The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

A writer in the Texas *Courier of Medicine* says that anything which will cause a man to sneeze will cure him of hiccough.

Over 100,000 women and girls make a living in the streets of Paris. They are licensed by Government. Thirty-five thousand are under 18, 17,000 under 15, and 5,000 under 13.

Every visitor to the World's Exposition in New Orleans is required to deposite a silver half dollar in a glass box in charge of the doorkeepers, no admission tickets being sold.

Hard times are beginning to affect the confectioners' trade in Paris. You can now buy for five francs a pound of bonbons in a basket, which were formerly sold for not less than twenty francs.

Dr. Lonquet states in *L'Union Medicale* that the first Napoleon's pulse beat but 45 times a minute, even when he was in his usual healthy condition. The average pulse of well men is given at sixty.

Cannon Point, Ga., claims the honor of having the only olive grove in the United States whose fruit is used for the manufacture of oil. It contains 160 bearing trees, which were planted over 100 years ago. The grove yielded over 200 gallons of oil this year.

Extremes sometimes meet. In China a dog thief is beheaded, but the man who steals a million can be but slightly punished, and usually runs away to Corea. In the United States a horse thief is lynched, and an absconding bank cashier goes to Canada.

The forthcoming Grosvenor exhibition in London will comprize about 190 portraits and landscapes by Gainsborough, his picture, and other personal relics, and not fewer than 150 works of various kinds by Richard Doyle. Some of the latter are delightful fairy romances.

Dr. Schliemann's new work, giving an account of his excavations at Tiryns, is now in the press, and will be published next March simultaneously in England, America, Germany, and France. When the work is more advanced the learned Doctor will proceed to Crete, where he expects his excavations will be crowned with his usual success.

The well bred man who smokes only for the love of it puts as much of his cigar into his mouth as is necessary to draw it, keeps it in his mouth no longer than is necessary, and never fails to remove it when he talks or passes any one to whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Further, our best bred men never smoke in any street or at an hour when it is much frequented, nor in any public place where smoking is likely to be offensive to others.

In a recent work on alcoholic drinks, Dr. Thudichum states that sherry and port wines are made by methods so crude and foul as to be almost incredible. He condemns the habit of "plastering sherries," that is, covering the grapes with plaster of Paris just before pressing. It is done to prevent certain bacterial fermentations to which the dirty modes of manufacture make the wines of Spain and Portugal peculiarly liable. The wines of Madeira and Sicily (Marsala) which resemble sherry, are said to be free from this objection.

Forty-five years ago the Britannia was considered a remarkable ship. She was 207 feet long and her tonnage 1,155. The new Cunarder, the Etruria, is 520 feet long and her tonnage nearly 8,000. The Britannia had engines of 150 horse power; the horse power of the Etruria is 14,000. The Britannia carried 220 tons of cargo and 120 passengers; the Etruria 5,000 tons of cargo and 1,500 passengers. The Britannia carried 500 tons of coal and her speed was 8½ knots per hour; the Etruria carries 2,500 tons and makes 19 knots per hour. Five years ago the Arizona made the passage in seven days and seven hours. The builder of the Etruria says she will do it in one day less, and in another fifty years it will be done in five days.

There are at present seventy women in France who have received the distinction of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The last of them is Mme. St. Julien, the Superior of the Sisterhood of St Vincent de Paul, who has been engaged at the Marseilles City Hospital for thirty years. The order is generally given to women for devotion to the sick and wounded; Lady Pigott, for instance, besides several French women, has received the order as a reward for her services during the Franco-Russian war. But the name of Rosa Bonheur, *artiste peintre*, is also on the list, and it is said that Mme. Abicot was decorated for defending the house of the Maire of Oison, her husband, against armed men, and that Mme. Regis, who is the first decorated French woman, earned her distinction in 1849 for resisting the mob.

Chinese Paper.

Eighteen hundred years ago, says the *Papermaker's Journal* (London), the Chinese, acting upon the wasp's suggestion, made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now each province makes its own peculiar variety from the innermost bark of different trees. The young bamboo, which grows six or eight inches in a single night, is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut up spirally, by a keen knife, into thin slices, six inches wide and twice as long. Immense quantities of paper are used by the Chinese for a great variety of purposes. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things, which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window frames, paper sliding doors, and paper visiting cards a yard long.

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New Railway Signal.

Railway men, especially train men, know the use of the torpedo in warning a following train of danger saving time, and for other emergencies which arise during the run of a train in sections, where one section is close behind another. The practice has been to drop off a man or stop the train while the hind brakeman adjusted a torpedo, thereby losing valuable time. J. H. Bevington has produced and patented an instrument which is so arranged that with it a torpedo with steel clasps can be adjusted to the rail from the platform of the car while running at a high rate of speed. A clamp containing a signal flag, another containing a torch which will burn ten minutes for night signals and one containing a taper which will burn long enough to show the rail while making the adjustment, can all be attached to the rail by this ingenious instrument while the train is running at high speed. These signals are applicable to any code of rules governing the use of torpedoes as caution or danger signals. The torpedoes make a very loud report, and their spring steel clamps prevent all liability of being thrown from the rail by a locomotive passing over them. The torches are limited to burn ten minutes, and no storm will extinguish them until burned out.

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER XXXVI.

For a moment Stephen Daunt was so overcome with surprise at the unexpected appearace of his wife that, without moving, he stared at her over his book, half uncertain whether he was not dreaming, whether he had not fallen asleep in the carriage and conjured up the beautiful pale face of the woman who was rarely absent from his thoughts; but the surprise was only momentary, and gave place to alarm as he saw how terribly agitated she was, how the little trembling hands clung to him for a moment and then fell away in their weakness, how the slender form shivered and shook like one stricken and wounded unto death.

Stephen Daunt had all a man's—and an Englishman's—horror of scenes, and since his marriage he had had enough and to spare. Life had been quite a tragic business, he thought wearily, ever since that June morning when he had made Sidney his wife. It was not her fault, poor child, since, so long as she had been well, she had been calm and languid and self possessed as a queen; but there had been that scene in the waiting-room at Ling which had preceded her serious illness; and now when he had thought her safe in Brighton with his aunt and Dolly, she made an unexpected appearance in a railway-compartment of which—fortunately, most fortunately—he was the only other occupant.

All these thoughts passed like lightning through his brain, as, lifting her tenderly in his arms, he placed her upon the cushions of the carriage, and, still holding her within his arm, tried to sooth her with a few gentle-spoken words.

But all power of self-control had deserted her; the intense relief she felt at sight of her husband safe and free as yet, the self-repression she had exercised so long, which had cost her such an effort, the agitation, the long night's vigil, the anxiety and suspense had broken her down; she could not have spoken a word to save her life or Stephen's. She lay back against the cushions, supported by his arm, sobbing, gasping, trembling, and exhausted, fighting against her emotion as best she could, poor child, because she knew it would be painful and distressing to him, but utterly powerless to overcome it. She was not weeping; there were no tears in the great burning eyes or on the pale cheeks, and the sobs were grey dry choking sobs which shook the slender frame within his arm with a force which seemed as if it must kill her; while Stephen, looking at her with intense pity and compassion, felt all the helplessness a man usually feels in presence of a *crise de nerfs*.

But through it all one thing struck him, that she did not shrink from him as she had done in the waiting-room at Ling, that she rather yielded to his arm, and let her weary head rest against his shoulder, as if it were good for it to be there, that the little hands clasped him with convulsive force for a moment, and that, if they fell away then, it was from failing power, not from repulsion. And, when at last, from sheer exhaustion, the sobs ceased, and the gasping breaths came more evenly, though very feebly, she rested against him as a weary child worn out with suffering might rest against its mother's breast.

"Now, dear, can you tell me what the matter is?" he said, after a pause, as they sped onwards through the gathering gloom of the wintry dusk. "How is it you are here and alone? Is this the care they have been taking of you in Brighton? Surely they must have seen and known that you were utterly unfit for such a journey?"

"They did not know I was coming," she answered faintly, pausing between each word as they fell slowly from her white and tremulous lips.

"Have you run away again then?" he said, in the gently chiding tone one might adopt to a spoiled child.

"No," she whispered.

"Where were you going dear?" he asked, bending his face down over hers as he spoke, and putting his strong hand over the little trembling helpless fingers upon her lap.

"I was—coming—to—you!"

Her voice was so low and faint that the words were almost inaudible; but they thrilled Stephen Daunt with joy. She was coming to him! Could it be that at last she had learnt to love him, to appreciate his love for her, and that a brighter day was dawning for them after the long dark night of distrust and pain?

"You were coming to me, Sidney!" he repeated softly, drawing her still closer to his side. "You wanted me then? Why did you not send or telegraph, dear child? I would have come to you so gladly—how gladly you will never know, Sidney."

"I—I dared not!" she whispered; and, turning her face suddenly, she hid it against him, pressing it against his furlined coat with a sudden passionate pain.

"You dared not," he echoed, in a voice so full of tender reproach that it almost destroyed Sidney's composure—"you dared not! Why? Surely you were not afraid of me, my child?"

"No, no—wait!" she murmured, still with her face hidden. "Give me a little time—and—I will tell you—if you need telling. I have no strength—and yet—I must find strength—or it may be—too late!"

Too late! What did she mean? Stephen wondered, with a curious dread. Did she think she was going to die, poor foolish girl? And yet was the thought such a foolish one? She had been so ill, and was still so far from strong, that this great agitation and subsequent exhaustion must be terribly weakening and hurtful to her.

Desperately the poor woman struggled against her exhaustion, knowing how precious the time was and how she was losing it; but she could not find strength to speak, to tell her husband of his danger, to confess that she believed him guilty of a dreadful crime. Two or three times she tried to utter the words of warning and entreat him to fly; but the words died away on her white lips, and she rested against him like a wounded thing, conscious indeed, yet utterly strengthless and exhausted.

Stephen was greatly distressed. Fully an hour must elapse before the train stopped again, and then it would be only for a few minutes; and, looking at the colourless face against his shoulder, he began to fear that, if no help could be obtained before then, it would be too late to be of any use. To his eyes inexperienced as he was in illness and its signs, Sidney's face looked like the face of a dying woman as the light of the railway lamp fell upon it, and he felt terribly helpless and despairing. Suddenly he remembered that he had his travelling-flask with him, and that, on leaving Easthorpe on the previous day, the butler had filled it with sherry; he had had no occasion to use it since, and had forgotten it. Now he remembered it with an almost passionate sense of gratitude; and, gently placing Sidney back in her seat, he took his bag from the netting, hastily unlocked it, and took out the flask.

"What is it?" she said faintly, as he held the little silver cup to her lips.

"Some wine. Drink it, dear child; it will do you good."

With a sudden eagerness, almost avidity, she took it from him and drained the contents of the little cup. It had contained barely a wineglassful of the wine; but, small as the quantity was, it acted like magic on her feeble frame; even a faint tinge of colour came into the thin cheeks which had been so ashen white the minute before; and she raised herself from the cushions, eager and anxious to tell him all before her strength gave way again.

Stephen went back to his seat beside her, with a psalm of thanksgiving in his heart. Never had he been so glad of the thoughtfulness of his butler before.

"Now, Sidney," he said cheerfully, "tell me all about it What has made you leave Brighton so suddenly, without giving us any warning or bringing any attendant with you?"

She looked up into his face earnestly as she replied to his question by another.

"Were you going home to Easthorpe?"

"Yes," he answered wonderingly. "I have been to Dering on business, and I am returning to Ashford; we seem doomed to meet at railway-stations, Sidney," he added, with a slight laugh which sounded forced and tuneless in the silent carriage.

"Do not go home," she said suddenly, grasping his arm with her trembling burning hands. "Oh, Stephen, do not go home! Come with me, away—far away! Have you not heard?"

He looked down at her in intense bewilderment, without the remotest conception of her meaning; then a thought struck him and held him for a moment dumb with terror. Her brain had given way, he thought, and in her delirium she had left Brighton by stealth and come to Ashford. How fortunate that he had met her! Poor child! Alone and ill as she was, how would she have found her way home?

He put his arm round her once more, and drew her tenderly to his side, looking down at the beautiful wan face with a love and tenderness he did not try to disguise; but he could not speak to her for a moment, for his lips were quivering somewhat, and there was a strange lump in his throat.

"Have you not heard," she repeated, in husky, awe-stricken tones—"have you not heard? They know—they have found out! I heard it last night at the ball, and I could not come sooner—I missed the train; but, now that you are here, we can go away somewhere, and they will not know."

"My poor Sidney," he said tremulously.

"I shall not mind," she said faintly—"not if you are safe. You will go away, Stephen, will you not? And—and—I will go; you will not go without me, as you thought once—you will let me be with you?"

"My dearest, yes," he said unsteadily. "When you are stronger, I will take you away; but we must first go home to Easthorpe and let you get quite well."

"Not to Easthorpe," she cried, in intense alarm—"not there! They will be looking for you! We will get out of the train when it stops, and go away—oh, so far away!—Stephen, just you and I; and I will be such a good wife, so patient, so careful, that I will make you happy. You will trust me, Stephen?"

"My darling," he murmured, with dim eyes, touched by her pathetic eagerness and humility, "I trust you fully; and by and by we will go away together, and try to repair the mistakes of the past."

She looked up at him still; but into the sweet pleading eyes had come a look of puzzled impatience.

"Do you not understand?" she said hastily. "Stephen, they know, and—they——"

She sank down upon her knees by his side, still clasping his arm with her little feverish hands, her eyes raised to him in wild appeal; but Stephen, who had no clue to the mystery, could only look at her in pitying compassion and try to soothe her by a few softly-spoken words and tender caresses. But she shrank from him impatiently.

"Will you not heed?" she said faintly. "Oh, listen to me, Stephen! I heard it last night at the ball—Lord de la Poer told me; it was in the newspapers."

"What was in the newspapers, dear?" he asked her gently, putting his arms around her, and holding her little trembling form in his tender clasp. "I am very stupid, Sidney; but I do not seem able to understand."

"Perhaps you do not know," she whispered, letting her aching weary head rest against his arm as she looked up into his face with miserable pleading eyes. "It has come—that which I have been dreading for so many long days. It has been long in coming; but it has come at last.

"What has come at last?" he said, in ever-increasing bewilderment, for Sidney's manner was so earnest and insignificant that he began to think that the delirium existed only in his fancy.

"Then you do not know?" she interrogated wearily. "Oh, Stephen, must I tell you? Will you not understand that it kills me to tell you? Oh, you must have feared it, even as I have!"

"I am afraid I am very dense," he said gently; "but I do not understand—I cannot even guess at your meaning, Sidney."

"Do you know"—the little burning hands gripped and held him with a sudden fierce strength, the great passionate eyes were fixed upon his face in unutterable fear and misery—"do you know what the Earl said last night? Oh, the words have never left me for a moment since—they seem to dance before me in letters of fire! He said"—the eager piteous voice sank to a whisper, but every word was clearly and distinctly uttered,—"that the mystery of the Ashford murder was likely to be solved very shortly, and that some startling and unlocked-for revelations might be expected, that the police were on the track. He said that—— Oh, Stephen, now you will understand!"

In her agony of shame at the accusation she thought she had made against him—of shame for his shame—her head fell forward upon her knee, while her hands still held him, in mute assurance that, no matter what his shame was, she would cling to him through it all.

But her husband, uncomprehending until now, suddenly divined her meaning, or supposed that he divined it. She feared for Frank Greville's safety, and perhaps, knowing something of his whereabouts, she was anxious to go somewhere where her evidence could not be obtained if it were sought for. There was method in her madness then, he thought bitterly; all her terror was for this man whom, unworthy as he was, she loved still, and who would ever stand between Stephen and his heart's desire while life lasted.

His face had altered strangely as he sat looking down in silence at the stricken head resting against his knee, at the little trembling hands holding him with such a convulsive clasp. All the tenderness died out of it—not the compassion—for it was not in Stephen Daunt's nature to look at a woman in trouble without pity—and in the sudden revulsion of feeling he dropped his arm from around her and drew back a little.

"You know now?"

"Yes," he answered, in a voice so cold and changed that, had Sidney's own agitation been less, she could not have failed to notice it—"yes, I know now!"

There was a moment's silence; the train rushed onwards through the gloaming, the snow had ceased to fall, the stars were coming out one by one in the clear deep blue of the sky. They had rushed through a station just then, and Stephen had seen the lamps burning, and had caught a glimpse of the waiting travellers, which he recalled afterwards, thinking how strangely in moments of great excitement trifles seem to fix themselves on one's mind and memory when greater matters fade from them.

"Stephen"—the faint broken voice fell upon the silence sadly—"you will go now?"

"Go!" he repeated, in puzzled tones. "Why should I go? If—if you wished to escape annoyance, you should have stayed in Brighton; they would not have troubled you there; and indeed I do not know why they should trouble you now. You know nothing of the matter, you can throw no light upon the subject."

At the coldness, almost harshness, of his voice she raised her head, and at sigh of her face, so pale and wan, so full of horror and misery, his own softened slightly.

"Forgive my impatience," he said hurriedly. "This subject is one so full of pain to me that I cannot think of it patiently. What is it you wish done, Sidney? If it be in my power, I will help you."

"Stephen, don't you understand," she asked breathlessly—"don't you understand?"

"I understand nothing," he said almost impatiently, "but that you are, as you ever have been, anxious for Frank Greville's safety, and I fail to see how I am to relieve your anxiety."

She shrank back from him as she knelt, trembling and aghast. Did he not yet understand that the real culprit had been discovered? How could she make him understand? She could not put it into plain words; she could not say to her husband—

"I know you are guilty. I know you killed the unfortunate Squire; and it is for your safety, and not for Frank's, that I am anxious."

The train slackened speed a little, and Sidney mechanically rose to her feet. They were entering the station where the second and last change of trains on the way to Ashford was to take place, and there was still a chance of escape if she could prevail upon Stephen not to continue his journey. But she felt stupid and dazed and confused, and in silence allowed her husband to assist her to leave the carriage, moving more like an automaton than a living and breathing woman.

Nor could she find words to speak to him as they stood together on the little platform. Stephen had drawn her hand through his arm and held it there, and had turned with her to the little waiting room; but she shrank back a little, and he had taken the movement for a wish to remain in the fresh air, and had acquiesced, although the wind was blowing keenly along the station, carrying with it some of the snow which lay thickly over the surrounding country.

"We have only five minutes to wait here," he said, bending his head over the slender shrinking form by his side; and as he spoke to her the girl raised her face and looked up at him with a world of pitiful entreaty in her dark lustrous eyes.

"Stephen," she said faintly—"Stephen, do not go home—do not go home!"

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself more clearly!" he cried, almost angrily. "Where am I to take you, if not home? We shall be there in an hour; and it would be impossible for you to undertake the journey back to Brighton this evening."

"But, if I go home," she faltered brokenly, after a long pause—"if you go home——"

"Well," he asked, looking down at her, "what will happen if I go home?"

"They—they—Stephen, you will not understand me—and yet——"

"I am only too anxious to do so," he said, in a gentler tone. "But here is our train, Sidney."

"No, no!" she said piteously, as he led her forward.

The guard, who had recognized Stephen, was holding open the door of a first-class compartment, and Sidney was lifted in, passive and unresisting now. Stephen followed, the guard closed the door with a sharp bang, the train moved on slowly. Sidney burst into a despairing passion of tears.

Stephen waited in silence until the nervous paroxysm was over; then he moved to a seat beside his wife, and said gravely and somewhat coldly, but still with much kindliness in his voice—

"Sidney, you will spare me much anxiety, and yourself some pain, if you will be more explicit, and tell me what you fear."

It had come at last, Sidney thought bitterly—the time when she must tell her husband all she knew, when she must accuse him of murder, and of a cruel cowardly deception which was as base a crime. Since it was the only way to save him, she dared keep silence no longer; since he would not understand her, she must put her fears into plain words.

"Stephen," she said, in a low voice, which she kept steady by one last effort of self-control, "I told you that the Rutledge mystery would be soon solved, that the police were on the track of the—of the"—the word would not come, she could not force her lips to its utterance—"and—it is not Frank Greville they mean—they—oh, Stephen, they know all—they know that you—— Oh, if you go home, they will take—you——"

Her voice failed her; but she stretched out her hands to him in piteous passionate pleading; and in the dim light of the railway-carriage he saw in the horror and pain on her face what she believed.

For a moment he sat looking at her in silence, his face growing pale as death as he realised what she meant, what her belief was; and then, as by a lightning-flash, all was made clear to him—her proposed flight, her shrinking terror, the cause of her illness, and the terrible agitation and dread she had evinced.

For a time he could not speak, stunned by the pain of the thought that his wife, the woman whom he had loved with the one deep love of his lifetime, for whom he would have counted no sacrifice too great, should think him not only a murderer, but a treacherous coward, who had allowed another man to suffer for his crime while he himself had been free and unstained.

And Sidney, cowering in her corner of the compartment, her face hidden in her trembling hands, felt the contempt and anger in the look she dared not meet, and wished with all her heart that she had died before she let him see that he believed in his guilt. But, when at last the silence was broken, it was not by the angry contemptuous words she expected to hear.

"You believe that!" he said, in a tone of incredulous horror. "Good Heaven, how horrible!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Musk.

Although musk has long been well-known in the West, yet, says Dr. Macgowan in his report on the health of Wenchow ("Imperial Maritime Customs") it seems worth while to translate what Chinese writers have to say about it. The musk deer is found throughout the mountains of Yunnan, Szechwan, and Thibet; it is a timid little animal, and often dies of fright. It feeds on juniper leaves and reptiles; snake bones are found in its stomach. In spring its glandular pouch is much swollen and inflamed. The secretion is discharged with the urine. Musk deer always resort to the same place for micturition, and cover their urine with earth. In such places deposits of a superior quality are found, amounting sometimes to fifteen catties (a catty is a Chinese weight of about one and one-third pounds). The article which is most prized is that which falls from the musk deer on to the ground, and are gathered in grains that are as precious as pearls. These deposits are so pungent that, if carried through a garden or woods, it prevents fructification. The poisonous effect of fresh musk on vegetation is shown also by the blighted appearance of places which the musk deer selects for its convenience. For some distance around these places there is an absence of plants, and farther off the leaves exhibit a yellow tinge. This valuable substance no sooner leaves the hunter's hands than skillful manipulators adulterate the article for wholesale dealers, who further adulterate it for the trade, by which time it contains about 10 per cent. of genuine musk. Musk is said to be anthelmintic, and to cure the bites of venomous serpents.—[Lancet.

Strange Story from Austria.

The recent revelations made in Buda-Pesth, of the discovery of the abduction of young girls, have caused great excitement, more especially as the reports have been confirmed in a remarkable way. A girl named Anna Ouska, living with a German family in Pesth, has made a statement to a magistrate at the request of her master. She says that in the autumn of 1883 she answered an advertisement for a situation, and a few days after was called upon by a woman, who offered her a position in the States at a large salary, her passage to be paid, and a small sum of money to be advanced for her outfit. She accepted and went to Pesth, where she was shown a ticket to New York, and started off with ten other Austrian girls for Marseilles. Here they were all put on board a steamer, as they thought for the States, but which in reality landed them at Alexandria. As soon as they had landed they were taken to a large house, where they were locked up in separate rooms. What happened to the rest of the girls Anna Ouska does not know, but she was sent to a harem kept by an Egyptian merchant in Cairo, where she remained in degraded slavery for over eight months, when she managed to escape. By the greatest good fortune she met a German gentleman, to whom she told her story. He took her home, employed her as lady's maid for his wife and daughter, and brought her back to Pesth The girl is intelligent, and gives full particulars, both names and dates, which will likely lead to some important arrests.

Don't Say "Just my Luck."

Dr. Deems observes: "He is a foolish man who says 'It is just my luck' when something goes against him. Don't say 'I wish I lived in a world where there is no sorrow and no disappointment.' It would be a pitiable world; it would mean intellectual and moral death. No wisdom or skill can keep us from trouble; for trouble is universal, and whatever is universal under the government of God must be good."

A poor old man in a country village had been in the habit of receiving from the parson of the parish a pint of milk daily. At his death the old man left a will, in which he bequeathed the daily pint of milk to his brother.

A HEARTRENDING SCENE.

Begging for a Drink from His Parents—A Little Injured Boy Dies.

A county exchange tells of a little boy who died under most harrowing circumstances at Pittsfield on Thanksgiving Day. The little fellow had been injured by the accidental discharge of a shotgun, and under the doctor's directions, the parents heroically resisted the lad's pleadings for "just one drink, mamma." It was all the father could do to hold out against his cries of "Papa, papa, won't you give me a drink?" He died during the day and his piteous appeals for a drink still ring in the ears of the bereaved parents.

Some years ago the writer stood by the cot of a little one-year-old boy, whose death the doctors said would be made certain by giving him any food. Ten days had passed and his plump form had wasted under the starving process to a mere skeleton. While he had strength to cry he cried for food, and when too weak to express his craving by sounds his little eyes were turned with a look of wolfish hunger upon the food prepared for his parents. It almost broke their hearts to see him suffer, and yet their fears of losing him steeled their hearts against his piteous, mute appeals. On that day the doctor met the father and told him the child was past hope and that it must die before noon. Without waiting for the certificate of death, which the physician kindly offered to make out to save trouble in going for it later, the father hurried home with a determination that his boy should not die with that look of longing in his eyes. He cooked a steak and fed the child with the rich, warm gravy, giving it a spoonful every ten minutes. Then the parents sat down to wait for their little one to die, but they waited long and in vain.

Strengthened by the food the child's voice came back and he cried for more. It was given him, and that night when the doctor sent up a document certifying that Arthur ——— died of, etc., the boy was sleeping the peaceful slumber of a fed child. He lives to-day, a sweet little fellow of 7, who but for that beefsteak would have surely died of starvation. Perhaps little George Thomas, the Pittsfield boy, might have been saved by a drink of water.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fighting the South Sea Islanders

Letters have been received from Melbourne containing particulars of encounters which the Miranda, Capt. Ackland, had with the natives during a six months' cruise among the South Sea Islands. During her cruise she put into Havannah harbor. The schooner John Hunt was in port, and the crew reported that her captain had been murdered by the natives at Bushman's Bay. Hither, consequently, the Miranda went, where she was joined by the Undine, and both vessels took up positons favorable for covering landing parties. The natives assumed a very hostile attitude, and when informed that the murderers of Capt. Hunt must be given up they attempted to spear the interpreter who conveyed the intimation to them. Three or four days were spent in vain attempts to bring the natives to terms, but they remained defiant, and assembled in large numbers on the beach armed with spears, bows, and poisoned arrows.

After receiving due warning and replying that they would rather fight than give up the murderers, the Miranda opened fire with two 7-inch guns, two 64 pounders, and two Gatlings. Most of the natives speedily took to the bush, but a number remained on the beach and sent a volley of poisoned arrows after the Miranda's boat, which, however, did no harm. The Miranda's fire was kept up for an hour, and a large party of men were landed to destroy the village, but it was found to be so far inland that they gave up the task.

The Miranda afterwards proceeded to Api and demanded payment of the fine imposed some months since upon the natives by Capt. Dale of the Diamond, for the murder of the Government agent and two of the crew of the Lavinia The surrender of Koro, the chief murderer, was also demanded, but neither of these requests being complied with, a party of one hundred men was landed under Lieut. Fisher. Thereupon the natives deserted the place, and the village was at once burned down and the plantation destroyed.—[London News.

CONCERNING FISH.

Western Maryland fishermen are alarmed at the results of the introduction of bass into the Potomac and adjacent streams. They have either devoured or driven out the sun fish, catfish, and other native fish, besides destroying turtles and great numbers of eels.

In Charleston harbor some sailors recently caught a fish that had a head like a frog and a body like any other fish, except that instead of forefins there are two large appendages shaped like wings. The wings are speckled like those of a whippoor-will, and are formed of a very thin, transparent substance.

A fish found nowhere else in the world is the golden trout of Kern river, California. Its flesh is hard and sweet, but it is noted particularly for the beautiful color which flakes its sides, looking as though they had been submitted to a coating of gold foil. The *Inyo Independent* says: "This peculiarity of color and their distinct species is preserved by a natural barrier existing between them and the other varieties which are found in this creek. A series of high and rocky falls prevent other fish from ascending and mingling with them, and so, from generation to generation, they have, by a natural barrier, been able to preserve their distinct character. At times some of them have descended into the lower courses of the stream, and a mixed tribe of trout, combining the speckled and golden trout, has been formed, individuals of which are often caught."

A fastidious Aigburth youth has his hair colored twice a week. The tonsorial artist is not very particular, so the young man said:—"I wish you would be a little particular with those curling irons. You should try them on a piece of paper first, and see if they are too hot." "I don't need to do that. I can always tell by the smell of the burnt hair when the irons are too hot."

FUNNIGRAMS.

They used to say "crazy as a bed bug," but the revised version hath it, "crazy as a bed quilt."

An ounce of keep your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation after you have said it.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?"

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

As a regiment, headed by its band, marched by, a little boy remarked: "I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?"

"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so!" replied the good man; "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

"Is land high in Vermont?" asked a speculator of an old Green Mountain farmer. "You just bet it is, was the reply. "If the trees wan't so stunted, the clouds couldn't get by at all."

A young poetess says she "told her secret to the sweet, wild roses." She was very imprudent. When the sweet, wild roses "blow" she will wish that she had kept her secrets to herself.

Owing to the crazy-quilt mania, society young men on small incomes have been obliged to fall back upon the old black tie. It is too narrow for a patch, and too black to be attractive.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental Snozenbloom as he gazed upon the landscape, "ah, what is so old as the hills?" "The valleys, my dear," responded Mrs. S.; and Snozenbloom looked disgusted.

A three-year-old morsel stationed at a window during family prayers, one snowy day, knocked the inspiration out of the supplicant for heavenly grace, and richly earned a hug and kiss by exclaiming: "O mother, mother, it's raining pop-corn."

They had been quarreling about his next summer clothes. She wanted him to have his light suit cleaned up for 1885, and he wanted a heavier suit. "What's the use of fighting about this?" he said, finally. "I may be in the cemetery next summer." "I think," she replied, "that you will need your summer clothes wherever you may be."

There is no longer any use in trying to make Michigan a prohibition State. A lager beer spring has been discovered in the temperance town of Olivet, which gushes forth a stream of beer fifteen inches in diameter. It began to run a few days ago in a little valley below the village, and already half the population has moved out there and established summer camps.

Women's rights are an unknown quantity in Afghanistan. A woman not long since applied for divorce on the plea that her husband was growing bald. The Ameer indicated his view of the matter by having a bottle of sour milk poured over the husband's bald pate and ordering the discontented spouse to lick it all off. After this humiliating ceremony the lady was paraded through the bazaar on a donkey, with her face to the tail, as a warning to wives.

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Guard Against Freezing.

Much of the pain and discomfort that follow the freezing of any part of the body might be avoided if those who are exposed to intense cold would recollect that the accident is not usually discovered before the mischief is done. The effect of cold is to destroy the sensibility of the exposed parts, and the discovery that a part is frozen is usually made by another, who sees the change in color, and the waxen appearance peculiar to frozen flesh. The ears being so thin, and exposed on both sides, are usually the first to suffer. Binding the ears against the head, so that they may derive warmth from the contact, is a better precaution in very cold weather than ear muffs. The nose and cheeks are also liable to suffer, especially if one is driving. Even where there is no wind the motion of a sleigh or other vehicle produces the same effect. Whatever part may be frozen, all circulation has ceased; the treatment should be such as will restore this as gradually as possible. The unfortunate person ought never to be taken into a warm room, but the frozen part should be thawed in the cold by the application of snow, or in its absence, of ice powdered fine, and by bathing with ice-cold water. After the parts are thawed, and the circulation restored, they remain very sensitive to sudden changes of temperature and that painful affliction known as chilblains follows. For this a great variety of remedies are proposed. Each physician has his favorite "cure," and each family its "best thing in the world." Among the popular applications is kerosene, used as a liniment. Solutions of sal ammoniac, sulphate of zinc, and sub-acetate of lead are among the remedies in common use. If very severe, take the advice of a physician.

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The Oldest Dynasty in the World.

The present reigning dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the world. It dates back 2,546 years ago, and its records are actually preserved for that time. During this period the reigning houses of China have several times changed, and all the nations now called civilized, without exception, have had their beginning. It is sometimes marvelous to reflect that any house could preserve its integrity and occupy the throne for such a period of time. This fact of the persistency of family holds true of others than the reigning family, though to a less extent. The oldest son is necessarily his father's successor, and heirlooms are handed down from father to son with the greatest veneration and reverence. Swords, spears, beautiful garments, and helmets, bronze, lacquer, and carved wooden-ware, are held sacred in a family for ages. One young man, the oldest son of a well-to-do father, told me that he had twenty swords, some of the finest workmanship, and, in answer to my inevitable Yankee question, he said "It is worth about 300 yen."

The Devil Fish.

An octopus was caught recently with fish hooks near Portland in Oregon. There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat, and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about three hundred feet of water. As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion, when the devil fish dropped off of its own accord. One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to a jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were four feet long, and its purse shaped body was about one foot in diameter.