## WHY LITTLE BOY?

Why little boy, why do you laugh? As if a bubbling spring Leaping in joy along the path Within you fain would sing!

Your lips the laughing water sipt And parted in a smile; The rippled sunlight upward slipt And lit your eyes the while.

Too swiftly sped the glowing ray; In pain each dainty sphere Closed light its lids upon the day, And 'neath them stole a tear.

And this is why you laugh and cry; Your spring we all have tried, -A smile and tear, a kiss and sigh-How little else beside !

## JEALOUS.

"Why what is that?" asked Caleb May as a man rattled up to the door of John Hutter's farm house, and dumped something heavy on the porch. 'Going to have company, Jennie?"

Jennie Hutter shook her head. "No," said she; "father has taken it

into his head to have boarders, that's all. 'Some old gentleman who is going to write a book and wants quiet, I believe. What a bother."

Caleb laughed. "He'll not bother you much," he said. "You are not interested in the crockery, nor do you sweep or make beds. The rose on the branch by the window will be troubled as much by his coming as you."

Jennie pouted. "How idle you fancy me," she said. "I sew perpetually, and I made a custard yesterday. Mother won't let me do housework, and old Mancy always says-'Go away and don't bother me, child, when I try to help. 1—

"There," said Caleb, "don't make excuses. I'd as soon expect a humming-bird to turn kitchen-drudge as you; and you are to belong to me some day, and I shall lay you up in cotton as you lay your pins and earrings and like to see your little hands snow-white as they are now, if you are a farmer's wife.'

Jennie looked down and blushed.

She had been betrothed to Caleb for two years, but she had not quite grown used to talking of it.

"Everyone tries to spoil me," she said, "You will work, Caleb; why not 121

Caleb lifted her upon his knee as though she had been a child. "Jennie," he said, "this is why," and he put her little hand upon his great brown palm. See the difference between us. I was made to work. A great, broad shouldered six-footer with the sinews of a giant, and a constitution of a horse, and you look as if a breath would kill you-a fairy, just a little taller than those we used to read of in the giltcovered picture-books years ago.

"When I first grew up and took notice of farmers' wives, I made one observation. "As a general thing they're worked

harder than the men. "I've seen fellows with acres upon

acres, and a fortune put away in the bank, whose wives did all the cooking, and ironing for a dozen hands besides their own children, women with babies crying after them and keeping them up all night, and maybe a snip of a girl half the time to help. "Yes, my dear, and if in all these hard lives a thing was done wrong or forgotten, those men would talk of idleness, and scold and growl, and worry as if they had servants instead of only the delicate mothers of their little children to do their bidding, and then I've said this, Jennie-'When I'm married I'll have a helpmate and a friend, a thing to love and cherish, not a slave. "I know you are willing to help me. and you shall in fifty ways, but not, if I'm as I hope to be, a well-to-do man, as a drudge, darling." Jennie nestled her head upon his shoulder and said nothing, though she thought-"How one. good and tender he is, and how happy I am." And what more he intended to to hurry back; the London feller'll have to be examining the watch carefully. say, no one will ever know, for just at his gal if he don't." that moment a voice close to their ears said-"Is this Mr. Hutter's?" And Jennie flew from Caleb May's her cheek as red the Berlin wool she www.knitting, while Caleb seized upon a | say. volume of poetry which adorned the table and began to regard it intently, utterly ignorant of the fact that he was holding it upside down. "This is Mr. Hutter's?" asked the voice again.

Eight o'clock came and he did not stir, still he sat and talked. The old folks looked at each other.

dan up," said the old lady.

dan," said the old gentleman. "Not at all," said Mr. Jordan. "On

suit me best." And he leaned back in his chair, as though he never intended to retire at all.

better for Mr. Jordan. He told them about his travels, and he liked good listeners.

"If you will excuse us," they said,

politely, "we'll retire." Mr. Jordan excused them, and remeined talking still. The fact was that in society to which he was accustomed no young lady would have remained up alcne to entertain a gentleman and it never entered his mind that while Caleb remained, he was de trop. Caleb imagined the gentleman was trying to set

Mr. Jordan hoped smoke was not

disagreeable to Miss Hutter, and lit a cigar.

clock strike twelve, took his hat and departed, and Jennie ran upstairs to cry, for Caleb had not kissed her at parting. Caleb himself was jealous and wrathful, and as time wore on, nothing happened to change his mind. The same thing was repeated evening after evening, and Jennie was not angry as she should have been. Indeed Caleb was fast becoming possessed of the idea that she liked Mr. Jordan better than she ever liked him.

"The impertinent rascal, he must know that she's engaged to me," said "I'll show him what I think of Caleb. him." And accordingly he did his best to be rude to Mr. Jordan, and to show him that he was not welcome in the little parlor. Mr. Jordan only fancied his manners uncouth and his temper bad, and devoted himself to Jennie, who tried to make amends for her lover's ill-behaviour by great politeness, and who was terribly troubled, poor little soul, by Caleb's disagreeable manners. Had she known the whole truth, she might have been yet more troubled. Caleb's greatest fault was jealousy, and now that passion was boiling in his heart, and maddening him until the good-humored, well-intentioned young farmer was a revengeful, dark-browed, dangerous sort of fellow, with all sorts of wicked thoughts and feelings. He hated the handsome man who was striving to win Jennie from him, and he was angry at Jennie, who seemed to

At last, one Sunday, he did not go to the Hutters.' "Better not go than suffer as he did," he said. And neither did he attend as usual to his farm, but spent his time wandering about the woods with gun and game bag, by way of excuse for idleness. For a whole week he slept on the grass, and bought two got up from the table and moved

and my wealth would be lavished upon you.'

cried Mr. Jordan; "that can't be, Jen-

"I love him better than anyone in

richest, handsomest and best man on

"You must, indeed, if you feel thus,"

Caleb dropped his loaded gun on the

"Where have you been, Caleb?" she

And he answered-

nie."

The muzzle of the gun rested on the "I'm afeard we are keepin' Mr. Jor-

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Jorcurls of Jennie's wooer.

Caleb. these lovely moonlight nights late hours

The conversation flagged. All the so much richer and older."

Ten struck. The old folks arose.

the wooer. May."

him out and grew indignant. He folded his arms and scowled.

the world," said Jennie; "and if the

earth were to speak as you have spoken Finally Caleb, in a rage, hearing the manly looks I like so, I should choose him before the other." said Mr. Jordan. And without another word, he walked out of the room. grass and walked in. said; "and what have you been doing?

"Jennie, I've been in the woods, hunting rabbits, and as to what I've been doing, why, I've been cherishing wicked, angry, jealous thoughts, that I ought to be ashamed of. "I've been bad at heart, as could be; but it's all over now, Jennie, and I'll never be jealous of you any more-never, my darling. And Caleb never was. The remembrance of that evening remained with him, though he could not bring himself to shock Jenuie by telling her the whole truth.

encourage him.

his meals at wayside taverns, or sometimes shot a rabbit or a hare and broiled it over a gipsy fire for his dinner. There must be something done. He must have it out with Jennie, and give her back her letters, and that golden lock of hair that lay against his breast -but not yet, not yet. So he wandered about the woods like a mad man, and he was mad for a time to all intents and purposes. The Sabbath evening came again, and he sat under a great elm, with his gun by his side and his head bowed on his hands. It was quite dark, and no in the hands of one of the young genone could have seen him in the shadow. Neither did he see the two people who together. The reporter, thinking somewalked slowly past, but he heard their voices. John Doolittle and Duckworth, old residents of the neighborhood "What's come of Caleb May?" asked

Burled Alive. Of all the horrible and appalling

calamities that can befall mortal man, window-sill, now, and Caled May's one can imagine none more ghastly than breath almost brushed the thin, dark that of being buried alive. The case of the lady, whose ring, cut from her finger "How will she say it?" thought by midnight violations of her tomb,

was the means of saving her from a In a moment more Jennie spoke. dreadful fate, has been often told. The "I am so sorry," she said. "I did not vault at midnight-the cutting off of think-it never entered my mind that the finger-the ghastly terror of the you liked me so. Your ways are so ruffians when the dead woman sat up in different from ours, and-and-you are her coffin and blood began to flowthe familiar knock coming to the house "But does that make any difference?" door in the dead of night, heard by asked Mr. Jordan. "I don't know. terrified maids, who thinking their mis-If it was anyone else, I should say the tress' ghost was there buried their faces same. I cannot say yes, Mr. Jordan." trembling, in their pillows. The bereav-

Caleb heard the words and his gun ed husband lying sleepless in his grief. heard it too, and started at the sound. dropped lower. "Why not? Am I too old?" asked 'If my dear wife were not gone," he thought, "I should say that was her knock," and when more faintly, it again "I'll tell you the simple truth," said Jennie. "I am engaged, Mr. Jordansmote his ear, rising at last and going have been engaged two years to Caleb to the door, he was convinced by the resuscitated woman. All this was lis-"But you don't love the sulky brute,"

tened to with an interest intensified by the fact of its being true. A curious coincidence respecting this event is that an exactly similar story is recorded in the annals of the family of the Earls of Mount Edgecombe. The mother of Richard Edgecombe, being at to-night, and if he were poorer than a the same time young and childless, died. beggar, and were to lose all the fine, apparently. She was buried with a valuable ring on her finger, and the cutting this off by violators of the tomb restored her to consciousness. Five years afterward she gave birth to a son. In the year 1838 a remarkable instance of burying alive occurred at Cambray, in France. M. Marbois had lived in harmony with his family, until the subject of a marriage his eldest son wished to contract became the cause of a quarrel, and brought on fierce disputes between him and his children. Marbois was a man of violent passions; opposition made him frantic, and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips than his whole frame collapsed, his face grew vivid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in, but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced-the cause, a stoppage of the heart's action, produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th

of January, and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficient-

ly softened, and men were set to work to lifting the coffin, they fancied they ly, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation | hurried repast and drives in the Bois de | will tell you, and might do more harm and respiration were going on to a cer- Boulogne, or strolls through the cou- than good. But if his own internal tain extent, the men hurried off with loirs of the chamber of deputies to hear mechanism begins to wheeze a little and the body to the house of the parish the gossip and discuss, as best he can, to show symptoms of running down, if or, by whose efforts Marbois was at the political last restored to consciousness. The home towards 7 o'clock and in the com- tune, it is very likely indeed that he Marsh, used to describe an event which chats till 9, when he leaves them and all about it, and will forthwith resort occurred at the beginning of his medi- goes up to his library, where he sits to the family medicine chest or the cal career, many years before he had down to write the daily leading article nearest druggist. It may be argued reached the eminence to which he after- which will appear in the morrow's In- that he probably knows more of his own the family doctor-a country practition- the subject-matter of his contribution er-to attend upon Col. H-, struck before he abandons his guests at all. he may have been studying his own down suddenly by appoplexy. The fit He dashes it off with all the fiery ardor constitution for thirty, forty or fifty the sick man proved unavailing; he when a pen is in his hand and an inknever rallied, and at the end of a few stand and a few sheets of paper are by days, to all appearance, breathed his his side. the two medical attendants deemed it manuscript down to the salon and rings right, as a last attention, to go and take for one of his servants, who carries it leave of the remains of their patient | in hot haste to the office of The Intranbefore the coffin was screwed down. sigeant, where it is "set up" as soon as table near the coffin. ing out a bumper and tossing it off, sitely poised paragraphs of the famous "this washis favorite drink. Rare wine, never spared it. Many a generous glass as a pressman have been long appreciawe have had together. I'll drink an-other to his memory," he cried, and owed his fall more to the pen-thrusts of another and another followed, until the The Lantern than to the defeat 'at Seunwonted an hour, began to tell upon and became unpopular under the fiery the man, and make his eyes glisten and attacks and grim irony of the man. his speech grow thick.

orable morning, were his friends summoned-this time to pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related apropos of burying alive the following experience: "On our passage home," he said, "we had in the transport, beside our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last, he was stripped, a twenty pound shot tied to his heel, and his body thrust through a port-hole into the sea. John Bull's prejudice rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Unionjack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him-

through the port-hole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail in the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through, and, in so doing, the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to this, and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptons. "The man's alive!" flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water, it was caught and brought up on deck. The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport ship when we landed."

## Rochefort at Home and at Work.

He owns a pretty little home in the Cite Malesherbes, which is connected by value of the medicine at about eight telephone with the office of his newspaper in the Rue du Croissant. Since dicine alone a total of nearly a million he has given over his passions for betting at the various race courses around Paris, owing to the sweeping stakes he lost on them nearly two years ago, Rochefort has become a perfect connoisseur of art-treasures, and his maisonor marble pieces of workmanship, and taste and elegance.

raise the boly and finish the grave. On his first occupation is generally to scan his piano gets out of tune in only a note heard a sigh, and on listening attentive- he himself once put it, "how the stupid three and sixpence in a tuning hammer situation. distinguished physician, Sir Henry pany of a few friends, he dines and will be quite confident that he knows wards attained. He was called in by transigeant. Rochefort's head is full of interior than he does of the inside of a was a severe one. All efforts to save which is his invariable characteristic years. Every man, it has been said, is last. On the morning of the funeral In less than an hour he brings his The family doctor, a jovial, florid per- possible, and where, an hour or two sonage, on whom professional cares sat subsequently, its proof sheets are revis- that your mechanism is ten thousand lightly, had been a friend, and ofttimes | ed by the author himself. Next morn- | times more intricate and delicate than bottle of port and glasses stood on a classes of the capital read with gusto might occur to him, one would think, the burning sature, the brilliant epitoo. He knew what was good, and day. His immense power and prestige chest, eh? Ah, indigestion, my dear wine, rapidly galped down, and at so dan. Gambetta himself broke down It's My Wife.

## Amateur Doctors.

Amateur doctoring is exceedingly common. Great as is the number of ailments which every year are professionaliy treated at the institutions for which special appeals are to be made all over London soon, it may be doubted whether the cases in which amateurs every year try their hand at setting right the rickety human machine are not vastly more numerous. Such efforts are especially common in the lower middle-class. The wealthier and more intelligent are of course chary of everything but the best professional advice in matters of health, and the poor are wonderfully ready to run to the hospital and dispensary. It is not that they are averse to amateur treatment-far from it. The well-known story of the cabman who nearly killed himself by swallowing some sort of black draught which had been left in his vehicle, and which he thought might do him as much good as the "party it was meant for," is by no means an exaggerated illustration of the ludicrous readiness with which the more ignorant of the population will take anything in the nature of physic if they are in the slightest degree indisposed. To go to the chemist for medicine. however, is an expensive proceeding for them, and when they need doctoring, therefore, they do not often doctor themselves, but they go to the hospital. People a little above them in their station of life are able to buy their own medicines, and find it cheaper to do so than to waste their time at the hospital, or to go to the private practitioner; and if constant practice in drugging and dosing would make physicians, probably a good half of the population might be entitled to the "M. D." If this should appear to be a somewhat exaggerated view to take let one indisputable fact be pondered over. Last year the duty paid in this country on patent medicines amounted

to £150,000. If we reckon the selling times this; for this one class of meand a quarter of money, all of it spent in amateur doctoring.

It is curious, when one comes to think of it, that people should be so exceedingly ready to set about the remedy of anything amiss in the system of eithette may be aptly called a veritable er themselves or those about them. If museum in itself. Several original a man's kitchen clock wheezes and paintings of the Italian masters-some whirrs a little, and presently begins to purchased at fabulous prices, others betray a difficulty in getting along, he presented by admirers to the great pam- will admit at once that he does not phleteer-deck the walls of his salon; know what is the matter with the thing while here, there and everywhere the and will have the clockmaker ordered visitor's eyes fall on tiny bronze statues, in to attend to it. If his watch gets a little slow, and does not seem to be tiny busts ranged in order and with amenable to the regulator, he will not even run the risk of touching it here

When Rochefort rises in the forenoon and there with a little sweet oil; or if the morning newspapers "to see," as or two, he does not dream of investing world has wagged since he had last the and putting it in order himself. He honor of leaving it." He then takes a does not understand the business, he He returns he himself feels sot clock or a watch. On the other hand, a fool or physician at forty, and there is just enough truth in the saying to make plausible. But then the remarkable thing is that the amateur doctor is usually just as ready to prescribe for other people's constitutions as he is for his own. Give him ever so slight a hint of your symptoms, and he will at once prescribe for you. He knows, of course, boon companion of the deceased. A ing the elite as well as the working that of any clock or watch, and it that in so intricate a machine similar "Ah, my poor friend," he said, pour- grams, the pungent wit and the exqui- symptoms might possibly arise from very different causes. Nothing of the journalist on the current topics of the sort occurs, however. "Pains in your fellow. I used to have that sort of thing terribly. Try a box of Quackle's pills. The finest thing in the world for indigestion.

A Clever Game, "Its a slick scheme, Bill, and will

"I know it. I tried it on six different parties in Pittsburg, and it worked every time. You've only got to have

but grew so earnest in their conversalouder than they intended. "Come on,"

work eight times out of ten."

"Do you think so?"

the pawnbroker's in with you." Such was the bit of conversation a reporter overheard while sitting at a table in a summer garden the other night. The two men who did the talking were sitting at an adjoining table with their heads rather close together, tion that inadvertently they spoke said the first speaker, "and see." The over to the bar, where they stood for some time in the midst of a little knot,

And Jennie, becoming aware that it was her duty to speak, replied-"Yes, sir; walk in and I'll call my father."

Thereupon the gentleman entered. "Don't disturb your father if he is

busy," he said. "My name is Jordan. I-I believe my trunk arrived an hour ago."

"Yes sir." And Caleb lifted his eyes to see the "old gentleman who wanted

to be quiet." He saw a man of forty, very bald, but by no means elderly or plain-looking. A very handsome man in fact, with an air distingue, which Caleb, plain and homely as he was, understood at a glance, and eyes brown, long-lashed, and bright, which followed Jennie's At last only the branches of a tall lilac inretreating figure admiringly.

"I suppose he wants a beauty for his book," thought Caleb. "Well, he's welcome, and if he'll put her in as good and handsome as she is, I'll buy two Jennie," said Mr. Jordan's voice. Caleb «copies." Then Caleb looked at his big took aim, deadly aim, at the broad back silver watch, remembered that the man of the speaker, and stood still again. whom he was to see about the two calves which were to be sold would be he muttered. "Yes, I'll hear it all. waiting, and walked away homeward. Then he shall drop at her feet just as And why, thinking it over, he should she has given her talse heart into his be sorry that the new boarder was a keeping, dead, and then I will end my handsome middle-aged man instead of | wicked life, and the man who loves her the old book-worm he had expected, and the man she loves shall die togeth-Caleb could not tell. "What is that er." His finger was on the trigger, man to me?", he said again and again. and he stood like a statue of vengeance "1'm an idiot, and I'd trust Jennie

with the handsomest young fellow under the sun, I'm certain."

Sunday was Caleb's visiting night. The evening when, after the old-fash- love and admiration. "But perhaps faned country custom, the family ab- yon cannot guess how much. "It is sented themselves from the parlor, and left the courting couple alone. On you.' Ether days Caleb might drop in, but he Sunday, therefore, Caleb went over to the Hutters'. Tea was over and Jennie was in the parlor, so were the old folks, so was Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan was very sociable, and salked a great deal.

"Have her any way." said the first. Caleb. "I see her and t'other sitting the four came out into the street and knee and began to crochet violently, in the park like turtle doves as I went entered a neighboring saloon. Soon past, and he's as rich as a Jew, they

> "That's enough for any woman," said the second. And the two trotted off.

Caleb listened until they were gone, and then started up. The image presented by the words, "like two turtle doves," lashed him to such a fury as he had never felt before. "I'll kill him," he muttered. "I'll kill him, by Heaven farmhouse.

It was a very dark night, moonless and cloudy. Far away he could see the gleam of candlelight from the small parlor, and two dark figures with their backs to the window. He knew them in a moment. Mr. Jordan and Jennie Hutter. "Together, together!" he whispered between his teeth, and strode on, crushing the green grass beneath his feet. tervened between himself and the pair. He stood behind it, and looked at his gun again. He listened,

"I have something to say to you, I'll hear what it is and then kill him,"

waiting for the words whose import he well knew.

"You must know I love you," said Mr. Jordan, "You must be used to better than my life. Jennie I adore

Caleb drew one step nearer, his teeth was not expected or prepared for. On set, his eyes sparkling. Jennie said noth-

Mr. Jordan went on-"Will, you be my wife, Jennie? I am older than you. but I will be very kind to you. "Could men, merely saying "thanks," left the you like me enough for that, my dear? saloon and hurried off in the direction "You will never repent it. I am rich, the two sharpers had taken.

drinking and talking. They were both well dressed in the height of fashion, and their whole demeanor showed them to be gentlemen of the sporting fraternity. In a short while the two appeared to be talking rather earnestly to two other young fellows who were apparently slightly under the influence of quor, one of the sporting gentlemen had his watch in his hand, and there was an excited discussion about something. Money was drawn and deposited tlemen, and the four left the garden thing was in the wind, got up hurriedly and followed them. He saw them disappear around the corner and enter a pawnbroker's shop. Taking up a position on the other side of the street, he saw the four standing at the counter "Dunno," said the other. "He ought talking with a little fellow, who seemed smiled, the young man who had been "Mark my words, she's jilted poor stakeholder passed over the money, and the two sporting men emerged alone and hurried off down the street. The reporter crossed, entered the saloon and found the two young men talking with the barkeeper. "I believe it was a put up job," said

"How did you say it occurred?"

asked the barkeeper. "Why, we were taking a drink together, when those two fellows came up I will." And he examined his gun as and somehow got into conversation he spoke, with a terrible gleam in his with us. We had several drinks todark eye and throwing it over his shoul- gether, when one of them said he and der, hurried away towards Hutter's his friend were going to tackle a game f poker, but hadn't quite enough stuff. He then pulled out an old nickel-plated watch and said he thought he would go and put it up for \$15. He hated these d-n pawnbrokers, and asked me if I would not lend him \$15 on it until tomorrow. I told him the watch was not worth more than \$5. He laughed at this and said I evidently knew nothing about watches. I took it and examined it, works and all. It was a watch that could be bought for \$7 or \$8, and I told him so. He offered to bet \$15 he could get \$25 on it from any pawnbroker. I

took him up, and we put the \$30 in my friend's hands. We then went into this shop two doors below here, and he tossed the watch on the counter. The little fellow behind it asked how much he wanted on it.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said in an off-handed way. The pawnbroker pitched it down and shook his head.

"But just look at those works," said he in the same tone. The pawnbroker picked it up, took it

to the light, and examined the works anxious, silent groups. Breathlessly with a glass. Then he came back [ and said he would let him have \$20 on it.

"No, sir. I want \$25," said the other, "or nothing." "Well, I will let you have it, but I could not lend a cent more."

He thereupon made out a ticket, assed him \$25, and then he claimed the bet. Of course it was given to him, and we came in here to take a drink."

The barkeeper smiled, the reporter ness, were slowly returning. stepped to the front and told what he had heard in the garden, and the two

"Why should you not pledge me now

for the last time?" exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the' corpse, and pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the colonel's throat! Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle were riveted on the corpse. The jovial doctor sobered in a moment, staggered back. "Can a dead man drink?" he cried. "Give him more-more!" exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge, so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his

hand upon the heart. turn. Meanwhile the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside, carriages arriving; while within, all was commotion and suspense -servants hurrying to and fro, fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctor's commands. the latter applying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralyzed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in

they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtfuldoubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the grave clothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope-might not yet be needed to fulfil their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, conscious-

Colone! H---- was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five and twenty years had passed away after that mem- | it is dry.

The other night a laboring man named O'Harris was drinking beer and playing cards in a Green River avenue saloon, Detroit, when somebody asked him what sort of a wife he had.

"The humblest, docilest little woman in all the world," he replied.

"Doesn't she ever say anything about your spending your evenings away from me?

"Never a word."

"And has she no objection to your pending half your wages in beer and cards?"

"If she has she doesn't state 'em". "But won't she turn on you some day? You know that even a worm will

"Faith and she will that. I've been going on in this way for the last fourteen years, and for the last two I've been looking for a climax. A wife suffers for about so long and then she turns on you."

Not, more than five minutes had passed, and the men were busy with their cards, when a woman opened the door and slipped in. She stood for a moment to get the range, and then made a beeline for the laborer. Off went his hat, the hair flew in showers, and over went the table with its glasses and cards. Five or six badly frightened men rushed out doors in a body, the last one helped along by a push from a chair, and as the laborer took the middle of the street and gathered himself together for some tall ruuuing he cried out with a lump in his throat:

"It's my wife, and she's turned at last. I'd like to see the worm which would upset seven men and a saloon in the elegant manner just witnessed inside,"

Scandal will rub out like dirt when

Full Breathing.

We have always maintained that the most important agent for the preservation of health and cure of disease is a full and constant supply of pure air for the lungs. All the plans for systematizing exercise by combining it with pleasure should be encouraged. Horseback riding, walking, bicycling, footracing and athletic sports are hardly less valuable for the increased quantity of air that they compel us to consume than from the exhilarating and healthful effects produced in our minds. In order to be of real value exercise should be regular and, if possible, in the open air, and sufficient each day for the wants of the system, but never excessive. Extremes are always dangerous. Gymnasiums have caused the breaking down of hundreds of young men. Fearing to go out in inclement weather is a vain fear. There may be a day occasionally during the winter when it might be prudent to remain indoors, but with proper attention immediately afterward no well person while exercising is likely to be the worse for a thorough drenching or wet feet.

Air is the best of all blood purifiers, and the more thoroughly the lungs do their work, the purer the blood and the less liability will there be to disease. I believe that the chief cause of pneumonia is breathing impure air and next to this over-eating. Both tend to be-foul the blood. The victims of this disease are principally among "good livers," who do not take sufficient exercise in the open air. The disease seldom attacks those whose occupations require them to spend much of their time out of doors. The main object of exercise then, is to compel the breathing of as much air as is required for the elimination of effete matters from the blood, and the reward is almost certain immunity from all forms of disease.