

### In The Cornfield.

Anon corn-blades are springing  
Out from the earth's dark mould;  
Unto the air and sunshine  
Their leaves they now unfold.  
The slender blades grow stronger  
Under the dew and sun,  
And the huge grows clearer, deeper,  
Of the green stalks every one.  
  
There's a rustle of leaves in the cornfield,  
As the August breeze goes by,  
Mid the stalks are the children playing,  
And they look to the bending sky;  
They ask whence comes the voices  
Of the winds in their mild, sweet mood,  
And wonder if its from Heaven,  
If it is the whisper of God.  
  
The field becomes a forest  
Of stalks and tassels and grain,  
When skies are grown more sober  
And falls September rain,  
Then the reapers with their sickles  
Garner the ripened ears,  
Symbols of life's ripe harvest  
For the granary of the years.

### MALGRE LUI.

There never was a more popular  
young physician than Dr. Tredickar.  
His manners were the perfection of  
the sympathetic, his tact and his judgment  
were only equaled by his devotion and  
skill, his personal magnetism was im-  
mense, and the cures he wrought were  
marvelous.

Fresh from the hospitals as he was,  
and eager in the pursuit of his science,  
many old families welcomed him as  
likely to have a newer knowledge than  
the aging physician who had carried  
them through their lifetime; and young  
families, just setting up for themselves,  
chose him as likely to go along the road  
with themselves to the end. The event  
certainly justified their choice; and report  
of the young doctor's ability went  
through the country side, and even  
extended to the next large city, so  
that not infrequently he was called in  
consultation there with physicians of  
longer and wider repute than his own.  
His diagnosis of a case was so swift  
and sure that people used to say that  
Dr. Tredickar could tell what ailed you  
by looking at you; and many a good  
woman averred that she was more  
benefited by his touch upon the pulse  
than by another doctor's prescription.  
Very possibly she was, for Dr. Tredickar  
gave very little medicine; the case was  
extreme when he sent much custom  
to the druggist. He carried about with  
him in his gig certain medicaments  
that he was wont to administer, apparently  
potent, and made up under his own  
formula. From a peculiar liquid in a  
phial he measured one drop; if by any  
accident a portion of another drop left  
the phial, the glass had to be rinsed  
and the single drop tried again; to this  
drop a half-glass of sweetened water  
being added, the patient was allowed  
a teaspoonful of the result once in six  
hours, if waking. It was generally  
understood that this liquid was some-  
thing of Dr. Tredickar's own invention,  
difficult to obtain and enormous in cost;  
and the gratitude his patients felt for  
the kindness of his thus procuring and  
keeping on hand what they could hardly  
have procured for themselves was  
something excelled only by the rapidity  
with which they picked up health and  
strength under its effect. Another of  
the remarkable things he was fond of  
administering was a tiny pill that he  
always had about him, and that he left  
in small numbers to be taken at morn-  
ing and night, under certain other  
directions, always ordering that if the  
patient felt too much braced on the  
second day, with ringing ears or crowded  
sensations in the head, or a pain in the  
left thumb, the number was to be less-  
ened, the pills, however, to be taken  
three days, and then omitted for three  
days, until a cure was effected. If these  
and the liquid did not work in such  
cases as he prescribed them, then Dr.  
Tredickar seemed to take another view  
of the case, to devote himself to it with  
personal assiduity and fiery earnestness,  
and to endeavor to bring the patient up  
as if on the strong wings of all his power  
and learning.

The fact was that Dr. Tredickar  
believed in nature. He knew that in certain  
malignant phases of disease the  
physician and strong drugs and heroic  
measures are as necessary as air to  
breathe; but he believed that many  
whimsical, hypochondriac, feeble mind-  
ed, weary and worn-out patients were  
to be helped by a purely hygienic  
treatment, by proper diet, and other  
aids to health, and should not have one  
organ or another interfered with by the  
strong poisons of drugs; and in every  
such instance he gave his priceless li-  
quid and little dark pills, and let nature  
and the tonic effect of hope and faith  
do the reviving work. And of course  
he had many such patients, as many  
such people abound; and the cures were  
so satisfactory that his fame spread in  
wide and wider circles, people who had  
been hurt and not helped by drugs  
leaving other physicians for his advice.  
And he gave the advice, and his dark  
little pills too; and with some individ-  
uals relief came quickly, and with  
others where the system had been still  
further upset by strong medicines, not  
so quickly. If he had at any time  
doubts as to the empiricism of this  
treatment he excused it to himself by  
stating the weakness of human nature,  
and by remembering that as cure was  
what was wanted he was the one to de-  
cide how to effect the cure.

But as Dr. Tredickar's practice in-  
creased he had not the time for divid-

ing slices of brown bread into infinitesimal  
bits that once he had, and, fre-  
quently called away, he would leave  
the task to pretty Dorothy Merle to  
finish, and she would divide and re-  
divide the tiny segments, and roll them  
between two fruit-knives, and set them  
in the sun to dry, and have all his boxes  
filled with fresh supplies of the little  
dark pills when he came home. Dolly  
did that no more faithfully than she  
did everything else, though; she was  
housekeeper and maid-of-all-work and  
general overseer for the young doctor,  
and knew very well how to take care of  
him, and of herself, too.

She was a pretty thing, this young  
Dorothy Merle; not very tall and rather  
slender, with dark brown hair falling  
off the low white brow in natural  
waves, with brilliant hazel-brown eyes  
and small, fine features, among which  
was a mouth whose rosy lips parted  
over teeth like seed pearl. She seldom  
smiled; she was a grave little body, in-  
tentioned on her duty, a farmer's daughter,  
brought up to be a lady too, with a  
good common school education and  
simple manners. Often when the doctor  
returned from his visits he left his  
study and went out into her little sit-  
ting room, where the fire was bright  
and the hearth was clean, and sat down  
there to have a glass of milk and a bit  
of ginger bread, and to speak first of  
some household matter, and then of  
some out-door matter, and then of some  
patient; and presently he found him-  
self discussing the most perplexing case  
with her, and deriving more or less ben-  
efit from her disinterested common-  
sense. Somehow this brief rest in the  
sitting-room became to him very pleas-  
ant, and learning more every day,  
Dolly loved to listen. Often, when  
her cheek flushed and her brown eyes  
lighted with interest, the doctor would  
say to himself: "By Jove! what a pretty  
creature it is! Why wasn't she born  
in some other station of life?" And  
again, when out in a cold and stormy  
night, he would find himself hurrying  
the horse, and picturing the pleasure of  
a seat by the fireside opposite Dorothy.  
And then again he was saying: "Con-  
found the station in life! A perfect  
woman nobly planned is a station in  
life herself." And one night, as he  
looked over at her sitting opposite,  
demurely darning on a table-cloth there,  
he wondered why he should not cross  
over and sit beside her. Still, he said  
nothing of all this thinking; he was not  
a swift man at speaking; his purposes  
formed slowly.

If only women could be patient!  
What had it been to pretty Dorothy—  
those evening hours, this familiar talk,  
the friendly words, these long silences  
illuminated only by the flashing glances?  
He never knew. One day he came  
home and found an angular splinter in  
pretty Dorothy's place; Miss Merle had  
engaged her, she said; and Dorothy was  
nowhere to be seen. It was of no use  
for everything to rush over Dr. Tredickar  
then in one torrent of remem-  
brance and thunder-bolt of decision—  
remembrance of all her sweetness and  
sense, of all her charm and delight—  
decision of long-faltering purpose. It  
was of no use for him to rage and  
imagine vain things; nobody knew any-  
thing of Dorothy, and search as he  
might, far and near, high and low, in  
all his acquaintance with the country-  
side, neither he nor anybody else came  
across any trace of her.

Dr. Tredickar, for some reason or  
other, discarded his dark little pills  
now, but he plunged back into his busi-  
ness with a sort of madness. He tried  
to forget himself in killing or curing;  
he never looked at a woman except  
from a scientific point of view; he never  
spoke to his spinster if he could be p  
it; he studied as if his life depended on  
it; practice he had been on the point of  
surrendering to the new doctor he re-  
tained, and he rode far into the night  
to exacting people on outlying farms,  
and was up early in the daybreak for  
his laboratory experiments and books;  
he forgot to eat, and he was unable to  
sleep.

Of course such devotion to work had  
its own reward in one way. Dr. Tredickar  
was becoming a comfortably rich  
man for a country practitioner, and was  
reaping a ripe harvest of fame, that was,  
however, as worthless to him as the  
breath of the idliest breeze.  
And so one year followed another  
until twenty had slipped away, and the  
babies to whom he had given their first  
bolus had babies of their own; and  
fevers and consumptions and amputa-  
tions and autopsies filled up the meas-  
ure of his days; and there seemed to  
Dr. Tredickar nothing worth living for;  
and worn with work, irregular food,  
unhealthy hurries, sympathies, distasts,  
fatigues, one morning Dr. Tredickar  
discovered that he was without appete,  
without strength, without a hope  
or wish, looking on the world as a mass  
of disease, and saw, with hardly sur-  
prise or regret, that there was no health  
in him.

Dr. Tredickar had scarcely the en-  
ergy left to set about curing himself; he  
reality did not care. He took one little  
dose and another, and would not have  
taken them if his aged spinster had not  
set them by his plate. As he looked  
about his dull and desolate home he  
thought that this was the time when a  
man needed a wife and cheer, and  
cursed himself for not thinking of it  
twenty years ago. Dr. Fellows came  
to see him, and told him he must do so

and so; and he did, and grew more list-  
less and melancholy. Then Dr. Har-  
vey came, and said he must do this and  
that; and he did, and he felt so much  
worse that he went himself to see Dr.  
Field. And then all three had a con-  
sultation, and one said it was the heart,  
and one said it was the spleen, and one  
said it was the kidneys, and he himself  
was sure it was the liver. And as they  
could do nothing that had not already  
been done, they sent him off to the  
springs to see what the old earth could  
do.

But the Virginia springs did Dr.  
Tredickar no good—hot or cold or sul-  
phur—and the Canadian springs did  
him no good, and the Maine springs did  
him no good, and the Vermont and the  
Arkansas springs were equally  
worthless in his case; and at last he  
was on his way to the Wisconsin springs,  
hopeless, listless, wretched, ailing gen-  
erally and ailing particularly, from  
mere force of habit trying to get well,  
and yet not caring whether he did or  
not, with no object and no aim—simply  
acted, as it were, by the instinct of  
self-preservation.

He was within a couple of hundred  
miles of Waukesha when he encoun-  
tered Allen on the cars—an old class-  
mate whom he had not met for years;  
and of course they each had a world to  
say, and the first topic was health.  
"Going to Waukesha?" said Allen.  
"Well," consolingly, "it'll do you no  
good. I tried it. I tried them all. I  
was in precisely your condition. And  
look at me to-day—sound as a drum!  
Now let me tell you. You can't cure  
yourself. You've nearly gone through  
the springs. There's nothing left but  
old women's notions; suppose you try  
them. Now, let me tell you, Tredickar.  
There's a person at the next town,  
a sort of doctor—quack, of course—  
she's cured a good many people; she—  
she—I'd just as lief tell you, she—cured  
me!"

"Nonsense, Allen."  
"No nonsense about it. Bald fact.  
She cured me; she's cured thousands;  
made a comfortable fortune doing it.  
She has some wonderful nostrums, and,  
for all I know, a healing gift."  
"Natural bone-setter. Pshaw! How  
can men be such fools!" said our im-  
patient doctor.

"Well, now, look here, Tredickar.  
Science can't help you, that you've  
proved. Why not give quackery a  
chance? It can't make you any worse  
than you are."  
"Can't make me any worse than I  
am," answered the doctor, gloomily.  
"Then you get off at Jarviston and  
go to Mrs. Taylor, and see what she  
can do. If she can't help you, she'll  
say so. If she can, you don't care  
where cure comes from, so long as it is  
cure. Rather die the old-fashioned  
way, a good allopathic death, than live  
by the aid of an old woman's nos-  
trum!"

And the end was that Dr. Tredickar  
got off at Jarviston, and sought Mrs.  
Taylor's presence.  
It was a comfortable matronly pres-  
ence, he found; but he wasted no sec-  
ond glance or thought upon it, while he  
detailed his symptoms and dwelt on  
them, just as he had so often been im-  
patient with his own patients for doing.  
And when he paused, "I think I can  
help you," was the low reply. "If you  
will implicitly obey my instructions for  
three months, I can help you. I will  
not undertake it without your promise."

The doctor thought a moment, and  
felt as if he was really willing to prom-  
ise anything. And he did.

"In the first place, then," said his new  
adviser, "I want you to make a particu-  
lar point of your nourishment. You  
are not to go without eating because  
you have no appetite, remember. On  
rising in the morning, drink a glass of  
cool water, not iced. Have a good  
breakfast, you know best what dis-  
tresses you least. No coffee or tea, but  
shells, if you like. No stimulants, no  
quinine, no quassa, no iron, no strychni-  
ne, during the day; no morphia, no  
chloral, no bromides, during the night.  
At 11 o'clock in the forenoon I wish  
you to have a raw egg beaten up with  
milk on one day; on the next day alter-  
nate it with a full cup of strong beef  
tea or veal tea; on the third day with  
plain milk. At one you will dine plain-  
ly but satisfactorily. At three, take  
another glass of milk, or beef tea, or  
egg, whichever you did not take in the  
morning, a plain but hearty supper at  
six, and between supper and bed-time  
another glass of milk. If you wake in  
the night, have some milk standing by  
you to drink; but you won't wake.  
None of your food should be hot. You  
will take no other medicine than some  
which I will give you. Can you remem-  
ber all this?"

"I should think so."  
"Please repeat it."  
He was humiliated, but he did so.  
"Now, to-day I want you to walk  
in."  
"Walk! It's all I can do to drag one  
foot after the other now."

"I want you to walk a quarter of a  
mile and back," she said, not heeding  
his interruption, "and do that every  
day for a week. The next week make  
it a half mile; the next week a whole  
mile. Keep that up for three weeks,  
and then double your portion until you  
can do ten miles a day with ease."  
"I never can in the world."  
"Do as I say, if you please. Before

starting on your walk take a tepid  
sponge bath, and on returning from  
walk rub yourself down thoroughly  
with a flannel mitten—I will give you  
one; then go to bed entirely undressed  
for a couple of hours, and rub yourself  
again on rising. Go to bed every night  
at 10, and lie in bed ten hours. You  
are not to open a book or look in a news-  
paper for three months—"

"Impossible!"  
"Perfectly possible. You have no  
idea how well the world will get on  
without your attention in such case.  
You are to do everything which implies  
rest for the body, the nerves, and the  
brain. You fatigue the body in order  
to rest it; when you are able to walk  
enough, take your gun with you and  
fire yourself out. Be as much out of  
doors as you can. This is your medi-  
cine." And she limped across the  
room to the cabinet there, and selected  
one among many boxes. "Take one  
the first day," she said, "two the next,  
and three the next. If the three create  
nausea, stop at two, and after a week  
try the three again. Then I think  
they will not trouble you."

"What are they made of he demand-  
ed, bluntly. "Because if there is any  
calomel in them I won't take them.  
And podophyllin—"  
"Never mind that. Do as I say.  
Come back in three months. There is  
no fee till you are cured. Good morn-  
ing." And the door was opened, and  
he was on the outside of it, never hav-  
ing been so unceremoniously treated in  
his life—he, a leading physician of the  
East, sought far and wide—and he was  
quite inclined to be angry.

However, Dr. Tredickar was not a  
man of half-way measures; having un-  
dertaken the thing he decided to finish  
it. He went off on a prairie farm that  
he heard of, and he obeyed his direc-  
tions to the letter. He was six months,  
instead of three, obeying them. But,  
at the end of that time, hale and hearty,  
ruddy and robust, without an ache or  
an ail, he again sought the presence of  
his adviser.

"I have come," said he, "to thank  
you, to pay my fee, and to ask you for  
the formula of your wonderful medi-  
cine. I am a physician myself."  
"Oh, I knew that Dr. Tredickar,"  
she said, calmly, lifting off the half-  
handkerchief of gray and black lace  
that she wore about her waving and still  
brown hair.

"You know that! How—"  
"You taught me, sir, to make these  
pills yourself."  
"!"  
"They are brown-bread pills. I  
learned how to make them in your  
kitchen."  
"Dorothy!" he cried.  
"Dorothy Merle."  
"Truly! and where had his eyes been?"  
Dorothy Merle, plumper, rosier and al-  
most as pretty as—well, perhaps pret-  
tier than ever. She had known him at  
a glance. And she had disguised her  
voice, and walked with a cane and  
worn the half-handkerchief to mislead  
him.

"I thought," he said, severely, "that  
you were Mrs. Taylor."  
"No," she answered him. "I have  
never been married. I assumed the  
name."  
"You will assume another before this  
sun sets!" he cried. "Do you think I  
am going back to the East alone? How  
could, how could you leave me on that  
cruel day!"

And Dr. Tredickar's wife still makes  
a few brown-bread pills from every  
Sunday's loaf.

**Revolutionary Reminiscences.**  
The following letter from the grand-  
son of a lieutenant in the Revolutionary  
Army, who was one of the escort  
present at the hanging of Andre, is an in-  
teresting and trustworthy contribution  
to history.

CHICAGO, NOV. 6, 1885.  
Cyrus W. Field, Esq., New York:  
MY DEAR SIR.—The wanton  
destruction by some miscreant in human  
form with dynamite of the monument  
erected by yourself in commemoration  
of the spot where Major Andre, of the  
British army, was hanged October 2,  
1780, deserves the execration of man-  
kind, and such vandalism should be  
condemned by the entire world, as it  
no doubt will be.

Major Andre was a gallant officer,  
and there were none braver than Andre.  
This is shown by the hazardous and  
death task which he undertook for the  
good of his country. The cause in  
which he was enlisted was a bad one,  
but one with which he had nothing to  
do. My grandfather, Lieut. Levi Par-  
ker, of the Continental army, and at  
that time with the army of Washington  
encamped in near proximity to Tappan  
was one of the escort that saw him hung  
and ever after that day regretted the  
sad event which took Andre to his  
doom. He always said that by the stern  
rules of war it could not have been  
otherwise, but deplored the fact of  
Andre's execution, while the one (Gen.  
Arnold) who planned and plotted the  
expedition which took Andre to his  
fate went free, though doomed forever  
thereafter to disgrace which nothing  
could take away. Trusting that there  
may yet be found some manner in which  
your praiseworthy object may be fully  
accomplished and the identical spot  
where the brave young officer suffered  
the death penalty be forever perpetu-  
ated with granite shaft or otherwise.

I am most respectfully yours,  
(Signed) CHARLES C. HOLDEN.

### The Maternal Instinct in Reptiles.

The cold-blooded adder would scarce-  
ly be selected as an emblem of mater-  
nal love, and yet there can be no doubt  
that it has frequently lost its life while  
seeking to preserve the existence of its  
young. Mr Garratt in a recent edition  
of his interesting *Marvels of Instinct*,  
gives a very circumstantial account of  
an instance in which a very large adder  
was seen on a bank by the roadside  
basking in the sun. The narrator of  
the story advanced to assail the crea-  
ture with his stick. On observing him  
she gave a slight hiss, at the same time  
raising her head a little and opening  
her mouth. The signal was understood  
by her four little ones, which instantly  
glided down her throat. But her  
thought for her offspring caused the  
mother's destruction, for the act de-  
layed the adder long enough for him to  
strike again, and the snake, gorged with  
young, lay dead at his feet. Mr. Gar-  
ratt then removed her body into the  
middle of the road, to see what had be-  
come of the "insiders." He opened the  
snake and the four young all came out  
alive. The little animals wriggled  
about in all manners of forms, as if  
something strange had happened to  
them, and as if they knew not where  
to go or what to do. Mr. Garratt an-  
noyed apparently at the doubt which  
has been sometimes expressed as to the  
fact of snakes affording their young a  
temporary shelter from danger in their  
own insides, has collected a large num-  
ber of well recorded instances of the  
fact, and it may be noted in most of the  
cases cited the parent perished in con-  
sequence of the delay her regard for her  
young occasioned.

Coming to a somewhat higher type  
of animal, the same devotion is to be  
found, as is exemplified in the story of  
a rat and cobra fight, narrated in the  
pages of a contemporary. The specta-  
tor of the conflict relates that the two  
combatants fell from the roof of a hut  
to within a few feet of where he was  
standing, and through the open window  
he was enabled to see the battle. The  
rat, he states, was too agile for the  
heavy movements of the snake, and for  
a long time escaped unscathed, while  
her enemy was desperately wounded.  
Ultimately the cobra succeeded in  
inflicting a bite, and, as though aware  
that precaution was now useless, the  
poor rat rushed into close quarters, and  
firmly fixing her teeth in the throat of  
the venomous creature, never let go  
her grasp again. The snake plunged  
about furiously but vainly; its enemy  
had made a death grip on its throat,  
and both the duelists fell in the fight.  
Subsequent research proved that the  
rat had faced the formidable foe for  
the preservation of her little ones, the  
nest of young rats being discovered in  
the roofing.

**A Texas Boy of the Period.**  
Intelligence has been received from  
Fannin, a small town fifteen miles south  
of Henrietta, Texas, of one of the most  
cruel crimes ever perpetrated in North  
Texas. Elizabeth Sanford the wife of  
Charles Sanford, a well-to-do planter,  
was killed by her own son, Valentine,  
a boy thirteen years old. The deed was  
committed Saturday afternoon, while  
the father was absent. The boy now  
lies in Henrietta Jail. He confesses  
the crime, and says that while his  
mother was in the field he took his  
father's Winchester rifle from the rack  
and entered the brush-thicket between  
the house and the field in which his  
mother was picking cotton. Resting  
his rifle on a stick, the boy says he sent  
a bullet whizzing through his mother's  
brain. After she had fallen he lowered  
his rifle and shot her four times, each  
bullet entering the body. Having sat-  
isfied himself that she was dead, he  
emerged from the thicket and drew the  
body about fifty yards and carefully  
covered it with brush. He then hid  
the rifle in the woods, and entered the  
house to await his father's return.  
About 9 o'clock the father came home  
and instituted a search for his wife,  
assisted by the boy, who professed he  
had not seen his mother since noon. The  
father did not suspect the boy, and  
they together searched the neighborhood  
all that night and next day. Sunday  
evening some neighbors found the body  
secreted under the brush, and suspicion  
was directed to the boy Valentine, the  
only person on the plantation with his  
mother at the time. On being pressed  
he confessed everything, saying he had  
also intended to kill his father and bury  
them both in the barnyard; then he was  
going to write to his uncle in Wisconsin  
and tell him they had both died, and  
after this he said he was going to sell  
the plantation and buy a lot of fine  
horses and start out robbing stages, and  
organize a band of robbers with himself  
as chief. When his father learned that  
his only son was the murderer he was  
driven nearly crazy.

**Plains of India.**  
In the plains of India at the com-  
mencement of the monsoon, storms  
occur in which the lightning runs like  
snakes all over the sky, at the rate of  
three or four flashes in a second, and  
the thunder roars without a break for,  
frequently, one or two hours at a time.  
During twelve years' residence in India,  
says a writer, I heard of only two  
human beings, and I think, three build-  
ings, being struck, although in parts of  
Lower Bengal, the population amounts  
to more than 600 to the square mile. I  
always attributed the scarcity of acci-  
dents to the great depth of the stratum  
of heated air next to the ground keeping  
the clouds at such a height that most  
of the flashes pass from cloud to cloud,  
and very few reach the earth. The  
idea is supported by the fact that in the  
Himalayas, at 6000 feet objects are fre-  
quently struck, I have seen more than  
a dozen pine trees which have been  
injured by the lightning on the top of  
one mountain between 8000 and 9000  
feet high. In the British islands thun-  
der storms are said to be more danger-  
ous in Winter than in Summer, and  
such a fact, if true, can be explained by  
the very thin stratum of air then inter-  
vening between the clouds and the earth.

**Early Traditions.**  
The stories which circulate through  
our cities, or in a thickly inhabited  
neighborhood even in the country, or  
find their way into newspaper columns,  
have always in these days, be they never  
so strange and startling, a touch of the  
realistic and prosaic about them. If a  
ghost makes his or her appearance it is  
sure to be arrayed in a coat or dress of  
the most modern cut, and sitting in a  
railway carriage or hansom cab; if a  
young lady elopes she does it in the  
coolest, most matter-of-fact manner  
possible, and never forgets to pack up  
even her tooth-brush; the very horrors  
in the penny dreadfuls have something  
that savors of the commonplace in their  
sensationalism, and generally have for  
their scene of action a scullery full of  
dirty dishes, and enlivened by the melo-  
dious dripping of a pump, or a market  
garden peopled with cabbages and  
gooseberry bushes. The case is, how-  
ever, very different in the region round  
about Exmoor, whither we want to  
conduct our readers. There fairies still  
linger among the flowers and ferns in  
the deep lanes; there no respectable  
ghost would think of showing his nose  
except arrayed in a winding sheet; there  
lovers still keep moonlit trysts, and es-  
cape the vigilance of too busy parents  
and maiden aunts by stolen rambles  
through shadowy woodland paths,  
where there are none save the birds and  
the squirrels to peep and watch. Here  
romance has not yet died out beneath  
the rule of the convenient or the useful.  
Here fancy and poetry have not, as yet,  
quite fled from the land before the  
scream of the steam whistle. In a nar-  
row valley among the hills round about  
Exmoor there stands a quaintly built  
old house, some hundred years ago the  
home of the most ancient and respect-  
able yeoman families of the district,  
which ghosts are well known by every  
one within ten miles of it to frequent  
in the most orthodox manner possible.  
They rustle up and down the passages  
in robes of such stiff brocade and whale-  
bone that it is utterly useless for any  
one to try to repose in their beds be-  
tween midnight and dawn, they tramp  
about the attics in high-heeled shoes  
and refuse to depart, though there is a  
bookcase hard by filled with the most  
racy French novels and the rarest blas-  
phems of German scepticism. They  
dance in the large kitchen till the stone  
floor rings again and the whole house  
is filled with weird mysterious harmony  
that seems to come from a fiddle, play-  
ing, no one knows where, the merriest  
strains, yet strains that, with all their  
airy mirth, were never played by any  
barrel organ of to-day.

Not far from the British channel  
there stands a handsome old church  
which has a singular legend connected  
with its erection. It is said that long  
ago an ancient hostelry stood where the  
church now stands, and that one night  
a funeral party who were conveying the  
body of a lady for burial in a family  
vault, she having died far from home,  
came here to rest on their journey. On  
their dead lady's hand there was a ring  
of great value, which had been given  
her by her husband in the days when  
they were lovers, and which she desired  
might not be removed from her finger  
even after death. This fact was known  
to her husband's confidential servant,  
who had been intrusted with the whole  
of the funeral arrangements—his mas-  
ter not intending to meet the sad pro-  
cession until it got to the place of inter-  
ment. The man's dishonest greed was  
excited by the thought of the diamonds  
in the ring. He stole to the chamber  
where the body had been deposited, and  
opened the coffin with some tools he  
brought with him, hoping at once to  
get possession of the coveted treasure;  
but the ring could not be got off the  
cold, stiff finger, so he used a knife to  
try to remove it. What was his terror  
when blood began to flow from the sup-  
posed dead hand, and the lady sat up  
and gazed around her. No record tells  
what was the ultimate fate of the would-  
be robber and unintentional preserver,  
but legendary lore says the lady, as a  
token of thanksgiving for her restora-  
tion to her husband and children, built  
the church on the site of the old hos-  
telry.

**WHAT SHE SAID.**—A boy who has  
been sent to carry a silver card basket  
to a young lady as a bridal present, was  
asked upon his return to the office, if  
he found the right place.  
"Oh, yes."  
"See the girl herself?"  
"Yes."  
"Did she seem surprised?"  
"Very much so."  
"Say anything?"  
"Why, yes; she told her mother she  
guessed it was plated, but it would be  
good enough for her aunt out in the  
country."