

DEAD YET ALIVE.

The True and Pitiful Story of a San Francisco Leper.

The morning was bright and bracing, the air stimulating as a glass of champagne. I was walking down the street to business with my mind in a whirl of happy thoughts.

Humanity in every guise was hurrying to their various occupations. Some were sad, others gay. Many were followed by the grim phantom, care. Few looked genuinely happy.

My bitter reflections were broken; my hearse was at the door. Was it not a hearse, this wagon which was to bear me to a living tomb—to cut me adrift from the endearing ties of life?

All that day I worked with a vim until the time of closing, and when evening came I went to see my darling Jess. As I entered she laid her dainty head, with its short crop of sunny bronze hair, against my breast.

Was there of all God's creatures one as blessed as I? And now what am I? Dead! and yet alive—within sight and sound of the world, longing for its joys and pursuits, but fettered by the most hideous fate of which the human mind can conceive.

I kept my promise to little Jess, and the following morning repaired to the nearest hospital to consult its medical advisers. The head physician made a careful examination and, after the usual formula, brought in two of his fellow practitioners and I was again examined.

For the moment my brain refused to grasp the revolting significance of that word. I gazed blankly at the solemn faces of my doomsmen. I seemed to have lost all power of motion. My body was like a heavy dead weight—my eyeballs seared with the hot tears which could not fall—and in fiery letters before my reeling vision was the awful word "leprosy."

"I regret exceedingly," resumed the doctor, "that I am forced to send you to the leper ward at the pest house."

my case should be looked into by the entire medical fraternity. You may err in your judgment. What then? Must I be thrust in there to court the loathsome infection? The meanest of God's creatures ought to be treated with more humanity.

I paused, panting for breath. The muscles of my neck stood out like whiplashes; the sweat of agony oozed from my shivering body, and the doctor in a cold, hard voice replied: "We were prepared for this; we expected it would be a terrible blow to you, but that could not alter our course."

"I am not a leper," I emphatically declared; "had I been a leper it would have been discovered when I was a resident of Honolulu."

"Our decision is unalterable," answered the head physician. "We would spare you this pain if we could, but it is impossible."

My bitter reflections were broken; my hearse was at the door. Was it not a hearse, this wagon which was to bear me to a living tomb—to cut me adrift from the endearing ties of life? Death was more merciful than this.

I was shut in my tomb among the lepers. The world and its joys were left behind. The pitiable wretches—sharers of my miserable lot—seemed as if they were bound in a heavy lethargy. Upon their faces was an expression of mute resignation.

The day dawned at last that was to decide my fate, and I was taken before a formidable array of physicians and stripped. They regarded my fine breadth of chest and strong limbs with looks of astonishment and admiration.

"Do you feel any sensation?" he queried. "None whatever," I replied in a stifled voice, and stepping aside with an ominous look he made way for Dr. Jameson, of Honolulu, who went through a rigid examination and then announced to the board that it was his opinion that I was not a leper.

"Not a leper." Oh, thank the good God! The exclamation involuntarily broke from me—my heart beat with suffocating strokes as in a dream I saw the face of winsome Jess; but I was rudely awakened by the hard voice of the head physician, announcing in measured tones that the board had decided that I was afflicted with leprosy.

Every word fell upon my heart like ice; and through a great distance, which sounded to my numbed senses muffled as a voice from a sepulcher, I heard Dr. Jameson pleading my cause. He stoutly declared to the wise men who had condemned me to a living death that I was not a leper—that he had spent the most of his life among lepers, and having treated the disease for many years was familiar with every phase of the malady; that it would be almost impossible from the mere knowledge to be gained from books to wholly comprehend the fearful scourge, and that one must have the actual experience of constant practice in order to detect it in its earlier stages.

They listened with respectful attention to his remarks, but their conviction was not to be shaken; the mighty board had declared against me. I was condemned, isolated. The fire of youth was in my veins, but a heavy eclipse would darken all my days.

The doctor who pleaded my cause came up to where I stood, a statue of despair, and mutely shook my hand. "I did my best," was all he said, and hastily passed on to hide the tears which came into his eyes.

Through the mist which encompassed me I saw a woman approaching with an expression of pity upon her tender countenance, an expression such as the woman who mourned at the feet of Christ must have worn.

She came to me, and through a rain of tears drew my head down and reverently kissed my brow. The haze which enveloped my thoughts vanished, the frozen apathy which held me in a vise was dispelled, and with a hoarse cry of anguish I fell prone upon the floor.

After a while some one roused me, and I was taken back to that drear abode, the leper ward. My doom was sealed, my hopes laid low, but unlike my wretched companions, I could not accept my fate with stoical indifference. I chafed inwardly at the restraints imposed upon me by law, and I dreaded the confinement and the association of lepers.

The hero of this narrative—William Horn, of Honolulu—who for a time was supposed to be unjustly detained in the leper ward at the San Francisco pest-house, and whose case excited the sympathy of the entire community, eventually proved to be a leper.

Carrie Chevalier, a young and comely widow who had been sent to the pest-house as a nurse, was frequently thrown in contact with young Horn and a warm friendship sprang up between them which ripened into love.

Yes! It was indubitable. It had been evident to Algy for a long time. He had tried to conceal it, but 'twas impossible. And now his friends were aware of it. Some congratulated him, some sympathized with him. All wished him success.

Walker Ham—Hello, old man! Where have you been all winter? Onis Uppers—Out west, playing second parts to Scully in heavy tragedy.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The establishment of a labor exchange by the labor organizations of Kansas City is an attempt to carry into practical effect the co-operative idea of Edward Bellamy.

Recent catalogues show that entomologists have found 363 species of spiders in the upper Cayuga lake basin, 370 in the District of Columbia and 340 in New England.

Of the 15,940 tons of pig iron which was exported from the United States in the last fiscal year, 14,796 tons went to Canada.

A physician who has devoted special study to the grip says that it is easier to determine by the after effects whether a patient is suffering from the endemic or the common, non-contagious form of influenza, than it is by the primitive symptoms.

The water spider, which spends most of its time under water, carries a bubble of air for breathing on the under side of its body; and when this air is exhausted, it comes to the surface for more.

The area devoted to potatoes in New Zealand shows a substantial increase, amounting to 60 per cent., in nine years, while the product has advanced from 4,000,000 bushels in 1883 to 6,600,000 bushels in 1891.

Since Darwin's investigations on so-called "carnivorous plants," a great deal has been written on the habits and powers of these remarkable organisms, but the question how flies, etc., were dissolved and digested seems to have remained unsolved.

The licorice plant is chiefly grown on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, in localities where for three months during the prevalence of hot winds, the temperature reaches 104 degrees, and for three months often registers 30 degrees below at night.

It is believed, according to P. L. Simmonds, F. L. S., that there are five times as many insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak alone supports 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in the pine.

For more than a century the breeding of canaries has been a thriving industry in parts of Germany. In 1850 the German dealers began to ship the birds to New York, and then to South America and Australia.

Alligator's nests resemble haycocks more than anything else to which they can be compared. They average about four feet in height and about five feet in diameter, and are constructed of grasses and herbage.

Walker Ham—Hello, old man! Where have you been all winter? Onis Uppers—Out west, playing second parts to Scully in heavy tragedy.

Walker Ham—Good, good! An I'll wager me kingdom you divided the honors with the star. Onis Uppers—On the walk home me boy, it was a tie between us—Puck.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Breaded Omelet.—Put into a stew-pan two tablespoonfuls of rich milk. Sprinkle in one tablespoonful of salt, and half a tablespoonful of pepper.

Sugar Cookies.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of fried meat gray or drippings, one-half cupful of sweet cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda.

Stewed Sweetbreads.—Parboil and carefully remove the skin without breaking the sweetbreads, put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one clove, one bay leaf, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a half teaspoonful of salt and a half pint of white stock.

Beef Olives.—Cut one and one-half pounds of beef in strips three inches wide and four long. Add to the chopped trimmings and fat, salt, pepper, three tablespoonfuls of cracker powder, one teaspoonful each of sage and savory.

Graham Shortcake.—One and one-half teacupfuls sweet cream, two teacupfuls graham flour, two large teacupfuls baking powder and one-half teacupful salt. Mix lightly together and roll out two round cakes, one-half an inch thick.

Orange Ice Cream.—To make an orange ice cream grate the peel of three Valencia oranges into a pint of boiling milk. Be careful to use only the yellow peel, none of the bitter white peel that lies underneath.

Accounts come from Germany that Krupp, the famous gun maker, is now building a number of experimental engines to test a novel idea. According to Hardware, a German inventor has taken patents on the utilization of the general principle that finely divided carbonaceous matter floating in the air readily explodes.

Lewis' 98% Lye. The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use.

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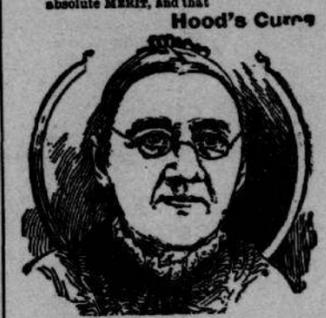
SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS. A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and was cured by a few days use of SWIFT'S Specific.

I was cured some years ago of White Swelling in my leg by using SWIFT'S Specific and have had no symptoms of return since.

PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Johnson City, Tenn. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

The Testimonials

We publish or not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts, proving that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit, and that



Mrs. E. M. Burt West Kendall, N. Y.

Three Great Enemies Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Dyspepsia

"For over twenty years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Several physicians have treated me and I have tried different remedies, but all failed to give me permanent relief. Five years ago I began to take Hood's

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. E. M. BURT, West Kendall, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache, &c.

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"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

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