

YOUR FACE Finder, Black Specke, Bloc chee, Merk Specke, Bloc chee, Mer e'n be removed in candy by applying Tand Freekle Lotion Sale, Sure and Effectual. PRICE 256, FER BOTTLE

Astronomy out of Beason.

Me discourses on netronomy with very best intention.
And discloses many matters I've not present for some especial reasons I am not intention.
I should much present the parties with Matthda all alone.

is well, of course, to know about these subjects; the propriety
Of telling which is Saturn and the distance
to the moon
is obvious; it gives a certain standing in
society;
But somehow, on this evening, I've a great
desire to spoon.

The haims air is odorous with parlume of the flowers;
And the moonlight on the terrace is most beautiful to see;
But Professor is excited and I know he litely for hours,
While Mathida's in the garden, I suppose, expecting me.

moon! O start! O milky-way! I care not for your density;
Your period and apoged possess so charms for me.
Look down, look down in pity from your blank over immensity.
And I'll etudy you more fully when I've grandsons on my knee.

## CALLED BACK.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

(Continued From Last Week.)

It was impossible to misunderstand the grim threat conveyed by the last words. I could only sit quiet and listen with all my ears.

Yes, they had much to do. They moved shout busily and rapidly, I heard cupboards and drawers opened. I detected the sound of papers being torn and the smell of papers bursing. I heard them raise some dead weight from the floor—heard a sound as of rent cloth and linen—heard the lingle of money, even the tick of a watch as it was drawn forth from somewhere and laid on the table near me. Then I felt a breath of air and knew that the door had been opened. I heard heavy footsteps on the stairs—the steps of men bearing a weighty burden, and I shuddered as I thought what that burden must be.

Hefore the last task was completed the woman's mean had ceased. For some time it had been growing faints?

and only sounding at recurring interconsistion was a great relief to my over wrought nerves, but my heart grew sick as I thought it may be there were two victims instead of one.

Although at least two men must have horne that weight away. I knew I was not left alone. I heard some one throw himself into a chair with a half weary sigh and guessed he had been left to guard me. I was longing to make my escape—onging to wake and find I nad been dreaming. The suspense of the nightmare was growing unbearable. I said, without furning my head, "How long am I to be kept amid these

horrors? Theard the man move in his chair, but he made no answer. "May I not go?" I pleaded, "I have seen nothing. In the out into the street anywhere. I shall go mad if I stay here longer." Still no answer. I said no more.

By and by the absent men returned to their companion. I heard the door close after them. Then came more whispers, and I heard the drawing of a cork and the jingle of glasses. They were refreshing themselves after the night's dark work.

Presently a curious odor—that of some drug was perceptible. A hand was laid on my shoulder and a glass full of some liquid was placed between my lingers.

Trink, said the voice—the only voice I had heard.

"I will not," I oried, "it may be poif heard a short harsh langh and felt a

cold metallic ring laid against my fore-

"It is not poison; it is an opiate and will do you no harm. But this," and as he spoke I felt the pressure of a little from expelet, "this is another affair.

drained the glass and was glad to feet the pistol moved from my head.
"Now," said the spokesman, taking the empty glass from my hand, "if you are a wise man, when you awake to mor-row you will say, I have been drunk or dreaming. You have heard us but not seen us, but remember we know you fig left me, and in a short time, of what I would to struggle against i heavy drowsiness came over me. Thoughts grew incoherent and reason seemed leaving me. My head fell first on one side, then on the other. The last thing I can remember is a strong arm encircling me and keeping me from tumbling out of my chair. Whatever the drug was, its action was strong and

For hours and hours is held me sense tone, and when at last he power index and me mind, struggling back to a clouded nortest consciousness, made, after many attempts, the fact apparent tome was long to a had, and, more ever, as I found by atretaking out my symbol to be wondered at that I said to my neit. "I have dreamed the most frightful dream that ever came to a formant of hind." After this enort of mind in hind. After this enort of mind in had back once more into a semi-conscious state, but fully persuaded I have been quiffed my heat. My relief at this discovery was immones.

Yet if my mind grew casy, I cannot see the same for the body. My head enumed preparing to apilt in two; my tongue was dry and parened. These unplantages was dry and parened.

Manual facts hereine more and more drauble as consciousness gradua

of my hands to my throbbing brown.
"In dear heart!" I heard my old nurse
"It is to coming round at last."
"her snother voice—a man's voice, soft
and bland.
"You, your master will snon he well
again. Kindly let me tool your pulse,
Mr. Vanghan."
A soft linger was laid more my wrint.

A soft linger was laid upon my wrist.

I am Ive I caned.

I am Ive I caned.

I the stranger.

I have I been the How long? How many days?

"A few hours only. There is nothing to be also need to. Lie down again and least the days of for a while. Are continients?

I am I am it to get much the terres—give me

They did so. I drank groudily, and a somewhat selleved.

"Now, nurse," I heard the doctor say,
"make him some weak tea, and when he
wants anything to eat let him have it. I
will look in again later on."
Dr. Deane was shown out, and old
Priscilla, returning to my bedside, patted and punched the pillows to make
me more comfortable. By this time I
was wide awake and the experiences of
the night were coming back to me with
a distinctness and detail far above those
of a recalled dream.

"What is the time?" I asked.

"Nigh upon noon, Master Gilbert."
Priscilla spoke in a sorrowful, injured
manner.

manner.
"Noon! what has been the matter with me?"

The old servant was weeping. I could hear her. She made no answer, so I repeated my question.

"Oh, Master Gilbert!" she sobbed, Thow sould you do it? When I came into the room and saw the empty bed I thought I should have dropped."

When she saw the empty bed! I trembled, The horrors of the night were

"How could you do it, Master Gil-bert?" continued Priscilla. "To go out without a word, and wander half over London, all alone and not able to see s

down and tell me what you mean

"Sit down and tell me what you mean—what has happened?"

She had not quite siredher grievance. "If you wanted to get tippy or to take any of them stuffe to send you to sleep and make you insensible, you might have done it at home, Master Gilbert. I shouldn't have minded once in a way."

"You're a kind old fool, Priscilla. Tell me all about last night."

It was not until she saw I was getting uite angry that her tongue would consent to run pretty straight, and when I heard her account of what had occurred my head was whirling. This is what she told me.

It must have been about an hour after my stealthy exit that she swoke. She put her ear to the door to make certain that I was asleep and wanting nothing. Hearing no sound of life in my room, she entered it, and found the bed untenanted and me gone. Probably she was even more frightened than she owned to being. She knew all about my despondency and complainings, of the last few days, and I have no doubt but her first fear was that I had destroyed myself. She started in search of me, and at once recognizing the impossibility of finding me without assistance, turned to that first and last resource of an Englishwoman in such a difficulty—the Police. Having told her tale at the nearest station, and by entreaties, and by enlarging on my infirmity, made known the urgency of the case and secured sympathy, telegraphic messages were sent to other police stations asking if any one answering to my description had been found. Priscilla waited

tion had been found. Priscilla waited upon thorns until about five o'clock in the morning, when a reply came from the other end of the town. It stated that a young man who appeared to be blind, and who was certainly drunk and incapable, had just been brought in. Priscilla flew to the rescue, She found me lying senseless, and destined, upon my recovery, to be brought before the magistrate. A doctor was soon procured, who testified to my innocence so far as alcohol was concerned. The energetic Priscilla, after placing me safely in a cab, gave the officers a bit of he

mind as to the discomforts under which she had found me laboring. She then departed triumphantly with her uncon-scious charge, and laid him on the bed he had so rashly quitted. 1 am grieved to be compelled to gathfrom her words, that, in spite of the indignation she displayed toward the policemen, her estimate of my condi-tion was the same as theirs. She was particularly grateful to the doctor, whom, I fear, she looked upon as a

and complaisant practitioner, who had extricated a gentleman from a serape by a well-timed but untruthful

"But I never knew a body stop in-sensible so long after it. Don't yedo it again, Master Gilbert," she concluded. I did not combat her suspicions. Priscilla was scarcely the one to whom I wished to confide the adventures of the night. By far the simplest way was to say nothing, to leave her to draw her own, and, perhaps, not unnatural con-

"I won't do it again," I said. "Now get me some breakfast. Tea and toast

anything, She went to do my bidding. It was not that I was hungry. I wanted to be alone for a few minutes to think or think as well as my aching head would

I recalled everything that had hap-pened since I left the door of my house. The entranced walk, the drunken guide the song I had heard, and, afterward those horrible, eloquent sounds an touches. Everything was clear and connected up to the moment the opiate was forced upon me; after that my mind was a blank. Priscilla's tale showed me that during that blank I must have been transported several miles and de-posited in the thoroughfare where I was found by the policeman. I saw through the crafty scheme. I had been dropped, insensible, far away from the scene of the crime at which I had been present. How wild and improbable my tale would seem. Would any one be-lieve it?

Then I remember my horror at what I felt streaming over my hand as I lay pinned down upon the fallen man. I

pinned down upon the fallen man. I sailed Priscilla.

"Look," I said, holding my righthand toward her, "is it clean—was it clean when you found me?"

"Clean—la, no, Master Gilbert!"

"What was on it?" I saked excitedly.

"All covered with mud, justasif you'd been dabbling in the gutter. The first thing I did when I got you home was to wash your poor hands and face. I hoped it would bring you round—it generally does, you know."

"But my coat-sleeve. The right-hand side. See if anything is on them."

Priscilla laughed. "You haven't got ne'er a right-hand sleeve left. They were cut or torn off above the cibow. Your arm was naked."

Every scrap of circumstantial evi-

Every scrap of circumstantial evidence which would confirm my jale was vanishing away. There would be nothing to support it except the assertion a blind man, who left his house in the

e blind man, who left his house in the dead of night, secretly, and who was found, several hours afterward, miles away, in such a state that the guardians of the public morals were compelled to take charge of him.

Yet I could not remain silent with the knowledge of such a crime weighing on my mind. The next day I had entirely recovered from the effects of the opiate, and after consideration sent for my solicitor. He was a confidential friend, and I recolved to be guided by his advice, in a very mort time I found it was hopeless to think of carrying conviction to his mind. He listened gravely, giving vent to "Well, well!" Bless my soul!" "Shocking!" and other set expressions of supprise, but I knew he I fold him, testily, I should say no more about the affair.
"Well, I wouldn't #I were you," he Tou don't believe me?

Thelieve you are saying what you think is true; but if you ask me, my opinion is that you walked in your sleep and dreamed all this."

and dreamed all this."

Too cross to argue with him, I took his advice, so far as he was concerned, and said no more about it. Afterward I tried another friend with a similar result. If those who had known me from childhood would not believe me, how could I expect strangers to do so? Everything I had to reveal was so vague and unsupported. I could not even fix upon the spot where the crime was committed. I had ascertained that no house in Walpole street could be opened by a key similar to mine. There was no other street of that name anywhere near. My friend with the unsteady feet must have misunderstood me and conducted me to another row of houses.

I thought, at one time, of advertising and asking him to communicate with

I thought, at one time, of advertising and asking him to communicate with me, but I could not word a request which should be intelligible to him, without, perchance, exciting the suspicions of those who were concerned in the crime. Even now, if they had discovered my true name and abode, there might be some one on the watch for any movement I might make. I had been spared once, but no mercy would be shown me a second time. Why should I risk my life by making disclosures which would not be, believed—accusations against men who were unknown tions against men who were unknown to me? What good could I do? By now to mer what good could I do? By now the assassins must have hidden all trace of the crime, and made good their retreat. Why should I face the ridicule which must attach to such a tale as mine, the truth of which I could not prove? No; let the horrorsof that night be as a dream. Let them fade and be

forgotten.
Soon I have something else to think of; something that may well drive such dismal memories from my mind. Hope has become certainty. I am almost delirious with delight. Science has triumphed! My defeated foe has left me. I am told his return is almost beyond possibility. The world is light again! I am and

But my cure was a long and tedious affair. Both eyes were operated upon. First one, and, when the success of that operation was assured, the other. It was months before I was allowed to emerge altogether from darkness. Light was doled out to me sparingly and cautiously. What did that matter so long that I knew there was light again for me? I was patient, very patient and grateful. I followed Mr. Jay's instructions to the letter, knowing I should reap the reward of so doing.

My case had been treated by the simplest and safest method of operation—the one which is always chosen when the nature of the disease and the age of the patient permits—solution of absorption it is termed. When it was all over, and all danger of inflammation at an end, when I found that by the aid of strong convex glasses I could see well

strong convex glasses I could see well enough for all ordinary purposes. Mr. Jay congratulated both himself and me. It promised, he said, to be the most thoroughly successful cure he had ever taken part in. It must have been something above the common, as I am informed that every book on the eye which has since been published cites my case as an example of what may be

Not until my dying day shall I forget that time when my cure was declared a fact; when the bandages were removed, and I was told I might now use, spar-

ingly, my uncurtained eyes.

The joy, from what seemed neverending night, to wake and see the sun, the stars—the clouds sped by the wind across the fair blue sky! To see green branches swaying with the breeze, and throwing trembling shadows on my path! To mark the flower; a bud but yesterday—to-day a bloom! To watch the broad bright sea grow splendid with the crimson of the west! To gaze on pictures, people, mountains, streamsto know shape, color, form and tint! To see, not hear alone, the moving lins and laugh of those who grasped my hand and spoke kind words!

To me, in those first days of new-born light, the face of every woman, man and child seemed welcome as the face of some dear friend, long lost and found

After this description of my ecstasy ft seems pure pathos to say that the only thing which detracted from it was my being obliged to wear those strong convex glasses. I was young and they were horribly disfiguring.

"Shall I never be able to do without them?" I asked, rather ruefully.
"That," replied Mr. Jay, "is a point upon which I wish to speak to you. You will never be able to do without glasses. Remember, I have destroyed, absorbed, dissolved the glasses in your eyes called crystalline lenses. Their place is now supplied by the fluid humor. This has a high refracting power. Very often if you don't give in to Nature she will give in to you. If you can take the trouble to coerce her, she will gradually meet you. If any one should do this, it is you. You are young; you have no profession, and your bread should do this, it is you. You are young; you have no profession, and your bread does not depend upon your sight. Glasses you must always wear, but if you insist that Nature shall act without such strong aids as these, the chances are she will at last consent to do so. It is a tedious process; few have been able or have had patience to persevere; but my experience is that in many instances it may be done."

I determined it should be done. I followed his advice. At great personal in-

lowed his advice. At great personal in-convenience I wore glasses which only permitted me to say I could see at all. permitted me to say I could see at all. But my reward came. Slowly, very slowly, I found my sight growing stronger, till, in about two years' time, I could, by the aid of glasses, the convexity of which was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, see as well as most of my fellow creatures. Then I began once more to chicy life.

I cannot say that, during those two years speak in perfecting my cure, a thought no more about that terrible night; but I made no further attempt to unrayel the mystery, or to persuade

night; but I made no further attempt to unravel the mystery, or to persuade any one that I had not imagined those events. I buried the history of my adventure in my heart, and never again spoke of it. In case of need, I wrote down all the particulars, and then tried to banish all memory of what I had heard. I succeeded fairly well except for one thing. I could not for any long period keep my thoughts from the remembrance of that woman's mouning—that pitiable transition of the voice from sweet melody to hopeless despair. It was that cry which troubled my dreams, if ever I draamed of that night—it was that cry which rang in my ones as I woke, transiting, but thankful to find that this time, at least, I was only dreaming.

It is spring—the beautiful spring of Northern Italy. My friend Kenyon and I are lounging about in the rectangular city of Turin. 48 hours are lounging about in the rectangular city of Turin.

Plaszi Castello. We have marveled at the plain, uninteresting looking Palazz Reale, and our mirth has been move Reale, and our mirth has been moved by the grotesque brickwork decoration of the Palazzo Carignano. We have criticised the rather poor picture gal-lery. In fact we have done Turin thor-oughly, and, with the contempt bred by familiarity, are ceasing to feel like piti-ful little atoms as we stand in the enormous squares and crane our necks looking at Marochetti's immense bronze

Our tasks are over. We are simply lossing about and enjoying ourselves; reveling in the delicious weather, and trying to make up our languid but contented minds as to when we shall leave the town and where our next resting-

We wander down the broad Viadi Po. We wander down the broad Viadi Po, lingering now and then to peer into the enticing shops which lurk in its shady arcades; we pass through the spacious Piazzi Vittorio Emanuele; we cross the bridge whose five granite arches span the classic Po; we turn opposite the domed church and soon are walking up the wide shaded path which leads to the Capuchin Monastery; the broad terrace in front of which is our favorite haunt. Here we can lounge and see the river at our feet, the great town stretching from the further bank, the open plain beyond the town, and, far, far away in the background, the glorious snow-capped Alps, with Monte Rosa and Grand-Paradis towering above their brothers. No wonder we enjoy the view from this terrace more than churches, palaces or

We gaze our fill, then retrace our steps and saunter back as lazily as we came. After lingering a few moments at our hotel some hazy destination prompts us to cross the great square, past the frowning old castle, leads us up the Via di Seminario, and we find ourselves for the twentieth time in front of San Giovanni. I stop with my head in the air admiring what architectural beauties its marble front can bosst, and as I am trying to discover them am suras I am trying to discover them am sur-prised to hear Kenyon announce his in-tention of entering the building. "But we have vowed a vow," I said,

"that the interior of churches, picture galleries, and other tourist traps shall know us no more."
"What makes the best men break

"Lots of things, I suppose."
"But one thing in particular. While you are staring up at pinnacles and but-tresses, and trying to look as if you knew architecture as well as Ruskin, the rairest of all sights, a beautiful woman, passes right under your nose.
"I understand—I absolve you."

"Thank fou. She went into the church. "But our eigars?" "Chuck them to the beggars. Beware

of miserly habits, Gilbert; they grew on

Knowing that Kenyon was not the man to abandon a choice Havana without a weighty reason, I did as he suggested and followed him into the dim cool shades of San Giovanni. No service was going on. The usual little parties of sightseers were walking about and looking much impressed as

beauties they could not comprehend ted out to them. Dotted about here and there were silent worshipers. Kenyon glanced round eager-ly in quest of "the fairest of all sights," and after a while discovered her. "Come this way," he said; "let us sit

down and pretend to be devout Catholics. We can catch her profile here." I placed myself next to him, and saw a few seats from us an old Italian woman kneeling and praying fervently, whilst in a chair at her side sat a girl

of about twenty-twe A girl who might have belonged to almost any country. The eyebrows and cast-down lashes said that her eyes were dark, but the pure pale complexion, the delicate straight features, the thick brown hair might, under circumstances, have been claimed by any nation, although had I met her alone I should have said she was English. She was well but plainly dressed, and her manner told me she was no stranger to the church. She did not look from side to side, and up and down, after the way of a sightseer. She sat without moving until her companion had finished her prayers. So far as one could judge from ner appearance sne was in church for no particular object, either devotional or critical. Probably she may have come to bear the old woman at her side company. This old woman, who had the appearance of a superior kind of servant, seemed, from the passionate appeal she was addressing to Heaven, to be in want of many things. I could see her thin live working incressntly, and although lips working incessantly, and although her words were inaudible it was evident

her petitions were heartspoken and sin-But the girl by her side neither joined her in her prayers nor looked at her. Ever motionless as a statue—her eyes ever cast down—apparently wrapped in deep thought, and, I fancied, sad thought, she sat, showing us the while no more of her face than that perfect profile. Kenyon had certainly not over-praised her. Hers was a face which had a peculiar attractiveness for me, the utter repose of it not being the least of that charm. I was growing very anx-ious to see her full face, but as I could not do so without positive rudeness, was compelled to wait until she might

chance to turn her head.

Presently the old Italian woman appeared to think she had done her religious duty. Seeing she was preparing to cross herself, I rose and sauntered down the church toward the door. In a few minutes the girl and her companion passed me, and I was able to see her to better advantage, as she waited while the old woman dipped her fingers in the holy water. She was undoubtedly beautiful; but there was something strangs in her beauty. I made this discovery when, for a moment, her eyes met mine. Dark and glorious as those eyes were, there was a dreamy, far-tway look in them—a look that seemed to pass over one and see what was behind the object extend at. This look gave me a curious

one and see what was behind the object gated at. This look gave me a curious impression, but as it was only for a second that my eyes met hers, I could startely say whather the impression was a pleasant or an unpleasant one.

The girl and her attendant lingered a few moments at the door, so that Kenyon and I passed out before them. By common consent we paused outside. The action may have been a rude one, but we were both anxious to see the departure of the girl whose appearance had so greatly interested us. As we came through the door of the church, I noticed a man standing near the steps—emission of the step through the door of the church, I no-ticed a man standing near the stops—a middle-aged man of gentlemanly ap-pearance. He was rather round-shoul-dered, and wore spectacles. Had I felt any interest in determining his station in life, I should have adjudged him to one of the learned professions. There one of the learned professions. ty; he was Italian to the backbone. He was evidently waiting for some one; and when the girl, followed by the old

The old woman gave a little sharp cry of surprise. She took his hand and hiss-ed it. The girl stood apparently apa-thetic. It was evident that the gentle-man's business lay with the old servant. He spoke a few words to her; then drawing her aside the two walked away

Continued.

Chased by Wolves.

The following narrative, related by an old merchant named Nicolai, is the story of his own fearful ride on the first day of a long journey to Moscow with his wife. After a description of the inevitable preliminaries—the first yelp, the louder answering howls, and the appearance of the murderous pack in full pursuit, his sudden arming, resigning the reins to his wife-he goes

The terrified horses were now in a mad gallop, their hard panting mingling with the quick breathing of the wolves, now so near that I could distinctly hear it. I waited till the foremost of them were within a few yards, and then fired. The leader of the pack rolled over upon the snow.

Again I discharged my weapon, and another wolf fell. Immediately the rest of the pack fell upon their slaughtered comrades, and tore them to pieces and devoured them. This gained us a minute or two of time, but on they came again.

Again and again I fired and killed. and again, after a brief delay, the wolves overtook us as before. In this way I discharged all the barrels of my two revolvers. At the last shot my wife cried:

Nicolai: shall soon be there. Throw out the package."

The sledge was laden with samples; and it was hard, I confess, to toss over all my small bales and parcels to the wolves. But there was no help for it, and by the time the whole freight was on the snow the speed of our pursuers had been considerably checked. Another encouraging cry from my

wife, who held firmly to the reins, her eyes fixed on the village now in sight. She did not realize that I had exhausted my last resource. No, not quite my

I still had my knife. I drew it, and stood ready as the pack rushed on again leaving the torn bundles on the snow. A wolf sprang at me like an arrow, and I struck him with the knife. The blood spurted on my cheek as I flung the dying brute from me. Another leaped at my hand, and was received as his fellow on the same deadly

point. But the hard "hand-to-hand" fighting could not last long, I was nearly exhausted by my exertions. Thrusting out, to repel a fresh attack, my hand missed its aim, and with a horrible confusion in my head, I sank down in the bottom of the sledge, grasping a huge wolf by the throat. I just heard my wife's words faintly as in a dream: "We are saved, Nicolai? husband! We are saved!" and then I lost consciousness.

I afterward learned that the villagers. at our approach, rus ed out with guns, and the wolves fled. "In another second," said my wife, "the brute in the sledge would have done his fatal work."-A Year in Russia

A Simple Steam Bath.

The following simple directions, by following which a bath may be obtained by those who are not possessed of those doubtful luxuries called "modern conveniencies," are extracted from an article by Dr. H. Engel in the Medical and Surgical Reporter. The treatment has especial reference to catarrhai jaundice:

"To assist nature still more I have the patient take a steam bath every night on going to bed. As one or the other of the young practitioners may not be familiar with the easiest and cheapest method of procuring such a bath I will explain my modus operandi. The room in which the patient is to take the bath is brought to a temperature of 74 deg., as determined by the thermometer-to prevent chilling; the patient, perfectly naked, sits on a high cane-seat chair, and is totally enveloped in a large blanket, pinned tightly round the neck, his feet resting on the blanket, and the latter covering him and the chair, and the little space within it air-tight. The blanket is so arranged that the open fold is at the back. Under the chair stands a bucket, or a small tub, half filled with cold water. Into this tub or pail gradually, one after another, three half pieces of "redhot" brick are thrown, and the blanket is once again folded up. Certainly, as soon as the hot bricks come in contact with the water a sudden and rapid evolution of steam takes place, which being confined to the small space within the blanket, soon causes the patient to fall into a most thorough sweat. The first and second time the skin does not respond very actively, but every day the perspiration increases. If the patient feels uncomfortable—his hands, etc., all being confined within the blanket—the nurse will give him a mouthful or two of cold water to drink, and sponge off his forehead and face with a sponge dipped in cold water. These two procedures give a great re-

When the patient is almost through with his forced perspiration, one of the attendants takes a hot iron and goes attendants takes a hot iron and goes over the bed-sheets with it, so as to warm thoroughly the bed of the sick person. A hot iron wrapped in rags or a bottle filled with hot water may be put at the foot of the bed. Then the patient is released from the "sweat-box," and immediately a large bed-sheet, which has been during all this time hanging near the fire, is thrown over him and he is thoroughly dried. Dressing himself in his warmed night-garments, he retires to his warm bed. garments, he retires to his warm bed, while the steam-bath apparatus is removed, and the blanket hung out to be aired and dried.

I have been so particular about these directions first for the reason given above, and then because I wish to impress the reader with the necessity of using the utmost caution that the patient during this procedure does not become chilled. While I have seen the greatest benefit arise from this steam bath, and improved with it cases that did not seem to yield to any other mode of treatment, I have observed irreparable injury being done for want freparable injury being done for want of the caution alluded to. In one case I am positive that a patient had a relapse and died within twelve days, because, when coming out of the bath and feeling so well, as he had not for many a long day, he had you there for many a long day, he had run, "just for the fun of the thing," after a friend out into the cold entry."

A traveler notes that Chicago ladies are proverbially pale; that the lake winds do not produce a healthy color, but seem to blanch the complexion. There is more bloom even in the east winds of Boston, he says.

A Congressional Scrimmage.

In the scrimmage in the house of representatives on Saturday morning. February 6, 1858, the prominent southerners engaged were Messrs. Barks-dale, Lamar, and Reuben Davis of Mississippi, Burton Craige of North Carolina, and others. On the republican side were the three brothers Washburne, Kellogg, and Lovejoy of Illinois, and Potter of Wisconsin. This latter gentleman was a host in himself. He struck right and left with both arms, and left his mark wherever his blows fell. He had the reputation on that day of having "floored" no less than fifteen, most, if not all of whom, were the next day occupied in nursing black

It was the most surprising of all to see the venerable Richard Mott (the Quaker member from Ohio) in the thickest of the fight. Possibly he was there as a peacemaker, and I would not like to affirm that I saw him strike a blow. The most amusing sight was to witness the personal passage between Washburn of Maine and Craige of North Carolina. The former was a dapper little man of some five feet four or five inches, and the latter a tall, gaunt giant six feet and a half. While the first mentioned was just tall enough to plant his blows effectually in that he was supposed to have carried his dinner, the last was compelled to stoop in order to reach his antagonist at all, and thus gave him an additional advantage. Barksdale of Mississippi lost his wig at the first attack, and, having recovered it, placed it on his head in a reversed position, much to the amusement of the spectators. Davis, of Mississippi, who made the rabid speech a few days previous, accounted for the sable setting around his eye by avowing that he accidentally stumbled over a chair, but Potter of Wisconsin thought he knew who had a hand in it."-Ben Perley Poore.

Strange Things in America.

Even in American storms, or at least

in American reports of them, there appears to be a touch of American humor. Not long ago we heard of the gigantic meteorite which fell, like the image of the great goddess Diana, down from heaven, and buried a house in Texas. Who has forgotten the Brazilian monster, which was many fathoms long, and lived beneath the upper crust of the earth? Even the progeny of this animal when they walked about created earthquakes which Byron would have called "young." The cyclones which have raged lately in Alabama, Ohio, and Indiana recall these prodigies of nature, the great earth-shaking beast, and the gigantic meteoric stone. What a terrible scene must nature have presented when whole forests were uprooted, literally "at one blow," of the wild west wind. In Tennessee a train was blown clean off the line into a ditch while high in the air, soaring over astonished, Alabama, a baby flew for several miles, "but escaped unhurt." This baby, which at a tender age, realized the wildest dreams of the Aeronautic society, must be meant for remarkable destinies. It is pleasant to think of the emotions of the parents. who saw, perhaps, their first disappear on the wings of the whirlwind; to picture the astonishment of the strangers among whom the babe alighted, to It flect on the advertisements in the agony columns of the Alabama papers, and to brood on the joy of the bereaved when the adventurous infant returned, in no way damaged, by parcels post. Such things only happen in favored Alabama. - London Daily News.

## A Statesman of the Old School. General James Findlay, who had

served creditably in the war of 1812,

was a Jackson democratic representative in the days of the contest between "Old Hickory," and "Biddle's bank." He was a type of a gentleman of the old school, and the descriptions of him recall Washington Irving's picture of the master of Bracebridge hall. The bluff and hearty manner, the corpulent person, and the open countenance of the general, his dress of the aristocratic blue and buff, and his gold-headed cane, all tallied with my conception of the English country gentleman of the olden time and the better type, and his sometimes tender walk and gouty toe gave evidence that, although he possessed most of their excellences, he also partook somewhat of their weaknesses. He was greatly beloved in Ohio, and several anecdotes are told of his kindness in enforcing the claims of the United States when he was receiver of the District land office, for lands sold on credit, as was the custom in those days. Upon one occasion there had been a general tightness in money matters, and many farms in the region northeast of Cincinnati but partly paid for were forfeited to the Government. In the discharge of his official duty General Findlay attended at the place of sale. He learned soon after his arrival there that many speculators were present prepared to purchase these lands. Mounting a stump, he opened the sale. He designated the lands aforesaid, and said that he was there to offer them to the highest bidder. He said that the original purchasers were honest men, but that in consequence of the hard times, they had failed to meet their engagements. But if they had more time the Government would lose nothing. It was hard thus to be forced from their homes, already partly paid for. But the law was imperative, and the lands must be offered. "And now," continued he, "I trust that there is no rentleman-no, I will not say that-I hope there is no d—d rascal here so mean as to buy his neighbor's home over his head. Gentleman, I offer this lot for sale. Who bids?" There was lot for sale. Who bids?" There was no furfeited land sold that day. Gircumstances of this kind were some of the causes of General Findlay's popularity throughout his district; and consequently, it was folly, in the days of his vigor, to attempt his defeat for congress. When he ran for governor of Ohio, however, in 1834, he was defeated by Robert Lucas.—Ben: Perky Poere, in Boston Budget.

Little Johnny Samuelson goes to school, and has become quite proficient in arithmetic. Johnny is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson, but the latter was a widow with six children when she married Mr. Samuelson. "How are your little brothers and sisters coming on?" asked a lady friend of the family. "All three of them are well," responded Johnny. "Why, there are six of them, Johnny." "Yes, ma'am, but you forget they are only half brothers and half sisters, and it takes two halves to make a whole one."-Texas Siftings.

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