A GIRL'S RETROSPECT.

The summer is over. The season
Was cold at the seaside, you know;
Th's weather, perhaps, was the reason
That none of us captured a beau.

For the men found it cool in the city,
And the brokers were blue, it was thought,
So we lost every chance (what a pity)
And no dashing fellow was caught.

So Maud and Madola and Lillie,
Viola, Narcissa, and I,
Were left in the shade (am I silly?)
To wait till next year—and to sigh.

For nothing is done in the winter
In town, with gay talk and fine clothes;
No beau says "My dear Araminta,"
And none is betrayed to propose.

But when you walk out by the water,
And moonlight falls soft on the shore,
The primmest mamma's plainest daughter
Some masculine heart will adore.

I hope if we go there next season,
We girls, by half dozens and twelves,
Will not again need, in all reason,
To just simply waltz with ourselves.

Of girls who were blushing and twenty,
With some who were near twenty-five,
There were always more than a plenty,
And yet not a man would arrive.

How wearily all the long summer
We wandered by seashore and tide,
And found no available comer—
A bridegroom, perhaps, *with his bride!*

We would stroll to the depot and steamer
To see what was rarer than pearls,
Each one a deliberate schemer,
And lo! a new bevy of girls!

The coats and the hats were all wanting,
No garment bifurcate was seen,
And some gray-headed old maids were taunting
Us of it (I thought it was mean).

Another such year would be awful,
For what are fine feathers and clothes
If fate is to make it unlawful
For girls to be furnished with beaus?

The summer has vanished and faded;
The forests are withered and sere;
No lover our hearts has invaded—
'Tis horrid to wait a whole year!

—*Joel Benton, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE EMPEROR'S PARDON.

"You will not give up these people, then, Ivan dearest—you will not give them up; them and their wild, reckless schemes—not even for your Marianne's sake—not even for me?"

With a beating heart I waited for the reply that my Russian lover was slow to give. He stood frowning and looking at the ground, and seemed irresolute. But when he did speak, it was with sufficient firmness that he made answer:

"No, Marianne, no! Never, even for your dear sake, can I separate my hopes and my efforts from those of the comrades, who, at all costs to themselves, are striving to liberate Russia from a thraldom such as your happier, luckier land never knew. I am pledged, for weal or woe, to cast in my lot with my brethren."

"I have had my answer—it is enough!" I said, sobbing, and without another word I left him.

A very brief space will suffice to explain our mutual position. I, Marianne Esmonde—an orphan, whose parents had died in India, and who had no near relatives surviving except my young brother, Paul, who lived with me in the big house, standing in its own grounds, as in my grandmother's time, amid tall trees and lawns and flowers—was rich, and, I believe, admired. Old Lady Leslie, our grandmother, had left me all her wealth, and there were those who wondered that Marianne Esmonde was yet unmarried. I was bethrothed, however. Several months since I had plighted my promise to a young Russian noble, whom I had first met in Rome, and later in London, and it was with sorrow and dismay that I learned partly through the talk of others, but chiefly from his own lips, that Count Ivan Carlovitch, whose father had been a favorite courtier of the late Czar, was leagued with the dangerous faction of nihilists, and had embraced their frantic doctrines with the fervor of a convert. In vain had I reasoned, pleaded, and implored. My influence was not strong enough, sincere as was Ivan's love for me, to counteract the effect of evil counsels, and every day it seemed as if the conspirators with whom he was now leagued were drawing him more hopelessly into the net of their gigantic plot. I must give him up; I felt that the voice of my conscience must be obeyed, but he was so dear to me, with his winning ways and his bright sweet nature, that his loss meant misery to myself.

I can remember well how I stood alone in my own room, when my last appeal had failed, holding between my fingers the heavy medallion set with brilliants, which enclosed Ivan's portrait, and which was fastened to my neck by a golden chain of Venetian workmanship. I could scarcely bear to divest myself of this—his gift, and yet, how could I, a loyal English girl, whose ancestors had fought and bled at Marston and Worcester, marry one who consorted with men whose hourly study was best how to compass the cold blooded murder of their sovereign? Bad as the system of Russian rule might be, I had sense enough to see that it would never be remedied by such means as dynamite and daggers. And yet I hesitated as to whether inclination should not prevail over duty, and I, as the wife of a desperate man, link my fortunes with those of Ivan—be they what they might. Duty triumphed. I tore the gold chain from my neck, and flung the medallion, with Ivan's likeness, among the blazing coals of the fire that was burning in the grate, and then throwing myself on my bed, sobbed passionately for hours, as it seemed to me, until my weeping ended in worn out silence and sadness.

I refused to see Ivan again, and wrote but a few cold lines in reply to his letters. Even when Paul, my brother, came on his behalf to urge me to grant to him an interview, I would not yield, and seemed, I have no doubt, hard and stern. The fact was that I dared not trust myself and my good resolutions again in the presence of my discarded lover, lest the tables should be turned again. Then Ivan, after some wretched weeks of waiting, left England for his native country, and a month or two later—I learned it at a reception at the Austrian Embassy, where, of course, foreign diplomatic guests were numerous—Count Ivan Carlovitch had been arrested in Moscow, tried by court martail, and sentenced as a Nihilist conspirator to Siberia for life. And then it was for the first time I seemed to realize how I loved him—my poor, misguided boy—and to determine to make such efforts as woman never made before, to save him yet. My plans were soon shaped. I was my own mistress, had wealth at my command, and Paul, the best of brothers, would have gone to the ends of the earth to serve me.

Within a fortnight from the time when the fatal tidings reached me, Paul and I found ourselves in St. Petersburg.

That fortnight had not been wasted. I had obtained excellent letters of introduction to Russians whose high position might enable them to aid me, and I took much money with me, aware as I was that the magician gold, potent everywhere, is doubly powerful on the Muscovite side of the Niemen River. It took trouble and care, and, what was worse, much loss of time, before, by supplication and strategy, I could gain the ear of some one who could really help me in procuring the rare favor of a personal interview with the Emperor.

Importunity prevailed; a day was fixed, and I found myself admitted into the jealously guarded palace of Gatchina, and led into the presence of the master of so many millions. I have but a dim recollection of my conversation with the autocrat, whose lightest word could give me back the betrothed husband that I had lost. That I knelt at the Czar's feet I know well, and that I spoke with an earnest eagerness that seemed to carry conviction I can believe.

My entreaties were not in vain. I pleaded so well that when I left the Emperor I carried in my hand a full and free pardon for Count Ivan Carlovitch, signed by the Czar. My brother had been waiting for me without, and as we drove back from the palace to the railway station he seemed scarcely as elated as I had expected him to be.

"It's very far to Siberia," said Paul, shaking his head, "and even with your strange success, Marianne, I feel uneasy about Carlovitch, poor fellow! Just before you came out, Prince Galitzian—we both remember him as attached to the Russian Embassy—passed in and stopped to shake hands. He is fresh from his regiment, in Khiva or the Caucasus, and said that he saw Count Ivan near Orenberg with the chain gang, in bad health, evidently, and low spirits. It is a terrible journey that lies before him."

"The more need," said I, mustering all my courage and speaking as confidently as I could, "to overtake and save him. Who in this empire can dare to withstand the Emperor's command? Only let us hasten, and all will be well."

Russia, however, as I found, is the land of procrastination and of official delays. The pardon had been obtained, but it was not until after bribery and repeated visits that I could procure the needful permission to set out on such a pilgrimage as that which lay before me, and which needed the consent of both civil and military authorities. Much precious time was therefore consumed, and when the start took place and Asia was reached, I found that, once off the railroads, the most provoking impediments marred the progress of a traveler. Now all the post horses were kept in reserve to accommodate some general and his staff bound for Turkestan; now the means of transport were requisitioned for the transport of stores or artillery; while floods rendered rivers unfordable, and violent storms of sleet and hail, in that capricious climate, appeared to alternate with the parching heat of the glaring sun. Paul's bright, active good humor, and my lavish expenditure, could scarcely cope with the sluggishness of a population unable to understand why any one should be in a hurry, or should do to-day what could possibly be put off until to morrow. For the mere privations of such a journey, the heat, the cold, the scanty quarters, and coarse fare at the crowded post houses, I cared little. But I was more impressed by the gloomy view which all with whom I conversed seemed to take of the prospects of the captives whom they saw—only too often—marching past on the long and painful route that led to Eastern Siberia.

"They die like lambs in a snowstorm, the delicate ones do," said one talkative German innkeeper, between the puffs of his pipe, "plodding, as they do, for five months sometimes, in irons, footsore and ill-fed; now shivering in the blast, and now scorched by the sun. Then they get so little sleep, driven, as they are, at the bayonet's point by the guards, into the stone towers that have been built at every score or so of versts, and where there is not even room to lie down on the bare ground. No wonder that those rough monuments of willow branches nailed together, of which, Fraulein, you must have noticed plenty, stand dotted all along the road across the steppes, from the Ural range to Irkutsk, and each of these marks out a convict's lonely grave."

It was sad to hear this and many other such boding, if well meant remarks, made by those who knew the country better than I could do; and I have no doubt but that my brother heard more than he cared to tell me as to the sufferings of the prisoners, very often innocent victims of private malignity or official mistake, who were driven like wearied cattle toward the mines in which they were to work out their sentence. Bribing, persuading, commanding, using every faculty with which nature had gifted me, I pushed on, traveling faster—as the Cossack postillions declared—than ever had been done, save by those who had the badges of imperial authority enforced by the military lash. I met with no ill-nature, for a sweeter tempered population can hardly exist; but laziness, prejudice and Oriental fatalism seemed to be like barriers across the road. It was very difficult to be quick where centuries of tradition had taught the people to be slow, and that brandy and a sleep, wrapped in sheepskins beside the heated stove of tough yellow bricks, comprised all human happiness. I heard, however, that the caravan of captives, of which Ivan was a member, was yet in front of me; and as fast as I could I followed.

How I shuddered after the German inn-keeper's speech, as I marked the frequent erections of boughs or strips of willow or birch bark rudely nailed together, that occurred at intervals! Each of these was a tomstone. I saw, too, the skeletons of horses, and broken carts and kibitkas left by the wayside, while crows and vultures rose sullenly on flapping wings from their prey as we went by. It was hot weather now; but even yet a sudden gale springing up would chill the air and bring down a weighty shower of hail stones and sharp sleet upon the vast and shelterless plains. Still we pressed on.

"There it is, English lady—there—cresting the hill—the chain gang!" cried out an excited postilion, a Pole, who had been a soldier, and talked French, as he pointed with his whip to a dark mass of human beings on the ridge before us. How my heart throbbed, as the swift Turcoman horses forded the brook, struggled up the slippery bank of treacherous clay, and tore rapidly up the slope of green turf that lay beyond!

"Keep back! keep back!" shouted the armed escort, as, rifle in hand, they drew themselves up across the rough road and presented their fire-arms.

"In the Czar's name, let me pass!" I called out in Russian, holding the pardon high as I stood up in the kibitka, that all might see the broad imperial seal and ribbon. "Where is your captain, soldiers?"

The men lowered their rifles and relaxed the terror of their aspect, and the postilion, but more slowly drove on. I shall never forget that sight. The prisoners, ragged, barefooted in many cases, and linked together by iron fetters, lay or crouched around, some already asleep, after the slumberless night and toilsome march, some wrapping linen rags around their galled and bleeding feet, or waiting, hungry-eyed, till their rations should be doled out to them. The captain, an anxious and perhaps crafty-faced, but not a harsh man, was fetched to speak to me in private. I had heard something of these commanders—seldom wantonly cruel, but often wishful to make profit out of the nourishment of the exiles, for whose safe delivery at the end of the journey they are responsible.

"You have seen our little father—the White Czar—yourself, oh, foreign lady!" said the captain, with a respectful wonder; "and here, certainly, is a full pardon for one of my prisoners, duly signed and sealed, while these other documents, from the Ministries of the Interior, and Justice, and War, are to be obeyed by all good Russians! See!"

And then he pressed to his forehead and lips and breast, in Eastern fashion, the dread autograph of his all-powerful monarch. But even then I had to give the man a hundred roubles before I could overcome his hesitation to comply with the imperial command, and to set his captive free.

"I am afraid, gracious English lady," said the captain, apologetically, as he led the way to where Ivan lay, "that the young count, poor lad! is very ill. So many of these political prisoners do give in before even Tobolsk is reached, let alone Irkutsk and the East, that I am often obliged to come to the end of the route at last with only the murders and the thieves. Anyhow, here is Count Carlovitch. It was partly because we thought he was too weak to proceed that we made our midday halt here, only nine versts from the starting place."

And there lay Ivan—on a bank, with fetter on his limbs, but alone; since in pity for his exhaustion, or on account of his superior rank, he was chained to no companion in misfortune. He was half asleep, haggard and thin and pale, with tangled hair and wounded feet; but when he saw me a gleam of recognition brightened in those dear eyes of his, sadly dim and despairing as they were.

"You, Marianne! I am glad—glad that you care for me still enough to come here—here; but this is no place for you," he murmured in English, "and——"

He fainted, and it was not until water had been brought and sprinkled on his face, and a gourd of course fiery vodki put to his lips, that he reopened his weary eyes. I read death in them from the first. But I hoped against hope—was resolute, sanguine, confident, and took my own one away with me in the carriage, wrapped in furs and woolen rugs, since he was coughing hoarsely at intervals, and shivered and complained of cold, fiercely as the hot sun beat down upon us.

There was an exchange of papers and receipts, and signing and sealings and the formal attestation of witnesses, represented by two Cossack corporal, who could write their names, and more bribery, before I was quit of the captain and his myrmidons, all very civil, but as greedy for a little illicit profit as a cormorant for its finny spoils. And then we slowly drove back to the nearest post-house—the only so-called hostelries of the steppe—with my recovered treasure. Paul helped me to hold up Count Ivan's languid head. My poor, dear Ivan, he seemed to take a sort of dreamy pleasure in my presence and my kindness, and he put his thin hand repeatedly into that of my younger brother, whom he had always liked.

"How good of you to come out here, and for me, who deserve nothing," he said twice, and with a sort of mournful wonder. But he was less surprised than might have been expected at the fact that I had procured him the imperial pardon. "These things do happen," he said, feebly. "I can fancy that the master of us all at times relents. It was brave and noble of you, Marianne, my dear, and you were lucky in finding our sovereign in his milder mood. But for me it comes too late—ah, too late!"

So thought the army doctor, bustling back from his post in far Eastern Asia, on the Chinese frontier, to take his well earned furlough in Kiew or St. Petersburg, and whom, as he halted for a night, I consulted on Ivan's case.

"I never saw," said Dr. Strovanoff, "and I have had a pretty wide experience, such a complete wreck of a man. The only wonder is slightly made and delicately nurtured as he was, that the poor fellow lasted out till now. As it is, hardships and fatigue—there, there, my dear young lady, don't cry. At any rate, the patient has in you a most devoted and a judicious nurse, and sometimes care works miracles, as we surgeons know."

And after all that care and nursing could effect my darling died. In vain was the Emperor's pardon, in vain was my half frantic journey across the rugged Asiatic steppes, in vain was all that could be done. Ivan was grateful for what I had done for him, and his love for me seemed to have strengthened in the bitter period of imprisonment and exile, while he was able to see, at the last, how erroneous were those wild doctrines that had lured him to his ruin.

"I fear that I have been deceived," he said, more than once; "or, rather, we were all deluded; but you, Marianne, are an angel."

He died in comfort, I am thankful to remember, and with his weak, wasted hand clinging to mine to the last. A stone monument, which on the far-off steppes it needs much toil and cost to rear, marks the last resting place of Count Ivan Carlovitch, while I returned, sorrowful and almost heart-broken, to England. I never resumed my former place in the world. Paul, my brother, is married now, and, I trust and believe, happy. As for myself, I try to be unwearying in good works, while few who had once known me would recognize in the quiet sister who attends hospitals and sits beside the sick beds of the suffering, the once brilliant and envied Miss Harwood.—*J. Berwick Harwood.*

Cheap Literature.

An experiment in cheap literature is about to be tried, the development of which will be of interest. It is intended to issue a series of the best-known works at three pence per volume, and if the type be not so small as to give increased employment to the oculists the venture should succeed. The wonder is that it should not have been attempted before. For more than twenty years there has been published in Paris "La Bibliotheque Nationale," a series not confined, as its name might be thought to indicate, to works by French authors, but including translations from the literature of other countries. For 25 centimes the Frenchman can by this means possess himself of Erasmus' "In Praise of Folly," of Machiavelli's "Prince," of Byron's "Corsair," or Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered;" while of his own authors he can wander from Bossuet to Voltaire and take his choice between Fenelon's "Education des Filles" and the "Confessions of Jean Jacques." It may be hoped that a similarly catholic spirit will be shown in the selection of works to appear in the English series, but as most of the cheap editions of the great authors which have been published of late have been expurgated almost beyond recognition, perhaps the fulfillment of the hope might not tend to the wide diffusion of a true knowledge of our giants of the pen.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Why the Supper Tarried.

"When we were all down at Milledgeville," said Gen. Toombs, "passing the ordinance of secession, the excitement was most intense, and when the ordinance finally passed, the people had a big impromptu jubilee, lasting late into the night. Some of the members grew hungry at last and went to the hotel to get supper, but found that the cook was later than usual in getting it ready. They took occasion to 'damn him' for the delay, when the sable humorist coolly remarked: "Well, gemmen, you all said that you all was gwine outer de United States 'fore 3 o'clock dis ebenin', an' darfo' I thought that mebbe you all ud be purty late a-gettin' back! Dat's de reason I warn't in no gret hurry.' And with one consent the crowd excused him."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Gambling as a Science.

"Gambling is a scientific profession founded upon the foibles of mankind," astutely remarked "one of them" to a reporter, the other day, as the two were seated in the main room of a watering-place gambling resort, and as the reporter glanced down the vista of Turkish carpets and frescoed ceilings, of rich draperies and costly furnishings, and saw the obsequious servants laden with their viands and expensive wines gliding to and fro at the beck of the players, the thought obtruded that if all this elegance and luxury were the superstructure the foibles of mankind made rather a satisfactory bedrock.

"Yes," went on the card diplomat, "it is a truism to state that the successful gambler must be a close student of human nature. Of course he must, for his whole business is an evolution, simple and direct, of certain phases of human nature. Why, the other day, while running down to New York on the 'special' from here, I heard two or three rich old Jews talking about this very place. One of them was complaining that he had left $2,000 to enrich the house.

"'Oh!' said another, spreading out his pudgy hands, 'I felt more than that, much more,' with a chuckle. 'But what do you expect, man? We must have our pleasure.'

"And that is just the keynote of the whole thing. There is a large class of men who find their pleasures at the gaming table alone, and it is this class which supports it. No other form of dissipation so panders to certain natures as a game of chance, and these make and maintain the bank.

"There goes a man now," he continued, "passing into the restaurant, who is a fair type of the bone and sinew of these places. He does not come often, but with fair regularity. He was in ten days ago and made a night of it. I took a cocktail with him just before he went to breakfast. He had lost but $60, but had sacrificed his sleep, and would waste the coming day in making it up, yet he confessed with entire honesty to having had a fine night's sport. He often leaves $500 behind him, rarely wins, but he can afford it, or thinks he can, and counts it only as paying for 'pleasure.'

Of course others than these find their way into this and similar places, but they are comparatively few. Men come to retrieve fortunes lost in natural channels, to drown grief or disappointment, etc., but not in the numbers that come to indulge in the, to them, pleasurable rack of suspense, the pain of loss, and the always-to-be-hoped-for flush of victory."

"I suppose, then," observed the reporter, quietly, "that when a man shoots himself through the head in a gambling den the pleasurable pain of loss has probably been a little severe?"

"It is possible," was the reply, ignoring the sarcasm. "Nothing annoys a proprietor more than a tragedy. He will take any measure to keep such emotional, high-strung temperaments from his rooms. If all the sentimental and sensational story book frequenters of these places were eliminated the bank would scarcely notice their absence. They are not the bone and sinew of the gambling harvest. It is the great majority of average commonplace men that yields the profits."

"Undoubtedly," assented a reporter, reflecting that the average commonplace man helps along most of the stupendous movements of the world's machinery. Then, not eager to discuss the moral ethics of gambling, a more practical question was put.

"Can you tell me what is the real percentage of risk the bank possesses against the player?"

"Well," was the reply, "the apparent percentage is small, and varies in the several games—roulette, faro, and others carrying different rates—but the real percentage is enormously in the bank's favor. It lies in the same principle of human nature that I have just commented upon. The average player if he wins several consecutive bets becomes cautious, anticipates a change in luck, and ventures his money accordingly. The result is if his good fortune continued his winnings are small and unimportant. On the other hand, let him lose continuously and he becomes excited. He loses his head, and pursuing the same line of argument that it is a long lane which has no turning, he increases his stakes. This policy, with continued misfortune, ends in large losses. Thus, when the bank is loser it is for small sums, but when winning the gains are large.

"What the bank is afraid of are the conservative, persistent players, but there are not many of them. There is a class of men at the European gambling places, and a very small class, who have reduced the thing to a fine point. These men risk every evening a single bet, always the same amount. If the bet wins they continue to play, but only so long as their profit will permit. If, however, the first venture fails they quit the table until the following evening. In this way their loss is limited to the original bet, while, if fortune favors them they may win a large amount. This policy is pursued daily, and a single night's winning will often furnish capital enough for a long period of bad luck. These men do not enjoy gambling, but it supports them, and I have no doubt that they accumulate valuable statistics in the ratio and proportion of games of chance. They are detested by the officials of the place, but their right to play as they please can not be questioned."

"But if this be a fact," said the reporter, "why is not the practice more universal?"

"Because," was the emphatic response, "not one man in a thousand possesses the requisite characteristics to so control himself under the spur of such excitement as the gaming table can offer."

"Do professional gamblers, as a rule, always have money?"

"The average professional gambler," was the reply, "is dead broke nine months out of the twelve."—*New York Times.*

She Caught Him.

A certain lady suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the cook—a pretty German girl, by the by—and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching four evenings she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now, Katie was out that evening and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in hand, and placing her shawl over her head, as Katie often did, she entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself loose from his embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with Katie's beau, one of the factory boys. He husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the month they were married as she has for the past week.—*Houston Age.*

The Rev. Sam Jones relates that when an old fellow was praying to the Lord to send down sin-killing religion a man whom he had owed ten year called out, "And debt-paying religion."

"DROPPED DEAD."

The Fate that Overcame "Little Mac" and five other Governors.

Apropos of the sudden death of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, we note that the New York *Sun*, points out the singular fact that Governor De Witt Clinton, Governor Silas Wright, Governor William L. Marcy, Governor and Chief Justice Sanford E. Church, and Governor R. E. Fenton, all of New York state, *dropped dead of heart disease, and under quite identical circumstances—each of them dying while reading a letter except Marcy,* who was perusing Cowper's poems!

Hold your hand against the ribs on your left side, front,—the regular, steady beating of the great "force pump" of the system, run by an unknown and mysterious Engineer, is awful in its impressiveness!

Few persons like to count their own pulse-beats, and fewer persons still enjoy marking the "thub—thub" of their own heart.

"*What if it should skip a beat!*"

As a matter of fact the heart is the least susceptible to primary disease of any of our vital organs. It is, however, very much injured by certain long-continued congestions of the vital organs, like the kidneys, liver and stomach. Moreover, blood filled with uric acid produces a rheumatic tendency, and is very injurious to healthful heart action,—it often proves fatal, and, of course, the uric acid comes from impaired kidney action.

Roberts, the great English authority, says that heart disease is chiefly secondary to some more fatal malady in the blood or other vital organs. That is, it is not the orginal source of the fatal malady.

The work of the heart is to force blood into every part of the system. If the organs are sound it is an easy task. If they are at all diseased, it is a very, very hard task. Take as an illustration: The kidneys are very subject to congestion and yet, being deficient in the nerves of sensation, this congested condition is *not indicated by pain*. It may exist for years, unknown even to physicians, and if it does not result in complete destruction of the kidneys, the extra work which is forced upon the heart weakens it every year, and—a "mysterious" sudden death claims another victim!

This is a true history of "heart disease,"—so called, which in reality is chiefly a secondary effect of bright's disease of the kidneys, and indicates the universal need of that renowned specific Warner's safe cure.

B. F. Larrabee, Esq. of Boston, who was by it so wonderfully cured of Bright's disease in 1879, says that with its disappearance went the distressing heart disorder, which he then discovered was only secondary to the renal trouble.

There is a general impression that the medical profession is not at fault if it frankly admits that heart disease is the cause of death. In other words a cure of heart disease is not expected of them!

There may be no help for a broken down, worn out, apoplectic heart, but there is a help for the kidney disorder which in most cases is responsible for the heart trouble, and if its use put money and fame into the treasury of the profession instead of into the hands of an independent investigator, every graduated doctor in the world would exclaim of it, as one, nobler and less prejudiced than his fellows, once exclaimed: "It is a God-send to humanity.

What therefore must be the public estimate of that bigotry and want of frankness which forbids in such cases (because forsooth it is a proprietary article,) the use of the one effective remedial agency of the age!

"Heart disease," indeed! Why not call such things by their right names?

Why not?

"Dead without a moment's warning."

This likewise is an untruth! Warnings are given by the thousand. Physicians are "not surprised." They "expected it!" They know what the end will be, but the victim!—"oh no, he mustn't be told, you know, it would only frighten him, for there is no help, you know, for it!"

The fate that attended "Little Mac" and the five governors is not a royal and exclusive one—it threatens every one who fails to heed the warnings of nature as set forth above.

The sparrow has not only lost caste abroad, but he is losing it at home. The country papers of England are filled with a discussion by farmers as to the best methods for his extermination.

The Prince of Wales is entitled to wear about seventy-five different uniforms, and the Evenment (Paris) is astonished at his moderation in never wearing more than one at a time.

A shower of fish fell at Palatka, Fla., recently. Some of the fish have been kept in water jars to show to the incredulous, but the cloud from which they fell has passed by.

A Denver Chinaman, who stumbled over a nest of hornets, was seen the next moment flying down street, yelling; "Joss!" "Dam!" "Mellican hellee, firee birds!"

The new star in the Andromeda nebula which has been the curiosity of astronomers this season, continues slowly to fade.

Mrs. Robert Goelet is worth $8,000,000, made in hardware.

Mrs. Martin Bates was left by her husband $1,500,000, which he made in dry goods.

A Harvard student from New York carries $15,000 insurance on the furniture of his rooms.

Dr. Edward Warren, the popular American physician in Paris, will write a book of reminiscences.

H. G. Shaw (Josh Billings) is said to have saved $100,000 as the results of his bad orthography.

A single street car company in New Orleans shot $10,500 worth of mules a few days ago on account of glanders.

Professor Tyndall's gifts of money to various American colleges will be handed over to the institutions this month.

Senator Stanford is a leader in the movement in California to raise $250,000 for a Grant monument in Golden Gate Park.

Mark Twain is said to have made $75,000 out of his "Huckleberry Finn." But then Mark is never mentioned as losing anything, not even his hair.

Historian Bancroft and Congressional Librarian Spofford are thick as schoolmates, and ride out together on horseback every pleasant afternoon.

That is an ingenious sign which a Bethlehem (N. H.) confectioner keeps on the front of his shop. It reads: "French candies made in this building."

Father Hyacinthe declares that war can not be dispensed with, and that those who advocate its abolition are "dangerous, almost criminal Utopians."

James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, and others are said to be interested in the new magazine, the New Princeton Review, to be issued in January.

Belva Lockwood, according to a Washington correspondent, has a well-balanced head. That explains her success as a bicyclist and her failure as a politician.

Barnum is to have Jumbo stuffed, and so continue to draw a crowd with him. But this will not be so effective as Barnum's old method of "stuffing" the crowd.

Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, the Chicago Baptist divine, is spoken of as the probable successor of Rev. Galusha Anderson as President of Chicago University.

Sheedy, the Chicago turfman, who is now worth $ 0,000, was a boot-black and stable boy.

A Bartholdi testimonial, bought with the surplus of the World's pedestal fund, is proposed in New York.

President Grevy, of France, is a great billiardist and the place of honor in his new house is given to the billiard room.

Only one pound in ten of what is sold at butter in Chicago, according to the Health Commissioner of that city, is the genuine unadulterated article.

The sentence of a thief in the Northampton (Mass.) house of correction expired last Monday and he was released. On his way out he entered a prisoner's cell and stole two hair chains. The theft was quickly discovered, the ex-convict rearrested, and immediately tried and sentenced to a new term.

The amount of crude opium produced in India in 1883 is stated in recently published statistics to have been 8,071,120 pounds. The number of acres of land used in its culture is given at 876,454. The use of opium among the poorer classes is said to be rerely excessive, but the well-to-do people suffer greatly from overindulgence in it.

A committee ahpointed to represent the board of aldermen of Boston, a few days ago, at the funeral of a fellow member, spent $102.50 for a "floral tribute" and $60 for hats and gloves for the six members of the committee. Their efforts to impart dignity to the occasion was appreciated, and the bills were approved by the proper officers.

Dr. Richardson finds a scientific basis for saying that a cat has nine lives. If a cat and a dog are shut up together in a lethal chamber, the cat survives, on an average, three times as long, and sometimes nine times as long as the dog.

Herr Freise's masterpiece, "The Brigands of the Desert," is the sensation picture of the season on the other side. The picture, which is a large one, portrays a hungry lion and lioness stealthily creeping in the wake of a caravan.

The death of Lord Strathnairn reduced the number of British field marshals to four—the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Sir P. Grant.

Many kindergarten teachers agree that the first choice among colors of all children under 7 years of age is yellow. This admits of few exceptions.

The university of Michigan has added a full course in biology to its elective cources.

There are about 545,000 native Christians in the Chinese empire who have been converted by Roman Catholic missionaries. Those converted by Protestant missionaries are much fewer in number.

A negro in Texarkana eats glass for a living. A writer to one of the medical papers says he will masticate glass for pay, "in any quantity, from a small piece to a lamp chimney, and keep it up all day.

The tin deposits of New South Wales are estimated by the colonial geologist to cover an area of 5,440,000 acres, but it is supposed that the area is really much greater than that, as new fields of tin are continually reported.

The Medical Review in an editorial on "triplets," says that plural births occur most frequently in Russia, and that when they do occur in this country the fathers and mothers are generally found to be of Russian birth or descent.

The Volunteer Firemen's Association of Philadelphia is to send for exhibition at New Orleans its antique hand engine, said to be the oldest in this country. It was built in England and brought to Salem, in this state, nearly a century and a half ago. It is extremely rude and simple in its construction.

Many cases of severe nervous shock have been caused by boys wearing masks and recently, in Rye, England, the shock from this resulted in the death of a little girl. She lost her reason on the day after the occurrence, and collapse soon followed.

An alligator emerged from Lake Jesup, in Florida, a week or so ago, the Savannah News relates, and spying a coat close by, attacked and injured it in a terrible manner.

Catarrh in the Head

Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood. Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh, is to PURIFY THE BLOOD. Its many disagreeable symptoms, and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood and also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health of those who take it.

"I had been troubled by general debility, caused in part by catarrh and humors. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the thing needed. I derived an immense amount of benefit."—H. E. MILLETT, Boston.

"For many years, beginning so far back I don't remember when, I had catarrh in my head. It consisted of an excessive flow from the nose, ringing and bursting noises in my ears, and pains on the top of my head. The hawking and spitting were most excessive in the morning when the back part of my tongue would be thick with a white fur, and there would be a bad taste in my mouth. My hearing was affected in my left ear. Five years ago I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was helped right away; but I continued to use till I felt myself cured. My general health has been good ever since the catarrh left me."—MRS. E. H. CAUFIELD, Lowell.

Catarrh Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving. My case is of such long standing that I did not expect to be cured in an instant."—FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years; tried all the catarrh remedies without benefit, and was about to try a change of climate, when I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would not take any money consideration for the good one bottle did me. Now I am not troubled with any catarrh."—J. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

Martin Shields, a successful marketman of Chicago derived help from Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "I have been troubled with that distressing complaint catarrh, and I want to say that I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I find it one of the best remedies I have taken. My trouble has lasted ten years, and never before could I get relief, never, until I commenced to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would recommend its use to all suffering with that complaint. It is truly an excellent medicine."

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, which I had for nine or ten years, suffering terribly with it. It has entirely cured me, and I recommend it to others who suffer with this disease."—MRS. A. NORTON, Chicopee, Mass.

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