ONE LOAF FOR POOR KATE BY UNCLE LUTS.

se, Mister, I'd not forward be, But Katy, sir—she's starvin' now-An' could yez give wan loaf tew me,

Who's Katy?" She's my poor wife, sir. Ye' seen bright roses in Whin, wan year past, I widded her, An' now-the blue veins in their place.

This mornin', I hed stayed my hand-Hed lost all hope—except to die, Whin Katle looked far o'er the land, An' saw yer mast flag floatin' high

Ah! how her blue eyes lit wid joy! My poor, frail darlint, once so fair; I cried right out as whin a boy— An', crazy like, toyed wid her hair.

Sed she, "Look down the channel there! stars and stripes, fer shure, Jami Ould Ireland's poor, wid song and prayer, Shall live tew bless Amerike.

Go, Jamie—I'll not be afraid. There-mind me not-an' dry yer eyes;

"Wan loaf, ax thim, fer poor Katy, Fer sake of baby tew be born f I am then alive, Jamie-Afore dawn o' anither morn."

Och! thank yez, sir, 'tis all I kin-The Virgin bless yez, gantlemin A kind heart hez Amerike. Some sez it is the wrath o' God.

An' ithers, caze the filthy sod

But, gintlemin, be thet's it may, A starvin' mon's no mind to make Now take the thanks, an' I'll away, Thet Jamie's heart's tew full to spake

WAS IT DEATH?

One frequently hears, nowadays, of the injection of medicine into the veins by means of a hypodermic syringe, as one of the new-fashioned modes of cure. My own experience in the matter, limited as it is, may be useful as a warning both to physicians and sufferers, and it may be interesting, first, because it is real; secondly, as we must die some time or other, I suppose most of us wonder now and then how it will feel. Now, if what I went through was not death, it was at least so near it that as far as physical sensation went it was practically the same thing.

I had been ill for some time, suffering from frequent returns of severe pains, which the doctors thought might be rheumatic, or neuralgic, or might be something else. At any rate, they could not hit upon the medicines either to relieve these pains or to prevent their recurrence. Meanwhile, they were experimenting, and I was getting weak and thin; so it was determined to try and ease me of my misery, if even only for a time, in hopes that nature would gather a little strength, and perhaps succeed in doing what the doctors had failed in-curing me.

I had a great objection to taking opium, on account of its well-known injurious effects, and I had borne a great deal of pain rather than take it. The doctors, however, overcame my objections by assuring me that the injection of morphine under the skin was not attended with the same injury to the constitution, and was usually more efficacious in cases like mine than any other way of taking the drug.

Accordingly, I was furnished with a

very small syringe, which would hold just the right dose, to the end of which was attached a sharp-pointed gold tube about the size of a sailor's peedle. A small bottle of morphine was also provided, and I promised faithfully to use it according to directions on the return of severe pain. My medical attendant was very anxious to try it then and there himself, but, as at the time of his visit I was enjoying an interval of ease, I would not consent to this, feeling confident-as, indeed, he himself did-of my ster it, and without anxiety as to the result.

That night, before going to bed, several severe twinges, which had been at me for an hour or more, gave unmistakable warning of another night of sleepless torment, unless I could find relief somewhere. Of course I thought of the little syringe. If I had had any apprehensions about the effects, I certainly should have had some assistance at hand; but I am an unimaginative individual, taking things as they come, so I said good-night, went to my room and locked the door as usual. When my preparations for the night were complete I took my new friend out of the pretty little morocco case and filled the syringe only about two-thirds full of the solution, for such were the doctor's orders, as I had never previously taken morphine in any way; it is to this precaution I probably owe my life. Then, according to instruction, I pinched up a piece of the calf of my leg tightly between the finger and thumb of my left hand, inserted the point of the tube under the skin with a dexterity which I remember pleased me at the time, as I thought what a skillful surgeon might have been lost to suffering humanity by the untoward circumstances of my early life, and gently introduced into my system the magic fluid which was to relieve me of all my suffering. It did it with a vengeance, and with unexpected rapidity.

The first sensation was of something not belonging to me crawling under my skin, and mounting rapidly up my back-

though certainly very peculiar, I took it all at first as part of the programme. and troubled myself no more about it than so far as to hastily unlock the door, thinking, "There is no telling how long I shall sleep, and if I don't open the door in the morning they will be frightened to death."

By this timethe crawling feeling had mounted to the back of my neck. I could trace it as it moved; my limbs were beginning to refuse to serve me: I was obliged to totter to the bed without putting out my light, for, though not the least sleepy, I should have fallen had I not helped myself by chairs and table. There I lay, eyes wide open, senses all alive, quite out of pain, but no idea of going to sleep. When the crawling thing, whatever it was, reached the back of my head, it seemed to give a slight blow to that part, and immediately I lost all power over my limbs, Still I retained perfect consciousness. I heard the movements goiug on in different parts of the house, I saw the moon rise and peer in at one of the windows, and I remembered a slight feeling of annoyance that, about midnight, the light would come in through another window, the curtain of which I had neglected to pull down. It I had seen burglars breaking into the room, I could not have moved or spoken. I was not troubled about this, however, nor much about anything else on earth. I watched my symptoms with care and interest, and felt certain I was going to sleep, though what was coming next I could not even guess. The only feeling of concern about anything that I remember was a thought that rose in my mind like this:

"What a horrible fuss Effic will make when she finds me in this state."

Even this did not trouble me much, for it really did not seem to be any business of mine. By degrees, but so slowly as to be hardly noticeable, I lost all consciousness of my extremities. At first, though I could not control them, I was quite aware that I had hands and feet; now I seemed to lose them, to go from them, as from sensible contact with a foreign body, more into myself. This peculiar loss of consciousness extended very gradually up my limbs Still I had my senses; my eyes wer open, I could see everything around me, I could hear as well as ever, and my mind was clear and perfectly tranquil. I was neither frightened, nor agitated, uor anxious, nor, I must confess, was I impressed with any peculiar solemnity attaching to the occasion. Perhaps this was owing to my habitual matter-of-fact disposition. I seemed to myself just as complete without my arms and legs as when I had them.

Little by little I lost my body, and with equal indifference. Whether my heart ceased to beat and my lungs to breathe at this time I cannot tell you, for I had no means of knowing; but, if they did, I did not seem to miss them. Soon I was gone up to my neck. Then, and not till then, my senses began to grow dim. First, my sight, not as by the closing of my eyes, but objects disappeared, leaving only the impression of light upon the eye; then that, too, faded, and finally no consciousness of the organ remained. My hearing was still with me, or I with it, whichever you prefer to say. Soon it, too, left me, Head, face, body, senses, all seemed gone-everything except a feeling of weight in my tongue and a round spot in the back of my head, where I had previously felt the blow. Then my tongue went, and the round spot was all that was left; yet this seemed just as absolutely and completely me as ever my body had been.

This state continued apparently a long while, during which I remember wondering what Dr. S. would say when he saw me, hoping he would not meet with any annoyance about his share of the transaction. As to anxiety about worldly or other affairs, fear for the future, memory instantaneously flashing before me the events of my whole life down to

the minutest particulars—as we are told it sometimes does-I had no such experience, and I admit I cannot now contemplate the state I was in with anything like the composure I felt at the time, though I distinctly thought to myself, "This is certainly the last;" yet it was with something of relief at its being so

Even that consciousness of existence went, and there was nothing in place of it for I know not how long. The whole affair from the first injection of the morphine to the complete loss of sensibility seemed to me to last some five or six hours; but, of course, I cannot be sure that I am right, as I had nothing to measure time by except my own sensa-

The next thing I have any idea of was the feeling of external warmth applied to my cold body. This I felt all over me at once. Then came a terrible struggle within me, but in which I seemed to have no will-it was probably the first attempt of the involuntary organs to commence their work again. It was distressing, and if I had known how to get away from it I would have done so, At last I became aware of people movbone, spreading thence all over my body about me, and of warm sunshine as it went. This was not at all painful around me. With a terrible effort I

to me, nor was I alarmed by it; for, opened my eyes and saw where I wasout on the veranda, moon which my room opened, with the morning sun and fresh breeze pouring their beneficent influences upon me.

> Poor dear Effic was by my side, not making the "horrible fess" I had supposed she would, but white and silent. vigorously rubbing me as if her own life depended on it, while the tall, cornstalk figure of Dr. S. was hovering over me, performing some most extraordinary anties, which I was afterward informed were the most approved artificial methods of restoring respiration. I drew a feeble, gasping sigh.

Water, doctor, water !" cried Effie; he is alive. Dash it over his head and neck '

She raised me in her arms as she spoke, turning my face to the breeze. I think I should have choked but for that cool wind blowing over me. A dash of cold water made me drawa long, deep breath, and set heart and lungs at their regular work again. So I "came to," as people call it, and a very disagreeable process it is -much more so than "going off," if I may judge by my own experience of the two.

I was very ill all that day: as weak as a little child, and for days I could not walk across the room without staggering like a drunken man. By degrees I got quite over it, but I think I shall carry with me to my grave the horrible impression of what I suffered in coming back to life.

It seems that Effic came to my room in the morning to see why I did not come to breakfast, and found me lying on the bed cold, and apparently lifeless. I suppose I must have looked very terribly, and really dead, for I can never get her to talk about it. The poor little woman, when I force the subject upon her, cries, "Den't, don't! I never thought to have seen that sight and live to talk with you about it," and she grows so white I am forced to give up.

Dr. S. says that when he first saw me he certainly thought I was dead. I believe he has never since prescribed the hypodermic use of morphine.

WHAT BECOMES OF FIJIAN WIDOWS There is no uniformity of custom in Fiji, so that no description of what is done by any one tribe can be taken as applicable to all the others. The stranding of widows, however, that they might be buried with their dead husbands, seems to have been everywhere practiced. The widow's brother performs the operation, and is thenceforward treated with marked respect by his brother-in-law's kinsfolk, who present him with a piece of land, over which the strangling cord is hung up. Should he, however, fail to strangle his sister, he is despised. When a woman is about to be strangled, she is made to kneel down, and the cord (a strip of native cloth) is put round her neck. She is then told to expel her breath as long as possible, and when she can endure no onger to stretch out her hands as a siginl, whereupon the cord is tightened, and soon all is over. It is believed that this direction be followed insensibility issues immediately on the tightening of the cord, whereas if inhalation has taken place there is an interval of suffering. Chambers' Journal.

Many of our young married people don't know what a blessing Dr. Bull's Baby syrup is until the youngster is able to yell by the hour.

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Susan B. Anthony's lecture—"Woman wants bread, not the ballot," is a very ingenious argument in support of her theory, but something more convincing are the testimonials to the efficacy of Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment, a remedy which men, and women, too, sometimes need. The price of this valuable medicine is only 50c. For sale by all druggists.

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JOSH BILLINGS PHILOSOPHY.

Yung man, be earnest and honest, and the world will giv yu kredit for all yu are worth; if they don't call on me and I will fix things for yu,

The man who sets traps for others sure, sooner or later, to git kaught him-

The kruelty and ferocity ov the human harte reaches its highest point ov horror only amung the civilized races,

The best medisin for the rumatiz iz to thank the Lord it ain't the gout.

After we have well baited and set our traps, then iz the time to "watch and pray.

True dignity adds strength to karakter, but the world haz plenty ov dignified phools in it.

If we would compare ourselfs with ourselfs, insted ov with others, we should be more happy than we are.

It would simply be honesty for us to admit that we hav stumbled onto more results than we havever reached in enny other way. I hav seen plenty ov people who had

more than they knu what to do with, but never hav seen one but what wanted sunthing more.

Yung man, az strange az it may seem to yu, yu kan't learn ennything new or very good bi hearing yourself talk, but bi listening to others yu may.

Learning cums from books; wisdum iz in the air.

I look upon a collektion ov politicians just az I do upon so menny vagrants and

The man who kan be idle and not bekum viscious hazn't got karakter enuff to be very wicked, ennyhow.

Experience iz a skool whare a man learns (if he learns anything) what a big phool he haz been.

What I write iz for the common mind, not the skoller; if I kan reach the common mind I kan reach the hi-toned at my leizure.

If a woman haz mutch karakter she iz all karakter.

A CENTENARIAN ex-soldier, who recently died in a Russian village, continued his business of tailor till death, though he had been blind for forty years. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish different bank notes. He used to thread his needle by means of his tongue.

A school teacher who had just been telling the story of David ended with, "And all this happened over 3,000 years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, marm, what a memory you have got!"



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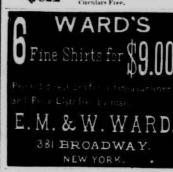
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