To Doris.

(From a Hammock.)

O woman, woman! who shall sound
The awful depth of your exactions
When once you think that man is bound
To be your slave in all his actions?
A woman's smiles, of course, enhance
The joys of life—I won't deny it;
Yet sometimes her approving glance
Is far too dear for man to buy it.

In spring or autumn I would work
As hard as any man for beauty;
Nor in the winter would I shirk
One detail of a gallant's duty.
But, when the summer sun is high
And blazing hourly ever stronger,
I murmur, beauty, with a sigh,
That you must count me yours no longer.

Forgive me, Doris, if I dwell
Thus lengthily on trivial topics.
We do not often have a spell
Of weather hot as in the tropics;
But when we do, I'm bound to say
That I regard with some aversion
Your cruel yet seductive way
Of prompting me to great exertion.

You write, "I want so much to go
To Cookham ere the summer's ended.
Come round this morning; you shall row;
The river's absolutely splendid.
I'll take my sunshade and my fan
To shield me from this boiling weather.
Now, is not mine a charming plan
For us to spend the day together?"

In all my life I never read
A calmer, cooler, invitation.
Perhaps you'd like to row, instead
Of leaving me that occupation!
The mercury's at ninety-two;
And how can any man philander
With even such a witch as you
In air that chokes a salamander!

To-day my fondest longings flow
In slightly less romantic channels;
I melt and grasp for breath, although
I wear my thinnest suit of flannels.
Take no offence, ingenious maid,
At me your last behest denying;
No prize could tempt me from the shade
In which at present I am lying.

Yet, if you cannot stay at home
And really like my conversation,
You'll find me here, and you may come
I won't resent the visitation.
A plate of strawberries and cream
This afternoon will much restore me;
And, while I lie and smoke and dream,
You can prepare the mixture for me.

—*St. James' Gazette.*

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

"No more, gentlemen, I implore you! You see we are both unharmed. Let us, above all things, get to the house." He offered his arm to Eugenie to conduct her there; but she lingered and gazed around.

"And our rescuer? I hope nothing has happened to him."

"Ah, yes, your rescuer! I had almost forgotten him," said the director, somewhat embarrassed. "It was Hartmann who held the horses. Hartmann, where are you?"

The man called did not answer; but Wilberg, who, in his admiration for the romantic deed, quite forgot his recent spite against the doer, cried eagerly, "There he stands, up there!" and hastened to the young miner, who stepped back as the officers crowded around him, and now stood leaning against a tree.

"Hartmann, you should—heavens what is the matter with you? You are as pale as death; and where does that blood come from?"

Ulrich was evidently struggling with a mortal faintness; but still an angry flush passed over his face, as Wilberg made a movement to support him. Enraged at being seen in anything so like a swoon, he hastily collected himself, rose to his full height, and pressed his clinched hands against his bleeding forehead. "It is nothing at all—a mere scratch," he said. "If I only had a handkerchief."

Wilberg was just to offer his, when suddenly a silk dress rustled near him. The young Frau Berkow stood at his side, and, without a word, reached her own handkerchief edged with costly lace.

The Baroness Windeg could never have been called upon to offer help to the wounded, else she would have known that this tiny, elegantly embroidered cambric handkerchief was little designed to stay the blood, which, as yet kept back by the thick masses of flaxen hair, now welled forth in a torrent. Ulrich, too, must have known better than she; still, as if without knowing it, he reached his hand for the proffered handkerchief.

"Thanks, your ladyship; but that will not be of much use," said the overseer, who now stood at his son's side, with his arm around his shoulder. "Hold still, Ulrich!" So saying, he drew forth his own coarse linen handkerchief, and pressed it against the apparently deep wound.

Arthur Berkow now came up, accompanied by the other officers. "Is it really dangerous?" he asked in a drawling tone.

With a start Ulrich broke loose from his father, and stood erect, the blue eyes flashing scorn and defiance, as he replied, "Not at all dangerous; no one need trouble himself about it; I can help myself."

The words sounded rather disrespectful, yet the service just rendered had been too great for any one to reprove him. As for Arthur Berkow, he seemed only too glad that the answer relieved him of all further trouble.

"I will send my physician to you," he said in his listless way; "but our thanks are still due you. For the present, there is help enough. Shall we go, Eugenie?"

The young wife took the offered arm; but once more she turned her head to see if the needed help was really there. It seemed that the manner in which her husband had treated the affair did not meet her approval.

"Our whole reception is a failure," said Wilberg despondently, as he, a few minutes later, joined the officers who had accompanied young Berkow and his bride to the house.

"And your poem also!" replied the chief engineer. "Who now thinks of verses and flowers? And to any one who believes in omens, this first entrance to the new home does not seem especially propitious—mortal danger, wounds, blood; but this is a romance just in your style, Wilberg. You can compose a ballad about it, only you will be forced for this once to make Hartmann your hero."

"And he is, and always will remain a bear!" cried Wilberg excitedly. "Could he not even give our lady a word of thanks as she offered him her own handkerchief? And how rude he was to Herr Berkow! But this man has a giant nature. When I asked him why, in God's name, he had not sooner bound up his wound, he answered laconically that he had not until just then remarked it. The idea! He received a blow on the head which would have knocked any one of us senseless; but he first stops the horses, lifts the lady out of the coach, and does not remark that he is wounded until the blood gushes out in a torrent!"

The miners, meanwhile, remained with their comrade. The manner in which the future chief had expressed his thanks to Hartmann had deeply wounded them. There were many morose faces, many indignant, cutting remarks; even the overseer had not now, as usual, an excuse for the young gentleman. He was still occupied in staying the blood from his son's wound, and Martha was assisting him.

This young girl's face wore such a look of unmistakable anguish that Ulrich must have noticed it if his eyes had not been turned in an opposite direction. It was a strangely intent and bitter glance which he sent after Arthur Berkow and the departing officers. He was evidently thinking of something quite other than the pain of the wound.

As he was about to bind a bandage around the still bleeding forehead, the overseer remarked that his son stillheld the lace handkerchief.

"This spider's web"—the old man's voice had an unusually bitter tone—"this embroidered spider's web must have been of great use to us! Give it to Martha, my son; she can return it to our lady."

Ulrich glanced down at the handkerchief, which, soft and fragrant as a zephyr, lay between his fingers; but as Martha would take it, he started, and hastily pressing it against the wound, dyed the delicate lace blood-red.

"What are you doing?" cried the father, both surprised and angry. "Would you bandage this deep hole in your head with that gauze thing? I thought we had bandages enough."

"Ah, yes, I did not think of that!" returned Ulrich hesitatingly. "Let it alone, Martha!" and, without another word, he tucked the handkerchief into his blouse pocket. The hands of the girl until now so active, sank helplessly, and she looked on motionless as the father arranged the bandage. She fixed her eyes inquiringly upon Ulrich's face. Why did he wish to render the costly rag useless? Would he, perhaps, not give it back?

Young Hartmann seemed to have little talent for the sick role. He had already shown himself very impatient at the abundant offers of help; now he started up, and declared, once for all, that it was enough; he would be left in peace.

"Let him be, the stubborn fellow!" said the overseer; "we can do nothing with him until we hear what the doctor says. You are my right hand, Ulrich! You would not help build the triumphal arch in honor of the young master and mistress; that would be too humiliating! but you could throw yourself before the horses that were running away with that same master and mistress, and not trouble yourself in the least about the old father, who has nothing but you in the whole world! Consistency, I suppose you call that in your new fashioned language! Well, you others—you would follow your lord and master in all things—it can really be no shame to you if you pattern after him in courage."

And with these words, which, in spite of their pretended resentment, very plainly showed pride in his son, and tenderness for him, the old man took Ulrich's arm, and led him away.

CHAPTER III.

It was early evening. The festival upon the Berkow estate, at least so far as the young master and mistress could participate in them, were at an end. After the threatened catastrophe had been so happily averted, and the excitement it had caused had died away, the original programme had been conscientiously carried out. Now, at last, Arthur and Eugenie, whose attention had been engrossed on every side, found themselves alone. Herr Schaffer, who was to return to-morrow to the Residence, had just taken his leave; and a servant, after having arranged the tea-table, had left the room.

The lamp, burning upon the table, threw its clear, mild light upon the pale blue damask tapestry and the expensively covered furniture of this little parlor, which, like the other apartments of the house, had been newly and magnificently furnished for the reception of the bride.

This parlor belonged to her own suite of rooms. The closely drawn silk curtains quite excluded the gaze of the outside world; flowers exhaled their perfume from costly vases; and, upon the table before the little corner sofa, stood a silver tea service, a picture of quiet, harmonious domestic life, in the midst of all this splendor.

But this household comfort seemed to have no spell to charm the young married pair. The bride, still in full society dress, stood in the middle of the room, holding in her hand the bouquet which Wilberg in Martha's stead had had the happiness of presenting her. The perfume of the orange blossoms so absorbed her that she had not the slightest attention to bestow upon her husband, who, in fact, did not demand such attention; for scarce had the door closed behind the servant, when, with an expression of utter weariness, he sank upon a *fauteuil.*

"This eternal parade and ceremony is really killing! Do you not find it so, Eugenie? Since yesterday noon they have not allowed us a minute's peace! First the marriage, then the dinner, then that awfully tiresome rail and extra post chaise journey, which took all night and the next forenoon, then that tragic interlude; here again, receptions, introduction to officers, dinner—my papa, when he sketched the programme of these festivities, seems not at all to have thought that we possessed any such things as nerves. Mine, I confess, are all unstrung."

The young wife turned her head and threw a very contemptuous glance upon the man, who, at this their first solitary interview, spoke to her of his nerves. Eugenie seemed not at all acquainted with this malady. Her beautiful face wore not the slightest trace of exhaustion.

"Have you heard whether young Hartmann's wound is dangerous?" she asked, instead of answering her husband.

Arthur seemed surprised that no notice was taken of his exceptionally long speech. "Schaffer says it is not of much account," replied he indifferently. "He has, I believe, spoken with the physician. And now it occurs to me, we must make the young man some recompense. I will have the director see about it."

"Ought you not to attend to the matter personally?"

"I?—No, spare me that! As I incidentally hear, he is not a common workman, but the son of the overseer—a master miner or something of that sort. How can I know whether money or a present would be most in place here? The director will arrange all this in the best manner."

He let his head sink still farther back upon the cushions. Eugenie made no reply. She sat down on the sofa, and rested her head upon her hand. After a pause of some minutes, it seemed to occur to Arthur that he owed his wife some attention, and that he could not with propriety, during the whole tea hour, bury himself in his *fauteuil.* It cost him some effort certainly; but he made the sacrifice, and really arose. Sitting himself down by his wife's side, he allowed himself to clasp her hand, and even went so far as to try to place his arm around her waist; but it remained only an effort. With a passionate gesture, Eugenie withdrew her hand, and turned from him. At the same time she gave him that very glance that had so deeply wounded his father in the church at his first embrace of his daughter-in-law. It was the same expression of icy, proud repulsion, which, better than words, said, "I am unapproachable for thee and thine!"

It appeared far more easy to impress the father with this aristocratic manner than the son; perhaps because the son no longer allowed himself to be impressed by anything. He looked neither confounded nor intimidated at this token of an only too plainly expressed aversion; still, somewhat astonished, he asked—

"Is this disagreeable to you, Eugenie?"

"Unusual at least! You have hitherto spared me all this."

The young man was much too apathetic to comprehend the deep bitterness of these words; he appeared to take them as a sort of reproach.

"Hitherto? Yes, etiquette was somewhat strictly enforced in your father's house. During our two months' engagement I never once had the happiness of seeing you alone; the constant presence of your father or brothers placed a constraint upon us, which at the present undisturbed interview may well be removed."

Eugenie again drew back, and in the iciest tone said, "Let me declare to you, at this the first hour we have been left to ourselves, that I have no liking for expressions of fondness given because custom demands them, and in which the heart has no share. I, for all time, release you from this obligation."

Astonishment was still more vividly impressed upon Arthur's features; yet he did not allow himself to be excited.

"You seem to be in a strange mood to-day;" he said. "Custom—heart!—Really, Eugenie, I believed that with you, least of all, one need have fear of romantic illusions."

An expression of intense bitterness passed over the young bride's features. "I renounced all my youthful illusions the moment I promised you my hand. You and your father—you would, at any cost, connect your name with the noble old name of Windeg, and thereby force entrance into circles hitherto strictly closed to you. Well, now, you have won your goal. My name is Eugenie Berkow!"

She laid an infinitely scornful emphasis upon that last word. Arthur had risen; he seemed at length to comprehend that there was something more to deal with than the ill humor of a young wife, called forth perhaps, by his neglect on the journey.

"You certainly do not appear to love this name much! I had not supposed compulsion on the part of your family had led you to take it; but now it seems to me"—

"No one compelled me," interrupted Eugenie emphatically. "No one used over persuasion. What I did was of my own free will, with the full consciousness of what I was taking upon myself. It was bitter enough for my family to have me make this sacrifice for them."

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. His face showed that the conversation already began to weary him.

"I do not understand why you take a simple family arrangement so tragically. If my father in this matter had ulterior plans in view, the baron's motives were certainly of a no more romantic nature; only he might presumably have more pressing reasons for the conclusion of an engagement in which he certainly was not the losing party."

Eugenie started up; her eyes flashed; and with a passionate movement she threw the fragrant bouquet from the table to the floor.

"And you dare say this to me, after what happened before your wooing? I believed that you must blush at this if you really were capable of blushing!"

The dull, half veiled eyes of the young man suddenly opened wide; under their lashes there glowed something like fire; but his voice retained its languid, indifferent tone.

"I must beg of you to speak more plainly I cannot understand your enigmatical words."

Eugenie, with a passionate gesture, crossed her arms; her breast rose and fell in stormy emotion.

"You know as well as I," she said, "that we stood on the brink of ruin! As to whom we owed this, I cannot and must not judge. It is easy to fling stones at the man who is struggling with destiny. If one inherits his family estates encumbered, if he must uphold the lustre of an ancient name, maintain his position in the world, and secure the future of his children, he cannot heap up wealth like the Berkows in their plebeian gains.

"You have squandered money from full hands; you have had every wish fulfilled, every caprice gratified. I have tasted the whole misery of life which feigns, and must feign, outward splendor to the world, while every day, every hour, brings it nearer to inevitable ruin. Perhaps we might still have escaped, if we had not fallen into your father's net. He, from the first, pressed his assistance upon us, urged it so persistently that at last he had all in his hands, and we, hunted, entangled, despairing, knew no way of escape. Then he came, and demanded my hand for his son, as the only price of rescue. My father would rather have borne the utmost than sacrifice me; but I would not see him sacrificed, forced from his career. I would not destroy the future of my brothers, and see our name dishonored; and so I gave my consent. What it cost me, no one of my family will ever know; but, if I sold myself, I can answer for it to God and my own conscience. You, who submitted to be a tool in carrying out the ignoble plans of your father—you have no right to reproach me; my motives were at least more honorable than yours."

She was silent, overpowered by excitement. Her husband still motionless before her; his face again showed the slight paleness it had worn at midday as he had just been rescued from danger, but the eyes were again veiled.

"I regret that you did not make these explanations before our marriage," he said slowly.

"Wherefore?"

"Because you then would have been saved from the humiliation of being called Eugenie Berkow."

The young wife was silent.

"I had no suspicion of the manipulations of my father," continued Arthur, "as I am accustomed to keep myself entirely aloof from his business affairs. He said to me one day, that if I would go to Baron Windeg, and sue for his daughter's hand, my proposal would be accepted, I consented to the arrangement, and went through the formality of an introduction, followed in a few days by a betrothal. That is my share in the matter."

Eugenie turned away her head. "I would have preferred an open confession of your joint knowledge of the transaction, to this fable," returned she coldly.

Again the young man's eyes opened, and again glimmered in them that strange spark, which seemed about to burst into flame, and yet was stifled by the ashes.

"And I stand so high in the estimation of my wife that she cannot even believe my word?" said he, this time with a decided touch of bitterness.

Eugenie's beautiful face, which she now turned to her husband, wore an expression of the deepest scorn; and the same expression was in her voice as she replied:

"You must forgive me, Arthur, if I place no great confidence in you. From that day when you for the first time entered our house, and for a purpose of which I am only too well aware, until now, I have only known you from the speech of the Residence, and this"—

"Painted my picture in no flattering way! I can imagine that. Will you have the goodness to tell me what the Residence was really pleased to say about me?"

The young wife fixed her large eyes reproachfully upon her husband's face. "They said that Arthur Berkow indulged in a princely expenditure, squandered thousands upon thousands to purchase the society and friendship of the young nobility and thereby make the world forget his plebeian birth. They said, that in the wild, unbridled life of a certain circle, his life was the wildest and most unbridled of all. What else they said about him does not lie within the range of a woman's criticism."

Arthur's hand, still resting on the arm of the *fauteuil* against which he leaned, had, during these last words, involuntarily clutched at the velvet upholstery.

"And you naturally do not deem it worth your while to attempt the reformation of a reprobate over whom public opinion has already broken its staff?"

"*No!*"

It rang icy cold, this *no.* A slight quiver passed over the young man's face, but he quickly subdued it.

"You are more than open hearted! Yet it is always a good thing to know how people stand in relation to each other; and as we now stand so we must remain. The step taken yesterday cannot be recalled, at least not immediately, without exposing us both to ridicule. If you provoked this scene to show me that I, in spite of the plebeian presumption which won your hand by force, must keep myself as far as possible aloof from the Baroness Windeg—and I fear this alone was your intention—you have won your goal; but"—here Arthur again relapsed into his old drawling, *blasé* tone—"but I beg you let this be the first and last of that sort of thing between us. I detest all kinds of scenes; my nerves cannot endure them; and life may be regulated so as to avoid these unnecessary *echauffements.* For the present, I believe I best carry out your wishes by leaving you alone. You will excuse me if I withdraw."

He took the silver candlestick which stood lighted upon the table, and left the room; but outside he paused a moment, and turned back his head. The spark now more than glimmered in the young man's eyes; it flamed luridly, but only for a moment; then all again became void and dead. But the candle flickered as he walked through the ante-room; was it from the draught, or because the hand that held it trembled?

Eugenie remained alone, and a deep sigh of relief escaped her breast as the door closed behind her husband. She had attained her wish. As, after this scene, she felt a need of the open air, she stepped to the balcony, drew aside the curtains, and, half opening the window, gazed out into the partially overcast, but balmy spring night. The stars glimmered faintly through the light veil like clouds which covered the whole sky, while the contours of the landscape, already enveloped in shadows, were scarce distinguishable. From the terrace arose the perfume of flowers, and the light murmur of a fountain. Over all lay deep repose and peace—over all but the heart of the young wife up there, who to-day, for the first time, had crossed the threshold of her new home.

It was now at an end—the dumb, anguished struggle of the last two months; and she had borne up through all. To heroic natures there is always something great in the thought of sacrificing their whole future for others—in purchasing freedom, giving themselves as offering to inexorable destiny, for those they love. But now, when the sacrifice was consummated, when its object was achieved, when there was nothing more to overcome, the romantic illusion with which Eugenie had always surrounded her filial love was dispelled, and the terrible emptiness and dreariness of the life before her opened to her view.

On the soft, odorous breathings of the spring night arose again the long restrained anguish cry of this young girl, who had demanded her full share in the happiness and love of life, and had been so cruelly defrauded of all. She was young and beautiful—more beautiful than so many other more fortunate ones. She was from an old, noble race; and the daughter of the Windegs had ever adorned the hero of her youthful dreams with all the shining, chivalrous qualities of her ancestors. That he must be her equal in name and rank was self evident; and now?—

Had the husband forced upon her acceptance possessed that character and energy she most prized in man she might perhaps have forgiven his plebeian birth; but this weakling, whom she had despised even before she knew him!

Why, the insults she had deliberately and intentionally hurled at him, and which would have made any other man beside himself, had not for a moment roused him from his stolid indifference. Even the bitterest expressions of her contempt had only for one brief instant awakened him from his apathy. And to-day noon, in the danger which had threatened them both, he had not so much as lifted his hand to rescue himself or her. Another, a stranger, must fling himself before the raging horses, and curb them at the risk of his own life.

Before Eugenie's sight arose the image of that young man with the scornful blue eyes and the bleeding forehead. Her husband did not even know whether the wound was dangerous, or perhaps mortal; and yet both he and she would have been lost but for that energetic, lightning winged deed.

The young wife sank into a chair, and buried her face in both her hands. All through which in these last months she had fought and suffered pressed with tenfold weight upon her soul, and found expression in this one wild, despairing cry, "O my God, my God! How shall I endure this life?"

CHAPTER IV.

The very extensive Berkow mines lay at some distance from the capital, and in a remote part of the Province. There was little attractive about this region. For miles around lay wooded hills and mountains, the monotonous dark green of the firs covering vale and upland alike; and here and there was a village or hamlet, a farm or country seat.

The soil was of small account; its treasures lay buried within the earth; and all the life and activity here centred around the Berkow mines, whence in prodigal abundance these treasures were brought up to the light of day.

The Berkow possessions lay solitary, and quite cut off from the business marts, the nearest town being some hours distant; but these giant and complex mining interests had of themselves called into existence a town in the midst of this wooded valley. Hither had been summoned all those aids which industry and science could afford, all that the power of machinery or the strength of human hands could offer, to wrest their wealth from the malicious spirits of the mountains. A great retinue of officers, machinists, inspectors, and overseers followed the lead of the director in chief, and formed a colony of themselves; while the workmen, numbering several thousands, dwelt in the adjoining villages.

This business, which the proprietor had from small beginnings expanded to its present magnitude, seemed almost too great for the means of a private citizen, and was, indeed, carried on only by the most colossal expenditure. It was by far the greatest mining interest in the Province, and in large measure controlled all other industries of the kind. This colony, with its boundless outlays in machinery and wages, with its business and dwelling houses, its officers and workmen, was in a certain sense a state in itself, and its owner as much a sovereign as the ruler of a small principality.

It seemed strange that a man who stood at the head of such vast concerns should always be denied the honor of a title—that honor for which, beyond all others, he strove, and which is bestowed upon many who do far less for the industry of their country; but here as everywhere, when the decision comes from those highest in authority, the character and personality of the aspirant were called in question; and Berkow did not possess the sympathy of the Government. There were many dark spots in his past life, which his wealth might, indeed, partially efface, but could not wholly obliterate.

He had certainly never come in conflict with the laws, but often enough he had gone to the utmost limit the law allows. His transactions in the Province, vast as was their magnitude, were, in many respects, not such as honest men would care to imitate. There was much talk of a system of unprincipled speculations, calculated only to enhance the wealth of the proprietor, and having no regard to the weal or the woe of the workmen. There were also rumors of the irresponsible tyranny of the officers, and the increasing discontent of the miners; but the colony was too distant for the reports to be verified, and they remained mere rumor. One thing, however, was certain; these mines continued to be an inexhaustible fountain of wealth for their owner.

It must be confessed that the persistence and industrial genius of this man were at least as great as his lack of principle. From the humblest circumstances, borne upward on the wave of life and then dashed down, he had once more risen, and had at last succeeded in reaching those sunny heights where he had for years held his undisputed place of millionaire.

For the last few years Fortune had proved his steadfast friend. Often as he had put her constancy to the test, she had remained true; and whether he dealt with moderate ventures, or embarked in the most daring speculations, all he touched seemed to turn to gold.

(To be continued).

Improving on His Wife's Method.

There is in this city a young Benedict who is so unfortunate as to be wedded to a lady of rare beauty and attractiveness. Now this young Benedict had in all respects proved a model husband and acquitted himself so faithfully on all occasions that his wife had confidence in him, and willingly intrusted the most sacred and important duties to his charge. So fully, indeed, did she trust him that on Wednesday last she started for the country to have a week's visit with a friend, and the last words to him before starting—having consigned the baby to the tender mercies of the nurse—were: "Georgie, promise me to take good care of Fido. Don's let him overeat himself, and above all, bathe him regularly. You'll find the bath-tub in the parlor, the towls are in the linen-press, and his comb and brushes are in the left-hand corner of my right-hand bureau drawer, and the cologne is on the shelf above. And be sure when you've finished to wrap him in his blanket and put him in the sunshine to dry, and if he c-c-catches cold telegraph me." So saying, she printed one last impassioned kiss on Fido's nose, tearfully delivered him to her husband's arms, stepped into the carriage, and was gone. On Thursday and Friday Georgie implicitly carried out the parting instructions of his absent wife. He bathed Fido, cologned Fido, brushed, combed and dried Fido. But yesterday morning when the scribe passed by their residence he heard wild yelpings and hi-yi-ings proceeding from the yard. Stepping up to the fence, he looked over and saw an unusually fat pug, now tumbling on the ground, now turning somersaults in the air, and frantically yelping the while. Some few yards off stood Georgie with his hands in his pockets and a smile of sweet contentment on his face. He was bathing Fido. He had chained him to a post and turned the hose on him.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Horrors of Morphine.

"Give me only a few drops; for God's sake, give me just a little."

The words, says the New York *Journal,* came from a shrunken-faced man who stood in front of a drug store on William street yesterday, as he raised his hands appealingly.

"I cannot give you any," replied the druggist, as he closed the door in the man's face.

The latter began a vigorous pounding on the door, and presently a policeman appeared.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"This man is a morphine fiend," replied the druggist, "and I can't sell him any."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, give me just a little! See, I have money!"

The policeman led the man away, but ten minutes later he was back again. The policeman again appeared and dragged the man off in the direction of the station house.

"If you'll go home I'll let you go," said the kind-hearted policeman.

The man promised to go directly home and started away. An hour afterward he was again in front of the drug store beseeching the proprietor to sell him a small quantity of morphine.

This time another policeman hove in sight, and in response to the druggist's demands ordered the morphine "fiend" away. Threats were useless, and the policeman cuffed the man's ears. It was in vain, he still pleaded for the drug. Then the policeman shoved the man away. The latter seemed very feeble and fell headlong to the pavement.

When he got up the blood was flowing from his mouth, but he refused to go away and the policeman was compelled to take him to the station.

"They can talk about liquor ruining men," said the druggist, "but when opium once get its grasp on a man he's gone."

A New Use for Electricity.

"What is this?" asked a broker, as he sauntered into a Wall street banking-house on Saturday and fixed his inquiring gaze on a curious little machine from which there came a subdued whirr and a strong current of air. Then he put out his hand to investigate. There was a sudden snap, and he drew it back with three fingers cut half-way off. While the clerks were binding up his wounds previous to starting him off for the family doctor they explained that the thing which he saw was an electric motor, while the part that he felt, but hadn't seen, was an eighteen-inch fan, making 2,200 revolutions a minute. The broker went home with his curiosity satisfied, and the clerks decorated the machine with a huge placard, "Hands off!" There are now over fifty of these fans in use in the down town district alone, the Stock Exchange and most of the leading banking houses having them. The rent for a machine is $15 a summer, and they are run by the current which supplies the lamps at night, a fan and a lamp requiring about the same amount of power, the cost of either being 1 1-5 cents per hour. The fans can also be bought outright. A large one will create a current of air that can be felt at a distance of fifty feet. They are made of two kinds of material, metal and fiber. The latter is not as durable, but it isn't so hard on the fingers of the inquisitive spectators.—*New York Tribune.*

Pro Patria.

A group of lawyers were discussing the late war.

"I was at Shiloh," said one, "and while standing under a smoky sky in a storm of leaden hail, beheld the noble Albert Sydney Johnston fight and fall upon the blood-red altar of his country."

"And I," said another, "was at the Wilderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad Minies sang the death-song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said the third, "stood in the fire's front at Gettysburg, when the rebel yell mingled strangely with the shriek of the deadly shot that ploughed the patriot ranks. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I, gentlemen," said a lank, seedy, solemn man, with a faded umbrella under his arm, "I was at Jonesboro' when shot and shell sped swiftly by in the waggon-train, and all seemed lost. But I, too, was a patriot, and, while I neither fought nor died, I bled for my country—I bled the army mules! Gentlemen, I am a horse doctor. Are there any jackasses in this crowd?"—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

Ruin of St. Anthony's Falls.

It is said that the waters of St. Anthony's Falls, Minneapolis, are eating their way around the apron and tend to ruin the magnificent water power. Several years ago a wooden apron was built under the falls to protect the soft sandstone ledge over which they flow and through which the water was eating. Water has got under the wooden protection, and it seems certain that the whole thing must go. If this happens the damage to milling property will reach millions of dollars.

—The dragon fly can outstrip the swallow; nay, it can do in the air more than any bird; it can fly backward and sidelong, to the right or left as well as forward, and alter its course on the instant without turning. It makes twenty-eight beats per second with its wings, while the bee makes 190 and the horse fly 330. The swiftest race horse can double the rate of the salmon. So that insect, bird, quadruped and fish would be the order according to velocity of movement.

STUDENTS OF TINY LIFE.

Echoes from the Microscopists' Convention in Cleveland—Something About the Food we Eat.

A multitude of microscopists have been in the city nearly all the week, writes a Cleveland correspondent to the New York *Sun,* in attendance on the 9th annual session of the American Society of Microscopists.

The microscopists are a peculiar company of men and women; very methodical, very much in earnest, and very much disgusted with a member of the laity who doesn't know all about the great men in their profession and what they have accomplished.

"What, you don't know that grand man, Dr. Detmers?" exclaims one of the profession, pointing toward a nervous German of short stature. "Why, he is the man who discovered the ptomaine in that great case at Momence."

The speaker looked down upon the questioner with a glance of pity when he was timidly asked what ptomaine was. Later the doctor himself told all about the case. A number of persons in Momence, Ill., died from eating some Chicago dried beef. Dr. Detmers searched through some samples of the beef with his powerful microscope and found that the meat was from a cow that had been reduced to a state of frenzy in being driven to the slaughter-house. It is well-known that the meat of a deer that has been driven into a state of frenzy by dogs will sometimes poison those who eat it, and the doctor declares that the meat of cattle tortured by being trampled under foot in the cars is absolutely dangerous eating, while the meat of animals afflicted with lumpy jaw, about which the health authorities make such a hue and cry, is harmless. Dr. Detmers was employed by the Agricultural Department at Washington to hunt for trichinæ. He examined ten thousand hogs, and reported to the Agricultural Department that he had found 5 per cent. of the animals afflicted with trichinæ, but he avers that the Agricultural Department suppressed part of the facts. The perpetuation of trichinæ, he declares, is due to the revolting practice of western farmers who leave hogs that have died to be eaten by the living. "Cremate all animals that die of disease and trichinæ would soon die out," said he. The astonishing statement was made in the society that every person has some trichinæ in their person, while rats and often cats are literally alive with them.

"Is it possible you never heard of Prof. Gage?" exclaimed a learned member of the society as the identity of a gentleman the centre of an admiring circle of microscopists was sought. "He is professor of microscopy in Cornell University and the author of that well-known work, 'The Anatomy of the Domestic Cat.' That tall gentleman, with sandy whiskers, you no doubt know by reputation. He is Prof. Kellicott, of Buffalo, the discoverer of new varieties of floscule. Is it possible that you never heard of his great research in pond life and water supply?" It was a relief to find that Prof. Kellicott does not consider the water supply of the lake cities very bad, although he showed that it swarms with all sorts of minute animals, nearly as long as their names.

R. N. Reynolds, freight agent at Detroit of the Grand Trunk Railway, makes a specialty of bacteria and parasites. He scraped the teeth of visitors and exhibited wriggling things, like spiral springs, in the scrapings. The scrapings from a tooth in one man's mouth showed that all the bacteria were dead. The man finally admitted that he had just taken a drink of Cleveland whiskey. Mr. Reynolds showed a specimen of a mosquito afflicted with lice.

Seasonable Hints on Poultry.

Now that the breeding season is over, give your birds as large a range as possible. Turn them out into the grass and woodland, and next season, when you come to mate them, you will have strong, vigorous stock, and no complaints about the infertility of eggs. Separate the cocks from the hens; confine the cocks in limited runs, each one by himself. This will prevent fighting. Do this, and you will find your hens will come through their moulting period nicely, and both male and female will be in better breeding condition next season. The moulting season is at hand, and it is the most trying in the life of an adult fowl. If you want your birds to do well and pay next winter, take good care of them now. Provide them with penty of shade and pure fresh water. Keep them quiet, and feed good, nutritious food. Give them the Douglass mixture in their water every other day, and don't forget to give them milk, into which bran has been stirred. Scalded oats and boiled potatoes, or other vegetables, mixed with bran (to which a little flour of sulphur is added), given three times a week, will assist wonderfully the moulting process; above all, provide shelter, not only from the hot rays of the sun but from inclement weather. It will do your birds no good to roost out in the rain. Give them daily access to ground oyster shell, bone and charcoal. Do not give any heat-producing food, such as corn. Feed daily a little meat and occasionally mix a little hemp seed in soft feed. Bad moulting is generally caused by improper feeding and close confinement. It will pay to give your birds care now. You will need to feed the turkeys very little if you give them a range in the woods and grain fields. They are great foragers, if given a chance to pick up their living. The number of grasshoppers and other insects destructive to vegetation which a turkey will destroy in a day is simply astonishing. If our farmers more generally understood their value in this respect we are certain more turkeys would be raised and the crops greatly increased. The locusts this spring furnished an abundance of animal food to the growing chicks. When turkeys and chickens had access to the orchards very little damage was done by the insects to fruit trees.

The Ocean Greyhound Leader.

The Cunard steamer Etruria has now taken from the Oregon, of the same line, the record for the fastest trip across the ocean. She left Queenstown on Sunday, August 16th, at 4.30 p.m., and reached Sandy Hook at 4 p.m., on the following Saturday, thus making the trip in six days and five hours, allowing for the difference in time. This was an average of 20 miles per hour in all kinds of weather. The daily runs were: Aug. 17th, 424 miles; 18th, 464 miles; 19th, 450 miles; 20th, 465 miles; 21st, 464 miles; 22nd, 464 miles; to Sandy Hook, 70 miles, a total run of 2,801 miles.

Stringent Rules.

These rules are printed on the back of the monthly receipts that the landlord gives who owns a tenement house on Liberty street. They are selected from a list of fourteen rules:

The house must be closed every night at 10 30 o'clock.

No dogs, cats, chickens or other animals are allowed to be kept without consent of the owner.

Once a year the outside blinds must be nicely washed.

No common kerosene oil is allowed to be used for lamps or starting fires in stoves.

No party shall disturb the other by too much noise.—*Utica Observer.*

—A correspondent of the "Monthly Magazine of Pharmacy," writing from Messina, says: "A bottle of bromine left in a closed room all night with the stopper out destroys all infection and insect life. I have cleared places which were infected with vermin many times. It is far more effectual than the vapor of burning sulphur."

THE SOUTHERN REVIVALIST.

A Sketch of Sam Jones, Itinerant Preacher.

His Quaint Discourse and Startling Way of Putting Things.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Picture to yourself, reader of the *Enquirer,* a man just above medium size, slender in figure, slightly stooped in the shoulders, of dark complexion, and with a face that, while not handsome, bears an expression that will cause you to look a second time; a face unsanctimonious, keen, shrewd and sharp in every line from the rather low, square forehead, down past the clear, sparkling black eyes, to the thin-lipped mouth and square, determined jaw. Clothe this personality in a neatly-fitting suit of black, and you have a by no means unsatisfactory picture of Sam Jones, the eccentric but terribly earnest preacher, whose sententious utterances, though clad in homespun, have the force of proverbs and the fierce emphasis of home-directed truths, from which there is no escape. To be appreciated he should be heard, for one cannot convey upon paper any idea of his eccentricities of speech and action, the drawling tone, and homely but terse style of delivery. An orator he is not. Gesture he avails himself of rarely, if at all. His manner is easy and his tone conversational.

When the announcement was made that he would preach at the Loveland encampment it was surmised that he would be greeted by an immense throng of curious and earnest people, and when an *Enquirer* man alighted from the train at the little rustic depot yesterday morning at an awfully unseasonable hour for a "night owl," and wended his way leisurely up the winding path to the cluster of cottages and sacred buildings that crown the slope he was surprised to enter upon a scene so quiet, so Sabbath-like. A handful of worshippers held possession of the pavilion, and their songs and prayers echoed and re-echoed among the trees. After a while the preacher appeared. Among other things he said:

"The devil is always around. It is your business to keep out of gunshot reach of him. God never yet allowed a soul to go down into hell until that soul had marched up and stacked arms in front of the devil, saying, 'I give up.' Be watchful in all things. Now, there's temper. Did you ever see a blacksmith temper a piece of steel or an axe? After he has hammered it all out he sticks it down in the water of the slack tub, then he takes it out and watches it take on the rich, steely hue. You ask him, 'Is it tempered right?' and he will say, 'Don't know, but you can soon tell by trying it on that old knotty log there.' So you take it and strike into a tough knot, and after a few blows the edge is all knicked in places and bent in others. It wasn't tempered right. So like your temper! You get it all fixed up and tempered nicely, when along comes the devil with an old knotty log to try, and the very first lick you fly all to pieces. Temper ain't right, Oh! temper, temper. And have you noticed they always have attached to them a merciless tongue? Temper's the powder, tongue's the bullet.

"I contend that there's no use in losing your temper. When I first got up from my knees I made up my mind never to lose my temper until some one treated me worse than I have treated the Lord! You have lied to God, and, oh, how you have slandered the cross of Christ. The tongue is an unruly member. All manner of beasts can be tamed, but the tongue never. About nine-tenths of the lost who lie down in perdition will say: 'I am damned with my tongue.' If there's anything I have a profound contempt for it's a gossiper. How you meet and talk, and generally the absentee catches it. If you hadn't been there though, you would have been talked about the same as the other fellow.

"Why, if we could have all heard what has been said about us here to-day, this camp would be depopulated before night. The Methodists sprinkle or pour a convert, and the Baptists put him clean under the water, but the tongue always comes out dry as powder. A man puts his foot and his head in the church, but is there a tongue in the church?

"I don't go much on religion that goes about in spots. If religion, like the measles, breaks out well, all right. If it goes in it will kill you. I want a fellow's pocket-book broke out thick with it. A man that isn't religious everywhere ain't religious anywhere, and so the Lord bids us to be watchful. You can't go up to God with a widow's money. There are too many men boarding with their wives." (This last remark came as the point to some remarks upon the settlement of honest debts.)

"The world knows who to fool with. If a sinner walks up to ask you to take