Twixt Life and Death

—AND—

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER V.
THE PRISONER.

NEXT day Blanche heard full particulars of the events which had taken place the previous evening.

It turned out that the inhabitants of the village, while running themselves at the house doors that afternoon, and discussing the condition of affairs, had suddenly been startled by the appearance of six mounted Uhlans, in full warlike array, riding quietly up the main street.

Almost before any one could recover from the surprise of their appearance they had gone—vanished along the high road leading inland.

The day passed away, and nothing whatever of any importance occurred. Early the next morning Father Andre appeared at the chateau and asked for his young mistress.

Blanche came down to him at once and found him waiting in the salon. She found that the servants had already informed him of what had taken place.

"You have had a narrow escape, my child," he said. "But, courage! Our brave fellows are about, and we shall soon exterminate these vipers! It is dangerous, however, for you to remain here at the chateau, which is so solitary. Come down with me to the village and remain under my protection."

But Blanche positively refused to go away.

"I am quite safe here, Father Andre, and I should not be happy in any other place."

"But the Uhlans—the infernal Uhlans!" pleaded the little priest. "You do not know them; they are without mercy—they are fiercer than wild beasts. Up there at Gravelotte they have fired a farm. They have hanged the innkeeper of Omer at his own door, because, brave fellow, he fired at them from his bedroom window."

"I am not afraid," answered Blanche. "After all, what the strange officer said may be true; they do not make war on women and children."

"I tell you, Mademoiselle Blanche, they are fiends of darkness!" cried Father Andre; "for that matter they do not even respect the holy precincts of the church. At Rouen they are bivouacked in the Cathedral! Oh, that the sacred walls would fall in and crush them, the accursed! the abominable!"

Finding Blanche determined, Father Andre presently took his leave.

About midday sounds of heavy firing were heard from the far distance, but later, as Blanche sat at the window of the drawing-room, looking out on the waning woods, she saw a body of riflemen in the French uniform approaching up the avenue. They halted and formed into groups under the terrace, and presently old Hubert showed in two gentlemen—one a young officer whom Blanche had never seen before; the other a middle-aged man, also in uniform, whom she recognized as Dr. Huet, a surgeon in the French army, and an old friend of her father's.

They saluted her respectfully, and informed her that they had passed that way on the lookout for skirmishers of the enemy, who were reported as having been [illegible] in the neighboring woods.

"[illegible] daring rascals," observed the [illegible] cially these Uhlans. Hubert [illegible] hat you yourself [illegible] the other [illegible] ry, to the great [illegible] ra, [illegible] therwise molest [illegible] g officer. "Ah, [illegible] rtunate. They [illegible] rate."

[illegible] he Doctor, "you [illegible] ir apprehension; [illegible] and for your pro- [illegible], what news of the [illegible] then did you last hear [illegible] elle?"

"[illegible] three weeks ago," said [illegible] ing, and turning her head [illegible]

"[illegible] his letters have miscarried: [illegible] cult now to conduct a corre- [illegible] Had any misfortune befallen [illegible] would doubtless have heard."

"[illegible] think so, monsieur?" cried [illegible] eagerly.

The gentlemen rose and took their departure. Blanche stood at the window watching the soldiers; while the young officer, full of juvenile importance, stepped out to join them, and gave the word of command. They wheeled round, formed, and went away at a trot into the woods.

"Aha!" cried old Hubert, who had entered unperceived, and stood looking over her shoulder. "You see our brave lads are ready, mademoiselle. They are going to scour the country; they are going to search every hole and corner where the foxes may be hiding; and there will be no quarter—none! It will teach the cowardly rascals to stop at home!"

Chuckling savagely, and rubbing his palms together he shuffled from the room.

Toward afternoon the sharp crack of rifles was heard from the direction of the village. It was very straggling, and soon ceased. About an hour later it began again, coming this time much nearer, till it filled the woods immediately surrounding the house. Then Blanche heard, besides the sound of firing, the loud voices of men, and, peering out, saw figures coming and going, guns in hand, among the distant trees.

Presently she saw one of the farm laborers running bareheaded toward the chateau, the door of which opened to receive him.

A minute afterward Hubert ran into the room.

"Victory, mademoiselle!" he cried. "Our brave fellows have surprised a body of the enemy's cavalry and peppered them from the woods. They have had their bellyful, I warrant you! Many of them are done for, and the rest are scampering away toward Havre. But what are you doing?" he added, nervously. "For heaven's sake come away from the window!"

Scarcely heeding what he said, Blanche continued to gaze steadily at the group of men in the distance. She saw that it was composed partly of soldiers in uniform, partly of peasants in blouses; but some of the latter carried arms like the soldiers.

Presently there was a movement among them, and three or four began walking in the direction of the chateau; and as these came nearer, Blanche recognized among them the young officer who had visited her during the afternoon.

Without hesitation she crossed the terrace and descended the flight of stone steps in front of the chateau. Hubert, the picture of misery, followed closely behind her. She then crossed the flower-garden and met the officer as he emerged from the plantations.

"It is all over, mademoiselle!" he cried, smiling. "We have beaten them."

"Was it a battle, monsieur?" asked Blanche, in her simplicity.

"Nay, mademoiselle, only a little skirmish. Mademoiselle, where are you going?" cried the young officer.

"I wish to see for myself, monsieur," answered Blanche, nervously. "The Doctor is there, is he not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; but, if you will pardon me, you had better retire into the house. It is no sight for such as you. But look! they are carrying him this way."

He pointed as he spoke, and Blanche saw the men approaching, headed by Dr. Huet, and carrying in their midst what looked like a rude litter. They came on rapidly; and as they drew nearer she advanced to meet them.

"My dear mademoiselle!" cried the Doctor, as they came face to face, "what are you doing here? Pray take my advice and go to the chateau."

So saying, he continued to interpose his person between Blanche and those who followed him.

"But, Doctor, I have heard," Blanche cried; "some one is wounded—dying!"

"Only one of the enemy," answered the Doctor, dryly. "I have bound up his wound as well as possible."

"Where are you taking him?"

"To one of your out-houses. It is freezing hard, and we could not let him die on the cold ground."

"The accursed German!" muttered Hubert, from close by. "Why don't they knock him on the head?"

Scarcely knowing what she did, and paying no heed to the Doctor's interposition, Blanche pushed quickly by him, and approaching the group of soldiers, saw in their midst several country fellows in blouses carrying the prisoner. He lay upon a rude litter or stretcher, hurriedly constructed out of a portion of a wooden fence. As she drew near they placed him on the grass and drew aside.

The man lay upon his back, his eyes half closed, his mouth partly open, his face stained and disfigured with mingled mud and blood. One hand hung over the litter, the other was placed upon his shoulder, pressing the discolored bandage which had just been placed upon his wound. His figure was tall and powerful, clad in the uniform of the Uhlan cavalry; his hair and beard were chestnut-brown; his features, though pale as marble and disfigured with pain, beautifully formed.

Trembling and half-fainting, Blanche bent over him. As she did so, she recognized him in a moment.

He was the German officer who had spoken to her so gently a few nights before.

CHAPTER VI.
IN THE CHATEAU.

As she bent over him his eyes opened, and with a faint smile he recognized her. As she drew back nervously, the crowd surrounding her uttered an angry murmur; fists were clenched, arms brandished, and angry looks leveled at the wounded man. Houzel, the gamekeeper, who was among their number, looked down with a savage scowl into the German's face. "It is the butchering rogue who killed your dog, Mlle. Blanche!" he said, between his set teeth. "Go back to the house, and leave him to us."

"No, no!" cried Blanche. "It was not he; it was the other. Dr. Huet, will you protect him?"

"Stand back, all of you!" said the Doctor, in a tone of command. "The lady is right; he is a prisoner of war and shall be protected." Then, turning to Blanche, he added: "The fellow must take his chance. There is fighting down yonder, and we are wanted."

As he spoke the sharp sound of firing was repeated from the adjacent woods.

"Is he much hurt?" asked Blanche, anxiously.

"His arm is broken and he has some flesh wounds. I have done all I can. Houzel, I leave him to you. Get him into one of the out-houses; it is bad for him to be out here in the cold air."

The sun was now sinking, and its crimson beams, shooting through the open boughs of the adjoining glade, fell full upon the wounded soldier's face. All her horror of his race died away in sympathy and pity as she stood and gazed upon him.

"Go away," said Dr. Hunt, taking her hand. "I told you that it was no sight for you."

"He is one of the two officers I saw the other night, and he spoke to me very kindly. I am so sorry for him. Do you think that he will die?"

"Die? Of course not. These Uhlans take a deal of killing. Besides, one does not die of a shot in the arm, and his flesh-wounds are slight. With watching and a little careful nursing he would be right enough. But, corbleu! in times like these he must take his chance. After all, it is the fortune of war."

Here the rapid roll of a drum was heard in the distance. The young officer came up quickly.

"Do you hear that, Huet? Something is going on down yonder. We must hasten."

"Very well," said Huet. "I will see this fellow placed in some sort of a shelter, and then will follow you."

The young officer saluted Blanche, and then gave the word of command to his men, who ran off after him with their rifles in readiness. The countrymen looked startled, and inclined to depart along with the other, but another sign from Huet they uplifted the wounded man.

"Where shall we take him?" asked one of them, sullenly enough.

"On to the farm—any place with a roof will do," replied the Doctor.

Meantime Blanche had been undergoing a strong internal struggle. Divided between her pity for the wounded man and her dread of him as one of the invaders of her country, she knew not what to say or do. Then she remembered her father's gentle warning, so full of Christian charity and sympathy, and illustrated so tenderly by the very words of the man who lay wounded before her: "I should be sorry if any evil came to you; over there in Germany I have a dear sister of my own."

With full heart and dim eyes she looked again at the unfortunate officer. He lay in the same position, with his eyes fixed on her. Ah, God! if it had been her own dear father who was lying thus, surrounded by strangers! Such a thing might have been—might still be—and then—

She turned to the man who were moving past her with their burden.

"Carry him into the chateau!" she cried.

"To the chateau, mademoiselle!" repeated Houzel, savagely.

"My lady, are you mad?" said Hubert, plucking at her sleeve—"a monstrous German!"

"Silence, Hubert! and help them to bear him in. Dr. Huet, you know my dear father. Even now, somewhere afar off, he may be in trouble—wounded, perchance, and a prisoner, with no loving daughter to watch and tend him. For his sake, I'll shelter this poor gentleman."

"Where shall they take him, mademoiselle?" asked Dr. Huet.

"Bring him in," she said, in a low voice, "to my father's chamber."

The countrymen withdrew, and the wounded man was left alone in the bedchamber with the Doctor and the old housekeeper. Blanche waited in the adjoining room till Dr. Huet, opening the folding doors, signaled her to enter. Approaching the bedside she saw the German lying, still insensible, in the bed. One arm was extended on the coverlet, the other hidden. The mud and blood had been washed from his face, leaving it pale and distinct in all its lines; the look of pain had faded, and the breathing, though still labored, was softer and more subdued.

Blanche stood looking at him for some moments in silent pity; then she turned to the Doctor and said, in a low voice:

"Doctor, is he much hurt? Are you sure he will recover?"

"Of course, if he is looked after. I have extracted the bullet and carefully dressed the wound."

"Then he will not die?"

"Die? Not he. Unfortunately, I cannot remain; our own wounded require my attention, and the man must take his chance."

"Doctor, I will watch him," cried Blanche. "Quick; tell me what to do."

"You, mademoiselle? Impossible. It is no task for you. I have given Dame Feverson her instructions, and she will do her best."

But Blanche was now quite determined.

"If my father were wounded and a prisoner," she said, weeping, "would I suffer another's hands to tend him? No, Doctor; my place is here. Dame Feverson is old and feeble; I am strong and young. As I would have some tender German woman watch him I love in this cruel hour of need, even so will I watch this stranger."

"Very well; as you will," said the Doctor. "Good-night, and God be with you! I shall be here some time to-morrow and see how the poor devil progresses."

So saying, with a respectful salute, Huet took his leave. By this time night had fallen. The sun had sunk among clouds, which presently began drifting up from the west before the driving and rising wind. Drawing open the blinds of the sitting-room, Blanche saw the darkness outside was full of a troubled glimmer, thrown by thickly falling snow, the first that had fallen that year. How thankful she felt to God that He had turned her troubled heart to mercy, and caused her to shelter the helpless stranger from the storm.

She looked at her watch; then, closing the window again, she returned to the sick-chamber.

(To be continued.)

AT NARRAGANSETT PIER

THE GAYEST AND MOST DEMOCRATIC SUMMER RESORT.

Having Special Privileges of Laxity, the Young Women Sip Their Mint Juleps Like Old Topers and Flirt Incessantly—Bathing Is the Soul of the Town, and Is Carried to the Point of Frenzy.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

"WE ALL KNOW THIS GET-UP. IT IS SILK MULL."

INTIL you visit Narragansett Pier you have not seen one of the gayest and most democratic spots that the sea beats against, and if any well-bred stranger desires to go away this summer and be adopted by a lively and a handsome crowd of revellers, let him come here with a good wardrobe and be accommodated. Everyone is out in the yellow sunlight, not afraid to be seen or heard. Before you are aware of it you are friends with the best half of the population, and are drinking mint juleps on the Casino lawn with a girl whom you were actually rushed into an acquaintance with. It is bewildering, but most people say it is nice. At any rate, this hail-fellow-well-met manner of being jolly at Narragansett is what has given the place its unfailing prosperity. There is never one "off year" at this resort. Newport can be empty, but across the bay you will find the faithful people at the Pier, sticking to the old-fashioned hotels, and bathing as no other people bathe on the whole coast.

The girls are various, of course, but here is a bewitching example. We all know this get-up. It is silk mull, I am told, and there are yards and yards in it. It is made on fine silk foundation. The lace about the throat is a mere film of web-like quality. On the same authority I am able to say that the stockings are those very latest mull silk ones, and the shoes are white pebbled leather. The hat is lace straw, whose painted silk rivals nature. The maker charged about $125 for the whole affair, and one petticoat of fluffy lace cost twelve dollars more.

"We only wear 'the rig twice," says my fair informant, "because twice ruins it; yet when we are married John swears over a bill for a ready-made cloth dress, and says, 'Deuce take it, why don't you wear the simple little white gowns you used to be content with when I was courting you?'"

"ATE ICES WITH HER IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM."

The hour after the bath is a delicious, gay, and melodious one at Narragansett. Before returning to their hotels to dine all hands crowd into the Casino, thronging the lawn and piazzas, and forming an impressive and vari-colored picture as they daily with pretty face and picturesque drinks. The drink part of the arrangement is somewhat surprising when it is remembered that Rhode Island is a Prohibition State. A special favorite after the dip in the sea is the fragrant mint julep. I think the young women prefer this because the bunch of green which crowns it sets off so prettily the clean pinkness of their faces, just as ferns display the delicate rose with an added beauty. At any rate, I have counted fully two dozen juleps in front of as many girls during one sitting on the Casino lawn. A string orchestra discourses the while most entrancing melody, and what with the mutual loveliness of the gray granite building, the exquisite toilets of the women, their beauty and vivacity, and the blue sky blending into the bluer sea, the noon hour at the Casino is as fair as anything in the calendar of summer days. It is not unusual to see a girl seated alone at a little table with a glass of mildly alcoholic beverage before her. It does her no discredit, according to usage here. The same maiden wouldn't think of doing such a thing at Saratoga or Long Branch. Narragansett has special privileges of laxity.

Summer and the shore seem the time and place for flirting, and I do not remember

"WITH A GLASS OF MILDLY ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE BEFORE HER."

over visiting a resort of this character where the pastime was not indulged in to some extent. But at Narragansett it strikes me that it is incessant. That fatal bathing bench is, I believe, the primal cause for the bewitching conduct of these pretty girls, and the romantic hour with the mint julepe does much to sustain the excitement. The girls look at you squarely when you arrive, and you are conscious that they are discussing your complexion, your clothes, and your walk. When you glance up from your place in the hotel dining-room a pair of mischievous eyes meet your own, and they have an invitation in their attractive depths. If you are an utter stranger you wander idly about the piazzas, the beach, the cliffs, and always the feminine eye regards your movements. You need not bother yourself about seeking a meeting with these pretty creatures. Time and chance will look out for that. One of them simply has to say, "I would like to know that fellow," and she knows him within a half hour. The last resort is to request the hotel clerk to lead the victim up to his late, as was the case with a by no means good-looking young fellow who came down from New York one Saturday night to stop over Sunday. This young man had thought of no greater luxuries during his little outing than a change of face, a swim, and a ride. But after eating his supper on Saturday night he discovered that he was not to be let off so easily. He had lounged up to the parlor door in his hotel to watch the dancing, for a quite pretentious ball was going on, and, while leaning gracefully against the jamb, a group of women espied him. The ringleader—a very sweet and stately blonde, shrouded in diaphanous draperies—discussed the situation for a moment with her friends, and then began searching for some one to perform the act of bringing the lamb to the shrine. She met the obliging young clerk of the house coming away from the ice-water tank in the office, and to him she indicated the innocent New York youth at the door of the parlor. The clerk was not in the least surprised at the request the fair damsel made, so he advanced directly upon his prey. The young visitor listened to the proposition made, looked at the source from which it had originated, and yielded himself up with a gracious smile. He danced the hours away with the truly lovely blonde, and ate ices with her in the refreshment room. The next day he floated her over the rollers in the bath, on Sunday night he strolled about the piazzas with her—there are no electric lights at Narragansett—and when he started for New York next morning he promised he would be down every Saturday for the remainder of the summer. There is no easier place on the coast to meet beautiful girls, and to have a better time after you do meet them, than at this same jolly Narragansett Pier.

Some writers assure us that life at Narragansett is particularly slow. These have caught wrong glimpses of the place. They have evidently gone in when the crowd went out, and gone out when the crowd went in. The people here have a routine, and their pleasures are taken spasmodically. About the only way to realize the immensity of happiness, beauty, and blithesomeness which finds haven at the Pier is to stroll down the ocean drive to the little crescent beach at noontime, and take a chair under the roof which runs the length of the bath-houses. You can't get into a hotel with a crowd, because all the hotels are nothing more than good-sized boarding-houses. You must therefore watch for the contents of the long line of these houses to converge, and the best opportunity you get for this is at the bathing hour. Bathing is the soul of Narragansett. It is carried to the point of frenzy. It inaugurates, it sustains, it brings to a crisis innumerable affairs of the indiscreet and intoxicated heart. I doubt if at any other place in the world the seashore man and the summer girl are found in such a profusion of callow excitability as right here on this short strip of sand.

A case in point. Yesterday I took a central position on the bath house piazzas and studied human nature with its stays loosened, so to speak. I will not go over the old ground of description concerning

"AND CHAT WITH HER ACROSS THE SAFETY-ROPE."

the saucy costumes of the girls, though I will say that I never saw such an extensive display of unfastened curves. I was not surprised at the manner in which the men in a single garment, minus its legs and arms, and fitting them rather too well, would stand before young women who wore little suits that were indeed fascinating, and chat with her across the safety rope. I had become used to this sort of thing in former years and knew it to be the best of good form.

Every one knows how pretty the sight of a bevy of splendid girls disporting themselves in the playful waves is at all times, so there is scarcely need of my relating the interest I felt in a remarkably fine-figured creature who lost control of herself in the waves here yesterday, and was brought in feet upward, and deposited gracefully upon the sand, with some very important parts of her costume disunited. I was a little startled, but as it is an occurrence quite in the order of events here, it is not worth mentioning. But a few minutes after the dripping naiad had sidled into her dressing-room to repair herself, I overheard a conversation which did fairly shock me, and I began wondering if these sea-beach vistas of our damsels were not just a trifle dangerous to the impressionable mind. A boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen were reclining in the sand under an umbrella. They were both dressed for the bath, she in a pale-blue suit which revealed every dainty line of her figure, and he in white tights cut so as to leave him as free as Adam. They were talking together with low voices, and were not aware that they were overheard.

"Ah, Mabel, what was the use of refusing to see me this morning, just because you were in a wrapper?"

"Why, I couldn't. How can you be so bold? I shall have my room changed if you come calling so early. Please, Willie, don't peep at me any more when I am in a mere chamber robe. It is awfully naughty of you."

"Why, it's nonsense to refuse to let me peep through a door ajar at you just because you have taken off your elaborate dress and are in a muslin wrapper. What

"THE FAUNTLEROY NONSENSE."

cause your Fauntleroy curls are sewed in the brim.

Bertie—Yes, Dearest.

Oh, cuss that Fauntleroy boy, Dearest.

TERPSICHORE.

An Untimely Call.

"I was painfully reminded the other night," said a good young man, "that you can't touch pitch without being defiled. I agreed with a young fellow that I would go to the theater with him. I told him I would go to prayer-meeting for a little while first, and if he would come round to the church shortly after eight o'clock and whistle for me softly, I would join him. The minister was in the middle of his exhortation, when all at once the profane air of 'Razzle-Dazzle,' whistled in the vestibule, flooded the lecture-room. I immediately recognized the voice of my friend and blushed for him. You can imagine, perhaps, how humiliating it was to rise and go out in response to such sacrilegious music, but I did it, and it seemed as though the eyes of the entire congregation must be fixed on me in indignant rebuke."—*Buffalo Courier.*

OH that we had spent but one day in this world thoroughly well!

BURIED IN WISCONSIN.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, SCIENTIST AND POET.

His Wonderful Linguistic Attainments—His Work on Webster's Dictionary—His Hermit-Like Habits—A Specimen of His Verse.

MANY people are unaware that Wisconsin ground holds the ashes of one of the most eminent of the literary and scientific Americans of the early half of this century, James Gates Percival. Percival is now remembered chiefly as a poet, specimens of his musical and picturesque verse adorning most of the anthologies, and having a place in many of the school-readers. But he was also great as a philologist and geologist, and his attainments in almost every branch of science were remarkable. He rendered important service to Noah Webster and that lexicographer's literary executors in the compilation and revision of Webster's Dictionary. He made the first systematic geological survey of Connecticut, embodying its results in a valuable report, and under Governor Barstow held with credit the position of State Geologist of Wisconsin. It was during his incumbency of this office that he died, in May, 1856, at Hazel Green, Lafayette County, where his remains now repose.

Percival was the son of a Connecticut physician, and was born in 1795. He was graduated from Yale College with honor at the age of 19. When a mere child he had displayed marked poetical powers, and shortly after leaving college he gave his first volume of verse to the world. Before this no less authority than Edward Everett had compared him with Byron for the sententiousness and ease which were characteristic of his poetic compositions, and when this work appeared the same authority, in an article in the *North American Review*, pronounced him a classical American poet.

His work in connection with the revision and publication of the first quarto edition of Webster's Dictionary was done in 1827 and 1828. About the same time he began the translation from the French of an important geographical work, which he finished in 1833, and which was published in six octavo volumes. His geological survey of Connecticut occupied him seven years, ending in 1845.

During the intervals of these labors

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

he made excursions into the literature of almost every language of Europe, including such dead languages as the Gaelic. He could not only read fluently the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norse, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian and Servian, but he composed with facility in many of these tongues. He also read Sanscrit, and had an acquaintance with the grammar of the Basque and other languages which he did not read. He was also familiar with many of the dialects of the American Indians. On the occasion of Ole Bull's first visit to this country, Percival greeted him with a poem in his native Norwegian. His scholarship in Greek and Latin attracted attention even in his college days. One of his interesting poetic works was his "Classic Melodies," in which he successfully introduced numerous ancient measures into English verse. A specimen of these, illustrating the choriambic polyschematist measure, may be quoted here, to show the music, grace and animation of his poetic writing in his lighter moods:

Come to the dance! Awake! Awake! Bound
with the music lightly!
Evening is falling on the lake—flashes the mirror brightly.
Come where the elm is arching high, bent with
its purple treasure;
Bid to the toil of day good-by; yield to the
call of pleasure!

Come to the dance, ye maidens fair! Gayly the
song invites you.
Joy with his golden lamp is there; on to the
ring he lights you;
Circle around the festive tree! Then, as the
music wakes you,
Trip to its measure light and free; flit where in
sport it takes you!

Haste to the dance! Away, away! Viol and
lute attend you;
Evening winds, as with flowers they play, sweets
from the rosebud send you.
Haste to the dance! The music calls! Haste to
the smile of lover!
Soon the chilly night dew falls; then must the
dance be over.

His more serious verse shows imagination and intimate acquaintance with out-door nature. During his life, Percival gave volumes of poetry to the public at three different times. After his death, his collected poetical works were published in two handsome volumes by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE EVENING LAMP.

BY E. C. DODGE.

How
sweet is
the time
when the
—Home—
Lamp is
lighted, and gath-
ered around it the
household so dear, from
school and from play and
from toil reunited, to rest till the
sand man too soon will appear. Papa,
now enjoying his moments of leisure, in
slippers and easy chair drawn to the grate,
is reading the Free Press and is beaming with
pleasure on loved little tots who can stay up till
eight.
Mamma,
dressed -O
so neat-
ly, beside him is
knitting the cunning-
est socks for the baby's sweet
feet; and, learning their lessons,
are quietly sitting the wisest of
scholars—the picture's complete. The
clock on the mantel chimes "eight."
Softly laying their playthings away and
with footsteps so light, the tots go with mamma
upstairs, sweetly saying, "I love oo,
dear papa. I kiss oo; good night!" The
clock chiming "nine" sends the wise
little scholars to rest busy brains
and in dreamland to stray, and
off go their shoes and their
jackets and collars,
and lo! in a jiffy
they're sleep-
ing away.
Now mamma
and papa enjoy
the perfection of rest for the body
and peace for the mind, till the
lamp, growing dim, is put out with affection,
and left all alone and in darkness enshrined.

Scene in a Street Car.

Every seat was occupied when a woman with a baby in her arm entered, followed by a stout German. An American rises to give his seat to the woman, but the German, with great presence of mind gets into it first.

Americus—Here, you big loafer, I gave that seat to this lady.

Germanicus—Dot's all right; you got up von dot seat und I take him.

Americus—Haven't you a wife and children of your own?

Germanicus—You bet, a vife und nine children, und ven I vant to sit down dey stand up, I bet you.—*America.*

Benny White's Prayer.

There is no end to the queer ideas children get into their heads, and the strange prayers they make.

Little Benny White and his mother were visiting his grandmother in the country, last summer; and the troubles and annoyances he experienced, as well as the worry he felt about his grandmother who was in danger of becoming blind, are set forth in the prayer he made one night at his mother's knee, which is here given, word for word, for for this is a "truly, true story."

"O, Lord! bless father and mother, and keep them good and nice; keep grandmother from being blind. O, Lord!—O, Lord! what was I going to say? Take care of the Irish boys, and keep them from telling lies. Take care of the Carter boys, and don't let them tell lies nor strike me. Take care of the bumble-bees, and don't let them sting me. Take care of the mosquitoes, and don't let them bite me. Take care of me, and keep me from telling lies, and make me a good boy.

"There, mother! wasn't that a good prayer?"—*Wife Awake.*

"The Face at the Window."

"This letter is to my husband," she said as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the post-office.

"Yes'm."

"Will it go out to-day?"

"Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm."

"He ought to get it day after to-morrow?"

"Yes'm."

"And I ought to have his letter by Saturday?"

"Yes'm."

"It isn't over weight?"

"No'm."

"And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday, I can write——"

"Please don't obstruct the window, ma'am; there's forty people waiting."

"Oh! there are! That's always the way of it. I can't get a word of information out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir! I'll go across to Canada after this!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Closing of an Important Outlet.

The blockade of a port is not more injurious to its commerce than is even the temporary obstruction of the bowels to the health of the system. Constipation necessarily arrests the secretion of bile, impedes and disorders digestion, and poisons the circulation. The safest and most effective, as it is also the most genial, laxative and anti-bilious medicine in existence is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it is more than probable that its sovereign efficacy as a preventive and remedy for entermittent and remittent fever is largely due to its reformatory action upon the liver, an organ prejudicially involved in all malarial complaints. Persons with a tendency also to rheumatic, neuralgic and kidney trouble cannot do better than to antagonize it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invariably checks it at the outset. The weak, moreover, are invested with strength by this fine invigorant.

How to Keep the Eyes Bright.

You want to keep your eyes bright, clear, have them get rid of a feeling that they are wearing out? Very well, then. You must observe all the laws of health. You must be careful not to read either in a dim or a glaring light. If you don't rest enough your eyes will look colorless, listless, and expressionless. When you bathe them as if they were made of cast iron they will revenge themselves on you by making you feel as if there were small lumps in them and as if they were full of tears that were only waiting for a cause to be shed. You never ought to let your eyes get tired out, but when you do, sponge them with very warm water, and if possible go to bed.

There is nothing that is so grateful for care shown it as the human body, and the thought given to your health will cause it to express its thanks in bright eyes and a skin that is white, clear, and firm.

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all legible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for three hundred miles East and West, and on an average of one hundred miles North and South.

If you intend going to Montana remember that THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connection at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Spoiled His Pleasure.

In a certain part of Germany the peasants delight in red waistcoats, and one poor fellow, who could boast of only one "best suit," which included a very red waistcoat, was one day invited to a funeral.

The clergyman looked disapprovingly at the bright garment, and the peasant, by way of apology, said very humbly:

"Never mind, reverend sir, if only the heart is black, that is the chief thing."

And another peasant, hailing from the same district, when he was advised by his friends and neighbors to abstain from wearing his red waistcoat at a funeral, fell a-mourning and said:

"Nay, if I can't wear that, all my pleasure in going to the funeral is entirely spoiled."

WHAT in the world is the use of sitting around waiting for something to turn up? You might just as well sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to come up to be milked. Get up and shake yourself and make up your mind to turn up something. If you have nothing definite in your mind, then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will tell you a thing or two that will make you jump for joy.

Close Attachments.

Clever fellow, that Boggs, eh, Ned?"

"Oh, yes, rather so. When he was courting my sister he used to bring me candy every night. I liked him."

"Sister like him?"

"Yes; so did mam; only pap didn't. Horse liked him; cats liked him; awful kind to animals."

"Dog like him?"

"Very much taken with him. Yes, old Towser was very much attached to him."

"That so?"

"Last night he came pap brought out Towse. I saw the dog attached to Boggs—to his trousers, I mean, for nearly two squares after he'd started to run from the house.—*Chicago Ledger.*

FOR washing *flannels*, Dobbins' Electric Soap is *marvelous*. Blankets and woolens washed with it look like *new*, and there is absolutely *no shrinking*. No other soap in the world will do such *perfect* work.

First and Last Chance.

During the administration of President Hayes, when wine was rigorously excluded from all state banquets, as well as from daily meals, a saloonkeeper on an avenue leading to the Executive Mansion, along which visitors and office-seekers were most want to travel, hung out a large sign with two inscriptions upon its opposite sides. As the visitor approached the White House he read: "Last Chance for a Drink." As he returned he read: "First Chance for a Drink."—*New York Evening Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

"You belong to the military, you say, prisoner?" "I do." "What branch of the service?" "A crack corps, sir." "Your Honor, he's right—he's a safe-burglar."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The General's Wife.

Madame Boulanger is said to be devoting herself more than ever to religious practice and observances at Versailles, where she occupies a modest suit of rooms in the Rue de Satory. It would not be surprising, in fact, if the General's wife and her daughter Helene, who is also extremely devout, were to take the veil or retire permanently to some convent where ladies are received as boarders. An absurd rumor is afloat to the effect that Mme. Boulanger was obliged to work in order to support herself, but there is no truth in it. She has still a small annuity left out of the considerable fortune bequeathed by her father, who kept a large drapery establishment in Paris.

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado, and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one that can be used at home; a remedy which is sold, by druggists, under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee* that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for consumption (or lung-scrofula) known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacture in selling it under a guarantee.

DON'T hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

SAYS the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny: "Why is a new baby like a cow's tail?" "Give it up." "Because it was never seen before!"

NATURE'S serial story—The spinal column, continued in our necks.—*Time.*

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial." W. B. BRAMMER, 261 Spring St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c. stamps for particulars. National Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

For Rheumatism.

NEW EVIDENCE OF CURE.

Several Years. 247 North St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y., June 18, 1883. Suffered several years with rheumatism; unable to walk; after rubbings with St. Jacobs Oil it disappeared; has not returned in four years. CHAS. GARTNER.

In the Knees. Rochester, N. Y. July 6, '78. Had rheumatism in knees four weeks. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely. E. H. MAKE, Pub. of "Volksblatt."

In the Side. Stockton, Cal., June 14, 1883. Had rheumatism in side for over a week; used St. Jacobs Oil; it cured me and has remained cured. JULIUS GRUNER.

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