"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for the dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in Brooklyn and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

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THE CHRYSALIS.

My cocoon tightens, colors toughen,
The footing for the air,
A dim capacity for wings
Degrades the dress I wear.

A power of butterfly must be
The aptitude to fly,
Meadows of majesty concedes,
And easy sweeps of sky.

So I must baffle at the bint
And cipher at the law,
And make much thunder, if at last
I take the clue divine.

Emily Dickinson in the Arkansaw Traveler.

PETERKIN'S WOLF SONG.

Peterkin stands thoughtfully listening to the thunder and the roar of the waters, as fearful of danger as they have leaps from captivity, and, with a sound like the roaring of the hungry wolves, flow onward under mirrors of ice to the Arctic ocean. The face of the lad grows more serious as he listens; gradually a smile flits over the pinched features for the significance of the sound is unmistakable. Spring has come—spring with its power of sweetness over a frozen land—and Siberia traversed with a thousand rivers, will lose its look of desolation, to blossom into beauty as he journeys southward, ever nearer to the gay capital wherein dwelling the czar. Wonderful visions fill his mind—dim, half remembered stories of the great cathedral of St. Isaac's wherein echoes the sweet-toned singing of the choristers in gorgeous tunics of blue and gold.

So Peterkin turns his back upon the old life, and journeying southward keeps body and soul together as best he may. Primroses in their first pink flush of bloom, violets, golden-hearted daisies, and now a field blue as heaven with forget-me-nots greet him in their beauty and sweet-scented bloom. Sometimes the blossoms are gathered to sell in the market of the nearest village, and so a night's shelter or a crust of black bread is obtained.

Spring deepens into summer, summer waxes, and Peterkin, with a fleeter stride, and Peterkin journeys on, subsisting for the most part on Berries, which Nature, so niggard of her gifts in most things here always provides. Yet now and then when the boy's heart grows weary and he sinks for a while to rest by the roadside, there sparkles on some green, luxuriant grass a drop that is far too salt for dew.

Autumn's breath grows keen, and winter holds the land in an icy embrace leaving the steppes with drifting pall of whiteness over which rise the treacherous fogs, when Peterkin crosses the border and enters the village Dinsburg, which he must pass to the Russian capital.

An unwonted stir and bustle of excitement pervades the place for this way-wearing the only daughter of the rich land owner is to wed an officer of the czar, and the fiddler engaged for the occasion has fallen on the ice, hurting his arm so that there is but of the question. A sorry wedding, indeed it will be without music; the bride is in despair and hails with joy news of the little peasant who that morning entered the village and declared ability to draw music from the old violin slung in a sack across his shoulder.

Yes Peterkin says he can and will play, if in return he be granted permission to travel with the wedding party to St. Petersburg. The proposition at first amuses the officer, to whom it seems a good joke; then, noting the little fellow's persistency, he consents, and laughing, he tells the sorry an object of travel with them. The bride, with ready wit, perceiving Peterkin's stolid refusal to play for other consideration pleads with her lover until she gains a reluctant consent, for which he is not sorry in the end, since with his violin the peasant wakes the echoes with Polish dances tunes which set their pulses throbbing and keep their feet in motion. The boy flushes with pride when the officer calls out in praise: "Well done—well done little fellow; who knows but the czar may some day count you in the imperial band?"

The wedding at length is over goodbyes are said and the three horses harnessed abreast to the sleigh dash forward on the long journey. The bells beneath the dough-nuts a merry chime, to which the flying hoof beats mark a rhythmic cadence. Beside the bride sits the boy, a picture of the yamstchik or post boy, a crowned hat covering the mop of yellow hair, cut straight from ear to ear. The bound sat is covered with leather cushions while a large wolfskin protects their feet and legs from the bitter cold.

As the day advances the snow, which began to fall lightly at noon, increases in violence and Timothy moves uneasily, urging the horses ahead. Per only too well does he know the danger of a heavy storm over the frozen steppes, where the icy blasts whirl it here and there in treacherous drifts. Delay even of a single night to safety at some farm house is not to be thought of, for the officer bears dispatches of importance to the czar, and better far were it to brave the fury of a storm than risk the imperial displeasure. "Press onward at whatever cost," calls out the officer, "stop the next stranger if need be and boldly seize his horses, but at all hazards proceed." Under pain of banishment Timothy dare not disobey such orders, so, muffled beneath his breath, onward they go, almost blinded with the snow as the sleigh is jerked hither and yon by the plunging horses.

The short day dies without a twilight, and Timothy, knowing from boyhood every vest of the way, shakes his head in despair, calling to his horses that the coming night will flag through the ever increasing storm.

Hark! What was that sound which Peterkin's keen ears have been the first to hear? There—again it comes—he breathes a frightened whisper—"The wolves—they are upon us!"

Not a muscle of the long-faced old face shows that the lad's whisper has been heard, as leaning forward the driver calls to his horses:

"Away! Fly, my children—my pretty fluttering doves—my Golobki! Haste, my brothers, to thy stables in St. Petersburg."

The long, low howl of the oncoming for sounds nearer, but, unmindful of danger, the officer sits with his bride enveloped in furs, too much absorbed to give heed to outside events. They are out now on the trackless steppes, the horses uncertain of their foothold, plunging with trembled snort through the drifts while the wolves speed in their tracks. Timothy's voice rings out again:

"Hi! Hi! Whoa there my beauties! Speed, onward, dove-man officer of the czar rides behind them. Fly quickly for thy lives. Onward! Haste, my brothers."

But there sounds that long, low howl, and the swiftly moving black mass gains steadily upon the sleigh. They are upon it now, running swiftly to gain the sleigh, the whole yelping pack leaping up with hideous howls and cruel hungry paws, snatched from his dream of bliss the officer sees their gleaming fangs, their fires right and left into the howling mass. The cry of the wounded, seized upon and torn limb from limb by their fellows is almost human in its agony, and in the momentary respite Timothy shouts:

"Haste little doves! Spread thy wings straight for St. Petersburg. Haste and heaven help thee!"

The hungry demon which would have locked its fangs in the bride—three drops before the officer's dying shot, and the horses gallop onward.

Peterkin sits awed by the great peril, but for all he is so quiet there is no cowardly thought in the little peasant, who, with each panting breath, is making a bold resolve. But for good-by brave heart to his cherished dreams—the golden visions of fame in the great city. Those two behind, the officer and his bride, with sweet voice pleaded so earnestly in his behalf, have everything to live for, while he—only those dreams and a soul full of unknown music. The violin is slung across his back mutely waiting for the boy's light touch. Quick as thought he slips off, will give it one parting kiss of exceeding bitterness, and then—

A cry of terror smites the air as Peterkin rises to throw himself to certain death, and the bride and the officer's uplifted arm pointing straight at him the pistol, whose last shot has been reserved for him. In both minds there flashes the same thought. A second's pause as bride and officer gazed into each other's eyes then Peterkin noting the detaining hold of the frightened wife upon her husband's arm, calls out:

"Hold! I will save thy life and mine!"

With a sudden powerful blow he smites the violin as he regains his seat, and strong and clear the first discordant sounds are lost in the loud, rapid movement of the horses as they picked up somewhere upon that great tramp. The effect is magical, as the unaccustomed sounds rise above the howling of the wolves, the horses hold up their heads to listen as though scenting danger, and slackening speed almost halt.

"Brave lad, thy music doth give good cheer to the horses. See how the leader runs! Bravo! If thy fingers grow not numb we shall make the city!"

The boyish figure sways adroitly with the motion of the sleigh, for the peasant knows the lives of all depend upon success in drawing from the strings which vibrate with one loud note strain after another. But 'tis no easy thing with the snow cutting keen and chill, while the fingers grow almost paralyzed the willing fingers. Timothy breathes aloud a prayer to heaven, for about a faint light grows upon the horizon—a light leading to the practiced eyes of the nearness of the city.

"Courage brave fellows! Fly doves to thy haven; the city is in sight. Keep, lad, to the music and we shall be saved."

The wolves are following close again with their long, swinging trot the chase telling upon the horses and upon Peterkin, to whom the strain is almost beyond his strength, stout hearted and willing as he is.

His eyes flash with renewed courage; he had not thought thus to enter St. Petersburg, keeping death at bay with that violin which should carry him the hearing of the ruler of the Russians. The city of the czars, with its broad streets and massive stone quays, rises now before their eyes, minaret, dome and spire, cleaving the sky in a blaze of light.

A little longer and over the frozen Neva resounds the tramp of horses of the vanquished wolves, as tearing along the foaming steeds dash into St. Petersburg, and the gallant leader, under whose dongs jingled the merry bells, falls blindly forward, crashing to the stone dead. And Peterkin the little violinist, clasped so tight fingers blue and stiff, clasped so tight they may not move it, lies the violin close over the brave boyish heart.

It is spring, and the world is waking once again to beauty when Peterkin sits up to hear the wonderful news that on the morrow he will play before the czar. In his worn patched clothes of shepherd's little peasant stands waiting bow in hand. That there is such a thing as failure does not enter his mind, or in his simplicity the thought of it does place. He knows that he has a gift—did not even the wolves, those fierce untamed beasts, hearken to his playing? Why, then should he tremble in the presence of the czar?

The magnificence of the palace does not abash the peasant, save in so far as all beautiful things must necessarily affect such natures. About the apartment cluster the court attendants, waiting to hear the strange child make music for their amusement. Near him stands the officer's bride, who, as the czar waves his hand, whispers in his ear:

"Courage, Peterkin. Play as thou did'st to the wolves and all will be well."

Quick to perform is the master's bidding, the bow quivers across the strings, and as the music trembles forth Peterkin forgets all else. Silence deepens, throughout the great gilded apartment, the spell of sound in melodious measures sweep over the tuneful strings. An unrest grows, the melody snaps asunder, away in the distance, sounds the cry of a frightened whisper, howl the wolves, while through it all is the jingle of sleigh bells tossed by the leader in the mad gallop for life. A cry of anguish, the quick measure of a Polish dance, and onward the bells jingle in hot haste.

Muffled hoofbeats sound as the flying steeds gallop on, a sob as the leader dies, a few brief notes of ecstasy, and Peterkin, bow in hand is kneeling low before the ruler of the Russias.

In the gorgeous choir of St. Isaac's, clad in tunic of blue and gold, Peterkin sang his solo, and the Russian claim great genius for the little Siberian peasant, who, unmindful of toil or hardship, traversed on foot a thousand miles to find out—know and love where he will one day have a brilliant future.—Kate E. Thomas in Kate Field's Washington.

All the More Reason.

He had made some losses in business and added to that his wife, whom he adored, was snatched away by death.

He could neither sleep nor eat, and his friends were alarmed about his condition.

One of them said to him: "You ought to consult a doctor."

"What's the use? Life has lost all charms for me and I want to die."

"You want to die? All the more reason for calling a doctor."—Texas Siftings.

Poor Jake.

Jake (sorrowfully)—Cora as you directed. I went to make peace with your father and he made pieces of me.—N. Y. Herald.

HUGH KENRICK'S WILL;

Or, The Story of a Foxy Ring.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"It is difficult so believe that water can rise so fast," said Lucy. "Let us stay down here and watch it awhile."

"It would be here for another half-hour," said Philip, who had asked some questions of the sailors; so they wandered about a little, and picked up shells while waited to see the causeway covered. With a boat coming back for them in two hours or so, they felt independent of all stealthy surprises, if only they kept the way up the river.

The sea crept nearer and nearer; it was wrapping itself round the Grand Bey, and still it left shore enough for them to stand on as wander if they had not been warned against doing so. It came still nearer. They heard an ominous "swish," which denoted increased activity in the water, and before long, one wave sent a thin silvery wash over the causeway.

"By Jove, but it does come quickly," cried Philip; "your girls would be on shore now, without being knee-deep in water, if you ran ever so fast," for now stronger and stronger waves poured in, and the causeway was covered.

At this moment, just as they were observing how much the space which was left them was diminishing, a gentleman with an open sketching film, and a little caught-up-one-box hastily ran across the sands to them, and cried in vexed surprise: "Why the causeway is covered—what is to be done?"

"Yes; we have been watching the water cover it," said Philip coolly.

"And I have been watching you, and thinking I might safely stay where I was, as long as your party was here—I meant to beat a retreat the very moment you, who were watching the place, moved."

"We are going up the hill," said Philip.

"I am sure we can get there, too. We have a boat coming for us in two hours."

"Oh, a boat!" said the stranger; I ought to have thought of that!—Pray excuse my stupidity. Well, it is only a little more water than I expected—that is all"—and without loss of time, he promptly began to pack his sketching folio before undertaking his wet walk.

"It is far too deep for you to venture," said Aunt Esther.

"It is not far off," said Philip. "Will you accept a place in our boat? You will only have to wait two hours for it. We shall be very glad to be of service to you."

"Thank you," said the stranger, "I accept most gratefully. I shall be very glad to see the view from shore again. But if we do not go there soon, we shall have some wading to do even now." That was true. Vicious little white edged pools were swirling in on one side—vigorous waves on the other—and without wasting another moment the whole party hastened to the path leading to the summit. Sometimes it was a path, sometimes a flight of broken and irregular stone steps, and by the time that they had reached the top, which was nothing more than a bit of wild pasture land. How the cows got up these rough steps they themselves best knew, but one or two were there, and there were some sheep, too, and here and there, amongst the grass, patches of sweet wild thyme and clover for them to eat.

"Are we required to study the map," said the new comer, "to understand this rush of water. They have the same kind of thing at Bristol, I believe. There is scarcely almost terrible tract tides which rise fifty or sixty feet high."

"If such a tide came suddenly on our South Coast, all the marine parades and terraces which are built along it would be under water."

"And a good thing, too!" cried the stranger. "What hideous constructions they are, and how they are ruining around them all! It's my belief that in another fifty years or so, all England will be begirt with one uniform row of stucco'd and handsomely faraded house, with cards in the windows to say that lodgings may be found with."

Well, from one point of view, that would be much more convenient," said Mrs. Mostyn. "It would be easier to get lodgings. It is such a trouble now—one never knows where to go—and when one does get into comfortable rooms one only catches scarlet fever in them."

"But what would become of our pretty seaside places? There are some still."

"They must share the fate of all other beautiful things in this mercantile age," said the stranger. "That cannot be prevented; but when in the pursuance of ugliness and money making the whole is completed by hideous tenements, I don't see why a check should not be put on a spread to infection in this way—let every illness have a district of its own—let the sufferers from the district be put in places where they are to be found. Let us have a Measleville, where sufferers from that malady may go; a Scarlatina Town for anything, and so on."

"But," cried Lucy, "if the terrace runs all round the country, the various kinds of invalids will meet and catch each other's illnesses at the end houses of each district."

"Oh, no, they won't! The terrace cannot be quite round. Some natural barriers are sure to interpose; and besides, if the patients do come in contact with each other in that way, even that is better than living in the same house as they do at present. But see how that gleam of sunlight turns everything into a delight! St. Malo looks quite splendid now that there is a touch of rose-color on it all."

"What a wonderful place it is" said Lucy. "So strong and stony; and these forts on the other islands are fine, too."

"Yes; and I dare say there are plenty of rocks which drop up everywhere in the bay would, in case of need, do just as much to defend the place as any of the forts. Oh, do look at the difference the sunshine makes! Before it came, St. Malo, with its trimly-restored walls and towers and nearly squared stones, was but a dull thing to look on, and now it is divine."

"Yes; and have you noticed that tint of sea-pinks behind you there on the hillside, with the sun shining through them?"

"They are like crimson fire! We are going to have a splendid sunset."

Mrs. Mostyn called them to see Charlesmichel's Italian villa. "It is a lovely place to be buried in," said she; "I don't like it."

"Not lovely at all, to my mind," said he, "with its stucco and blocks of snow and ice where he will one day have a brilliant future.—Kate E. Thomas in Kate Field's Washington.

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