, and to love the same books, to approve of the same author, and to take a delight in his work will form a bond not easily broken. Of course it may be possible for a man and woman to read Shakspeare and to enjoy him and still to quarrel, but it is not very likely that they will do so, for all the likeness of mind which leads them to enjoy him are links in the chain that binds them. The associations that are connected with home books are never readily forgotten or overlooked, and sons and daughters have been led away from temptation by these "cold but sure friends," the books that mother prized or that mother loved. However the mistress of the house may regard her duties to those employed by her, she cannot very well put out of sight the fact that, if her servants read anything worth reading, it must be provided by her. For this reason I advocate having two or three shelves in the dining-room. On these should be placed not only the cook book and the literature of the kitchen, but some other good books and papers; let it be understood that these may be taken and read at any time. It is just possible that some of these, like the Bibles in the cars, may not be used, but it is not probable. If any one fears that a taste for reading will interfere with a legitimate performance of duties, I would like to cite to her the case of a woman whom I know who reads Carlyle, and quotes Burns, and is also an accomplished cook, and one of the most conscientious diggers-out-of-corners ever employed as a maid of all work. A judicious selection of cook-books is an actual inspiration to a girl, and a perusal of them will lead to that intelligent interest in work which makes it pleasurable.

Truth from the Lime Kiln Club.

Trustee Pulback then offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That when a passon has bin tried in due form, convicted by an honest jury an' sentenced to prison by a Judge in whom de people have confidence, de criminal should stay dar' untill his sentence has expired."

Giveadam Jones moved that the roll be called upon the vote, and this being done Shindig Watkins was the only name marked as opposing the resolution.

"Dis resolushun kivers a subject of deepest interest to de people at large," said Brother Gardner when the vote had been pronounced. "A robber or embezzeler or defaulter or thief or even murderer kin sit down wid a piece of chalk in one han' an' a shingle in de other an' make clus figures on dis matter. De murderer strikes his victim an' makes a break. Do papers howl, de detectives rush an' de public talk of lynchin'. If he am not picked up right away dar' am a fusilade agin' de officers. When he am caught dar' am great anxiety to push him to trial. When he am tried an' convicted dar' am a heap of sweet talk 'bout de majesty of de law. He gets, say, fifteen yars in prison. He or her have bin sent fur life, but it was shown dat he was drunk, or his grandfadder was insane, or his great-grandmudder had allus acted a little queer. Befo' a yar has passed away somebody begins to pity. In de course of two or free yars de prosecutin' attorney begins to relent. A petishun am drawn up an' de jury finds dey was mistaken, de judge diskovers dat he sentenced de wrong man, an' de Gub'ner am asked to exercise de pardonin' power to restore a perfectly innocent man to society?"—Detroit Free Press.

The prince of Wales has an income of \$500,000 a year, and his wife \$50,000 yet it is said to require management and occasional spasms of retrenchment to enable them to live within their means.

Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, has so many foreign decorations and orders that he has caused a lot of the least valued to be made into a necklace for his little daughter.

Alfred Smith, of Newport, has presented to the Channing Church in that city, as a memorial to his wife, the estate No. 29 Key street, to be used as a parsonage. It is worth about \$25,000.

A lady 60 years old, residing in Rochester, N. Y., skated from that city to Brockport, twenty miles, in an hour and twenty-five minutes.