

"I don't know. I was up in the nursery eating my supper out of a new silver bowl, that grandma gave me on my birthday, and mamma came up all dressed to go out to ride; and she took me in her lap and kissed me over and over so many times, and she cried—poor mamma! she used to cry a good deal; and she said she was going out to ride, and she told the nurse to not leave me alone after I went to sleep but to sit with me till she came home; and nurse said she would, but she didn't; for after mamma and Grandma had gone in the carriage, and I saw them go, she said she was going down to have her tea, and she told me to keep very still and she'd soon be back; but she was gone, oh, ever so long! and I got tired and fell asleep; and then I thought nurse came back and put me into bed; and the next I know I was cold, and I woke up, and some body had me in their arms and was running very fast, and I was frightened, and began to cry; and the man that had got me squeezed me tight, and shook me, and told me to stop that or he'd be the death of me, and so I stopped it. And he ran very fast a good way, and we came to a railroad, I guess it was, for there were lights, and some cars standing there, and he carried me in the car and set me down hard in a seat up in the corner, and told me not to speak or move till he came back with the tickets, for if I did he'd cut my ears off. And in a minute the cars began to move, and then they stopped again, and then the people made a great cry, and came running up with lanterns, and I heard them say some body was killed—had both his legs cut off!" said the child shuddering, his pallid face growing, if possible, a shade more colorless at the terrible recollection.

"Oh, I saw the blood! and they talked and talked of it till they made me sick; and then at last the cars went on, and the cross man did not come again. I was glad of that; and I was so tired and frightened I crept down under the seat, where nobody could see me, and then I fell asleep, for it was a dark night, and mamma always had me put to bed at seven. And the next I knew it was morning, and the cars were empty, and one of the sweepers pulled me out from under the seat and told me to go about my business, for I had no right to get into the cars to sleep, he said, and they won't let boys do that, you know. Well, it was here in New York, and I kept hid for some time for fear the bad man would catch me; but he never came again. All the boys were very good to me, and I sold pond lilies, and berries, and papers, and matches, and candies, and oh! ever so many things for them. They said folks—women folks—always bought of me because I was so little. And then this last summer I was office-boy to a lawyer—that was prime!" He spoke with a full sense of the dignity of this last position.

"You do not happen to want an office-boy, do you, sir?"

"Yes, perhaps I do," said Dr. Grafton, who began to pity the desolate crumb of humanity thus washed to his very doorsteps. "But we will talk of this in the morning. I see you are sleepy now—aren't you? Don't you want to go to bed?"

"Yes, sir," said the child rising; "I do. May I go out into the porch if you please?"

"No," said the doctor, gravely; "I cannot let you sleep in my porch any more."

The boy's face fell. "But I can fix you up a little bed in this warm room. I think, with some of the sofa-pillows and a thick rug, you could do for one night, couldn't you?"

"Lord bless you, sir! I guess I could. don't take that trouble. I can sleep anywhere round on the floor, if you are only willing." And curling himself up in the corner of the room, like a dog or cat, the poor little waif was soon lost in that calm, deep slumber of youth and innocence. When the doctor opened his eyes the next morning, he found the boy seated at the foot of his bed, with his great dark eyes fixed full upon his face.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I hope you have slept as well as I have."

"You could not have slept better," said his host.

"All right, then, sir. See, I have got all your things in order for you. Very nice rooms these are of yours; everything is so convenient. I had a capital warm bath, and feel all the better for it. Want water to shave sir?" Well, I couldn't find your razors; but it was no great matter for me, for I did not intend to shave to-day myself!"

"Ridiculous monkey!" said the doctor, laughing; but he saw that the child's face and hands were clean and shining, and that his long hair had been washed and rubbed till it was a mass of burnished curls.

"Do you take a morning paper, sir? I will take it in and dry it for you, while you dress."

After a plentiful breakfast the doctor held a consultation with his new inmate, proposing to keep and feed him for the present (if he behaved well), and promising in the meantime to set on foot inquiries for the child's mother, in return for which the delighted and grateful boy offered his earnest services as office and errand boy.

"I can sweep the office," he said, "and dust the books, and tend the fire, and run errands, and answer the door, and tell you who calls when you are out."

"I don't know how you can, do that," said the doctor, as the boy pressed the eager

offer of his services. "Can you write down the names of the people who call?"

"No," said Franco. "But can't I remember? or can't I have a slate, and ask them to write down their names and streets themselves?"

"But what if they can't write themselves?"

"Then," said little Franco, with cool, practical shrewdness, "I don't think they would be paying patients, and their custom would not be much of a loss to us."

The compact made, the doctor went out, bidding the boy to follow him; and taking him to a ready-made clothing establishment fitted him to a whole new suit plain and serviceable, from cap to shoes.

"Not more costly than the silver mug and coral and bells," said Dr. Grafton to himself, as he paid the bill, and looked with pleasure upon the work of his hands. Then taking the boy to his office, he installed him there, and left him to his own devices, while he made his professional calls.

The doctor felt strongly tempted at once to visit the beautiful and interesting patient to whom he had been summoned the night before but wisely concluding she would not be ready to see him at a very early hour, he decided to visit some of his less stylish patients first; when he reached the hotel Mrs. Vaughn received him, requesting him to wait with her a few moments, as her daughter was rising.

"She has had a much more quiet night, doctor," she said, "and is decidedly better to-day."

"Is she less excited than she was?" asked Dr. Grafton.

"Yes, I think so, but very nervous and excitable still; very anxious to go out."

"What is it that she wants to do?"

"I will tell you," said the lady, "if I give you some outline of my daughters sad history, you may, perhaps, be better enabled to form a judgment of her case."

"As you please," said the doctor, bowing and the lady went on.

"About ten years ago my daughter, who is, as you see, still young, met, while at a watering-place, with Garcelon, the comedian. You have seen him, doubtless; for at one time he was the rage."

"I have seen him repeatedly," said Dr. Grafton, smiling involuntarily as he recalled the immitable drollery of the once popular favorite of the stage.

"You know, then, how wonderful his imitative art was?"

"Certainly; I never saw it equalled."

"Then, perhaps, you will not wonder when I tell you that, assuming with mastery art the role of a perfect gentleman, he won the affections of my beautiful, young and inexperienced child."

"She had wealth, and he kept up the deception until she had married him; then he threw off the mask, and stood revealed in all his native meanness and habitual profligacy; and from that time our lives were made miserable by his exactions and excesses, for my daughter had no father or brother to protect her."

"They had two children, but the youngest fell a victim to his father's violence and obstinacy; the child was threatened with croup, and Garcelon scoffing at our fears, persisted in taking him out to ride, and the little one died the next day. Beneath this heavy blow my poor child's health and reason reeled, and, half frantic with her grief, she accused her husband of being the murderer of her child; and from that moment he was her bitter and implacable enemy."

"At last an appeal to the law freed her from him; they were divorced, and soon after he was killed by an accident on the railroad. Blessed as this release was to us all, you can understand how its awful suddenness shocked and excited her; and the loss of her only child about the same time brought on, as I have told you, a brain fever; it is a return of this that I so much dread; all this restlessness and wild excitement seem to me the sure precursors of it."

"It is a sad story," said the doctor, sympathizingly. "But I think opposition to her actions are the worst things for her. What is it she wants to do? Where does she so much wish to go? I think she spoke of some review—some exhibition. Would it not be practical to indulge her by taking her there?"

"No," said the mother, sadly. "It would involve too much fatigue and exposure. You did not understand; it is the annual exhibition of the school she so much wishes to be present at."

"What sort of interest can that have for her?"

"Oh, it is the hope to find her lost child; she goes every where pauper boys are."

"Can she not be made to realize that the child is dead?"

"But we do know that he is dead, sir. Ah! I forgot you didn't know the circumstances. I sometimes think all this trouble has affected my own memory. At the time of the divorce the child, by the decree of the court, was given to the mother, but Garcelon threatened to take it from her in revenge. Of course it was only a threat, as he had run through all the property he could lay his hands upon; and the child, whom he never loved, would have been a heavy burden to him in his low, wandering, dissolute life. Still the threat kept her in constant terror. At last she received a letter from him, stating he would be glad to leave

the country, but was without the means, and if she would meet him that night at a place which he named, about ten miles from us, and bring him a certain amount of money, he would never trouble her again."

"She went, I went with her, taking her uncle Sturdevant, who had been her legal counsel, with us as a protection. But Garcelon was not there. We waited for him two hours, and as he failed to come, we returned home; but only to new trouble. The child had been taken from his nursery (whether by the complicity or carelessness of his nurse we never knew) and carried away. At first, of course, our suspicions fell upon the miserable father, but we learned the next day that he had been killed that very night upon a cross railroad, probably on his way to keep his appointment with us. There in that one instance, I suppose we had done him wrong."

"This new and overwhelming blow, together with the terrible circumstances of Garcelon's frightful death threw my afflicted child into a brain fever, as I have already told you. Since her recovery we have journeyed everywhere in search of the lost child, but no trace of our poor little Franco has ever been discovered."

"Franco!" said the doctor, whose fast-growing suspicions this name seemed almost to confirm. "Is not that a peculiar abbreviation for Francis?"

"The child's name was not Francis," said the lady. "Garcelon's name was Francisco."

At this moment Mrs. Garcelon's nurse summoned them; and not daring to disclose the hope that was growing into conviction until it ceased to be a doubt; the doctor said kindly, "I am deeply interested in this sad story of yours; but I will only repeat to you the advice I have already given; keep up your own spirits, and try to keep up your daughter's."

"I confess I have taken an opposite course," said Mrs. Vaughan. "Feeling more and more the uselessness of our search, I have tried by every discouragement to prepare her for what I felt must be the final disappointment."

"All wrong, madam," said Dr. Grafton. "Excuse me; but don't you know if it were not for hope the heart would break?"

They went into the patient's chamber, and found her sitting up, and much more composed than on the previous night, though still evidently very weak.

"Why, you look a great deal better," said the doctor, encouragingly, after he had received the nurse's report of the patient's night. "You are doing bravely. Only keep on as you are doing now, and you will soon be off the sick-list. You have very little fever."

"But, doctor," said the patient, anxiously, "how soon do you think I may ride out?"

"Possibly to-morrow, if it is fine," said the doctor, cheerfully. "Your mother has been telling me of the object of your search," he said, boldly; "and who knows if I may not be able to help you? We doctors know all sorts of persons, and go to all sorts of places."

"Oh, doctor!" said the invalid, "do you think there is any chance?"

"Every chance in the world, madam, if you will only control yourself, and keep up your spirits. I will call again in the course of an hour, and bring you a new medicine that I am almost sure will do you good; and then, when you are stronger I will take you all over the city, if you wish. As a medical man, and one of the 'Board of Health,' I have the entry to nearly all our public institutions. Only keep yourself quiet and get well, and you shall see what we can do."

"Oh, doctor," said the patient, her delicate cheek flushing as she spoke, "you have given me new hope, and that to me is new life. Bless you! bless you for this encouragement!"

"Wait till you have tried my new medicine," said the doctor, cordially grasping her extended hand in his. "And now good morning."

It is needless to say the sympathizing doctor made a quick passage homeward bound to his office where he found little Franco gravely encoined as office boy, the present duty seeming to consist of sitting on a high stool and doing nothing.

"Nice set of instruments you've got, sir," he said, gravely. "I think I'd like to be a doctor myself. I know the use of some of these tools already. This is to pull out teeth with; I tried it on one of mine, but it hurt me, and I concluded not to do it. But I think I would not much mind pulling out a cat's teeth. I hate cats. Do any cats ever come here to have their teeth pulled out? If they should, you let me try, won't you? I think I could do the job—that is, you know, if the cat wanted me to. Don't you think I could, sir?"

And as the child spoke the doctor recognized in his strange manner and expression a strong likeness to Garcelon, the comedian, mimic and buffoon of the stage. That was the likeness which had so puzzled and evaded him.

"Get your cap, Franco; I am going to take you out with me." And in a moment more they were in the streets again. The doctor stopped at a drug-store and had some simple tonic put up, to serve as an excuse in case his hopes had misled him, then hurried on at a pace that taxed even Franco's young and agile limbs.

"If you please, is anybody going to die, sir?" questioned the breathless boy, in wonder at their rapid pace.

The doctor was calculating the risk to his patient of a too sudden revulsion of feeling, and answered:

"No, my boy; joy seldom kills"—an answer over which the child pondered in meditative silence.

They reached the hotel, and, mounting the stair unannounced, the doctor made his way to the sick-room. With beating heart he gave the professional tap. The nurse opened the door to him.

"It is Dr. Grafton, Mrs. Garcelon." And the doctor, holding the child fast by the hand, walked in and stood before her.

He heard the cry, "My Franco!" "Mamma!" saw the patient did not faint, and then hurried into the parlor to send in Mrs. Vaughan.

Dr. Grafton's new medicine had worked like a charm.

A Desperate Adventure.

THE following story, narrating how two boys killed a panther and two cubs, is told the Sacramento Union by a subscriber, residing in Colusa county, California.

Permit me to make known to you an incident which transpired during the summer months at the north fork of Grindstone, in Colusa county. The particulars are related to me by Rowerott, a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Newcastle, upon whose veracity you can safely rely. He says two young men with whom he is personally acquainted started to the mountains, as is customary, with a band of sheep. One was named Orlando Burriss, aged fourteen years, and the other George Hull, aged eighteen.

After getting thoroughly settled in their cabin and the sheep under good control they started off one bright morning trout fishing, having with them a sheep dog and a jack knife, the latter in the possession of young Hull, and the only weapon of defense in case of an attack of any wild animals.

They had not gone far when they come to an old moss-grown log, and were about to step on it, when out sprang a large she panther and her two cubs. Young Burriss hissed the sheep dog on the panther. She immediately seized the head and was punishing him in a frightful manner when young Burriss came to the rescue, catching the panther by the tail and endeavoring to pull her off the dog. In case the panther let go her hold it would have been sure death to the young adventurer.

Just in the nick of time young Hull, seeing the danger his companion was in drew a jack-knife and rushed to the scene of the conflict. Running his hand over the panther until he felt the pulsations of the heart, he raised the knife, and with unerring aim, drove it straight into the panther's heart. The animal fell dead between them. Thus, by the merest accident, the lives of the two young heroes were spared. A few days afterward they hunted up the two cubs, which escaped during the fight with the old one, and killed them also. Any person paying a visit to their father's residence can see the three skins hung up as a trophy of the victory accomplished. The dog recovered and is as faithful as ever.

What Was He?

A jolly young fellow named Corcoran, when he arrived in this country, some years since, pronounced a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York City Hall, which is believed to have shortened that official's days. Corcoran went up to the office for his "first papers." The deputy was a serious old chap, who, without ever looking up, proceeded to the formal interrogatories.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"John Corcoran."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

"What nativity?"

"Well—that's what bothers me—I'll tell you, and may be you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on a Dutch brig, under the French flag, in the Flemish waters. Now, how is it?"

The old clerk looked up aghast, shoved his spectacles on his brow, and slowly made answer:

"Young man, that is too much for me."

David once visited a menagerie at Washington, and pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed:

"What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. —!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when he turned and to his utter astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he complimented.

"I beg your pardon, said the gallant Colonel, I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me; and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness, but"—looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the animal he had compared him with—"hang me if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey."

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