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Stephen J. Field, Justice U. S. Supreme Court, J. H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator, Oregon; Hon. Sol. Haydenfeldt, San Francisco; The Manufacturer Silver Mining Co., Austin, Nevada; The Mining Review, Denver; Walker Bros., Bankers, Salt Lake City; Henry Watkins, Master Mechanic of the New York Central R. R. Co., Syracuse.

Dr. James Shaw,
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For near twenty years a regular Physician and Surgeon of the city of Philadelphia, and for some time a resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and Consulting Physician in other public medical institutions of that city, with a number of years experience as a Surgeon in the volunteer service and regular army of the United States. Can be consulted on all acute and chronic diseases at that Fort. The diseases of women and children a specialty.
December 10th, 1875.

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Poetry.

Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
First beside my mother kneeling,
Through the hushed-up silence deep.
Hear the double whisper stealing—
"If I die before I wake,
Pray the Lord my soul to take!"

"Now I lay me down to sleep."
And the angels o'er me bending,
Sent by God my soul to keep.
Through the purple night descending,
Wide-arched wings above me spread.
Heavenly shelter round my head.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
No wild dreams to break that slumber,
I had prayed for God to keep—
Blessed visions without number;
Glory caught from heavenly things,
Showered from those angel wings!

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
Had I died before the waking,
I had never learned to keep
Memories for a life's heart-breaking;
From the Future and the Past,
God has caught me up at last.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
Ah! the angels cease their keeping
Watch above the haunted dreams,
When the prayerless man is sleeping—
Where such feverish visions burn
Back the sorrowing watches' turn!

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
Oh, my God! when I am dying,
Hear me pray that old-time prayer
On my haunted death-bed lying.
From the old dreams let me wake—
"Pray the Lord my soul to take!"

Literary.

Why He Had His Leg Cut Off.

BY E. R. STANS.

I was sitting quietly in my office, one March evening, scanning the pages of a medical review when I heard the bell ring and soon after a step on the stairs, followed by a soft tap at my door.

"Come in," said I.
The knob was instantly turned, and a tall, good-looking, smooth-shaven young man, plainly dressed, crossed the threshold and asked:

"Is this Dr. Bolton?"
"It is," I replied, "take a seat."
"No, thank you," said he, "I am in haste. You are a surgeon, I believe?"
"I am a surgeon, certainly," I answered, "and have had considerable practice."
It was, in fact, only two years since I received my diploma, but I had had unusual surgical opportunities, and made the most of them, and two or three lucky operations had begun to give me quite a reputation.

"Well, you can cut off a leg for me I suppose," he continued.
"Most probably," said I, "whose is it?"
"Mine."

"What is the matter with it?" I asked, with some surprise, for there was no external sign of accident or disease.
"Nothing," was the curt reply.
"What do you want it cut off for?"
"That's my affair," said he a little sharply.

I quietly lifted the shade of my lamp, but the increased illumination did not reveal any look of wildness or insanity in my visitor's countenance. After considering a moment I remarked:

"It will cost you fifty dollars."
Without a word he drew a small roll of money from his pocket, counted out ten five dollar bills on the table, and then taking a slip of white paper from another pocket, he laid it on the little pile of notes and, pushing the whole toward me, he said:

"There is your fee and my address. What time to-morrow will you come?"
I had by no means resolved to do the job at all, at least without further inquiry, but I replied:

"I shall be at leisure at three o'clock."
"Well," said he, "I shall expect you at that hour exactly. Don't fail. Good evening."

And he walked out and down the stairs with the firm, rapid step of a man in perfect health.
Although at that time a fifty dollar fee was a decided temptation to me, I was greatly inclined to send the money to "Clinton Hamlin, 19, Queen street,"—for that was the address he had given—and to go near the place. However, my curiosity was much excited, and as I happened to be absolutely at leisure, the next afternoon, I finally took my instrument case, and accompanied by a discreet assistant, set out for Queen street.

It was a shabby-genteel neighborhood, and No. 19 we found to be an old-fashioned house, occupied by half a dozen different families. "Top floor, back," was the abrupt response to my inquiry for Mr. Hamlin.

We climbed the stairs and rapped. The door was opened by Mr. Hamlin himself, who ushered us politely into a small room with worn and costly furniture and a three-horned carpet.

"You are prompt," said he, "and it is a pity I have no poor a place to receive you in."
"Don't mention it," said I, "it is rather a pity that we should have come on such a cold day."
He looked suddenly became stern. "This

Coaching and Driving Reminiscences.

A most dreadful storm of wind and rain occurred on the last day of October, 1898, at Moffat; the rivers in the neighborhood came down in such torrents as were never seen before by the oldest inhabitants. Amongst the damage occasioned by it was a distressing accident which happened to the mail-coach from Glasgow to Carlisle, when passing the bridge over the river Doon, about nine miles from Moffat, at a place called Howelagh, between nine and ten o'clock at night. The coach had just got about half over when the bridge gave way in the middle of the arch, and the coach, passengers and horses were instantly precipitated into the river, down a fall of thirty-five or forty feet. There were four inside and two outside passengers. The two latter and two of the horses were killed on the spot, and the other passengers had a most miraculous escape with their lives, though they were all considerably hurt; the former had his arm broken and otherwise much bruised, and the guard got a severe contusion in the head. The other coach, from Carlisle to Glasgow, narrowly escaped sharing the same fate, it arrived at the bridge just at the time the accident happened, and the darkness of the night, and the rate the coach necessarily traveled, must inevitably have come into the river at the same breach in the arch, had not the cries of one of the sufferers alarmed the coachman and induced him to stop. By the exertion of the coachman and guard of the other coach, the passengers who survived (a lady and three gentlemen), with the coachman and guard, that had fallen into the abyss, were saved, and conducted to a place of safety until other assistance was afforded them.

Strange to say, in this year a coach-race was thus officially recorded:—Started from Leicester, the Patriot, at 7:50, arrived at Nottingham at 10:12, carrying six passengers. Started from Leicester, the Defender, at 7:55, arrived at Nottingham at 10:10 carrying thirteen passengers. Then follow the drivers' names:—T. Pettifor and Sampson, on Patriot; W. Pettifor and H. Bowers, on Defender.

During the severe snowstorm in January, 1811, many coach accidents happened. On the 4th the fall was so great as to render the northern roads almost impassable. The mail-coach from Boston could not be dragged more than four miles, but the guard proceeded on horseback with the mail. The mail from London was conveyed into Boston in the same manner. The Leicester coach, on the way to Stamford, was upset in the snow at Burton. Lazaris and several passengers were much hurt. The Carlisle Mail was dinged out by the snow near Eicketon, and with difficulty got to Stamford with eight horses, three hours later than usual; but it could proceed no farther than Thoroughage, whence the guard was obliged to take the letters back on horseback. Three coaches about a mile from Stamford, and as many near Wansford. With the assistance of fifty men, the road became passable for carriages at twelve o'clock the following day. In some places the snow had drifted six feet.

In the spring of 1816, a new coach was started by some Jews to run to Brighton from London, a distance of fifty-two miles, in six hours, with a pledge that if they did not accomplish the journey in that time they would carry the passengers gratis; to accomplish which the horses were kept upon a gallop all the way; and notwithstanding this great risk the coach was always filled with passengers. In one journey the coachman broke three whips. In one week fifteen horses died. The coach, however, had never been overturned, and no material accident happened, except overturning a fish-cart near Kensington Common, whereby the driver was injured, but not seriously. This was continued for about three months, and excited attention and curiosity all the way on the road; a crowd of persons was daily collected at the "Elephant and Castle" to see it start and come in, and it always kept its time within a few minutes. This, however, became alarming, particularly in the populous neighborhood of Newington, through which it passed; and the parish officers there caused information to be laid against the drivers for driving furiously on the public road, so as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects, under the Act of Parliament for regulating stage coaches. This being followed by the speed was reduced, and the coach was then about three-quarters of an hour longer on the road.

A tremendous storm raged throughout England in the month of November, 1810, when, during a very heavy rain the Clarence coach, from Plymouth, was entirely stopped near Aliphinton, about half a mile from Exeter. There were five coaches inside, three men and the coachmen on the outside. The coach was drawn by six horses, with a postboy; the waters being higher than the horses, they all swam with the coach against a strong current, but the postboy, losing his seat, clambered up a hedge. The two leading horses immediately began to turn, which the coachman perceiving, he descended from his seat, and cut off the harness, being up to his chin in water. Four of the horses swam off, but the other two were drowned, six passengers, after struggling with the water, got on a hedge, and from thence reached a neighboring house. Another

passenger, taking a different course, remained under a high hedge nine hours, till he was released the next morning. The empty coach was carried back a considerable distance by the stream, and stuck in a hedge.

In 1811, one of the Glasgow coaches was overturned, in consequence of running a race with a post-chaise on the road from Edinburgh, whereby a Mr. Brown was killed, and his wife so bruised as to be in imminent danger. A verdict was afterward found, in consequence of action brought in the Court of Sessions, against the proprietors of both the coach and the chaise, Lord Meadowbank, ordinary, found the defendants liable to the following damages:—
To Mrs. Brown, in compensation for damages suffered by her person £300
To her for the loss of her husband 200
And to each of the children (eight in number) £130 each 1,040
£1,540

with full expenses of process. Rather a heavy sum to pay for a race on the road. On the 12th of October, 1816, about nine o'clock at night, a serious accident was occasioned by two rival coaches endeavoring to obtain a priority of entering into Brighton. The Phoenix and Dart coaches, on leaving London, passed each other on the road, and the former kept the advantage within a mile of Brighton, when, making the rising turn of the road, the Dart endeavored to run by, and by some crossing maneuvers the leaders got entangled. In the exertion to extricate them the pole of the Phoenix was broken and it upset. Very fortunately the horses got disentangled, and ran away; otherwise the consequences must have been dreadful. Mr. Taylor, of the Golden Cross Inn, Brighton, had a thigh broken; Mr. Cawthorne, a wine merchant, of London, had his arm dislocated, and several passengers and the coachman were much bruised. In consequence of the horses of the Dart taking fright they ran away with the coach, which had the dicky knocked off, and threw two of the passengers into the road, which entirely prevented the coachman rendering any assistance to the other party.

Racing on wheels was not confined to stage coaches, for I find that Mr. Charles Buxton (a gentleman immortalized by having invented a new bit called the Buxton bit), on his return from Epsom in his phaeton and four, overtook a friend in a phaeton, drawn by the same number of horses; and a determination being manifested to try the speed of the animals, and the skill of the drivers, a race was the consequence. As well, on turning a corner, Mr. Buxton's phaeton was upset, and he and Mr. Hugh Atkins, a Russian broker, were thrown with such violence, that each gentleman, strange to say, had a thigh broken and three ribs. Buxton's bit was introduced in a popular song, sung by Charles Matthews:—
"With spirits gay I mount the box,
My tits up to the traces;
With elbows square and wrists turned round,
Dash off to Epsom races.
With Buxton's bit, bridled so trim,
Three chestnuts and a gray;
Well coupled up the leaders,
Yat hi! we bow! away!"

Webster's Boyhood.
A correspondent of the Boston Traveler picked up the following interesting bit of history during his wanderings in the Granite State:
Gen. Peabody, who by profession a physician, was a hero of the revolution, and after the war resided at Exeter, N. H., where he was buried. During the summer days he was wont to pasture his horses back in the country, bringing them home in the fall. On one occasion, as the cold weather drew near, he went to the town where his horses were, and arranged with the owner of the pasture, who was both farmer and livery keeper, to send his (the General's) black horse home on a certain afternoon.

"Yes," was the reply. "I will send my boy down with yer black horse on that morning, sure."
On the appointed day the General stood at his gate watching for the appearance of his favorite charger, and eventually saw it approaching along the road, while on its back, using for a saddle only his own coat-jacket, rode along in his shirt-sleeves, a large, heavy, rough boy, his face very dark, its natural color having been deepened by the sun. On arriving at the gate, the boy remarked: "I have brought yer horse home, sir."

"Yes, so I see," replied the general, "and I am glad to see him safe and sound. You must have started early. Walk in. Our dinner is most ready, and after a ride in this keen air you must be hungry."
The boy, of course, accepted the invitation and when seated at the table proved that, like most boys when growing, he possessed a good appetite. He appeared awkward enough, for he grasped the knife and fork in directly the opposite way from which he should have done, holding them in his clasped hand, with the tops of the handles at the thumbs, and the blade protruding downward from the closed little finger. Still he plied the instruments of the table service vigorously and skillfully, and did full justice to the noon meal.

During the dinner the General inquired of the boy what his name was, to which the prompt response was given: "Daniel Webster."
"Oh, yes," remarked the General, "you are the son of Eb. Webster, who pastures my horses."

"Yes," said the boy "father sent me down with yer horse to-day."
So it was that big dark-skinned boy was the germ of the great statesman whose name in after years was destined to elicit the admiration of the world for his wonderful power and learning. Who that saw him that autumn day, riding almost bare-back on his horse through Deerfield, Nottingham, Epping, (now Tremont), Hawk (now Danfield, or Brentfield), would have imagined that here was one who was to stir Senates with his eloquence and become illustrious in the annals of his day and generation.

San Francisco cuts 90,000,000 oysters a year, one-third of which are transported from New York and Baltimore. They cost fifty cents a bush.

The Wits.

A man shows his literary finish by a judicious use of the semicolon.
It is not early to bed, but early to rye, which makes a man poor and gives him red eyes.
In London there is a fashionable form of charity which dispenses spectacles to the poor.
A Danbury girl has settled the matter. She says a frosty moustache is just like a plate of ice cream.
An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."
When a Chicago girl gets hold of a health-lift it is fun to stand around and hear the corset strings snap.
An Indian tribe called the Kaws, have agreed to quit choking horses over their dead. No choking; it's good Kaws.
"My brother," said the clergyman, "do you feel charitably inclined this winter?"
"Yes," said the brother, "if it doesn't cost anything."

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When he invited her to marry him, she gazed into his face and tenderly inquired if he knew what a costly thing he had asked for, a woman's wondrous love. Four months after the wedding he climbed through the scuttles onto the roof, and when a neighbor came with a ladder to take him down, he put it to him as a fellow creature whether it wasn't a man's duty to run when a woman rose up after him with a hot tea-kettle in her hand.
This is the way the St. Louis Globe treats a local affair: "According to good local authority, Minneapoliens fold up their ears these cold mornings, and twist their noses around under their arm.—St. Paul Dispatch. And in St. Paul they use the slack of the Dispatch reporter's ear for circus tents in summer and skating rinks in winter, and they do say that the vegetable-garden business down there is busted since they have got to selling slices off their nose for purple egg-plant."

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When a rural Wisconsin woman gets into Milwaukee, and wants an envelope to send home a letter in, she asks the stationery clerk for "some of them 'ere yellow developments sitch as they stick letters inside."
A lady had a favorite lap-dog which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?"
"Oh," she drawled, "it was named from Byron's dog: 'Perchance my dog will howl!'"
Don't keep a diary this year. Keep a dog. It will cost you a little more, but you can't neglect it as you do the diary. Every time you forget the dog it will turn up writing and howling under your feet, or somebody will rock or tread on its tail.
A young New Yorker at a party asked and received consent of a young lady to see her home. He waited in astonishment while the company slowly departed, and finally hinted that it was time for them to go. "Oh," said she, demurely, "I am boarding here."

"Charles—" "Tell me, Laura, why that sadness? Tell me, why that look of care? Why has fled that look of gladness that thy face was wont to wear?"
"Laura—" "Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble; well my face may wear a frown, for I've lost my largest hairpin, and my chignon's coming down!"
A Chinaman in Westerville, California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead; like half money."

This is a story of what happened not long since in the Pine Tree State. A new Baptist convert wished very much to be baptized by one minister, and to join the church of another. She went to the first, and asked if it could be done. "Yes," he replied, "I could do it; but I don't take in washing."
For the time being the pressure of a baby's sold foot in the hollow of a sleeping father's back is so void of romance that the exasperated parent may rise in his bed and curse the hour of the offender's birth, and yet so capricious is man that there is really no telling how soon you may be called upon to attend the christening of another little stranger in the same family.
When he invited her to marry him, she gazed into his face and tenderly inquired if he knew what a costly thing he had asked for, a woman's wondrous love. Four months after the wedding he climbed through the scuttles onto the roof, and when a neighbor came with a ladder to take him down, he put it to him as a fellow creature whether it wasn't a man's duty to run when a woman rose up after him with a hot tea-kettle in her hand.
This is the way the St. Louis Globe treats a local affair: "According to good local authority, Minneapoliens fold up their ears these cold mornings, and twist their noses around under their arm.—St. Paul Dispatch. And in St. Paul they use the slack of the Dispatch reporter's ear for circus tents in summer and skating rinks in winter, and they do say that the vegetable-garden business down there is busted since they have got to selling slices off their nose for purple egg-plant."

A Western newspaper has the following notice: "All notices of marriage, what no bride cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed or stolen."

One of the candidates for admission to Amherst College spelled jealousy "jelly," and an other interpreted juicy into "gousey."
They kill alligators with a club in Louisiana. For.
"Tis a weapon firmer set
And better than the bayonet."
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