

RESCUED.

BY MRS. CELIA THAXTER.
"Little lad, slow wandering across the sand so yellow..."

"Little Robert! Little Rose!" The stranger's eyes were gleaming...

SUE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Oh, mammy, if he only was an orphan, I would say yes to-morrow; but I hate—I hate the idea of a mother-in-law."

"You might poison her, my dear," dryly remarked Mrs. De Groot, a stately old lady with snow white hair...

But here was a reason for Sue, and her mother's words sank deeply into her consciousness. She gathered courage to say no, and a year after found herself absorbed, heart and soul, in a real love affair...

Mrs. De Groot smiled when Susan laid her fair head in her lap and recited to her the tale of her engagement, for she had seen the end from the beginning...

"What are you going to do about her?" asked her mother. "Oh, mammy, I never thought about her; and she lives with him. How sorry I am! But I guess she will be nice."

"She may be very nice to Harry, my dear. So was Mr. Grey's mother to him." "I'm sure she can't be so disagreeable as old Mrs. Grey," pouted Sue...

"Susan," said Mrs. De Groot, with considerable gravity, "I want you to look this thing in the face. You are a young girl going to a new home, with new people whom as yet you know nothing about..."

mother-in-law as one lady should treat another. Don't recriminate if she talks at you, for that is vulgar—libeled in the extreme. Don't give up your just position, either with your husband or in the family. Respect yourself, Sue, and you force respect from others."

"Oh dear! I wish there weren't any mothers-in-law in the world!" peevishly ejaculated the girl. "Then I should be exterminated with the rest," smiled her mother.

"But you are so different, mammy. Well, dear, if Harry's mother is awful, I'll try to be good to her," sighed Sue. But then came a ring at the door, and Sue heard a voice. It was her mother's turn now to sigh, as her girl ran down the stair, her heart in her beautiful eyes, to meet Harry.

"So time went on, and by-and-by Sue was married. Mrs. Tempest came to the wedding, and proved to be a little lady with cheeks like roses, and starchy eyes, even amidst the fine lines of age and under the shadow of silver white curls."

"I'll tell you, dear, on Christmas-day in the morning. That's exactly two months from to-day. Put it down in your tablets along with your dentist's appointments; and giving Sue a very inconsiderate hug, which nearly shook down the structure of puffs and braids she was adorning her head with, he left her to finish dressing."

Poor little Susan! Life became a disappointment to her. Mrs. Tempest never went into the kitchen, never sniffed at her new daughter's inexperience or ignorance, interfered with housekeeping, or found fault with the housekeepers. She was simply a guest in her son's home, ready to give advice or assistance, when it was asked, with wonderful wisdom and judgment, but never intruding. If her children wanted her society, they could always have it for the asking; if they did not, she was neither hurt nor angry.

She learned, too, to love Sue, the sweet-natured, high-spirited, and impulsive creature, for herself, as well as for Harry's sake; and Susan, before the two months were gone, had called her "mother" with all her heart, and learned to find in her the same comfort and help she had drawn from her own parent, if in lesser measure than the life-long and natural tie afforded.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed she one day as Mrs. Tempest sat beside her soothing her with tender ways and soft hands in the anguish of a racking headache. "How could I ever think mothers-in-law were dreadful?"

Mrs. Tempest laughed. "My dear Susy, mothers-in-law are just like other people. If a woman is sweet, sensible, patient, unselfish, and good, she will be loved in any sort of place or relation; if she is domineering, high-tempered, selfish, or disagreeable in other ways, her own children will not love her, or any one else. It is not the relation that is in fault, but the individual. Haven't you found that out?"

"I don't think I've found out anything but that I love you dearly, if you are my mother-in-law," replied Sue, with a very tender kiss. "Yes, you have, Sue," put in Harry, who had entered the room from the door behind the bed, with an ominous-looking bottle and glass in his hand; "you've found out at least a week before the time why I laughed, the day we came home, at your prophetic troubles. The idea of any body dreading my mother. Dr. Matthews says you must have Champagne, madame, for your headache; a specific, he says it is. So suppose you drink a health directly to mothers-in-law."

"No, sir—if you please, I mean."

"COUNT VON BORG."

A Scoundrel Who Has Swindled Hundreds of People in Kentucky.

For four or five years past a man known by as many different names as he has visited different localities, has made a practice of going about Kentucky, swindling honest people out of various sums of money by telling them fine stories and gaining their confidence. He has usually passed himself off as an exiled foreigner, and often gave the name and title of "Count Von Borg," but has passed himself under, perhaps, a hundred names, and told equally as many stories of his origin, fortune, misfortune and aims in life.

His mode of deception is of the boldest kind, and, although he perpetrates his evil deeds in near proximity, and is published by all the papers in the land, and is even arrested and imprisoned at times, yet he manages to get from one vicinity to another, and "confidences" one victim after another, without losing much time. A majority of those who have fallen a prey to his schemes are farmers. He will go into a county, inquire in what neighborhood the best farms can be found, and learn the owners' names. He then goes to look at the land and asks the price. He always pronounces himself delighted with the situation, and thinks the price a reasonable one. He usually tells that he is an exile from some distant country, but that the Consul or some one else has a large amount of money belonging to him, and that he wishes to purchase as much good land as possible. He borrows a horse, and in company with his host goes through the neighborhood, looking at all the blooded stock, and buying such as he likes. In the meantime he gets numerous "square meals" and other good treatment. He sets a day for payment, but before the time arrives succeeds in borrowing more or less money of his newly made friends, ostensibly for immediate use in having his money forwarded, the deeds to the land drawn, or something else, and gently takes his departure.

Certain parties in the counties of Jefferson, Henry, Marion, Boyle, Jessamine, Madison, Fayette, Bourbon (he was recently in Bourbon), and elsewhere, doubtless remember him. He has been in jail in Louisville, Lebanon, Danville, and other towns. He has been published in the Courier-Journal, Lexington Press, Lebanon Standard, Danville Advocate, Richmond Register, Lancaster Letter, Paris True Kentuckian, and many other papers. After all this notoriety, he continues his favorite pastime. He is now five feet ten inches high, and weighs about 140 pounds. He wears a full suit of short dark or brown whiskers, and has dark hair. He sometimes wears colored glasses, but whether from necessity or otherwise is not known.

An officer of the United States Army, who is a friend of the associate editor of this paper, writes the following concerning Hoffman, alias Von Borg: "FORT COLUMBIA, N. Y. H., December 8, 1876. So, our old acquaintance, the 'Count Von Borg,' has turned up again! It is most strange, as you say, that he succeeded in victimizing people so often in the same manner and in the same vicinity, when he has been published so often. If it is the same man I know (and I do not doubt that it is), my first knowledge of him commenced in 1852, when he was a private soldier under the name of Hoffman, in Company A, 16th Infantry, afterward transferred to Company F, from which he was discharged at Nashville, Tenn., on account of mental derangement (probable feigning), which rendered him unable to trust with a loaded musket. A few years after he appeared as a purchaser of real estate, somewhere in the vicinity of Nashville, for which he gave orders on Mr. John Rahn, then General of the State of Tennessee, representing that Mr. Rahn had a large sum of gold in his hands, the proceeds of a legacy from Germany. He was arrested at all events, some proceedings were had, and he was discharged on a mission of lunacy. In about a year or so I struck his trail again at Louisville, Ky., where he was arrested for swindling, having purchased farms from two or three parties in the vicinity and appointed a meeting place at Nashville, for the purpose of conveying, also to marry a daughter of one of them. They all came in at the appointed time with their wives and families, and by locating them at different places he played off his wiles on each, until he had pocketed out, and he was arrested and sentenced a Judge Hop Price to one year in 'Beargrass.' A long account of this transaction was published in the Courier-Journal (May or June, 1872, I think). I went to see Judge Hop Price at his residence, and in the ante-chamber of the man, and he told me that, in consideration of his having been declared a lunatic in Tennessee, and Hoffman would promise to leave the State, he would procure his discharge, as there appeared to be so much 'method in his madness,' I took no further action. Up to this time I believed him insane. The next I knew of him was a reputation of the same swindling in Richmond, at which place the papers were all made out by coarse, dull-witted fellows, and he was arrested in Madison County. After the exposure of which he came into our camp at Lancaster, and I sent for him and told him if he did not get out of the country within six hours he would get a whipping, and a discipline that would do him good. He left a few weeks after I heard of him somewhere down on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where he had again patronized a couple of gentlemen in the purchase of their farms, and appointed a meeting, to which they came in the evening. The formalities were postponed until the next morning, but, when Aurora with her golden fingers opened the portals of the dawn, the eminent exile from the land of 'sauerkraut' and 'lager beer' existed only as a memory and a dream. This was the last I heard of him until the receipt of your letter. How intelligent gentlemen of Kentucky can be swindled by him is more applicable to me than to any other person I can conceive for he is by coarse, dull-witted fellows, and ordinary; although I am told he can assume as many shapes as Proteus. No person abhors the whipping-post more than I do, but if there are cases when it is applicable, I think about a hundred lashes well laid on would do him an immense amount of good, and rid Kentucky of his presence for a season at least. Truly yours, M. B."

closed, but experiments have been made, and (if we are to believe the papers) with complete success. The trial was made by the police authorities of Paris and Lyons. The portrait of a Lyons official was forwarded from Paris by the new telegraphic apparatus, and was once recognized. In return the Lyons police telegraphed to Paris the portrait, accompanied by the usual description, of a clerk who had just absconded with his master's money, and the Paris police, thanks to the telegraphic portrait, were enabled to arrest the thief on his alighting from the train at the Lyons Railway Station. These facts are published on the best authority, and, incredible as they may seem, are no doubt authentic. So far, the ingenious discovery is only being employed for the detection of criminals, but it is evident that the police authorities will not be able to monopolize it, and that it will be turned to account by society at large under the various trying circumstances of life, and more especially in the cases of deserted wives and husbands, missing heirs, disconsolate lovers and similar interested beings.

The Story of a Willful Boy. Not long after the purchase by the United States of the Territory of Louisiana, there lived in New Orleans a French lady, a widow, having under her care two orphaned grandchildren, a boy and a girl. The boy was about 11 years old, and was what boys are and will be. The grandmother was what all grandmothers are not. While affectionate, she believed in discipline when the wise man recommends. For some boyish offense she flogged her grandson. The youngster having endured the chastening without resistance, coolly said: "Grandma, if ever you do that again, you will repent it, for you will never after have the opportunity." Whereupon a second dose was incontinently administered. The boy made good his threat. He disappeared and left no trace whatever. I can not tell how much the grandmother grieved, or whether she repented having done her duty, or what steps she took to recover her charge; or whether the truth ever was suggested to her. Poor old lady, she was dead long ago, when I, as a boy, knew the family. A generation passed away. The younger sister was now herself the mother of a family, and by all else the missing boy had been forgotten; when one day her husband brought home to dinner a merchant from one of the towns in Missouri. During the meal something led to the mention of the lady's maiden name, when the visitor said: "That is an unusual name, and yet I am familiar with it. There is an Indian whom I know of that name, or rather a white man who is a chief among a tribe of Indians in the far West. Once or twice in the year a part of the tribe comes to my town to trade, and this is— is always of the number, being the man of most intelligence and best fitted to buy from and sell to the whites." From the first mention of the fact that her name was known in the wilds of Missouri, the excited sister felt sure that her brother lived, and her anxious questionings brought out all the particulars that could strengthen her assurance—the sum of which I have given without attempting to be dramatic.

When the merchant went back to his western home he bore earnest entreaties to the long-lost brother (if it was indeed he) from the loving sister to come to her. Within a year the renegade presented himself. The story of many years was a short and simple one. When, in his indignation, he left his grandmother's home, it was with the purpose which he had carried out. In those days in the swamps close upon the city, were the bark huts of the peaceful Choctaws. Long afterwards they might be seen in the city singly, selling wild fruits or cane baskets; or in parties in their paint and feathers, dancing to the beating of a small kettle drum, and begging for enough money to get drunk on. Perhaps their miserable remains may still be found there. To these Indians the boy had gone at once. With them and with others, he had lived ever since. In early life he had wandered farther and farther from his home, till he found himself, in what was then the far West, a man of importance in a little world which had little connection with what we call the world.

He had come now to gratify the longings of a sister whom he had not forgotten—to indulge his own affections, but without a thought of yielding to her entreaties to live with her. It was not that he would not be dependent on her; he had money enough to take care of himself; but he was an Indian, and white men's ways could not be put up with. He remained a short while in New Orleans, more and more fretted by the restraints of a city, and then went back to his people—to his woods or his prairies—where, as he said, he could breathe. I hope the experience of a willful boy will not deter any grandmother or mother from a due, divinely taught use of the switch. Perhaps without the flogging my boy might have done worse than turn Indian.—Country Gentleman.

The Limits to Physical Culture. The point specially to be determined by actual physiological investigation is to what extent the body may be benefited. This known, any one may easily discover for himself when the limit is reached, and will understand that to carry his training still further is a positive disadvantage and injury. Such an investigation has lately been made by Dr. Burq of Paris. As a general result, he tells us how that gymnastic exercises: 1. Increase the muscular forces up to 25 and even up to 38 per cent., at the same time tending to equilibrate them in the two halves of the body. 2. Increase the pulmonary capacity at least one-sixth. 3. Increase the weight of men up to 15 per cent., while on the other hand diminishing the volume. This augmentation exclusively benefits the muscular system, as is demonstrated by its elevated dynamometric value. Dr. Burq's results may be considered in the light of a general law, and likewise as a guide to what is correct physical culture, worthy the attention of college authorities and students.

Sending Portraits by Telegraph. The Paris correspondent of the London Standard writes: It has often been said that the science of telegraphy is as yet only in its infancy. What it will be when it reaches the age of maturity it would be difficult to say with certainty, but some idea may be formed from an extraordinary telegraphic discovery just made in Paris. It appears that some inventor has found out the means of sending portraits by telegraph. The modus operandi has not yet been dis-

closed, but experiments have been made, and (if we are to believe the papers) with complete success. The trial was made by the police authorities of Paris and Lyons. The portrait of a Lyons official was forwarded from Paris by the new telegraphic apparatus, and was once recognized. In return the Lyons police telegraphed to Paris the portrait, accompanied by the usual description, of a clerk who had just absconded with his master's money, and the Paris police, thanks to the telegraphic portrait, were enabled to arrest the thief on his alighting from the train at the Lyons Railway Station. These facts are published on the best authority, and, incredible as they may seem, are no doubt authentic. So far, the ingenious discovery is only being employed for the detection of criminals, but it is evident that the police authorities will not be able to monopolize it, and that it will be turned to account by society at large under the various trying circumstances of life, and more especially in the cases of deserted wives and husbands, missing heirs, disconsolate lovers and similar interested beings.

How to Cure Sleeplessness.

Thousands suffer from wakefulness or are otherwise in good health. To some of them this becomes a habit, and too often a growing one. Some resort to soporific drugs, and this is how the opium craving is often initiated. Others find wine or spirits occasionally effectual, and are thus induced to take alcohol every night, and not a few, it is to be feared, have in this way laid the foundation of intemperance. There have, however, never been wanting people who have found a way of going to sleep without resort to such measures. The mesmerists at one time were popular, and from them a host of people learned that looking at any fixed point steadily would often succeed in inducing sleep. In the dark, however, this is not so easy; but this difficulty was not felt in Braidism, which consisted merely in closing the eyes and trying to think they were watching attentively the stream of air entering and leaving the nostrils. It was asserted that whoever would wish to see this stream as if it were visible would infallibly soon fall asleep. We have known the plan succeed, and it is evidently the same in principle as fixing the attention on any single visible object. Another plan has just reached us, proposed by an American physician—Dr. Cooke—who tells us that in numerous cases of sleeplessness it is only necessary to breathe very slowly and quietly for a few minutes to secure a refreshing sleep. He thinks that most cases depend on hyperæmia of the brain, and that in this slow breathing the blood supply is lessened sufficiently to make an impression. Certainly when the mind is uncontrollably active, and so preventing sleep, we have ascertained from patients whose observation was worth trusting that the breathing was quick and short, and they have found they became more disposed to sleep by breathing slowly. This supports Dr. Cooke's practice, but at other times his plan quite failed. It is certainly worth any one's while who is occasionally sleepless to give it a trial. In doing so they should breathe very quietly, rather deeply and at intervals, but not long enough to cause the least feeling of uneasiness. In fine, they should imitate a person sleeping, and do it steadily for several minutes.—Medical Examiner.

A Returned Black Hill Miner's Story.

Mr. George Doll arrived from the Black Hills on Saturday. He had been gone four months, and spent \$400. So, counting time, the trip cost him about \$700. He does not think he got an equivalent for the outlay. George does not speak discouragingly of the hills. There is considerable gold taken out there, but there are too many men there for the amount of work. Those employed get good wages, but others can not get employment at any wages. He thinks it a poor place for Montanians to go, from the fact of easy access and overwhelming crowds from the States. He left the Hills November 5. At that time a notice was posted in front of Matkin's saloon offering \$50 for any reliable information concerning the Wolf Mountains, and yet with information that difficult to obtain 1,000 or 1,500 men had already started northward—reports variously estimating the distance to the new gold fields at fifty to 200 miles. He, with twenty-four others, left Deadwood for Cheyenne November 5, reaching there without having seen any Indians. They dug ride pits every night and had a scare or two, but came through safe. Graves are numerous along the route—some with inscriptions as late as September. George reached Cheyenne with \$4, and to use his own expression, "patronized every schedule on the Union Pacific Railroad from there west." He was on 15 different trains coming 400 miles—would ride till put off, walk to the next station, and try it again. His last "put-off" was at 1 o'clock a. m., 18 miles to the next station, and the barometer falling. An old railroader, he knew the ropes, had made up his mind to get back to Montana if it took all winter, and he isn't the kind of a man to hesitate about walking 400 miles, or riding if he gets a chance. At Granger he came across Mr. Nick Bielenberg, and thereafter journeyed with him. Fretted stopped at Cheyenne. Richter was near here at last accounts. All of them have had enough of the Black Hills.—Montana Northwest.

A Wisconsin Deer Story.

The Milwaukee Sentinel has a correspondent who writes: "Waiting for a train at the Northwestern Depot, the other day, the Sentinel reporter, having, with his usual modesty, shrunk in a corner, heard Capt. Bones, a well known hunter, telling his story to a small but interested audience, composed chiefly of Tom St. George. 'Did you ever hear how Bill Shepard shot seven deer out of one drove? It was a still, cloudy day, and there were two feet or more of snow on the ground. There was just an even dozen in the herd, and Bill had got behind a big log within ten rods of them. He had to make a hole through the snow on the log to get sight. He got all ready, picked out the biggest one, and blazed away. It was a big buck, and dropped to the shot. Well, you know if a deer can't see or scent you he won't run, and you can keep on shooting as long as you like. So when Bill dropped the first one, the rest just scattered again and came right back together again. He shoved in another cartridge, picked out the biggest one again, and he tumbled, too. Bill put a third cartridge down, picked out the biggest one again, and he dropped to the shot. By this time Bill was pretty well excited. He had only four cartridges left, but he kept as cool as possible, picked out the biggest every time and fetched him. When he had fired his last shot, he sat and watched 'em a long time, but finally he had to show himself and the balance of the deer left. It was just about this time the rest of us came up, and inquired what all the shooting was about. Bill was feeling awful because he hadn't any more cartridges, but he swore he'd got seven deer any way. We went over to see

The snow was mightily tramped down, sure enough, but there was only one deer—a big buck. There wasn't the least trace of the other six; every one of which Bill saw drop to the shot. Then we went up and looked at the one he got, and as sure as you're born he had seven bullets in him. Bill had shot the same one every shot. He would fall and then jump up again, and, being the biggest one, Bill picked him out every time."

Man's Mistaken Chivalry.

Men are prone to a false delicacy in their views of women, and regard female independence and womanly self-support with a nervous, baseless species of horror rather than with its deserved meed of honor. Independence in the stronger sex is styled delicacy in the weaker. The very chivalry of man toward woman is often manifested by mistakes. A father or a husband will, like a true knight, battle with the world for a lifetime to rear his darlings in comfort, and yet he will stubbornly and unwisely object to so educating his females as to enable them, if need be, to do battle for themselves. He will bear without a murmur the hardships and dangers of the life-struggle, but he will not suffer those for whom he works to be armed and fight for themselves beside him. Yes, men are often not only as valiant but as foolish as Don Quixote. And this mistaken chivalry, this false delicacy of fathers and husbands, does injustice not only to themselves by overtaxing their energies, but it works bitter evil to the dear ones for whom they toil. It renders women helpless, and, therefore, in the great crisis of life, hopeless. When, as happens every day in this country of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty, the bread winner is reduced from affluence to poverty, or when his death reveals the fact that only his life stood between his loved ones and want; then the fondled and pampered widow and daughter are found to be as ignorant of real life and as incapable of work as a child. Then she stands on the brink of ruin with folded hands, and sighs and sobs, when, had the departed one, half fool, half martyr, been truly wise as well as loving, she might have had an honest trade or paying business with which to face and fight a frowning world. It is for men's sakes as well as women's that I appeal to man to give a chance for life to woman.—Mrs. Drinkley, in New York Herald.

Disgusted Tramps.

A couple of tramps waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisia County last Wednesday, and, springing out upon him, demanded his money or his life. He showed them a clean pair of heels and they went at it. They chased him half a mile down the roughest lane they ever stumbled over, then the whole crowd dashed through a briar hedge and went panting and swearing across a cornfield, then the chase struck for the woods and went wheezing up a steep hill while the tramps pressed hard after him with bloodshot eyes and shortened breath; then the farmer dashed across a frozen creek, and the tramps, following, broke through, but got out and chased the fugitive through a blackberry patch, across a forty-acre stubble-field, over another hill, down a ravine, across a stump field, and finally they overhauled him in the road, searched him, and found that he didn't have a nickel; not a solitary red cent. And if they weren't the maddest tramps.—Burlington Hawk-eye.

Regular Secretion Essential to Health.

The regular secretion and flow of the gastric juices, and of the bile which the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitter promotes, are effects which conduce materially to the restoration of health, when the system is disordered. Food is not digested in the dyspeptic stomach because the gastric fluid is deficient. It stimulates the action of the liver, becomes congested and the bowels constipated because the supply of bile is inadequate or misdirected. The Bitters rectifies all this, and removes every ill consequence of non-assimilation and bilious irregularity. Furthermore, it stimulates the action of the kidneys, by which impurities are, so to speak, strained from the blood, and any tendency in the urinary organs to grow sluggish and disordered counteracted. Whether the bile be used in the form of gastric or bilious secretion, and relieving the overloaded bowels, or to promote complete, and therefore healthful, urination, Hostetter's Bitters may be relied upon with confidence to accomplish the end in view.

Cloud Banners of the Alps.

Among the most exquisite scenes which delight the eye of the European traveler are those wonderful rose-colored cloud-banners, floating from the Alpine cliffs. But it is only in the sunlight that Nature hangs out these beautiful tokens. So it is only in the glow of health—the sunlight of our being—that nature reveals these physical cloud-banners, the "rosy cheeks" and "cherry lips," to praise which every poet of the earth has invoked the Muse to aid him. But they are as rare as the cardiac blood conceived Christian charity, to be. Women, eager to retain their charm, resorts to French art and rouge. The effect is similar to that which would be produced by substituting auctors' faces for the delicate glowing cloud-banners of the Alps. If women would aid Nature instead of adopting art, would seek health instead of vainly trying to mask disease, she would not only win the greatest charm of womanhood—health—but she would avert much misery both from herself and others. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received the highest praise from thousands of pale, delicate, suffering women. One bottle often affords more relief than months of treatment by caustics and other medicines. It is harmless in any condition of the system, and its use often renders the modest invalid exempt from that most trying of ordeals—a personal consultation with a physician. It is the duty of every woman to become familiar with the causes and symptoms of the many diseases to which her peculiar organization renders her liable, and also to learn the proper means of preventing these maladies. The People's Medical Adviser contains an extensive treatise upon "Woman and her Diseases." The Author also advises courses of domestic treatment, which will often render the services of a physician unnecessary. Every woman should read it. A copy of the Adviser can be obtained by addressing the Author, Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

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