

A Summer Song.

Gay little birds, trill out to the morning,
And make the new day with your sweet matins
ring!
Oh, quivering dew-drops, do ye twinkle a warn-
ing?
My wild pulses throb—the little birds sing.
Oh, heart, my glad heart!
Oh, heart, my mad heart!
What laughs in the sunlight that gilds the hills
over,
And hides by the brook where the long grasses
shake?
Listen, wild winds! 'Tis the name of my lover!
Hush! Whisper it softly, or my full heart
must break!

—Scribner.

What the Train Brought.

With a roar and a rattle the 6 o'clock
express train rushed across the bridge
that spanned the narrow river on the
Derwent farm, near C. neord, and Alice
Derwent, the farmer's pretty, dark-eyed
daughter, stood on the vine-shaded
porch, looking after it with an uncon-
scious sigh.

"So many come by you, so many go
by you, out into the great, wide, beau-
tiful world," she thought, as she gazed
over the fertile valley farm and out
through the break in the circling blue
mountains, from whence a trail of white
smoke came floating back. "I wonder
if you will ever bring me anything?
or carry me away? or must I live my
life out to the end, shut in by these
quiet hills?"

"Supper ready, mother?" called out
the hearty-looking farmer, halting in
the glow of the bright firelight on the
open hearth, as he came in from fod-
dering the stock, followed by his son
Thomas, who was the living, breathing
"image of his sire."

"To be sure it is," replied his bust-
ling little wife, who had just such eyes
and hair as bonny Alice, and just the
same sweet smile. "Isn't it always
ready, father, when the train goes by?
Come, Alice!"

"Alice is out there looking for her
fortune, mother," said Tom. "It is
coming by that train. I know all
about it."

Alice smiled and shook her head at
her saucy brother, as she took her seat
at her father's side.

Little did any of them think how
many a true word is spoken in jest, or
that the fortune which the evening ex-
press was to bring the daughter of the
house was even then nearing their hos-
pitable door.

"I've worked like a beaver all day
long, Martha, and Tom has kept pace
with me, and we both said as we came
home, that we were too tired to eat.
But this is comfort! It would be hard
to see anything much pleasanter than
this nice, tidy kitchen, and just as hard
to find any of their French cooks that
can beat you and Alice, my dear," said
Elihu Derwent, glancing thankfully at
the blazing fire, the table laid so neatly,
the tempting meal of butter-cakes and
maple syrup, wheaten bread and golden
butter, and a large platter of cold
corned beef and vegetables that was
placed before the two hungry men.

Mrs. Derwent poured out the tea—
strong, hot and fragrant.

"Squire Seaton, up in the big house
yonder, don't often get such tea as this,
with all his staff of servants," said
Tom, looking across the valley to the
brick and freestone palace of the one
millionaire of the village.

"Poor man!" sighed Mrs. Derwent.
"I do pity him! His wife and daugh-
ter dead, and his only son so wild and
willful and a wanderer all over the
world. Only last week he told me, with
tears in his eyes, that he had heard of
his boy, and that he had been seen lately
in Leadville, intoxicated and poorly
dressed, in a gambling saloon. Yet
when he wrote there to him—and wrote
kindly—he had disappeared. If it was
our Tom, Elihu, I should just break my
heart. Tom, if you ever do grow un-
steady and run away like Philip Sea-
ton, you will give your mother her
death-blow. Remember that!"

"Thank God, it isn't Tom, Martha!
I'm sorry, too, for the man and for the
boy. Mr. Seaton owns that he turned
him out of his house in New York in a
fit of anger, and that the boy swore
he would never enter his doors again.
Bad temper on both sides you see; and
so—Why Martha, what on earth is
that?"

Farmer Derwent might well ask the
question and rush from the tea-table to
the door, followed by his wondering
wife and children.

A procession of four of his neighbors
was coming up from his garden gate.
At the gate stood a horse and a light
express wagon, and from the wagon the
four men had lifted an inanimate body
and were bearing it toward the house.

"The 6 o'clock express has run off
the track, a mile or two up the valley,"
said Deacon Jones, as he and his two
sons and his brother-in-law reached
the porch with their senseless burden.
"Ever so many people hurt, but able
to go on as soon as they got righted.
But this poor fellow is so nearly dead
that we thought we had better bring
him here, being as it was the nearest
house, and send for the doctor. We

knew that your wife could nurse him
back into health again if any one could,
Mr. Derwent."

"You're right there, neighbors.
Bring him right in," said the farmer.

His wife led the way to her best bed-
room, next the parlor. Tom sprang on
the back of his swift sorrel colt and set
off for the doctor.

Half an hour later the supper-table
was cleared, the supper dishes were
washed and put away, and Alice Der-
went sat pensively by the kitchen fire,
while her mother and father were busy
with the doctor in the spare-room; and
Tom, hurrying to and fro on their er-
rands, stepped once or twice to inform
her that the stranger was young and
handsome, but was dressed like a
laborer, and that the doctor said "it
was a near chance whether he lived or
died."

Two weeks passed on. The doctor
came and went each day; the neighbors
far and near volunteered their services
—all except Squire Seaton, who lived
his usual secluded life in his great
mansion, buried in his books, and knew
nothing of the stranger who lay at
death's door.

"Poor boy! Alice, I wish you would
go in and sit beside him awhile," said
Mrs. Derwent, on the first evening of
the third week of illness. "He is
asleep now. If he wakes you can call
me. If we only knew his people I
would send for them. I fear he will
not last long."

Alice crept in and took her place in
the nurse's chair. Tears of pity dimmed
her eyes as she looked at the wasted
figure in the bed—the pale, thin face,
the fast-closed eyes, the hollow tem-
ples under the waving brown hair.

"I wish his mother or father would
come!" she said, aloud.

The heavy lids opened. Two deep
blue eyes looked at her imploringly.

"My father!" whispered the sick
man. "Bring him—tell him—I was
coming—Seaton—Seaton—"

The faint voice died away—the eyes
again were closed.

Alice stood an instant like one struck
dumb. She had never noticed the re-
semblance before; but now she could
trace the firm lines of the old squire's
countenance in the pale, pinched face.

"Sleeping still? That is a good
sign," said her mother, coming in,
ready to resume her place for the night.

Alice hesitated a moment. Never
before had she acted by or for herself
in any matter of moment.

But the sound of voices might arouse
the slumberer. Her father and Tom
had gone on a household errand to
the village; there was no one else to
consult.

Finally, she threw on her waterproof,
drew its hood over her head, and sped
across the valley to Squire Seaton's
house.

Even the well-trailed servant wore
an astonished face as he ushered this
mysterious visitor into the master's
study.

Squire Seaton looked up from his
book, and his usual pallor increased to
a ghastly hue as he listened to the
breathless girl.

"My son—my boy—my Philip at
your father's house? And dying, you
fear? Asking for me? Coming to me?
Wait, child! I'll go with you, of course
—I'll go to my poor boy! But—the
room is turning round—I think I must
be going blind!"

Alice sprang to his side. The gray
head fell on her shoulder. Tenderly
she smoothed the silvery hair away
from the high forehead and bathed the
pale face with the cold water and fra-
grant essences which the frightened
servant brought.

The old man revived, to find her
ministering to him thus. And it was
almost like father and daughter that
they took their way across the valley
together, he leaning on her arm and
listening greedily to all that she could
tell him of his long-absent, long
mourned son.

"It is my father's voice! I hear his
step! I shall get well if he will only
forgive me!" said the invalid, greatly
to Mrs. Derwent's surprise, as the
house door softly opened to a stranger's
touch.

He struggled up from his pillows,
resisting her attempt to soothe him.

"Father, I am sorry—forgive me!"
he said in a firmer voice, as Alice en-
tered, followed by the aged man.

And then Squire Seaton came feebly
but swiftly into the room, and he held
his son to his heart, sobbing aloud with
gratitude and joy, while Alice drew her
bewildered mother into the kitchen and
told her of her expedition to the house
of the lonely millionaire.

Joy seldom kills; and there is a re-
vitalizing power in love and happiness
combined far beyond the skill of all
earthly physicians or the virtue of all
earthly drugs.

So it happened that as the spring
months deepened into summer Philip
Seaton, strong and well once more,
stood beside bonny Alice in the porch
one evening to see the 6 o'clock express
flash by.

"At Leadville, when I was utterly

reckless, and utterly penniless, too, a
letter from my father reached me,"
he said, in a low tone. "It was so
kind, so sad, that it seemed to turn me
from my evil courses on the moment.
Just as I was—in the rough garments of
a miner—I set off to return to my
father, like the prodigal son. And God
led me here!"

There was a long silence; the sun
sunk out of sight behind the circling
mountains; the first chill of evening
was in the air.

"In my anger I swore that I would
never enter the door of my father's
home," the young man went on. "But
it was not this home! Here I may
enter, purified, repentant, forgiven, if
only the good angel of my new life will
go with me. Will she, Alice?"

He took her hand.
"But your father!" stammered Alice.
"I am only a farmer's daughter! And
you—"

"I am not worthy of your love in any
way. But my father begs you to be his
daughter, Alice. Say yes!"

She did say it. And so the greatest
fortune of her life—the brightest hap-
piness of both their lives—came on that
evening train.—Margaret Blount.

FROM WHITE TO BLACK.

The Remarkable Case of S. H. Robison, of
Greenville, Ohio—Afflicted With a Rare
and Strange Disease, He Changes in Color
and Astonishes the Medical Profession.

One of the most remarkable cases
ever known to the medical profession is
that of S. H. Robison, of Green-
ville, Ohio, who, since November last,
has changed in color until he is as
dark as a native of Africa. The pecu-
liar and very rare disease known as
melanosis, with which Robison is af-
flicted, has brought him into promi-
nence, so that physicians are
going from all parts of the coun-
try to see him. Bunnell, the
New York museum man, has made him
an offer, which his declining health will
not permit him to accept. Among the
numerous physicians of prominence to
give attention to the case is Dr. W. H.
Falls, of this city, who returned from
Greenville yesterday, and was seen in
the evening by an *Enquirer* reporter.

"It is certainly one of the most singu-
lar and remarkable cases on record,"
said the doctor when first approached.
Dr. Falls, after showing the re-
porter a number of photographs
of the patient taken re-
cently, proceeded to describe the case
from the beginning. S. H. Robison
was born in Greenville, August 31,
1854, of white parents, being the eldest
son of R. Luther and Lavina Robison.
He is, as was his father, a carpenter
by trade. He is married and has one
young child. Last November the sight
of his eye became impaired, and about
the 1st of March his right eye became
entirely blind. On the 10th of March
he came to Cincinnati to be treated
by Drs. Williams and Ayres.

About that time small lumps
about the size of a millet
seed began to develop on various parts
of his body, and he mentioned his con-
dition to the physicians. In April,
while in this city, he commenced to
change in color, assuming an ashen
hue. The lumps on his body grew
larger and more numerous. He was
then attended by Dr. Falls, who, after a
careful examination, pronounced his
disease to be melanosis. This disease
is very rare, especially in this country,
and Dr. Falls can recall but one other
case, which was in New York in 1875, and
attended by Dr. L. D. Bulkley. Melanosis
consists of small tumors or cancers
of a black substance all over the body.
It is a fatal disease, but generally does
not affect the appearance of the body
like the case in question. Several
cases are reported from abroad similar
to that of Robison. One worthy of
special mention came under the atten-
tion of the famous Dr. Lawrence, of St.
Bartholomew's hospital, London, in
1864. One of the lumps on Robison's
body was removed by Drs. Falls and Mussey
and examined by Professor Eshherz,
of the Miami Medical college, who found
it to be positively melanosis, or black
cancer. Robison, who was a fine-
looking fellow, with skin and
complexion as light as the
whitest man, continued to change in
color, and now he is as black as coal.

Doctors Williams and Ayres said he
suffered from detachment of the retina,
due to the deposit of the black cancers
or nodules in smaller form within the
coats of the eye. After the case had
been thoroughly studied the physicians
pronounced Robison hopelessly blind.
Doctors Carson, Clendenin and others
have spent much time with Robison,
and, like all others, they pronounce it a
most remarkable case.

Returning to his home, Robison con-
tinued to grow worse. The nodules on
his body now number about seven hun-
dred, and are about the size of a bean.
The sight of his right eye is entirely
gone. Just recently every portion of
the man's body that was red has turned
black. The inside of his lips and
tongue are black. What he spits from
his mouth is of the same color.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Hunting the Ostrich.

A letter from South Africa tells how
Captain James Fewsmith and Thomas
Harrod went ostrich hunting:

The friends rode to the top of a
ridge, halting and taking a careful sur-
vey of the country before them; the re-
sult was one that awakened hope and
delight. Less than half a mile distant
was a ridge parallel with the one on
which they had halted, and between the
two ran a valley several miles in extent.
Near the middle of this two ostriches
were grazing, while a gentle breeze was
blowing from the east. Instead of
separating and attempting to flank the
birds, the horsemen rode at a leisurely
gallop in the direction of the eastern end
of the valley. This was narrower than the
opposite opening, which therefore of-
fered the very best chance in the world
for the birds to escape, for they could
speedily dash through it into the open
country beyond, where they would be
safe against harm during that after-
noon, at least; but it is on such occa-
sions that the ostrich gives an exhibition
of stupidity which approaches the mar-
velous. The sight of the hunters
making for the eastern opening of the
valley seemed to give the ostriches the
belief that their enemies were trying to
cut off their only avenue of flight
and instead of turning the opposite
way, they instantly started on their
long, swift trot toward the point at
which the hunters were also heading
with much the start of the birds. The
two ostriches displayed still more
marked failure to "grasp the situa-
tion." The singular chase could not
have lasted long, when the birds, run-
ning almost side by side, must have
seen that the horsemen were sure to
reach the opening ahead of them. But
not only did they refuse to turn back,
but they also failed to swerve in the
slightest degree from their
course on which they had started;
they simply increased their speed
and, with their ungainly necks
outstretched, struck a two-minute trot
and sped away for the most dangerous
point on the horizon. As the pursuers
were quite certain of their game, they
now slackened their gait somewhat, and
each fired a shot. The bullet of Captain
Fewsmith went through the brain of
his bird, which ran a few steps in a
wild staggering way and then went
down, its head plowing quite a furrow
in the sand. Leaping from his saddle,
the captain hurried forward and cut the
throat of the ostrich, so as to end its
sufferings.

It was almost at the same instant that
Harrod discharged his rifle, and seeing
the bird acting strangely, he was con-
fident of having inflicted a mortal
wound, and was scarcely behind the
captain in springing to the ground to
dispatch his prize.

But he had made a slight mistake,
for when he had placed himself directly
in the path of the bird and held his
hunting knife ready to give him the
finishing touch, the ostrich seemed to
brighten up. Before the gentleman
suspected his intention he delivered
a terrific kick which tumbled the
hunter over on his back, as if
struck by a falling tree. The ostrich is
capable of kicking with such force as
to kill the panther or jackal, and he
does it by throwing his foot forward,
the same as a man. In the present
instance Mr. Harrod fell so quickly that
Captain Fewsmith ran forward in alarm.
Assisting him to his feet, he was found
to be little injured, although he de-
clared, with a grim smile, that he knew
more about ostriches than he ever did
before.

The bird kept on trotting straight
away until he vanished in the twilight
and was seen no more, while the hunters
were glad enough to go into camp and
wait till the morrow.

There are different methods of hunt-
ing the ostrich. Every schoolboy re-
calls the picture of the bushman awk-
wardly disguised as one of the birds,
who is thereby enabled to approach
close enough to a herd to bring down
several with a bow and arrow. In other
cases the hunter lies in wait and uses
poisoned arrows. In North Africa the
game is pursued on horseback, the
chase being kept up for several days,
until the bird is literally run down and
incapable of going further or making
resistance. Sometimes a herd is forced
into the water, where it is an easy matter
to knock them in the head. The European
horsemen prefer to conceal themselves
near pools and springs where the bird
is in the habit of coming to drink, so
as to shoot him unawares. The value
of the ostrich, of course, lies in its
plumage. These feathers are very
costly, it rarely happening that more
than two dozen marketable ones can be
obtained from a single bird. March or
April is the best season, as the os-
triches have recovered their molt and
the feathers are elastic and vigorous.
It is necessary also that the feathers
should be plucked from the body of
the bird before it gets cool or they will
be found to have lost much of their
glossiness and disposition to curl.

What garden crop would save drain-
ing? Looks.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The extent to which the national cur-
rency of Buenos Ayres has suffered de-
preciation is indicated in the following
announcement taken from a newspaper
published there by Ezra J. Winslow,
the fugitive Boston banker and editor:
"The Buenos Ayres *Herald*, published
daily (Sundays and holidays excepted)
at \$300 currency per annum; or \$12
gold; and at the same rate per month."
Mr. Winslow took off with him \$150,-
000, so that in settling down comfort-
ably abroad he found himself worth
\$4,500,000.

The unfortunate animals imported to
England from America, says the *St. James'
Gazette*, still continue to suffer untold
misery during their passage across the
Atlantic. From the United States there
were imported, in 1881, to the ports of
Barrow-in-Furness, Bristol, Cardiff,
Glasgow, Hartlepool, Hull, Liverpool,
London and South Shields, 473 cargoes
of animals, consisting of 103,693 cattle,
49,223 sheep and 1,773 swine; of which
176 cattle, 95 sheep and 10 swine were
landed dead, and 110 cattle, 99 sheep
and 13 swine were so much injured
that it was necessary to slaughter them
immediately on landing; 3,337 cattle,
947 sheep and 221 swine were thrown
overboard during the voyage.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise*
alludes to what it designates the boss
cloud-burst, which occurred recently
in the mountains east of Orleans, and
which swept away a stone railroad cul-
vert thirty feet wide and twenty feet
deep. An eye-witness asserts that the
current of air created by the large body
of water would have drawn a person into
it from a distance of twenty feet. Steel
rails weighing sixty pounds to the yard
stood on end like telegraph poles, and
the solid stone masonry work of the
culvert was swept away like so much
rubbish. It is impossible to estimate
the wonderful velocity this body of
water had reached when it came upon
what was almost a solid stone barrier.
It was like the stroke of a battering
ram.

One little touch of superstition, to-
gether with a strange coincidence which
will not tend to diminish that super-
stition, was noticed in connection with
the death of Garibaldi. So soon as his
death was publicly announced, all the
numbers which could be formed out of
the dates and hours thereof were freely
played in the public lotteries of Italy.
Thirteen was the favorite number, be-
cause it included many of the combina-
tions, and is superstitiously regarded as
the "death number." And thirteen was
the first number drawn! The
amount of money won by the poor
people in small sums was something un-
precedented—a fact which gave rise to
the popular expression: "Yes, Garib-
aldi always took the part of the poor
against the rich."

The brothers Tocco, born in Turin,
Italy, in 1877, are considered to be even
more curious than the famous Siamese
twins. They have two well-formed
heads, two pairs of arms and two tho-
races, with all internal organs, but at
the level of the sixth rib they coalesce
into one body. They have one right
and one left leg. It is a curious fact
that the right leg moves only under the
control of the right twin (named Bap-
tiste), while the other is movable only
by the left twin (named Jacob). As a
result, they are unable to walk. The
left foot is deformed, and is an example
of talipes equinus. Each infant has a
distinct moral personality; one cries
while the other is laughing; one is
awake while the other sleeps. When
one is sitting up, the other is in a posi-
tion almost horizontal.

It is singular how careless many
people are in sending packages and let-
ters through the mail, considering the
hard usage they get in the mail-bags.
Hardly a pouch arrives from any dis-
tance at the New York postoffice with-
out a number of broken packages, such
as letters without envelopes, or envelopes
without letters, newspapers without
wrappers, packages without tags and
tags without packages, small scraps of
paper that once belonged to envelopes,
letters or wrappers, gold and silver coin
that have broken through their envel-
opes and jingle in the bottom of the
pouch, and the thousand and one ar-
ticles of merchandise now sent by mail.
Sixty of these packages are received at
New York daily on the average.
The other day \$30,000 in negotiable
coupons and \$10,000 in greenbacks
were found straying from their envel-
opes and looking for an owner. A short
time ago \$3,000,000 in bonds of the
New York Central railroad had been
placed in an insecure wrapper. Not
long since a package came in a broken
condition across the Atlantic, and it
contained several millions of dollars in
bonds.

The professors of the Baptist uni-
versity, Des Moines, resigned in a body
in consequence of the inability of the
institution to pay them their salaries.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There are more fools than sages; and
among the sages there is more folly
than wisdom.

Discouragement is of all ages; in
youth it is a presentiment, in old age a
remembrance.

True goodness is like the glowworm,
it shines most when no eyes save those
of heaven are upon it.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we
journey toward it, casts the shadow of
our burden behind us.

There is three ways of getting out of
a scrape—write out, back out, and the
best way is to keep out.

When death, the great reconciler,
has come, it is never our tenderness
that we regret, but our severity.

The influence of trusting children is
sometimes the most subtle oil that can
be thrown on the troubled waters of
life.

One of the best rules in conversation
is never to say anything which any of the
company can reasonably wish had been
left unsaid.

What makes people so discontented
with their own lot in life is the mis-
taken ideas which they form of the
happy lot of others.

Men can develop themselves into
splendid mental conditions, wherein
they can accomplish almost double
their ordinary amount of labor.

The first dawning of a woman's life is
more like the aurora with its strange
fitful flashes. The phenomena have
never been satisfactorily explained.

Our illusions fall one after the other,
like the parings of fruit; the fruit is
experience; its savor may be bitter, still
it contains something that strengthens.

Egg-Food.

The *Science Monthly* contains some
new facts concerning the use of eggs
as food. They are of special interest.
One is that the eggs, even of animals
which impress us most unpleasantly,
have their value as food, and seem to be
capable of inspiring a relish in the pal-
ates of those who have learned to eat
them. The eggs of the terrapin and of
several species of the tortoise are ex-
cellent for eating, nutritious and agree-
able to the taste; and those of the
green turtle are held in great esteem
wherever they are found. The mother
turtles lay three times a year,
depositing sometimes as many as
a hundred eggs at a laying,
and carefully covering them up with
sand, so that it requires an experienced
searcher to detect them. The Indians
of the Orinoco and Amazon obtain from
these eggs a kind of clear, sweet oil
which they use instead of butter.
About five thousand eggs are required
to fill one of their jars with oil, yet so
abundantly are they deposited that
about five thousand jars are put up
yearly at the mouth of one of the rivers.
The harvest is estimated by the acre.
Young eggs are frequently found in
the bodies of slain turtles by
hundreds, in all stages of devel-
opment, and generally consist-
ing entirely of yolk. They are often
preserved by drying, and are considered
a great luxury. Alligators' eggs are
esteemed by the natives of the regions
where those reptiles abound; and Mr.
Joseph, in his "History of Trinidad,"
says that he found the eggs of the cay-
man very good. The female alligator
lays from 120 to 160 eggs; they are
about as large as the egg of a turkey,
and have a rough shell, filled with a
thick albumen. One of the lizards,
known as the iguana, is capable
of furnishing as many as fourscore
eggs, which, when boiled, are
like marrow. The larva and
nymphs of ants are considered by many
people a choice relish when spread upon
bread and butter, and are said to be ex-
cellent curried. In Siam they are
highly esteemed, and are so valuable as
to be within the reach of only the rich.
In some parts of Africa, where ants
swarm, they are said to form at times a
considerable portion of the food supply.
They are used in some countries of Eu-
rope for making formic acid, and are
subject to an import duty. The eggs
of insects belonging to a group of
aquatic beetles are made in Mexico into
a kind of bread or cake called hantle,
which is eaten by the people, and may
be found in the markets. They are got
by means of bundles of reeds or rushes
which are put in the water and on
which they are deposited by the insects.
Branth Mayer, about forty years ago
noticed men on the lake of Tezucuo
collecting the eggs of flies, which, he
says, when cooked in cakes were not
different from fish-spawn, having the
same appearance and flavor. "After
the frogs of France and the birds' nests
of China, I fancy they would be con-
sidered delicacies, and I found they
were not disdainful on the fashionable
tables of the capital." According to the
report of the commissioner of agricul-
ture of 1870 the larvae of a large fly
which frequents Mono lake, in Califor-
nia, are dried and pulverized and mixed
with acorn meal and baked for bread,
or with water and boiled for soup.