

A VISIT FROM THE SEA.

Far from the loud sea beaches,
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here, in the inland garden,

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Late one afternoon in the autumn of
1845, on returning to my office after
visiting some patients, I found this note

"Dr. James: Will you do me the
favor to call at my office this evening
before retiring? I have something of
importance to communicate.

Your truly,
"J. L. GARRETTSON."
The office that I occupied was in a
large, old-fashioned building (since torn
down), on Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Garrettson at that time was a
man about thirty-five though he looked
ten years older. He was rather tall,
and slim in figure, with a face that had
once been handsome, though this was
nearly obliterated by trouble, sickness,

or something else.
Though with the reputation of being
a skilled physician, his solitary habits
kept the fraternity from seeing much
of him. Indeed, he was the most secluded
man that I ever met.

Having had my office for three years
under the same roof with Dr. Garrettson,
and in all that time not having
exchanged a dozen words with him, of
course I was surprised on reading his
note.

My friend, the dentist, retiring about
seven o'clock, I finished my business
for the evening, and knocked at the doctor's
door.

A voice bid me enter.
I opened the door. The shutters
were closed, and there was a lamp
burning on the table. The doctor was
standing near the door, with his hands
placed behind him.

"My suspicions were correct. I heard
Larue come. They went into the parlor.
Silently I crept into an adjoining
room, and through the key hole watched
them. I heard all that was said and
done. They were planning an elopement.

"It was then the thought of murder
first occurred. I would kill the false
wife and deceitful lover. But how?
To use firearms would discover me,
and Larue having greater strength and
being more active than I, would have
the advantage in a personal encounter.

"I would first stupefy them, then
commit the murder.
This is the way I accomplished it:
My wife proposed having a little
supper, and I knew they would use
wine. I procured a bottle and drugged
it, then placed it in a conspicuous position.
The bottle of wine was used, and
the lovers were soon, with their arms
entwined, locked in the embrace of
sleep.

"The rest was soon done. My first
step was to bind their arms securely,
then, with a rope, I strangled them as
they sat locked in each other's arms.
But after the murder it was no
sooner committed than I repented it.
Here were the bodies—those damning
witnesses—what was to be done with
them? I could not bury them, and my
blood shrank from burning them.

"Yes, there was a way. I partly
understood the art of embalming. It was
my only chance to escape detection. I
put my skill to work, and before morning
I had the bodies embalmed and hid.

"The next day I informed my neighbors
that my wife had fled, and I expected
she had eloped with Larue. I
was believed. My character placed me
above suspicion.

"Here the doctor ceased speaking,
and taking a pen and paper, wrote for
a considerable time. He then sealed the
paper, and laying it on the table, said:

"That paper finishes the story, to-
gether with instructions I wish obeyed,
I see your position is painful, but there
can be no help till morning."
He then bid me good-by, telling me
I should never see him again alive.

"I managed to get on the floor, and I
had there till morning. I don't know
how many hours I remained awake,
suffering with my cramped position, but
at last sleep came to me, and I slept till
I was awakened by the noise of breaking
in the door.

"The note the doctor had left told us
the bodies were concealed in a chimney,
that was walled up, and that his body
would be found in the garret. He
wanted all three taken South, and
buried near their former home; and
there was more instruction regarding
the property that he had bequeathed to
his parents.

"We found the bodies where the doctor
had indicated; and he was found
hanging in the garret. His wishes
were complied with to the letter—his
parents coming on and taking charge of
the bodies.

"This has been years ago; but I shall
never forget the night when I was com-
pelled to listen to the doctor's story.

Paganism in Siberia.
The territory of Russian Siberia, one
and a half times as large as the United
States, has belonged to Russia three
centuries, yet of the 4,000,000 inhabi-
tants nearly one half are still pagans.

Paganism is fostered by the home gov-
ernment. The pagan priests are allowed
to collect and burn the copies of the
Bible with which the missionaries supply
the converts, and no missionary
may baptize without the authority of
the pagan civil authorities, who are
allowed to do almost anything to drive
Christianity from the country.

A Favored Land.

The Maoris, with a faith born of long
experience, bring their sorely-trying
rheumatic friends from far and near;
and well are their pains rewarded, for
many who have been crippled for years
are here restored to comparative
comfort and health. We saw
one poor lad who literally lived in a
mud-pool, just like one of the African
mudfishes. He was suffering from an
agonizing hip disease, and his friends
had carried him from afar to try this
blessed remedy. He certainly obtained
great relief from lying in the muddy
water for hours, but, in his weakly
state, he very naturally fainted on being
removed, so his kindred thought the
best thing they could do was to build a
hut over the pool and keep him in it
permanently. So there he had already
lain for months, and would probably
remain until he died.

Some of the boiling mud-pools are
horribly repulsive. They lie in great nar-
row pits or craters, and, as you stand
on the brink watching the surface of
black boiling mud slowly upheave with
a dull gurgle and then burst in the form
of a monstrous bubble, you can scarcely
repress a shudder at the thought of
how one slip of the foot on that greasy
soil might plunge you headlong into
that horrible pool, therein to be hope-
lessly engulfed. The very silence with
which it works is an element of horror,
contrasting with the noise and energy
of the clear boiling lakes and the roar
of the steam-clouds that escape from a
thousand fissures in the rocks and from
chasms all over the mountain sides.

There is, however, one mud-pool in
which interest predominates over hor-
ror. It is an expanse of half-liquid
gray mud, from the surface of which
rise a multitude of small mud volcano-
oes—really minuscules, not more than
three or four feet in height, but each a
perfect model of an ideal conical crater,
like Vesuvius or any other volcano of
graceful outline. From each little sum-
mit come puffs of white steam, and
then a small eruption of boiling lake,
which, trickling down the surface, grad-
ually builds up the tiny mountain.

The Maoris not only absorb this
chemical mud externally, but they take
large quantities internally. There are
several places where a thick dark mud
exudes from fissures in the rock, and
this they have discovered to be edible,
and eat large handfuls with the great-
est appreciation. One boiling mud-
hole is known as the porridge-pot in
consequence of this peculiarity, and the
natives who visit it swallow enough to
satisfy an ordinary appetite.

What with mud-pools and mud vol-
canoes, and one large volcano of pure
sulphur and columns of steam rising on
every side from the well-baked hills,
and from the surface of the lake—what
with muddy-colored boiling pools, and
the silvery whiteness of snowy terraces,
Roto Mahana is in truth, such a center
of marvels as to seem to belong to some
creation other than the steady going
world on whose solid surface we live
our commonplace lives.

The sulphur volcano rises from the
brink of the lake, very near the so-called
"Pink Terrace," which, in point of
fact, are distinguished from the "White
Terrace" by a most delicate tinge of
pale salmon color, like reflected sunlight
on snow. The sulphur volcano pro-
duces a most startling effect of color-
ing in contrast with the vivid blue of
sky and lake. It is entirely yellow—
just the color of a bright primrose—
and the great column of steam ascend-
ing from it is primrose-hued, and all
the water near it is thus tinted, while
the rocks far and near are coated with
a deposit of pure sulphur.

Gold.

Gold and silver, the metallic substan-
ces first known to mankind, were from
the earliest mention on record of gold in
Genesis where it says, of the land of
Havilah. "There is gold, and the gold
of that land is good." In the time of
Abraham it already passed as money by
weight, and was used for making orna-
ments; nor are there lacking proofs that
it was manufactured into many house-
hold articles. The abundance of gold
in ancient times is very remarkable; for
example, the treasures of Solomon,
when he made so many things of pure
gold; none of them were of silver, for
that was nothing accounted for in the
days of Solomon, for "the king made
silver to be as the stones in Jerusalem."
Nor does this appear to have been by
any means a slight instance; profane
authors speak of the large accumula-
tions of treasure, both by sovereigns
and private individuals.

A Valuable Stone.

This is the name of an enormous
piece of amber exhibited in the Royal
Geological Museum at Berlin, whither
it was sent by a company of amber dig-
gers in west Prussia, who found the
same on Prince Bismarck's birthday
(April 1), at a depth of sixty feet below
the surface. The piece is a unique one,
not exactly for its size, but for its shape
and its remarkably fine color, the ab-
sence of any defect and its singular
clearness of sound. Its weight is 3830
grammes, length twenty-five, width
nineteen and thickness ten centimetres.
The value of the find may be inferred
from the fact that another piece in the
museum, larger to be sure, but infinitely
inferior in quality, was bought of
King Frederick William III., in 1803,
for the sum of 10,000 thalers.

The Growth of Paris.

The fortifications of Paris are threat-
ened, not by an enemy this time, but
by the Parisians themselves. The city
is outgrowing its old zone, and the for-
tifications are in the way. The room
they occupy is required for building
purposes. According to a French
architect—an authority on these ques-
tions—Paris requires 100,000 additional
rooms to lodge the 70,000 families of
workmen who cannot at present find
suitable accommodation, and he has had
conversation with one of the Ministers,
who informed him that the Government
was disposed to take up the question of
the demolition of the fortifications as
soon as certain pressing matters were
settled. It would be a popular move,
if only for the large amount of employ-
ment it would provide.

Great Writers.

Alexander Hamilton, on a certain
occasion, remarked to an intimate
friend: "People are all accustomed to
speak of me as a man of genius. Now,
call it, if you will, genius; it is, in
truth, only the ability to do what what
comes before me to perform." And
the correctness of Hamilton's definition
of the full term is fully sustained by
the example of so many eminent intel-
lectuals whom the world takes pleasure in
referring to as "men of genius." The
great Plato, whose thoughts seem to
come so easy, is said to have toiled over
his manuscripts, working with slow and
tedious elaboration. The opening sen-
tence of "The Republic" on the au-
thor's tablets was found to be written
in some thirteen different versions.

When death called him from his work,
the great philosopher was engaged at
his desk "combing and curling and
weaving and unweaving his writings
after a variety of fashions."
Coming to the gifted Addison, whose
diction is full of grace and simpli-
city, so much so as to create envy, yet
admiration, in the mind of every writer
who has flourished since his day, and
find that the great author wrote with
the most painful deliberation. It is
narrated that the press was stopped
again and again; after a whole edition
of the Spectator had been thrown off,
in order that its author might make a
slight change in a sentence. At the
time he occupied the position of Under
Secretary it became necessary for him
to inform Prince George of Hanover of
the demise of Queen Anne, and to make
known to His Royal Highness that the
throne of England was vacant. But
the fastidious secretary was in such a
dilemma with respect to the choice of
expressions in which to convey the im-
portant information, that the duty of writing
the Prince would have to be delegated to
a very humble clerk, who afterward boast-
ed of doing what has superior—the great
Addison—found so impossible to per-
form.

The historian Gibbon, in speaking of
the manner in which he wrote his
"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,"
asked: "Many experiments were made
before I could hit the middle tone be-
tween a dull tone between a dull tone
and a rhetorical declamation. Three
times did I compose the first chapter,
and twice the second and third, before
I was tolerably satisfied with their
effect." Lamb toiled most laboriously
over his essays. These papers, which
long ago became as classics in the Eng-
lish language, which are replete with
the most delicate fancies, were com-
posed with the most exacting nicety. Yet
the author is regarded the world over as
possessed of genius of a high order. La
Roche foucauld was occupied for the
space of fifteen years in preparing for
publication his little work called "Max-
ims," re-writing many of them more
than thirty times.

The celebrated French critic, Sainte-
Beuve, was accustomed to devote six
days to the preparation of a single one
of his weekly articles. A large portion
of his time was passed in the retirement
of his chamber, to which, on such occa-
sions, no individual—with the one ex-
ception of his favorite servant—was
allowed to enter under any circumstan-
ces whatever. Here he wrote those
critical papers which carried captive
the heart of France and filled with won-
der the cultivated mind everywhere. It
took Buffon fifty years to write his
"Studies of Nature." After the first
draft was made, he would rewrite it
some eighteen times before he deemed
it ready to go to the printer. His man-
uscript was peculiarly large size
letter-paper on which he ruled five dis-
tinct columns. In the first column he
jotted down his first thoughts; in the
second he enlarged upon and pruned his
thoughts, and so on to the fifth column
he would labor, in which column he at
last wrote down the result of all his toil.
And yet it is told of him, that after all
this excessive labor of mind he would
rewrite a sentence to the extent of
twenty-eight times, on one occasion
spending fourteen hours in discovering
the proper word with which to finish a
sentence.

In the early career of Bulwer he
found that seventeen lines in a single
day was all he was able to write. As
he became experienced, however, his
authorship he acquired such facility
that he was easily able to write several
pages every day. Still, with all his
genius as a novelist, Bulwer was never
reckoned as a ready writer. The poet
Rogers once toiled for two weeks in the
preparation of a note to his "Italy,"
and the note was made up of only a
very few lines at that. Albany Fon-
blaque, editor of the once famous
"Examiner," wrote in such a labored
manner that the very best he was able to
do was to write two (sometimes three)
editorials each week, and these were
always carefully revised, and to such a
degree that several of them were re-
written a dozen times each.

The great Balzac, after he had made
a plan of a novel, and had, after the
most laborious research, gathered to-
gether the materials which he was to
employ in it, would lock himself in his
private apartment, shut out all the light
of day, and then, by the aid of his study
lamp, he would toil day and night over
the work before him. His servants,
knowing so well his peculiar habits,
would attend to his every want, fetch-
ing him the necessary food and drink
with which to sustain his physical
needs, and thus he would toil on, until
finally, with his task completed, as he
thought, he came forth from his retire-
ment, looking more dead than alive,
but invariably his task would not be
altogether satisfactory to him, after all,
for again he would seek the seclusion
of his chamber to re-arrange and make
more perfect that which he had before
supposed wholly complete. Then, too,
when in the hands of the printer (God
pity the poor printers) he would be as
apt as not to alter in one way and
another, the manuscript, until both
printer and publisher were on the
verge of despair. Kinglake's beautiful
"Eothen" was rewritten half a dozen
times before it was given to a publisher
for consideration. Tennyson's song,
"Come into the Garden, Maud," was
rewritten some fifty times before it gave
complete satisfaction to the laureate,
while he spent eight hours a day for six
weeks in rewriting and giving finish to

"Locksley Hall," though the first draft
of this exquisite poem occupied two
days in its composition.

Tom Moore, with all his wonderful
brilliance, considered it doing very well
if he wrote fifty lines of his "Lalla
Rookie" in a week. Our own match-
less Hawthorne was slow in composing.
Sometimes he could write only what
would amount to half a dozen pages a
week, often only a few lines in the same
space of time—and, alas, he would fre-
quently go to his chamber and take his
pen, only to find himself wholly unable
to perform any literary work. (I fancy
this trait of character a peculiarity of
genius.) The author of "Pleasures of
Hope" was slow of thought, and conse-
quently his mode of composition was
tolerably in the highest degree. He
wrote extremely cautiously, weighing
and shaping the effect of each particu-
lar line before he permitted it to stand.
He used to say that his "Gertrude of
Wyoming" was his best performance,
while at the same time he expressed
himself to the effect that it was sadly
in need of a careful revision. It was
rarely the case that he was satisfied
with his poetry. Oftentimes that which
he had written at night would be given
over to the flames in the morning. But
his perseverance was wonderful, and he
has left to the world as rare a fame as
any poet of his time.

Bret Harte, whose creations read as if
they had come from his brain without a
flaw or hindrance, showing brilliancy
of thought, with the grace of the artist,
is still another who passes days and
weeks on a short story or poem before
he is ready to deliver it into the hands
of the printer, which speaks great praise
for the author of the most strikingly
original volumes of prose and verse that
ever came before the reading public. So,
too, with Bryant. Though, in reality,
the sum total of his poetry might be
included in a small volume so few are
his lyrics, we cannot fail to be impres-
sioned with the truth of the statement
when we are told that even these few
gems of verse cost our later Words-
worth hard toil to bring into being and
endow with the splendor of immortali-
ty.

Water as a Remedy.

Human life depends on air and water
more than on anything else. And yet
most of our infectious diseases reach us
through one or the other. It is grati-
fying, however, to know that both,
when pure, not only share with food
the great office of life-sustaining, but
are signally helpful in eradicating dis-
ease. Of all the agents that neutralize
and destroy noxious impurity, the oxy-
gen of the air is the most important.
The following will indicate some of the
remedial uses of water:
A plunge in cold water—followed by
vigorous friction—or a copious shower-
bath in a warm room is one of the best
of stimulants and tonics. Either kind
of bath, however, is unsafe where there
is low vitality or heart trouble.

Our best physicians now admit that
the heat of fevers—a high temperature
is their most dangerous quality—can be
best controlled by a judicious applica-
tion of water to the surface. It not
only greatly lessens their fatal tendency
but hastens the cure.

In the case of mutilated limbs, the
inflammation and pain may be kept
down until the surgeon's arrival by
plunging the part into water as hot as
can be borne. Indeed, in some cases a
surgeon, instead of amputating a badly
crushed limb, has kept it in hot water
two or three days, and then when the
inflammation had subsided, picked out
the numerous fragments, and thus—
and only thus—saved it.

Many internal or external pains can
be lessened or relieved by hot water
applied by means of hot cloths, constant-
ly renewed.
Various ailments of the stomach, es-
pecially some hard forms of dyspepsia,
can be helped, and sometimes cured, by
copiously irrigating (washing out) the
stomach. All the irritating acids and
other fluids—the products of disease—are
thus removed and the stomach is
enabled to recuperate with rest.
The most persistent constipation may
often be wholly removed in adults by
the drinking of a tumbler of hot water
night and morning, or half an hour be-
fore each meal.

A similar use of water is very effec-
tive in some kinds of dyspepsia and al-
lied complaints.
The above facts are recognized by the
highest medical authorities.

The Great Eastern.

We are reminded, of one of the most
remarkable features of the fair at New
Orleans. The largest vessel in the
world, the Great Eastern, has just left
Liverpool for the Mississippi, carrying
passengers and exhibits. She will be
moored alongside the Exhibition grounds,
and will constitute one of the sights.
The exhibits shipped in her will be
shown on board. It is expected that
thousands will avail themselves of this
opportunity of visiting this famous ship.

Besides being a separate building for
the display of wares, the vessel will be
used as a hotel, with accommodations
for 1,500 or 2,000; as it will be the hos-
teliest most convenient to the fair
grounds, no doubt the space will be
fully occupied. Balls will be given on
board in the evening. The decks made
brilliant by the electric light, will fur-
nish a grand promenade. Everything
promises success to the enterprise.
The managers of the scheme have
chartered the vessel for a year, begin-
ning in November. They expect the
trip to cost \$75,000, and also expect to
make a profit on their investment. She
will carry 6,000 tons of coal, and a crew
of more than 400 men.

Originally designed for a regular pas-
senger steamer, the Great Eastern has
had, in her three decades of existence,
perhaps the most varied and remark-
able career of any vessel ever built. She
was soon found to be unsuited to regu-
lar passenger traffic, and has been by
turns a freight steamer, a coaling
vessel and a cable carrier. It is in con-
nection with the laying of the Atlantic
cable that she will be longest remem-
bered. Now she is to be a floating
hotel and show building combined.
What other strange uses await her the
future must determine.

Preservation of Buildings.

In every case the architect must
kneel at the shrine of chemistry. The
chemist has been called upon by the
architect to make an ink that will fade
after twenty-four hours; and on the
other hand, an ink that will not become
visible till after the lapse of twenty-
four or forty-eight hours. The archi-
tect finds his work continually crum-
bling away. Water is the great solvent,
especially with the addition of the acids
always found in the atmosphere—car-
bonic, sulphuric, sulphurous and nitric;
besides ammonia and often ozone.
The coal burned in London alone dis-
engages into the atmosphere 300,000
tons of sulphurous acid annually. These
agents eat away brick and stone. Also
water getting in and freezing is the
great disintegrator in this climate. How
to check this constant crumbling has
been the great desideratum.

The lecturer demonstrated the poro-
sity of sandstone by passing through a
jet of illuminating gas a solid block of
fine grained sandstone coated with
about fifty coats of varnish, and covered
on its sides with iron plates, leaving on-
ly a small area on each side unprotect-
ed, to which were applied pipes for the
entrance and escape of the gas which
was burned after passing through; and
of fine Philadelphia brick similarly
armed, by blowing through two thick-
nesses of it with force enough to ex-
tinguish the flame of a candle. He
stated that gas will pass through stone
not only without pressure, but even, as
demonstrated by Prof. Chandler,
against a pressure of ten to twenty
atmospheres.

A result of porosity is that buildings
after absorbing water effloresce, or
become covered with a coating of salts,
especially brick buildings laid in mortar
made from sea sand. This means the
decomposition of the material, besides
a very disagreeable appearance.
In Philadelphia, after a rain, the houses
are generally thus whitened. This
efflorescence cannot be prevented by
ordinary paint nor oil.

Another dangerous result of porosity
is that buildings absorb malaria. Hos-
pitals thus become poisoned, with a
poison so deadly that he remarked he
would sooner give his child the most
deadly poison in the laboratory, and
trust to the antidote, than expose him
to such contagion.

He mentioned many well-known build-
ings that were crumbling away, such
as Girard college, the college of New
York, Trinity church, New York. He
had dined with Gorrington soon after
the obelisk was set up in Central park,
and the subject of the weathering of
the obelisk was suggested. Gorrington
said that it had stood 4,000 years, and
would stand 4,000 years more. But, in
fact, the obelisk is crumbling away. He
showed several vials full of clippings
collected at the foot of it, also speci-
mens of stone found peeled off from
inside the new capitol during the visit
of the institute to it in the afternoon.

Buried Alive.

In the village of Chum-long, where
the Basel Chinese Mission has a station,
the following sad event has lately taken
place: A man of sixty years of age was
afflicted with leprosy and lived in a hut
within the village. The villagers often
urged the old man to remove his hut
outside the village and live on the hills
to prevent contamination, promising
that they would always provide him
with food. However, the leper did not
wish to leave the village, nor dared his
relatives press him to do so.
Lately it happened that the leper was
lying asleep in his hut. His son came
and wanted to bring him something to
eat, but, calling into the hut, he re-
ceived no answer from the father.
There was soon a gathering of the peo-
ple, but no one ventured to go inside
the hut. Some stones were thrown at
the door to see if the man took any
notice of it, and as there was still no
sign of life in the hut the general con-
clusion was that the occupant was dead.

The resolution was forthwith taken
to have the leper buried. His son went
to a neighboring village to engage
coolies for digging a grave and carrying
the corpse out. During the absence of
the son the elder of the village came
to the scene, and, learning how matters
stood, boldly opened the door and
entered the hut, when lo and behold, it
turned out that the leper had only en-
joyed a sound sleep.

However, the coolies had been en-
gaged for a certain sum of money, and
came along with the son, ready to do
the work which was required of them,
or at all events to receive the promised
pay. After some deliberation the vil-
lagers unanimously put it before the leper
that as things had come to this pass, he
had better make up his mind and allow
the funeral of himself to go on. To
this the unfortunate man consented,
and took leave of his daughter-in-law
and two grandchildren, enjoining upon
her to feed the two pigs well and also
take care of the poultry.
A coffin was now provided and the
shroud redeemed from the pawnshop.
A fowl was killed and rice and pork
provided as a farewell dinner for the
leper.

Next morning very early the proces-
sion started from the hut. First came
the coffin carried by the coolies, and
behind it walked the leper to his grave,
the son and the elder bringing up the
rear, carrying the shroud and the pot
which contained the opium. Having
moved up a hill to a distance of about
two miles from the village, the leper
halted and a grave was dug. The party
took a last meal and then swallowed the
opium. After this he put on the shroud
and a pair of shoes, and laid himself
down in the coffin, when the coolies put
the lid on it, without waiting till the
leper should have lost consciousness,
and lowered the coffin into the grave.

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.—She—"Oh,
look at that Indian with his feathers."
He—"Yes, fine feathers."
She—"Well, why do the Indians wear
them that way?" He—"To keep his
wigwan."

QUITS ANOTHER TALK.—Tommy lady
to oookster clerk with his neck tied
up.—"Have you got the Newport
Aquarelle?"
Clerk (reasonably)—"Oh, no, miss,
it's nothing but a common bolt."