

Forsaken.

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled." If even Thee, the righteous and the holy, These did forsake, What wonder human hearts, loving as lowly, Do sometimes break?

A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE'S STORY.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was white from over-excessive fear, but as I never saw myself, any one so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me the doctor turned to his wife and said: "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience. It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

natural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent: "Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard (hereupon he again bowed profoundly), has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive, he added, glancing at my negligé robe, that you were expecting me."

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the ease in his possession. "Involutarily I raised my hand and cried: "Pray me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!" "Madam," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation upon your breast, and before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maul, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said: "Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

"At this I gave a long drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise. "But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

"He then began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor. "The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast, the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polyp, between which it was wedged like as if in a vise; but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain!" I pleaded. "Indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—a of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

"As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return."

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill—I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

"Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible *espéyterie*: "I'll scarcely mar that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"Oh, God! I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance. "Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I

released, and the things that bound me soon held the maniac. "My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking the horror of my situation in at a glance, had by the only means at hand secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!" I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full blown cotton."

A Lawyer's Retort. Perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which Curran hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favor of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and sycophantic servility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the other side, Curran said he had consulted all his books, and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retort: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many had ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

A Paper Making Spider. Spiders have been noted so long as spinners of the finest silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me. In the heart of the African continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges. When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother spider leaves her nest in the daytime to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves. —St. Nicholas.

Started Senators. Some of the people of Indiana are urging the erection of a new State capitol, but that may have no connection with the following story from the *Indianapolis Journal*: In the midst of Senator Harris' speech against the Belt railway bill, the ceiling almost directly over his head was observed to crack, and simultaneously an ominous creaking and rumbling noise was heard by every person in the Senate chamber. The noise caused something like a panic, the crowd in the lobby made a rush for the door, and the seats in the threatened quarter were vacated in a hurry, in expectation that the miserable old rookery was about to tumble down. The excitement lasted about five or ten minutes, but as soon as it was seen that the walls were still standing, and none of the plastering had fallen the atmosphere and the crowd became composed, and a business went on as usual. An examination developed the fact that the walls just to the right of the president of the senate had settled slightly, of course carrying the floors and ceilings with it, but the calamity is not believed to have endangered the safety of the building to any appreciable extent. The news soon spread about the city that the State house had tumbled in, and crowds flocked there to find that they had been sold. The intelligence was too good to be true.

Reminded of a Story. A distinguished London historian having offended the *Lancet*, that journal mentions him unpleasantly, and then continues: "We are reminded of the amusing story of twelve friends agreeing to have a novel dinner at Richmond. Each was to bring, without telling his friends who it was to be, the most disagreeable man he knew. The evening came. The friends entered one by one, each unaccompanied by the promised guest. They had all invited one, but in each case he was found previously engaged. The eleventh came in solitary. At length the twelfth entered, not alone, but with—will not fill up the blank."

How Counterfeit Notes are Passed. The counterfeit \$10 bills on the Lafayette National bank of Lafayette, Ind., the passage of which brought to State prison one notorious Italian shaver of the "queer" and his companions, says a New Haven paper, are a very poor imitation of the genuine. The paper upon which they are printed is also very poor. Notwithstanding these facts, the three men—Gulotta, Achille and Hyland (who only received five years in a county jail)—got rid of from seven to ten of them in this city December 15, 1876. The way in which these men work is as follows: Three or four come to this city from New York. One of them carries the package of money which is to be disposed of. He does none of the "shoving," but passes out the bills to his accomplices one by one, so that in case of arrest at most only one will be found on them. They pass them and return him the good money they receive at a rendezvous before agreed upon. Then when the city has been worked sufficiently the men leave town, that is if the police are not too sharp for them. When the leader is suspicious, as he has been upon nearly every one of his visits to this city of late, he hides his bundle of counterfeit money and leaves by the next train, abandoning his friends to their fate. When two Italians were arrested here a few years ago for passing counterfeit bills on the Traders' bank of Chicago, a third person was known to have been with them. After the arrest of his friends he could not be found, but a package of the bills was discovered hidden away, in the fence of the First Methodist church, showing that the course he had pursued was the usual one of abandonment and flight. It is a gratifying reflection that the men who have worked this city during the past few years have all come to grief in this State through our police.

The Wild Men of Borneo. Who will not weep for the ruin of the "wild men of Borneo," who have been the cause of so much interest and terror at one of the wondrous shows of the east side? Fearful to look upon were these wild Borneo, though they themselves were not half as hideous as they were represented to be on the outside pictures that riveted the gaze of pedestrians. Above their misshapen heads towered their hair, as though it were on end with rage; a horrible scowl sat upon their dark faces, over which bristles were scattered; their eyes glared and gleamed like those of tigers; the thick lips of their huge mouths seemed sager for prey; their naked bodies, scarred in many places, were tattooed to terrify; and the big clubs which they held in their hands were such as only wild Borneo could yield. When one heard their keeper tell of their sanguinary deeds in Borneo—how they waded in slaughter, devoured their victims, and danced round their roasting fires with their host of wives—how they were caught at enormous expense and brought to this country to be put on exhibition at the low price of fifteen cents, notwithstanding the danger to their keepers, he felt that he had got his money's worth after enjoying his first glance at them. It was an unlucky fire that broke out in the show over at Newark, where these wild men of Borneo were on exhibition for a few days only. It was an awful fate that overtook them. They could not speak a word of English—these wild Borneo; they could express themselves only in a cackling sort of way, when urged by intelligent visitors; yet, when they heard the cry of "Fire!" they quickly took it up, and one of them dolefully remarked: "Dis sho' is done gone fo' to-night; dat's certain sure." The wild men of Borneo had better get back at once to their original home on the Suwance river.—New York Sun.

Old Drinking Habits in Maine. The Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph* prints a communication, which, speaking of residents of the adjoining town of Topsham, fifty years ago, says: "In one family of five persons, three of them would each finish three pints of New England rum every day; the other two perhaps a pint less. Why I can be so specific, I was a clerk in a store at Topsham and had them for customers. Another instance: we had an old man, who was a customer when I went there was there when I left, who purchased a pint and a half of gin every day, and Saturday three pints. He had it charged, paid his bill monthly, and never purchased another article to my recollection. His family consisted only of himself and wife, and she an estimable woman, therefore he must have used all of it himself. The average sales at our store were at least \$10 a day, amounting to \$3,000 per annum. There were five other stores in Topsham, and I have every reason to believe that they sold as much rum as we did. Brunswick had three times as many stores, besides three successful hotels (Topsham had none). I think she must have sold at least double the quantity of rum at forty cents a gallon, and the best of imported liquors at \$1, in almost every other family in Topsham there was a drunkard or drunkards. The evil became so great that the people grew alarmed. Two generations of my own family on both sides of the house suffered severely."

Spoke Too Loud. A Danbury woman's fourth husband was seriously ill a few years ago. Watchers from among the neighbors stayed with him at night. There came a night which bade fair to be his last on earth. The watchers took their place in the sick room. The bereaved wife said to them: "I don't think he'll last till morning. If he drops off in the night you need not disturb me, for I am going to sleep and want to have a rest, and everything is arranged. You can take the cellar door to lay him out on."

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Housekeeping Hints.

STEAMED INDIAN MEAL BREAD.—One quart of Indian meal (yellow), one pint of flour, two-thirds teaspoonful molasses, one tablespoonful soda, salt, and sour milk to make a thick batter not too stiff; put it in a pan as for bread and steam it three hours, then bake one-half hour.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two cupsful of sour or buttermilk, and one of sweet milk; two cupsful of Graham and one of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda; mix the soda and the salt with the flour, and then add the milk, making all into dough; bake from one to two hours.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil about a quart of small potatoes; peel them; cut up one-quarter pound of clear smoked pork into very small slices; fry them brown; then pour two tablespoonfuls sweet oil, half a gobbet full right sour vinegar and a gobbet full water into the pan, and heat this all together; put into a bowl, cut up a small onion; and throw in a handful of salt; cut the potatoes in very thin slices; have the salad ready half an hour before you wish to use it.

SARATOGA POTATOES, MOON'S STYLE.—Raw Peachblows or Early Rose, slice them very thin; put the slices in ice water over night, drain off the water, and lay them evenly between linen cloths, press until they are dry; have the kettle of boiling clarified lard ready for use; drop in the potatoes, a few at a time, and with a skimmer take them out before they are browned. They will be crisp, and are equally good whether cold or warm, and will keep for a long time.

APPLE PORK.—Have the bone taken from a leg of pork, and the skin scoured in diamonds; fill up the place which the bone has left with juicy apples, pared, cored and cut small; a little brown sugar, and some grated rind of lemon; place in a large baking pan, and around it whole apples, pared and cored, with brown sugar sprinkled over them, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Bake three hours, or according to the size of the joint; put about half a teaspoonful of water in the pan.

Couch or Witchgrass. As the subject of couch, or in some localities called witch or quack grass, has been of late considerably discussed, and various ways recommended for its eradication which seem unnecessary, expensive and in most cases ineffectual, I will describe my method, which requires little or no extra labor, no loss of cropping the land for a year, and will in one year completely kill every root of it. I will assume that a piece of grass land is entirely filled with it, having crowded out all other grasses, and the surface of the land a mass of roots which will be found to grow not more than three or four inches deep, and which when dead will afford a great deal of plant nutriment for future crops.

The land should be plowed eight inches deep after haying, in the driest part of July or August—furrows laid as flat as possible, which will bury the roots at least four inches deep—then harrow with Randall's harrow, which is the best; it being dry weather and the roots buried so deep it will be several weeks before any appearance of life will be seen, but when any does appear in September or October, harrow again. In the spring, manure on the surface and harrow it in or use a horse cultivator, but the land must not be plowed, as the object is to keep the roots buried as deep as possible; then at the proper time plant either squashes, cabbages, fodder corn sowed thick in rows near together, or any crop that will completely cover and shade the ground in a short time, with the ordinary cultivation will cure the evil in one year.

The potato crop will not do it; the roots will pierce the potatoes through and through, and the more the grass roots are cut up by hoeing, the more they increase, and so with any crop or cultivation that does not completely shade the ground; and to smother it in that way is sure success.

I do not consider it any serious objection to cultivation.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Disbudding Fruit Trees. The season for disbudding fruit trees is at hand. The importance of the operation is generally acknowledged, and upon its proper performance depends the production of clean, healthy wood and the best of fruit. Take, for instance, a single branch of the peach tree when it first starts in the spring; if in a healthy, fruit bearing condition it will throw out many shoots and a great number of blossoms, and if the whole of these were left it is probable two or three of the leading shoots would draw all the nourishment to themselves and become rank and over-luxuriant, whilst the remainder would be weak and worthless. In like manner the fruit would be small, ill-favored and a great portion abortive. Hence, the pruning called disbudding, by which we mean the removal of every shoot that is not required, and the stopping of new shoots that apparently are not wanted to give form and health to the tree, by rubbing out buds which, if left, would grow. The same should be done with the fruit blossoms; so many of them should be rubbed away as to leave the remaining ones to gather full food and form good fruit. All varieties of fruit trees require annually this system of pruning, and the time to do it is when they are in full bloom.

Prevention of Gapes in Chickens. Gapes is caused by the presence of a parasitic worm in the breathing tubes of the chickens. When they have gained a lodgment it is difficult or impossible to displace them. The only cure is prevention. This may be effected through cleanliness in the roosting places, changing the feeding ground frequently, preventing the mixture of any of the droppings of the older fowls with the food of the chicks, and by general attention to the sanitary precautions. Young birds of nearly all kinds are infested with similar parasites, lambs and calves especially, and their presence may be looked for in every poultry yard unless the precautions mentioned are observed.

The House of Representatives of Connecticut passed a bill making the legal rate of interest six per cent. in the absence of a contract for a different rate. The bill previously passed the Senate.

New Fabrics for Dresses.

A fine half transparent material called gazeline barge is made of pure llama wool of very light quality. It is like beige in appearance, though much finer, and is in dark rich colors instead of the natural brown and gray mixtures of de-beige. It is especially admired in navy blue, made up with silk and trimmed with galloon and fringe; it is also shown in myrtle green, nut brown and black. It measures twenty-five cents a yard. The woolen suits necessary at the sea side and nice traveling dresses will be made of this fabric. Bunting resembles it in appearance, but is more stiff and wiry. Another wool tissue also to be used for traveling dresses is shot with colors showing Knickerbocker effects by having rough threads of dark shade raised on the smoothest surface. All-wool bourette is shown for similar costumes, and is more expensive. It has raised figures of tiny leaves or flowers, or perhaps only dashes of color. The price is \$1.25 a yard for goods nearly thirty inches wide.

Sea side grenadine is all of pure wool in lace-like open patterns and in material designs. This will be mounted for the country, traveling, mountains, and also for town wear later in the fall. It is shown in ecru, tilled, navy blue, gray and green, and is to be made up in combination with silk, or the entire dress may be of the grenadine: \$1.25 a yard is the price. Cobweb cloth is a novelty this season. It seems made up of threads of loose zephyr wool tied in diamond figures with silk. This pretty lace like fabric is soft and thin yet strong, and is shown in olive, bronze, tilled, light blue and ecru shades. It is double width, and only four or five yards are required for an over dress. The dress beneath must be of silk. This will be used for watering place dresses. Drap de Medine is an oriental stuff in bayadere stripes with alternate lines of silver-colored silk and wool. Mecca gauze is another wool fabric with Knickerbocker shreds and dashes. The genuine Knickerbocker goods of wool of very light quality for early spring wear are shown in cream, navy blue, myrtle green, gray, brown and ecru, with or without red.

New silk goods are soft, like raw silks thinly woven; they come in irregular stripes, dashes of color in knotted threads, broadened lines, and in fish scale patterns in Turkish and Persian colors, showing much olive and bronze, and quaint green shades oddly combined with blue and gray and cream color. They cost \$5 a yard, and measure twenty-seven inches in width. Mixtures of silk and wool show similar designs in larger figures and broader stripes. These be in at \$1.25 a yard and go up to \$3.

Colored percale bands, embroidered in colors in regular Hamburg work, are imported for trimming the fine dark percales and Scotch gingham. The percale is myrtle green, navy blue or seal brown, and the embroidery is in self colors and white. They are two or three inches wide, and cost fifty to sixty-five cents a yard. Fine Scotch percales without glaze are imported in these dark colors for dresses to be trimmed with this embroidery. To trim white muslin dresses for summer is the new Fayoux openwork in Renaissance designs, that are said to be copied from antique church lace. This costs from \$1.25 to \$2.75 a yard.

Before and After Marriage. When you see a young man sitting in a parlor, with the ugliest six-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror, clambering over his knees, jerking his white tie out of knot, musing his white vest, kicking his slims, feeling in all his pockets for nickels, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture and *bijouterie* come out in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanac, you may safely bet, although there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10,000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

They were very pretty and, there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, out on the A. K. & D., the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her had she permitted him. The passenger smiled as she left the car, and the man went rippling through the coach: "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared: "Come on! I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes!" grabbed her basket, and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a handbag, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird cage, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shawl. And a crusty looking old beholder in the furthest end of the car croaked out, in snigger with the indignant looks of the passengers: "They're married!"

The Russian Army. A dispatch from Vienna says: The *Press* publishes a letter from Jassy giving a detailed *ordre de bataille* of the mobilized portion of the Russian army both in Europe and the Caucasus. It says: Concentration and organization is so far ready that the forces may take the field at any moment. The south army comprises an active operating army of 144,000 men, 32,800 *corps d'armee*, having an effective strength of 144,000 men, 32,800 horses and 422 field guns, 38,000 horses and 72,000 men, 16,400 horses and 216 guns, and the *corps d'armee* in the Caucasus, reckoned at an effective strength of 120,000 men, 25,000 horses and 352 guns. This fully corresponds to the war effective as systematized by the organization of 1874.

A Bright Little Bourgeois.

We are reminded of one particularly bright little bourgeoisie, whose life we have followed from afar during many years. When we first knew her, more than twenty years ago, she was a young and blossoming bride, who took possession of the best reserved for her at the fill in her husband's shop as proudly as if it had been a throne. It was a large grocery shop in the Rue St. Denis, and the business was flourishing. Madam M.—'s throne was fenced off from the shop on three sides by a brass wire railing, leaving only an opening in front which served as a frame for her bright and ever-pleasant countenance. There she sat day after day, with the heavy leather-bound books and ledgers before her, always busy and never hurried; with a gracious smile for every customer, and a vigilant eye for all the shopmen. In the summer, when the Rue St. Denis was hot and stifling; in the winter, when the ever opening door sent in cold draughts of wind, there she sat. "One would like to think that in the evening her countenance was so relaxed; but as every account that was sent in by that house was in her hand writing, we fear there was often evening work as well.

After a time a little girl took her seat beside her within the sanctuary of the brass wire netting and played with her doll, or did some little bit of childish needlework under the mother's eye. The doll soon made room for slates and copy-books; but still the child was there and kept her mother company. In time she took her place now and then at the heavy books by way of initiation into the mysteries, while her mother worked by her side. Years went by, and Madam M.— was still there; her eye was as vigilant, perhaps more vigilant than ever, but it was less bright; her smile was as gracious and as unfailing, but it was less varied and more conventional; in a word, her youth had gone, utterly passed away behind that commercial cage of brass wire. The other day, looking into the shop, we noticed that there was a new master. But the mistress was not new; the child, the girl, the woman whose life had been spent there, now reigned in her mother's stead. The shop, her *dot*, herself, had been handed over together to the same purchaser. "Her father and mother had retired," she said. "They live in the country now," she added, not without a touch of pride.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

The Drunkard's Appetite. There was living not long since, in Brooklyn, a man who had inherited from a drunken father an appetite for rum. He was a hopeless drunkard. The man had many noble instincts, and better than all these, he had a loving, faithful, brave wife, who made skillful war upon the demon, her husband's master. Recognizing the fact that her husband was under an overpowering impulse, that he longed and struggled manfully to free himself from the passion for drink, she bent all the energies of her woman nature to the task of helping him. She loved and suffered and toiled until at last the loving and suffering and toiling accomplished their purpose. She took her husband by the hand, and shared with him his struggle, until, after years of labor, she overcame his master, and saw him a free man again. Her battle with rum had been a fierce one, taxing and wasting her strength sorely; but she was conqueror at last. Her husband stood upon manly feet, and showed no signs of falling again. Several years passed away, and this reformed man fell ill of consumption. The distinguished physician, from whose lips we have the story, prescribed alcoholic stimulants as the only means possible of prolonging his life. The poor wife was in terror, and begged the physician to recall the prescription. She told him of her long struggle and victory, and said she preferred that her husband should die then, a sober man, than that he should fill a drunkard's grave a year later. But the freed spirit of the man was strong, and he undertook to take alcoholic liquors as medicine, and to confine himself absolutely to such times and measures in the matter as the physician should prescribe. This he did, and, during the months thus added to his life, he never once drank a single drop more than the prescription called for, and he died at last a sober man, as the wife had so earnestly prayed that he might. But the end was not yet. When the loving and patient woman laid him in his grave, and saw her long labors thus ended in the victory for which she had toiled so hard and suffered so bitterly, she turned, in her grief, to the brandy which had been left in the house, and drinking it, she fell herself into the power of the fiend which she had fought so heroically. And that woman died, not many months later, a hopeless, helpless drunkard.

A Waterspout in India. The clouds grew very dark and threatening, and immediately the course of the vessel was changed from southeast to due north, in order to run away from the point toward which the storm seemed to be centering, which proved to be on our port bow. Gradually the clouds, which, by-the-by, were forming in strati, grew almost black, and seemed to be about three miles away. A breeze having sprung up suddenly led us to think we were certain to have our, thus far, remarkably smooth passage interrupted by an Indian ocean storm, or possibly a cyclone. But instead, to our great pleasure, we saw emerging from the dense mass of cloud a most distinctly marked waterspout. We could see perfectly well the water rise, in the shape of a cylinder, to a considerable height from the ocean, when the revolutions of the wind grew larger, and the water, being carried by the wind, spread out in the form of a funnel, larger and larger, until it became lost in the clouds. The spout was drawing water for about fifteen minutes when we noticed that its junction with the ocean was broken, and it then looked almost precisely like the lower part of a balloon as it floats in the air, flapping from side to side. Gradually this lower part disappeared from the bottom upward, until it was wholly lost in the clouds. Almost immediately afterward we saw on the surface of the water what looked like steam rising, but what proved to be the spray caused by a very heavy fall of rain; on it came until it reached us, when, for at least thirty minutes, it rained as hard as I ever saw it rain.