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Hearts and Homes.

[A poem by William Winter, read at the banquet given to Oliver Wendell Holmes in Boston in honor of his seventieth birthday.]

If that glad song had ebbed away,
Which, rippling on through smiles and tears,
Has lathed with showers of diamond spray
The rosy fields of seventy years—
If that sweet voice were hushed to-day,
What should we say?

At first we thought him but a lad,
A ray of laughter, quick to fade;
We did not dream how richly blest
In his pure life our first were made;
Till soon the aureole shone, confest,
Upon his crest.

When violets fade the roses blow;
When laughter dies the passions wake;
His royal song, that slept below,
Like Arthur's sword beneath the lake,
Long since has flashed its fiery glow
O'er all we know.

That song has poured its sacred light
On crimson flags in freedom's van,
And blessed their sacred tasks, who fight
Life's battle here for truth and man—
An ordinance, to cheer the right
Through darkest night!

That song has flecked with rosy gold
The sails that take o'er fancy's sea;
Relumed the storied days of old;
Presaged the glorious life to be;
And many a sorrowing heart consoled,
In grief unsolved,

When, shattered on life's loftiest steep
The statesman's glory ever turned,
That heart, so like the boundless deep,
Broke in the deep no heart can sounded,
How did his dirge of sorrow sweep
O'er Webster's sleep!

How sweetly did his spirit pour
The strains that make the tear-drops start,
When, on the lonely New England shore,
With Jaffrey's fear, and Grace's heart,
He thrilled as to the bottom's core
With thoughts of Moore!

The elm-crowned, green-banked Liffey's side,
The lofty coasts New England knows,
White cliffs of the fields of Clyde,
Twined ancient round old Albion's rose,
Bloom, in his verse, as blooms the bride,
With love and pride.

The silken tress, the mantling vine,
Red roses, summer's whispering leaves,
The lips that kiss, the hands that twine,
The heart that loves, the heart that grieves—
Each, in his song, found a deathless shrine
Of fadeless line.

Ah, well! that voice can charm us yet,
And still that shining tide of song,
Beneath a sun not soon to set,
In goldenmusic flows along
While deep of joy our eyes are wet—
Not in regret.

For, still as comes the festal day,
In many a temple, far and near,
The words that all have longed to say,
The words that all are proud to hear,
Fall from his lips, with conquering sway,
Grave, or gay.

No moment this for passion's heat,
Nor mine the voice to give it scope,
When love and fame and beauty meet
To crown their memory and their hope!
I cast white lilies, cool and sweet,
Here, at his feet.

True bard, true soul, true man, true friend!
Ah, gently on that revered head
Ye snows of wintry age descend,
Ye shadows of mortal night be shed!
Peace guide and guard him to the end,
And God defend.

EVELYN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"Come in!"

Ralph Grantley's face had been buried in his hands, but a sharp rat-tat caused him to look up.

The door of his room opening, gave admittance to a spare, dapper little man, dressed in an iron-gray suit, and with iron-gray hair and whiskers, who with a hasty bow deposited his hat, umbrella, and a little black bag upon a side-table.

"Mr. Grantley, I presume?" he said, bowing again, and bustling across the room with a quick, uneven step.

"That is my name!" replied Ralph, fixing his haggard eyes upon the newcomer. "May I ask the business which brings you here?"

"Certainly, my dear sir! My name is Bowles, of the firm of Clark, Standish & Bowles, solicitors, Clement's Inn. I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Grantley, and beg to wish you a happy—a very happy New Year!"

"Have you come here to mock me?" asked the young man, with clenched hands and flushed cheeks.

"Dear me, no! Certainly not!"

"Then you are not acquainted with my circumstances!"

"Well—really—I—a—"

"Then if you are," continued Ralph, fiercely, "what is it but a mockery to wish 'a happy New Year' to a beggar like myself—bankrupt alike in purse and expectations?"

"My dear sir, I—"

"Your business relates to money, of course!"

"Why, yes; I—"

"I guessed as much. Well, then, let me tell you it is vain to press me for payment. I have no money—no effects—no present means of obtaining even a bare livelihood. My grandfather, to whose inheritance I am lawful heir, has died, sir—died and left me not one farthing, but devised the whole of the estate to a distant relative, of whose very name I am as yet in ignorance."

"Yes, I knew that. I—"

"Oh, you knew that!" interrupted Ralph, vehemently. "Perhaps you know, too, for what reason I have been disinherited?"

"No; but—"

"Then I will tell you. Nearly three years ago I was made a dupe of by a gang of villains, who, profiting by my ignorance of the world, fleeced me and involved me in some gambling transactions in which my conduct was made to bear a worse construction than it deserved. My grandfather came forward, and by paying down a large sum of money effected my deliverance. It was my first folly—it has been my last. In spite of all, however, I have never been forgiven. He declared while he had power to help it his property should never fall into a gambler's hands. As time went on I thought that my conduct would diminish his resentment; but it was a vain hope. He has died, I tell you, and not left me one single farthing!"

Ralph spoke with so much bitterness and fury that Mr. Bowles began to feel somewhat alarmed.

"Calm yourself, my dear sir," he said, in most persuasive tones. "Calm yourself and listen to me. It is natural that under the circumstances you should feel a good deal annoyed."

"Annoyed!" echoed Ralph. "I tell you that I am almost penniless, and heavy in debt, and yet in the face of all this you wish me a happy New Year!"

"I do wish it, Mr. Grantley, in spite of the difficulties of your position; though when I uttered the words I little thought what a storm I was about to bring down upon myself."

"Pardon me!" said Ralph, "I am half mad, I think! Tell me your business and begone!"

"One moment," said the lawyer. "You think I come on behalf of your creditors?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That, then, is a mistake of yours. I am here about money, it is true, but it is for the purpose of paying—not receiving!"

Ralph looked at him in amazement.

"You are surprised, no doubt—but listen: As you have correctly enough stated, your lately deceased and much lamented grandparent bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his sister's granddaughter, Miss Evelyn Donington."

"I did not know the name, nor did I wish. What has it to do with me, Mr.—e—e——?"

"Bowles."

"Mr. Bowles, then, I ask what has this to do with me?"

"You will know directly. It is roughly estimated that the whole of the property left by the deceased would realize in round numbers a hundred thousand pounds. It appears that you and Miss Donington are the only surviving relatives—no one else has any claim. Miss Donington—who is, I should tell you, our client—knowing all this, and feeling the injustice of the will which deprives you of everything, has—contrary to our advice, you understand—insisted upon having a deed of gift drawn up."

"A deed of gift?"

"Yes, hear me out. With a spirit of romantic generosity and Quixotic equity, which seems to me ridiculous, she insists upon taking only one-half of the inheritance—the other moiety she gives to you, as being rightfully your own."

"Can it be possible?"

"You may well doubt the evidence of your senses, but you can readily convince yourself of the reality of the whole transaction, for the sum of fifty thousand pounds has been this morning paid into your bankers' hands and placed to your credit."

Stunned and bewildered by these unexpected tidings, Ralph could do nothing but glare incredulously at Mr. Bowles, who, rising from his seat, took from the little black bag a parchment document, which he spread out upon the table.

"Here," he said, "here is the deed of gift, by virtue of which half of your grandfather's property is yours."

"No—no!" said Ralph, amazed at such an extraordinary instance of generosity. "I cannot—I will not—permit such a sacrifice to be made on my behalf!"

"Tut—tut—the deed is done, and cannot be undone—or rather will not, I am certain. Miss Donington says that fifty thousand pounds is an ample fortune for anyone—and especially one in her position."

"Her position, what was that?"

"From her earliest years a struggling life. When she recived the news of her good fortune, she held the situation of nursery governess."

"Nursery governess!—then she is young?"

"Yes; you might have guessed that. It is only the young who can be actuated by such generous impulses as these."

"She must have a noble spirit," said Ralph, much affected.

"And yet," said Mr. Bowles, "she disclaims all idea of having done anything extraordinary. She declares she is only performing a simple act of justice."

"Heaven bless her!" exclaimed Ralph. "But she shall see that my generosity can equal hers. I could never forgive myself if I consented to such a sacrifice."

"You cannot refuse. She has taken the power out of your hands. She alone has the power to cancel this bond."

"Give it to me, then!"

"Certainly—it is yours."

"And now the address of this Miss Donington?"

"She is at the Hall. In accordance with our advice, but against her inclinations, she has gone down there and taken formal possession."

"Then," said Ralph, shaking the lawyer by the hand, "I am off by the next train!"

* * * * * *

It was fast growing dark when Ralph Grantley, having inquired for Miss Donington, was shown into the drawing-room at his grandfather's residence—a substantial, red-bricked mansion, known simply in the vicinity as "The Hall."

His heart throbbed strangely as he found himself in the old familiar room. Years had elapsed since last he crossed the threshold, yet all things in and about the spacious apartment had undergone so little change that he could almost fancy he had not been absent many days.

A servant entering with lights disturbed him in his musings, and immediately afterward there was a soft rustle of silk and crepe, and the sisters stood before him.

He bowed deeply, but Miss Donington was less ceremonious in her greeting. Advancing quickly with her hand outstretched, she said, gently and sweetly:

"It is kind of you, indeed, Mr. Grantley, to come so soon—very kind. I hardly dared hope that you would cherish some harsh feelings towards me for having—though quite unknowingly—deprived you of your grandfather's inheritance, that you would shun me always. The thought gave me the keenest pain, and I am glad—so glad to find my fears unfounded! We are the sole living representatives of one family, and for that reason only we ought surely to be good friends."

Ralph had taken her hand in his, and he retained it while she spoke. His pulses throbbed as he gazed upon the lovely face before him, and her voice, as she made that earnest appeal, was so full of the sweetest music that he felt he could be content to listen to its tones forever.

"I have come—" began Ralph, but his companion noting the gravenes of his voice, hastened to interrupt him.

"Before you say anything more," she urged, gently, "give me the assurance that you bear no resentment against me. Promise me that you will be a friend."

"Would it be possible for any one to say nay to such a request?" asked Ralph, enchanted by the earnestness and manner of the fairest.

"Believe me, my dearest wish is that we may be friends always."

Tears of joy rose to her eyes; but her face grew sadder as Ralph went on:

"There is one condition in our bond of friendship," he said, drawing forth the deed of gift while he spoke. "I am deeply touched by the rare generosity of spirit which prompted you to offer me one-half your fortune, and I shall thank you for it and bless you all my life; but I have come to give you this deed back, and to assure you that under no circumstances can I consent to the sacrifice you wish to make."

"But it is made—the deed is done," she said, with quivering lips and glistening eyes; "the money is already paid into your bankers."

"Then there it will remain," said Ralph, firmly; "for I am determined not to touch it."

"I hope to be able to induce you to alter your decision," she answered, refusing to take the folded parchment which he held toward her. "At any rate," she added, as he shook his head, "you will allow me to offer you some refreshment, and invite you to accept the shelter of the Hall for to-night. There is no train back to town until to-morrow morning."

Ralph hesitated. He was determined not to avail himself of her generosity; while she, on her side, was equally resolved that as a mere act of justice the fortune should be divided. But Ralph feared, with good reason, that if he remained and listened to her arguments and entreaties, his resolution might waver or be overturned altogether.

"Cousin Ralph!" she said, fixing her dark eyes full upon him, "you will stay at the Hall to-night, will you not? It is so lonely here in this great house with only Mrs. Bates—an old friend of my mother's—to talk to. Let us occupy ourselves this evening with speaking of the future, for you know you have promised that we shall be friends."

Who could resist such tender words and pleading looks? Certainly not Ralph, for he was already conscious that for good or evil Evelyn Donington would influence all his future. Her generous offer to divide the fortune had naturally produced a deep effect upon him, and before the evening was over this feeling had developed into a warmer one. Charmed by her grace and beauty—subjugated by her winning ways—Ralph for the first time knew what it was to love.

The next morning, when he stood in the hall, wishing his beautiful cousin good-bye, it was clear that her influence had not been sufficient to cause him to change his determination. It had brought about some kind of compromise; for holding both her hands in his, and gazing ardently into her face, he said, in tender accents:

"Do not doubt me, dear cousin—do not imagine this is any passing fancy. Love is a plant of quick growth, Evelyn, and you have only to be seen to be loved by every one—how much the more, then, by me? Remember our compact—that for the present nothing more is to be said about the division of the property—that you will let me see you and speak to you very—very often—that at the end of six months I shall come forward to accept the deed of gift, but upon the condition that when I take it I shall take the giver, too—that you will then fix the day when you will make my happiness complete by becoming my wife!"

And Evelyn looked up with a bright smile on her lips and a pleased look in her eyes, that showed—short as had been her acquaintance with Ralph Grantley—he was already far from indifferent to her.

The fashion of putting 650 buttons down the back of the dress has disappeared, but they now use 1,300 hooks and eyes on the front, and a man can't lay up a dollar to save his life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

At a recent concert it was the subject of remark that in what line the "voice" the singers were; in commending his good judgment the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Sull's Cough Syrup for clearing and strengthening the voice.

Lincoln's Assassination.

Silas Owens sends the following letter to a Troy (N. Y.) paper: Among the news items in your paper of Thursday last appeared a statement that William Withers, Jr., leader of the orchestra at Ford's theater on the occasion of the assassination of President Lincoln, impeded the progress of Booth across the stage after the fatal shot. This is a mistake; no one was on the stage before the scene. When Booth jumped from the box at the time, the murdered president still sat in his chair. James Keene stood in the right entrance, about to come on the stage at the commencement of the scene, and Booth, as he passed her, rudely pushed her aside with the hand that held a knife. The knife caught in the sleeve of her dress and cut it. Booth hastened on to the door in the rear of the theater, and Miss Keene, who had recognized him, rushed to the footlights with both hands above her head, and, with all her dramatic power in voice and action, cried: "It's John Wilkes Booth! Kill him! Kill him!" Until then not a man or woman in the audience had moved. All thought that the firing of the pistol was a part of the play, and the appearance of Booth at the edge of the box, the jumping to the stage, and the screaming of Miss Lincoln had the effect of palsying the people, and no one stirred until Booth had disappeared. Then there was a rush for the stage, and the first one to reach it was William Flood, a master's mate in the navy, and attached to the United States steamer Primrose. He climbed the scroll work on the face of the box, assisted by Miss Harris, of Albany, who was with the president's party, and lifted Mr. Lincoln from the chair, and laid him down on the floor with his head on Flood's knee, and resting on his hand. A search was made for the wound, which was not found until Mr. Flood, feeling a dampness on his hand, removed it and found nearly a teaspoonful of the great man's brain, that had issued from the wound, in his palm. Mr. Flood now has the particles of brain preserved in alcohol. The stage was crowded with an excited multitude searching for the assassin; and from twenty different points over the balustrade of the gallery dangled ropes with a hangman's noose, and, above the confusion and cries, voices from the gallery shouted: "Bring him here! Bring him here!" Booth was beyond their reach, however. The murdered President was removed, and ten minutes after the theater was empty and the lights out. These are facts known to the deponent.

General Crook's Narrow Escape.

An Omaha (Neb.) letter to the New York *Herald* says: Brigadier General Crook, commanding the department of the Platte, and two friends who reside in Omaha, have just returned from a hunting expedition to the Platte valley, near Schuyler, during which the former had a narrow escape from death and sustained injuries from which he has not yet fully recovered. The party were hunting wild geese on the Platte river, two miles from a farmer's house where they made their headquarters, and were on a sand bar in the middle of the stream, which at that point is about a mile wide. General Crook was concealed behind a "blind" and one of his friends was behind another. Suddenly the wind began to increase in violence, accompanied by snow, and the cold grew more intense. In a few minutes the party were in the midst of a prairie "blizzard." General Crook shot a goose and in attempting to get it lost his hat. In following it he dropped through an ice hole. The water fortunately was not deep, but it thoroughly chilled him. He recovered his hat and remarked that he was cold and numb and would return to the house.

A few minutes after his friends also started, shaping their course by the river's course. One remarked that he felt uneasy about Crook, who he feared, might have missed his way. The other rejected the idea, but during a slight cessation of the storm the first sportsman insisted that he could see the figure of a man behind them. A loud shout was sent up and repeated again and again. Finally Crook's figure was recognized as he came staggering up, and it was discovered that he was well nigh chilled to death. His ears and feet were frozen, his neck was covered with ice and he was unable to speak aloud. His comrades helped him to the house and for two or three days he was unable to proceed farther, his friends remaining with him. He had become confused, and traveling in circles had fallen into the river a second time, when he discovered his mistake and rapidly retraced his steps, but none too soon to save his life. Crook has always prided himself on being able to endure severe storms without any protection but an overcoat and in many winter campaigns has set his men rare examples of endurance. But for his friends, however, he would have tested his physical powers once too often.

The Harvests of the World.

The *Moniteur Belge* publishes the following estimate of the harvest in various countries: Belgium, yield below the average; Austria-Hungary, moderate harvest, no export of grain this year; Russia, pretty good harvest, exports of grain will be between 3,500,000 and 5,000,000 qrs.; Germany, satisfactory harvest; in Prussia and Wurtemburg up to the average and in Saxony and Bavaria considerably beyond it; Italy, bad harvest; Spain, tolerably good; Switzerland, average harvest; Turkey, harvest generally good; Holland, harvest only middling; France, the harvest will be 15 per cent. below the average, and it will be necessary to import 5,000,000 qrs. England, bad harvest—will require about 24,000,000 qrs of wheat more than she has grown; United States, good harvest, estimated at 460,062,500 qrs.; which, after deducting the 240,625,000 qrs. required for home consumption and seed, leaves 168,437,500 qrs for exportation to Europe.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The tenant-farmers of England, according to a member of Parliament, will be satisfied with nothing less than: 1. Better representation. 2. Security for capital. 3. Freedom of cultivation. 4. Liberty to dispose of produce to best advantage. 5. Abolition of distraint. 6. Reform of the game laws. 7. Legitimate share in county government. 8. Fair apportionment of local burdens.

A story comes from Nemahah county, Mo., that one David Meisenthaler was killed there by a meteor or aerolite. He was driving cattle from the field when the meteor descended obliquely through a tall maple, cutting the limbs as clean as if it had been a cannon ball. It struck near the shoulder, passing through his body obliquely and burying itself two feet in the earth. The meteor is composed of iron pyrites, round and rough, about the size of a common patent bucket.

The movement to recognize the sterling qualities of Adam by the erection of a monument at Elmira, N. Y., is booming. The *Free Press* of that city contains a report of a meeting held there to perfect arrangements for the desired testimonial. The *Free Press* says: "A committee of three was appointed to correspond with eminent sculptors, with a view of getting designs suggestions and estimates upon the cost of the memorial, according to a plan which at the meeting had been generally preferred. The matter of the location of the work was informally discussed, and several sites, any of which would be favorable, were named. The work undertaken will be earnestly and zealously pushed until the design of the projectors shall be an accomplished fact."

The foolish man who told his son that wine is made of grapes was, as every one knows, very far from the truth. Still people have been of the opinion that American home-made wine, at least, was manufactured from grapes. It seems that in this also they are mistaken. The Sandusky (Ohio) *Register*, in its annual review of the vineyard production of Northern Ohio, says that of the million and a half gallons of wine that was made there this season, less than a million gallons of grape juice was used. It adds that dealers make no secret of the fact that they use spirits, sugar and water largely in the production of wine, and claim that this is done, not so much to make money as to suit the taste of their patrons, who prefer the adulterated product to the pure article.

The method adopted in Germany for preventing the slipping and falling of horses on the public road is as unique as it is simple. The smith, when finishing the shoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw, thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length. With shoes thus fitted, the horse can travel securely over the worst possible road, never being known to slip under any mode of employment—draft horses being also shod in the same way. When the horse comes to the stable, the pointed stud is unscrewed and a button screwed in, so that no damage can happen to the horse and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out, the only thing required is simply to remove the button and screw in the pointed stud.

Professor Willard, in a speech at the New York dairy fair, deprecated the present tendency of farmers to extravagance—"pianos, fine clothes and $12 kid shoes." Commenting upon the professor's speech, the New York *Graphic* remarks: "Now, farmers have as much right to the refinements of life as any other class of people. The inference from this perpetual preaching of economy to the farmer is that he must live in a very plain house, dress in very plain clothes, abjure all ornamentation, and live down to a level which borders on squalor. If this advice is good for the farmer it should be equally good for merchant, lawyer or doctor. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the male bird also. All of life is not embraced in pork and cabbage, pictureless rooms, or a house without piano, tasty furniture or books. Are certain favored occupations to be the only ones to enjoy the luxuries of life? Refinement is not extravagance. The American farmer is by this excessive economy to be converted into an American peasant. If people are educated up to the modern requirements it will follow, as a matter of course, that they will demand modern elegancies. The piano has its mission in the farmers' parlor as well as in that of the Fifth avenue. Indeed it is all the more needed to relieve the isolation of the country home. If farming cannot bring the refined necessities of life, then farming is a very poor business."

Getting Even With the P. M. G.

Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He entered the postoffice with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left-hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower left corner, and the State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the center of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after ten days.

"It will come back," he explained, "for there is no party there by this name. I'll have to pay three cents for sending it 1,800 miles, but Uncle Sam has got to blink his eyes all over this envelope, and then return it free. When this old government gets ahead of me I want to know it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.—*Boston Post.*

Jack Frost's Song.

I ride on the wings of the northwest wind
From my home in the frozen seas,
Where I lie and rest with a quiet mind
When bloweth the summer breeze.

I filch the rainbow from out the skies
And place it on maple leaves,
I whisper the swallow, away he flies
From his nest beneath the eaves.

I work in the dark of the blackest night,
And paint pictures upon the panes;
What though the sun in his noonday might
Dims them, I limn them again.

I draw, as I please, the tender spray
Of fern, with its feathery grace;
And if that dies out in the sun's warm ray
I put a pine in its place.

But this is only my pleasant play
While sunbeams lie and dream,
For I clasp in my chilling clutch by day
The throat of the gurgling stream.

I still its music. I strip the trees
Of their leaves, and kill the flowers.
I hush the hum of the busy bees,
Who work during summer hours.

I humble the tences, and hit the grain
From where it lies in the soil,
I pinch the poor on their way to gain
Their bread by their daily toil.

But when spring day comes I change my mind,
For I am a fickle soul,
So I mount on the wings of the southwest winds
And ride to the Arctic pole.

—*Truth.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A twelve-year old boy in Lawrence, Kansas, has been arrested six times for various offenses.

The sum of $26,000,000 has been paid for mining properties in Leadville district since the middle of February, 1879.

There are 10,000 well-educated young men in Paris, who, for want of more lucrative employment, accept twenty cents per day as copyists.

About the guiltiest-looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

The London *Railway News* says that the ordinary life of a locomotive is twenty years, and has no doubt it would live much longer it it didn't smoke so much.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again. But if it be crushed to earth, it lies. And if it lies, it cannot be truth. Therefore it cannot rise again.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

In the poorhouse of Saginaw county, Mich., there was an old man who for many years had been an employee of the Hudson Bay Company. Alone and friendless, he hoped for a speedy termination of his wretched existence; but life, which it was least wanted, would not depart. He grew to be 102 years of age, and then committed suicide in a pigsty at the almshouse.

Beggared by Law.

Recently an account was given of the death in the almshouse, at San Francisco, of William Thompson, an old man, who had been beggared by law. He owned an estate valued, when he died, at $400,000 or $500,000, and he remained in undisturbed possession of it for thirteen years—from 1850 to 1863—when it was claimed by other parties under a Mexican grant patent. He naturally resisted the claim, and a tedious and expensive suit was the consequence, resulting in a decision for the plaintiffs. He began an action some time after for ejectment of the parties, recovered judgment, and the court—the fourth district—denied a new trial. The defendants then appealed from the order, and the supreme court finally reversed the judgment and remanded the case for a new trial, which was granted by the lower court, and the supreme court affirmed the order. The suit was continued from year to year, and Thompson had again appealed to the supreme court when he died. He had actually been driven to his grave by near thirty years of law, than which nothing can be more worrying, wearing and crushing. He was known by sight to all frequenters of the San Francisco courts and attorneys had long regarded him, though they did not say so, as a man steadily going to his doom. He is said to have grown paler and paler, thinner and thinner, poorer and poorer, more and more despondent and wretched, month after month, year after year.

Consumption.

Physicians used to hold that a fatal issue must follow the development of tubercles on the lungs. So long as tubercular formations could be arrested, there was hope of a patient's recovery; but when these had planted themselves in the lung, their growth was inevitable and fatal. But nature is wiser than physicians, and teaches those who study her ways valuable lessons.

Careful dissection in recent years has brought to light many curious facts. Foremost among these is the certainty that consumption, in its tubercular form, is often cured. A series of post-mortem examinations, in an Edinburg hospital, disclosed the fact that the lungs of one-third of the patients who died after forty years of age, bore marks of tubercles, whose growth had been checked, and in many cases, the disease wholly cured.

Parts of the lungs had even been destroyed, and the cavities filled by contraction and adhesion of the walls. In some cases fibrous tissue had completely enclosed the parts disintegrated by disease. If consumption is curable, as these facts seem to indicate, scientific physicians will never rest till they have ascertained the most effective modes of treatment.