

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

The garden gate swung to and fro. Then came a whisper soft and low: And said the lily to the rose: "That is her lover, I suppose."

DR. FRESTON'S BROTHER.

I was sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the north of England at the time when the following incident occurred:

A few months previously one of those disastrous colliery explosions, only too common in our neighborhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward.

We all had a heavy time of it, and our house surgeon—never very strong—had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

By his constant and unwearying labors of love he had earned the blessing pronounced on Abou Ben Adhem as, "One who loved his fellow-men."

Dr. Freston, the temporary house surgeon, however, made a favorable impression on his arrival, and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work.

He had a quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man.

One evening, on going his rounds I reported a new case, just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against the curbstone and had received a scalp wound.

That he was a stranger in the town was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull a few days previously.

"I have not made out his history yet," I said; "he seems to be very poor, and apparently has no friends."

"No friends!" repeated Dr. Freston, with an expression I had not seen on his face before. "Very few of us realize what those words mean, sister. It means more than mere friendliness. It means a man's life without any influence for good upon it—no restraint to keep him from sinking to the lowest depths, no anchor to hold him back from suffering shipwreck on the rocks which surround us all; some seen, and some hidden ones more dangerous than all. No!"

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there may now be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before night."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to any one before, and that it was a great relief to him to do so now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face and went on more quietly:

"I had a younger brother. There were only two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and character we were totally unlike. He had been spotted by my father, who always let him have his own way chiefly, I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital when my father died, and I—but do I bore you? I have no right to inflict all this on you, but somehow you always look as if you were used to hearing other people's troubles. I notice every one comes to you."

"Please go on," I could not say more. "My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought."

"You'll look after him, Tom," he said. "Promise me you will look after him. If you promise I know you won't go back. A promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you."

"I did promise, again and again, and God knows I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy with my promise still sounding in his ears and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee? I am thankful he died happy. Do you think he knows now, sister, how I kept my word?"

I shook my head, but did not speak. "I went back to Oxford, and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits, and I grew more cold and reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might as well do so by himself. His

temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury. "You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself, and he was gone. Even then, sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him, but I was mad with him, and was glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be now to hear that once again, on this earth, I might hope to see his face. I live for that, and one day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?" "No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work of—"

"Work! Jack never did a day's work in his life; he was not made to work."

"Do you think that some of his friends—" I began, rather hopelessly. "No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of him—that's four—no, five years ago. Five years—and night and day I think of those words. 'You will look after Jack, Tom.'"

There was a silence I did not know how to break. "I think, sister," he added, looking up with eyes which long sorrow had filled with wonderful depth of expression, "I think I should have put an end to my life before now; but I knew father's first question would be, 'Have you looked after him, Tom?'"

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment the professional man, absorbed in investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless condition had led to our conversation. He took down the head card to fill up the details.

"Name, sister?" "George Thomas." "Age?" "I do not know; he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten. The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in hand. "Occupation—do you know?" "Sailor."

"No other particulars, sister?" He laid the card on the table and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book much the worse for wear. One crumpled piece of paper had the words, "15 Back Wells Court, Hull," written upon it; probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold another piece, and found an old, plain gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, "J.F."

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands. Dr. Freston had seized it, and, carrying it quickly across the ward, turned the gas on full, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

"Look, sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it towards me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. I could swear to this anywhere and I see quite clearly how it came here. Jack met this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up—but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to any one else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this, but here it is, and here's the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, sister, and his face was bright with hope. "Jack may be still there; I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night?"

He was already near the door. "No, not to-night; the others are all very comfortable; but do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket and I will ask him."

He handed it to me without appearing to follow what I had said. The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such a hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

I beat over No. 7's bed. "I found this among your things," I said. "Is it your own, or did some one sell it to you?"

He looked up quickly and suspiciously. "What do you want to know for?" he muttered.

"I only want to know whether the man who owned this first was, with you at this address in Hull."

He looked at me sharply, and did not answer for a minute. "Yes," he said, slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was," and he turned round, as if unwilling to say more.

"I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Freston. "Thank you very much," he said, simply. "Good night, sister; I may not see you for a few days." He was already on the landing.

"Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was half-way downstairs.

Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the ward routine went on as usual.

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was twenty-eight. He looked at least ten years older. He was knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in. I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There

was nothing more to be learned at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he—"

then, checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face—the first time for five years, rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before. Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he had looked around as if wishing to escape; but if he would he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterance in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough?

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgotten in the ward, at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no word or act recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston, Jack, his brother, and myself, Tom Freston's wife.—Chicago Mail.

The Eccentricity of Law. An action highly interesting to lovers of both sexes was not long ago heard before Judge Kay, of Boston. The plaintiff, a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, became engaged to the defendant against her parents' wish. When the engagement was broken off the defendant made demands for money, and to enforce his claims, threatened to publish the love letters that had passed between them.

An application for an injunction to restrain him from doing so was made, and not only granted, but the defendant had to pay the costs.

A peculiar action was recently heard at a country court. The defendant in the case possessed a piece of forest land, and on this land a thick crop of thistles sprang up. When the wind was high the seed from these was blown into the plaintiff's garden, took root, and did damage. He accordingly sued for compensation, and recovered \$15 damages.

Damages to the extent of \$5,000 for the omission of a single word in a newspaper report seems a heavy penalty for what might, after all, have been a mere printer's error. Such, however, was awarded not long since for the omission of the word "not" in an Irish newspaper.

A curious application was made not long ago before a justice of the peace. A baby, having been left by its mother with another woman to mind, she, on hearing that the mother had disappeared, tried, but without success, to get it into the workhouse. The lawyer who appeared for the woman told the justice that unless he admitted the baby into the workhouse at once he would leave it in his custody. He then directed the woman to place the baby on the court table and walk out, which she did, leaving the feeding-bottle with the unlucky infant. "The child is now destitute and neglected," said the lawyer, "and your honor can order its removal to the union." Needless to say, the baby was soon taken to the relieving officer and conveyed to the workhouse.

The action for slander brought by Mr. George Augustus Sala some years ago against Mr. Harry Furness will be remembered. The slander complained of was uttered by Mr. Furness in a speech. In the course of which he said that Mr. Sala, in submitting three drawings of a head, foot and hand to the Academy, unfortunately portrayed six toes instead of five upon the foot he drew, and so did not get into the schools. The jury gave Mr. Sala \$25 damages.

Lions a Drug in the Market. "I find there is a general impression," said Fred F. Sampson, an attaché of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, who was at the Laclede recently, "that lions are the most costly wild animals sought after by keepers of menageries and circuses. This is quite wrong. Lions have for some time been almost a drug on the market, and except when they are remarkably large they do not fetch a large price. The craze of late years has been after rare animals which are very difficult to capture."

"The white wildcat of Russia is worth almost a fortune, and one was sold quite recently for the apparently ridiculous sum of \$12,000. These animals are only found on mountains of perpetual snow, and they are so perfectly white that it is difficult to distinguish them when they are crouching. For this reason also they are very hard to keep in captivity, a temperature of more than fifty degrees killing them off in a day or two. It costs a great deal more to keep one of these animals supplied with half-frozen air than to feed it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Acted Like Children. The Cherokee Indians were recently paid the \$6,740,000 due on the sale of Cherokee lands. The Indians acted like children, buying the simplest articles for the most exorbitant price, seemingly afflicted with a desire to get rid of their wealth as soon as possible.

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Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. featuring various carriage models like No. 27, No. 73, No. 77, and No. 5, with prices ranging from \$11.00 to \$75.00. Includes text about wholesale prices and contact information for W. E. Pratt, Sec'y, Elkhart, Ind.

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Advertisement for Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH, THE POSITIVE CURE. Price 50 cts. Includes address: ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Advertisement for Tied Fast featuring an illustration of a man with a dog and text: "to old-fogy ideas? We can help you get out of your farm all it's worth. Baugh's manures are all manure; they raise large crops."

Advertisement for BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, Original Manufacturers of Raw Bone Manures. Office: 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

Advertisement for I AM NOW A MAN! featuring an illustration of a man and text: "I was troubled with emulsions and varicose, and had been usually weak for seven years. During the last four years I tried every remedy that was sold and got no relief for any of my troubles until I took CALTHOS—it cured and restored me and I am now a man." Address: VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, O.

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