

NEVER TOO LATE.

There is good and bad in the wayside inns.
On the highways of our lives
And man can never be free from sins
No matter how hard he strives;
Yet even when down destruction's
grade
Our thorny pathways trend,
In spite of a thousand errors made
"It is never too late to mend."

There are crosses heavy for men to bear.

And passions to conquer, too;
There are joys and woes that each must share.

Before the journey is through.
But men may be poor for honor's sake,
And truth and right defend,
And hope will never this promise break;
"It is never too late to mend."

"Tis never too late for a noble deed,
For, blessed by the angels' tears,
It plants in the breast of men a seed
That will grow in after years;
A word of kindness, hope and cheer
Will always comfort lend;
We must live for love and bairn fear
"It is never too late to mend."

It is never too late to mend, my lad,
No matter what people say,
And no man's nature is wholly bad,
Even if old and gray;
And in our journey toward the grave,
Until we reach the end,
There is time to change and time to
"It is never too late to mend."

THE REDEEMING ACT.

Dave was a coward and he had always borne the reputation of arrant cowardice ever since he had crawled over the side of his dugout cradle to wallow along with the underfoot world on the white sand before his parents' cabin door. Though country born and bred, a passing thunderstorm struck him with terror, and the sight of the black waters of the "chick" caused a remarkable agitation of his knees. He was a coward, pure and simple. The bristling of a coon roused him unconditionally and a determined "possum could rob the hen roost before his very face. Indeed, Dave was a coward, and his cousin, Sue Spivey, laughed uproariously when the poor fellow perpetrated his initial and only act of boasting. He had said to her one day very solemnly and no doubt sincerely:

"Toor purtee yo' honah an' happiness I'ud th'ow away my worthless life."

Ordinarily Dave's speech was unpreserved and provincial, but on this occasion it rose to the dignity of what he felt the occasion demanded.

She knew full well his timorous disposition, and would have thought it safe to count on his poltroonery in any event. But a day was sadly near which proved to her the full worth of the poor fellow's grandiloquent assertion.

Long before the late unpleasantness, and until this day, Honeypath was only a siding where occasional trains took water and passed each other. Two or three log shanties without special pretensions to any architectural dissimilarity, marked the site of the town, distinguishing it from the vast area of impenetrable swamp that backed it and the arid waste of sandy bottom through which the glistening polished rails of the grand trunk line writhed and sinuated. Along that glowing metal highway troops of both armies passed and repassed, gazed at curiously by the few women and sensible males left in the village, but exciting no other emotion than a blank curiosity that died out even before the white mist of the fine sand stirred by the soldiers' feet had settled behind the retreating bands.

Dave was a native of Honeypath and lived with an aged father in one of the shanties. Sue dwelt with her mother in another near by. Dave's father was a hot-blooded Southerner, whose patriotism answered to the first call to arms, but Dave was timid, fearful of the smell of powder and refrained from action, preferring to suffer the opprobrious epithets which were liberally bestowed upon him and the contempt of the county generally to facing he knew not what horror upon the battlefield. He was not a philosopher and could not plead in extenuation of his neutrality that the martial slaughter of his brother man was a crime and that the wholesale sacrifice of human life was immoral.

Dave was simply a coward and accepted meekly the obliquity which the condition imposed, not even the taunts and cutting sarcasm of pretty Sue Spivey being able to rouse the instincts of battle in his craven soul.

Before the strife ended Sue's mother was gathered to her final rest, being put out of sight in the little sandy graveyard, with only the comment of the two remaining neighbors. And then Dave and Sue toiled early and late in order to wring from the starving acres an unvaried livelihood of yams, cornbread and bacon, more often the cornbread without the embellishment of potatoes and bacon, particularly during the weeks after a hungry foraging party had passed that way.

One day Dave was working among the young potato vines in an open arid field behind the cabin, when Sue ran out to him in troub'd haste.

"Oh, Dave, I'm pow'ful skeered!" she panted.

"Skeered o' what?" he asked, without intermission of the bent labor.

"Some—some soldiers just went down the road, an' they spoke to me—sassy like." She hesitated, and Dave looked up to see her pretty face scarlet and her brows bent together in angry lines.

"Well, what did they all say?" he demanded, in his accustomed slow drawl, after waiting in vain for her to proceed.

"They 'lowed they all was a-comin' back."

"Who was they, ennyhow?" he asked, uneasily, his face blanching in anticipation of the martial visit.

"I dunno. They was five of 'em."

"Come on back to the house, Sue," and, shouldering his hoe, he trudged stolidly on before. "Don't you be skeered," he continued, as they reached the yard. "I reckon they won't do nothin'."

Of the two it would have been manifest to the most casual observer that he was the worst "skeered" but he walked

on till they reached the house and Sue fled out:

"Yonder they come now—all five."

Dave's face blanched to a sallow whiteness, but he pulled her quickly inside the door.

"What you gwine to do?" Sue asked, nervously, keeping near her cousin, but he apparently did not hear. He had taken down a rifle that had belonged to Sue's brother, who had also offered up his life on the altar of the cause, leaving his weapon to his sister as a means of defense in just such emergencies as this.

"What you gwine to do, Dave?" the girl persisted, coming closer and laying the hand on his arm. Dave shook several cartridges into the cylinder of the rifle, and waiting in silence, apparently not aware that Sue had touched him. Only a few more moments to wait and then the last act in the commonplace little tragedy. A loud pounding at the rickety cabin door, and a derisive imperative voice demanded:

"Hi, in there, open up, or we'll make splinters of yer ol' door!" The threat was garnished by several strong expletives and accompanied with more vicious pounding.

Then for answer went the spiteful snap of the rifle followed by a surprised howl of pain, more voluble profanity and footsteps in rapid retreat.

Dave went to the window and through a knot hole in the shutter reviewed the situation of the enemy, through the aperture the rifle again spoke with decisive, leaden emphasis, and when the smoke cleared away the man inside beheld one of the besiegers lying prone across the freshly hoed potato rows, while another limped painfully in the rear of the retreating trio.

In the short silence that followed the last shot the arid topography of Honeypath seemed to flash before Dave's vision, each peculiarity standing out strong and clear. The fine, white sand covered everywhere with fat-leaved prickly pear and cactus that bloomed perpetually in big butter-colored flowers; the bright, blazing sky, the heat that rose and hung heavily over man and beast, the many insects that sat out in the furnace-like sun, rattling shrilly with very joy. Then the dense shade of the murky shadowed swamp and the big scaly black scorpions and dainty multi-colored lizards that played an eternal game of hide and seek among the rotting rails of the old snake fence.

The trio had disappeared into the swamp and Dave calmly refilled his rifle, waiting as though lost in thought. Presently from the rear of the cabin came the harsh command:

"You cowardly bushwhacker in there, come out an' fight like a man! If ye don't, we'll burn ye an' yer shanty an' the gal with ye."

There was no opening in the rear of the cabin, the logs were thick and the chinks were well stopped with clay, so that Dave could not return a leaden answer to this brutal challenge. He fingered the rifle nervously and looked at Sue.

"Oh, Dave, don't open the door," she pleaded, meeting the earnest look bent on her face from beneath the brim of Dave's frizzly slouch hat; "I ain't afeared to burn."

His lips blanched, his knees were wobbly with fear, but he had not for gotten the one boast of his poor, pinched life, uttered so long ago. "Toor purtee yo' honah an' happiness, I'ud th'ow away my worthless life."

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She knew full well his timorous disposition, and would have thought it safe to count on his poltroonery in any event. But a day was sadly near which proved to her the full worth of the poor fellow's grandiloquent assertion.

The disease is rather one of the mind than one of the body. If, for example, a woman falls into the water or gets burned or tumbles down stairs, and thereby develops hysteria, the mistake is often made of ascribing the disease to catching cold or to the injury received, although it really was the mental excitement which produced it.

An analogous instance of this is found in the case of Mrs. Rosenfeld. The incident which resulted practically in her collapse was the singing of a song. One day her husband had inserted an advertisement for a servant, and had thereby secured the services of a domestic. The girl came and worked half a day, and was then discharged by the hysterical woman for no apparent cause. Later in the day, after the insertion of a like advertisement in an evening paper, he secured another servant. Unable to bear the unreasonable treatment of her mistress, this girl also left.

This annoyed Mr. Rosenfeld a great deal, as during the previous week several servants had been discharged in a like manner. He then upbraided his wife for her erratic conduct, which brought the tears to her eyes, and she exclaimed pathetically:—"You'll be sorry when I'm gone."

Touched by the humor and pathos of the situation and alive to the inspiration, Mr. Rosenfeld went to the piano and composed a song with the title of his wife's remark. On the following day, when the song was completed, in the presence of a number of visitors, Mrs. Rosenfeld attempted to sing the song to her husband's accompaniment, but, overcome by the association of ideas, when she reached the chorus, which runs as follows:

None to fondle and caress you,
None to brush your tears away,
None to care for you in sadness,
When you're feeble and grown gray,

None to take you to his bosom,
None to call you then his own,
None to care if dead or living,
You'll be sorry when I'm gone.

The singer fell upon the lounge, weeping hysterically, and lapsed into the lethargic condition in which she has remained ever since. The remarkable sensitiveness of women to hysterical-emotional condition generally was shown upon every one of the women present, who began to weep in sympathy with the sufferer.

Mrs. Rosenfeld has been closely confined in the New York Hospital for the last two weeks. She is being treated in an interestingly original manner by the hospital physicians. This treatment consists of almost absolute isolation. None of her friends, and not even her husband has been allowed to speak to her while at the hospital.

The theory of Dr. Ball, who has the patient in charge, is that isolation will give her an entire change of emotional conditions. Deprived of the society of her husband and of the household pets by which she has been surrounded many years, the doctors are of the opinion that isolation will produce a beneficial effect by the reason of the new surroundings and a production of the physical condition of the mind hitherto unknown to her.

While isolation is a comparatively new treatment in America, it has been tried with success by the German physicians and also by Charcot, and the celebrated French expert, Dr. A. B. Ball, of the New York Hospital, is of the opinion that the emotions can be so steered against a supersensitive condition that entire quiet and isolation

THEY CANNOT WAKE HER UP

STUDY OF A CASE THAT IS TYPICAL OF MANY.

Caused by Singing a Pathetic Song
What is the Mystery of Such Long
Sleeps?—The Malady Is Spreading.

A woman lies in one of the wards of the New York Hospital at the present time whose condition has excited universal attention for several weeks past, as told in the Herald. She is Mrs. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, the wife of a musical composer. Previous to her removal to the hospital referred to Mrs. Rosenfeld lay at her home in Jay street, Brooklyn, for seventeen consecutive days in a semi-comatose condition without partaking of a particle of nourishment. During this period she was visited by a dozen of the best physicians of Brooklyn, among them the celebrated neurologist, Professor John Shaw, of the Long Island College Hospital; the well known practitioners, Drs. Henry Noss, O'Grady, Stone, Dixon, former Health Commissioner Dr. John Griffen and many others all of whom failed to arouse the sufferer from her lethargic condition or to afford any permanent relief.

In his natural desire to relieve the suffering of his wife, Mr. Rosenfeld admitted to her bedside a host of so-called hypnotists, magnetic curists, Christian scientists, massage specialists, believers in the universal efficacy of oxygen as a remedial agent, and others whose sympathy overran their knowledge. Unlike the somewhat similar case of Morris Prout, the so-called boy sleeper, at the Beth-Israel Hospital, who was isolated from the public by his doctors, no one was denied admittance to Mrs. Rosenfeld's bedside while she was at home.

Notwithstanding the publicity given to the case, no definite remedy was suggested and no material benefit to the sufferer was obtained. As a last resort, and by the advice of the medical fraternity in Brooklyn, generally, Mrs. Rosenfeld was removed to the New York Hospital and has remained there ever since in practically the same condition as she was when she was taken from her home, with the exception that during the last few days the consulting physician of the hospital, Dr. A. B. Ball, has succeeded in inducing the patient to partake of small quantities of liquid nourishment, barely sufficient to support life.

The physicians generally in attendance upon the patient have practically agreed that she is suffering from what is known in France as "grande hysterie," otherwise known as hystero-epilepsy. A great deal of attention has been given to this disease by the celebrated French hypnotist, Charcot, and by Bourneville and Regnard and P. Richer, most of these distinguished scientists pursuing their investigations in the Salpêtrière, in Paris. Of all diseases to which human flesh is heir hysteria seems to be one of the most complex and the least understood.

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a woman falls into the water or gets burned or tumbles down stairs, and thereby develops hysteria, the mistake is often made of ascribing the disease to catching cold or to the injury received, although it really was the mental excitement which produced it.

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Poor Dave, though a coward all his life, had earned the reward of heroism at the very end. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—Detroit Herald.

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will restore a normal state to the mind and body.

Although Mrs. Rosenfeld constantly moans for the society of her husband, and in her delirium incessantly repeats his name, the doctors think it absolutely inadvisable to admit him into her presence. They are willing that he should see her face, listen to her voice, be near her, but her eyes must not rest upon him. Therefore, while weakly waiting for the recovery of his wife, Mr. Rosenfeld visits the hospital daily. He goes up into the ward where she is confined, peers in through the door and looks upon his wife's face. Day after day this weary vigil has been continued, but no glance of intelligence has cheered the weary visitant. Still, pale, wan and emaciated, the woman lies in her tranced condition and knows not of her husband's watchful care.

The physicians all concur in the belief that while Mrs. Rosenfeld's higher consciousness is in the abeyance, she is still cognizant of what is going on about her, although in that cataleptic condition which prevents her from expressing her wishes. Some of the higher medical authorities say she is practically in the mental state which is a counterfeit of sleep. In fact, she is suffering from a protracted nightmare.

This is proved by the fact that when the ambulances came to remove her to the hospital she was cognizant that she was about to be removed from her home, and made a feeble, inarticulate effort to express her fear of removal. That she has not at any time lost her consciousness completely is proven by her feeble effort in the hospital to express the desire to see her husband.

Few similar cases have excited such interest as that of Mrs. Rosenfeld. The investigations growing out of her case have called particular attention to the alarming increase of hysteria in its grave forms during the past few years. Not one of the physicians who have been in attendance upon the case but has commented upon the increasing prevalence of this disease, and no contemporaneous disease affords such complexity of symptoms as hysteria. A Brooklyn physician was called only last week to treat a similar case in a milder form. As is usual, a woman was the sufferer. She sobbed and acted like a spoiled child. The first impulse of the physician was to throw a glass of ice cold water into her face. But such action was prevented by the overzealousness of her relatives. This calls attention to the necessity of isolation in such cases.

When surrounded by loving but medically ignorant friends the patient cannot be treated in a scientific manner. Many doctors concur in the belief