Skin Grafting.

The patient, a pretty little girl of eight, was admitted into the Welling-

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be hald for in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

Antumn.

Summer is dead; and the autumn winds Wait amid the leaves that lately were green,

And tell how the year is with feeble steps To join with the numberiess years that

When the sunshine was bright, and this birds noftly singing

We dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mion :

We saw not how swiftly the glad hours were We board but ewest voices with happiness

Sommer is dend, and the year's hopes are The hopes that were bright when the spring-tide was young :

When we each came with engueness forth to life's trying. With step that was firm and a heart that was strong.

And what can we bring as the cause of life's Was the daylight too dim and the darkness

too long? Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's sailing; Was the helmsman unnerv'd by the winds

and their wailing? Summer is dead; ay, but springtide is

And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead Will revive once again when the flowers are

And the boughs will wave green once more over our head. Will the hopes then revive that are now

swiftly waning? Will the life come again that is now nearly

Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining? Ab, that must be left for death's certain ex-

A BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music les-

Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him, as he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't except when he went home for the as a jerk of the train roused the old his head against against the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out thing when you are traveling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the till she found the bag, stowed it away then replied, slowly and impressively: company might inflict if they caught behind her and resumed her knitting.

with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimmings she were in church. Istole Then from Sammy's corner cannot be supported to the same of the bonnet fore. that, but had to ask her for the hair, gurgle-soft and low-many times reand she brought out a whole bundle | peated-then all was quiet.

my father's, and lived at Luckboro,' our murket town.

the holidays, tco!) -- and the lessons were, to be sure! generally ended by Finke getting to I look round at her directly. She the piano himself and warbling songs was very young-younger than Letty, of his Vaterland by the hour. He did and she's just seventeen and prettyhave got to my story.

We used to come and go between There was a Mosslands station on the she said, in a clear whisper. There was a Mosslands station on the she said, in a clear whisper. "Keep somebody, sometime, left all alone in line between Luckboro' and London, looking out of the window. Can you the world with her good looks and her but my father never went by it if he hear what I am saying?" could help it. When he did, though I it, and began to think I had made a woman. bad bargain with Thompson.

One Tuesday, however, last winter, Pinke got so carried away by his own Will you help me?" sweet singing that he kept on long niter I ought to have started to meet looked at the communication with the my father, and then got so remorseful guard. She shook her head. that I thought he was going to cry;

ter. There's a train that gets in as soon as the 'bus. I can catch it if I run-good-bye!" And off I scudded,

I made a dash at a carriage. wasn't locked, as I half hoped it might on me in desperate appeal. be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the I can but get to them," she panted, strongest language I ever did hear. "Just one minute's chance—only The train started and jerked me down oneinto a seat before I'd time to get my sions, and my fellow-traveler's remarks and held up my railway key.

made my blood run cold.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of coil-lines. about it, and wicked, sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like giralets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I didn't believe he would "twist my neck and chuck me out of the window," as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-gurls, grizyly-gray, two on pach side. curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-

I could only gape in reply, and she must have thought I was a softy, for hand before I knew what she was

"Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out, Sammy, dear."

Sammy growled an inarticulate response from under his rugs.

The timid passenger had neither

poken or stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug and a blue woolen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed to be asleep in a very uncomfortable atti-

I sat in the middle, opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable finding her sharp eyes on me while her needle clicked on just the same that I has broken his neck either," she mutthought I might as well pretend to go to sleep too. So I curled myself up and gave one or two nods, and then dared not jump up while she was in dropped my face on my arm so that the way, and thought I must take my she couldn't see it.

Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage curls giving a lurch forward and then backward, once, twice; then a big snore; and then she was off too.

I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that "Sammy" was up to something. He leant forward and peered at her as if to make sure she was quite asleep; the convenience of having such a ner; and she sat bolt upright, rubbed

first. Whether I dared get up on the selves." Music was another thing altogether. seat and see how the communication Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of with the guard worked and what talking himself sober and consequently would happen if I pulled it. If the train stopped I could make off or say He took a fancy to me-bother me; it was Sammy. He was half tipsy and actually persuaded my father and now and people wouldn't believe him. make away with her; that's your mother to let me come over to Luck- First of all I went to the window to doing, and if it's a hanging matter, boro' every market day, with my look out a little. It was pitch dark I'm not the one to swing for it.' father, for a lesson in German and outside, and all I could see was the remusic. I didn't mind dining with him | flection of the carriage and of the lady | first (uncommonly queer messes we in the blue woolen veil. She was sithad, and lots of jam with them)-but ting up now and looking intently at your poor old mother-don't. If the the music was simply disgusting-(in me. What an uncomfortable set they

so once too often though-and now I but so thin and frightened-looking that I felt very unhappy about her.

She fixed her big, bright eyes on me, Mosslands and Luckboro' by omnibus, and put up her finger. "Don't speak,"

I nodded, and she went on, looking had the key with me I never dare use at me, and now and then at the old

"If they get me to London I am a dead woman. You are my last chance.

"No, that's no good. I must get

or perhaps want to keep me all night. away at the next station. He is safe.
"Look here," I said, "it doesn't mat-I didn't believe I could. I might my handsome lad as good a gentleman have thrown a rug over Sammy and as the best of them." The old woman sat on him for a minute or two, but seemed to be talking on and on purone arm in and one arm out of my that old woman was too much for me. posely, like telling a rigmarole to a top-coat, for I was sure he'd object, or I felt that directly she woke she'd see want to see me off. I had money, and what I was thinking of, and strangle there was a train which came up long | me before I could stir. The precious before I had seen all I wanted about minutes were flying-the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom -the girl's big woful eyes were fixed

"I have friends who will save me if

All at once I had an idea. A splenbreath. I was not used to bad expres- did one! "Look at this," I whispered, it, and others knew it. And I can tell open this door, dare you get out. You been found dead in her bed, as I ex-There were ladies in the carriage, can hold on outside until the train but he didn't seem to mind that. He stops. Run straight across the down had a red, scowling face, with heavy line. There is only a bank and a hedge red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All on the top. Lot of gaps in it nearer the rest of him was a mass of railway the station. There you are on the

What with the feeling of my own ting, winning ways. Don't be hard

needles, in and out of a big gray stocking.

"Hush, Sammy," she sald quite sweetly; "the poor child means no harm, and he can easily get out at the my head and lowered the window as the sale of the next station. Where are you going to, softly as possible. There was no time you and me will go back, Sammy, and to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. I unlocked the door. please." She gave me one look that made me she twisted my ticket clean out of my feel braver than ever, and inclined to mother? cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the days line of light that fell from our open in the step. carriage door across the down line of hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't rails, and that was all-and I was abide seeing her storming and raving huddled down under the big plaid rug as she did last night, so I just gave her with the old woman, wide awake, a little sup of something before we standing over me.

"Drat the boy. Sammy, call the porter; he's got out at the wrong side." "Call-un-yre-self," answered Sammy,

all in one word. She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a cushion of the carriage. "It don't matter if he for us with his carriage, and before she tered, "perhaps we'd better make no please." fuss." The train was off again. I This

chance at the next station. "Oh! my bones and body!" she groaned, presently. "Oh, what a time

it has been! Sammy!" No answer. "Sammy!" She was up again and I think she hauled him up and shook him, for something fell with a crash like a broken bottle.

"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got and more too! To play me this trick? Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station-ugh!"

It sounded as if she were banging him. He got up and put his head out

"Now, look here, old woman. None Only for a few moments, though; with of your nonsense. When he's wanted, He gave it to me in exchange for a a weary groan she let stockings, needles Samuel Nixon is all there. And no bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and all go down with a run, and man alive can say he isn't," he went on and Thompson was dreadfully in love dropped back sounder asleep than beword till he was sup of the next. "As to this business, I ask you-is it mine or is it yours? Now, then?"

"Yours, I should think; as it's your and said I might trade away the lot if Now was my time. I began to look I wife who is giving us all this trouble. I chose. "Hair wasn't worn much about and think what I should do I wish I'd left you to fight it out your-

"Stop this," said Sammy, who was "I'll not have it put upon Bavage. me. I didn't want to marry her; that was your doing, and I don't want to "Heaven forgive you, Sammy," said

the old woman, evidently horribly scared. "Don't ye talk that way to poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend-the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her."

Here she sniffled a little. Sammy gave a sort of derisive growl. . "And as to her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now, There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket or a notion where to find one; and there was she without a re-I nodded very hard indeed, and lation or friend to interfere with youas simple as a baby-not a creature to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to lose such a chance. Of course, I wanted to see child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.

Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do ! You can talk black white when it pleases you."

"It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my bended knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country side was ringing with it. You know "If I you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd pected every morning of my life to hear, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up be-fore the coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have awung for it then, I'd like

rings and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat opposits.

I was quite hot and out of breath where I sat scared and speechless, till with whispering all this as plain as I was quite hot and out of breath him shuffling his feet about fineasily; writer says, diseased eyes on account then, in a maudin whispers It was of the fine particles of sand driven into finit, nothing class, and has aggraves them by hot south winds.

cleverness, hatred of that nasty old on me, old woman, I'm sure I've given

we've got it written down by two grand London doctors that she's as mad as mad can be? Who's to mind "Not them! They can't interfere her talk, or any one else's? Aren't we live as happy and comfortable as you

"They will treat her like a lady-eh,

started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman—where she's going, you know —he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkerchief, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the lookout knows it there she'll be as snug as you

This was awful! What shall I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with? I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes-the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.

A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.

"Tickets, please." I made one plunge. I flung the rug clear over the old woman, dashed my arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong out into the arms of the astonished ticket-collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down-down-into an

unfathomable depth of darkness! "Hullo! old fellow. Better now?" were the first words I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stooping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice, soft sealskin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraphed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house in Lon-

don where they were staying. I can't remember much after that. I was ill for many weeks, I believe. I tried to tell people what had happened, but no one would listen. They try even now to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil. I've had no more music lessons

since, that's one good thing. The railway key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door. That's all .- Argosy.

Science of Perfumes.

By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in close boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmin, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassic (cinnamon flower). From these six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with jasmin and orange flowers, hyais counterfeited by jasmin and tuberose; lily of the valley by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumer are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), paschoull and the attar of roses. It is very difficult to get the last named in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often rose-geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering as it does into almost all perfumes, except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or as styled by perfumers, "natural "-as, for instance, eliotrope, tuberose, white rose and

There are forty-three furnaces, rolling mills, steel mills, forges and bloomaries in Tennessee, employing 4,095 hands and \$8,981,776 capital.

ton ward of St. George's hospital with the history that, two years previously, her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely. After a year's treatment the left thigh had healed up; but the right had never got better, and presented a terrible ulcer, extending all down the outer side. She was a bright, intelligent little thing, and her sad condition excited much sympathetic interest. For four months she lay there without any signs of improvement. Though nour-ishing food, with wine and strengthening medicines was freely adminis-tered, and all manner of local remedies applied, particularly that most excellent dressing, carded oakum, all was in vain; and when, on the 5th of May, the child was brought into the operating theatre and placed under the influence of chloroform, it certainly appeared to us to be as unlikely a ease to afford a fair criterion of a new treatment as could well be imagined. Two small pieces of skin were then snipped from the back with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and imbedded—planted, in fact—in the granulations of proud "flesh" of the wound—two tiny atoms, scarcely bigger than a pin's head and separations of little pin's head, and consisting of little more than the cuticle or outer skin which we raise in blisters by rowing or exposure to a hot sun. Five days later no change was visible; and by-and-bye the operation was considered to have failed, since the pieces of skin had disappeared, instead of growing, as had been expected. But twelve days after the operation two little white cicatrices appeared where the seeds had been sown; and in my notes I find that a week later these were big enough to be dignified as "islands of new tissue," The most wonderful part of it is that, not only did these islands grow and increase rapidly in circumference, but the fact of their presence seemed to stimulate the alcer itself, which forthwith took on a healing action around its margin, Several more grafts were implanted subsequently, including morsels from Mr. Pollock's arm, from my own, and from the shoulder of a negro; the last producing a white scar-tissue like the rest. In two months the wound was healed and the little patient was discharged cured.

Skin grafting is now performed daily in surgical practice, and a special instrument-a combination of knife and scissors-has been invented for the purpose. It is impossible to estimate the immense benefit of this discovery to mankind in many different aspects. Poor people, hitherto incapacitated from labor by "incurable" ulcers, and for years a burden on their parish, or inmates of workhouses and asylums, will now again resume their place in the great toiling hive, from whose daily work is distilled the prosperity of a nation. Von Grafe's operation of irideotomy, whereby hundreds of people who were formerly considered irremediably blind, are now restored to sight by a simple proceeding, is said to have exercised a very appreciable effect on the poor rates the country. instance of true transplantation, John Hunter's celebrated experiment of causing a human tooth to take root and grow in the comb of a cock is a well known instance. Dentists nowadays often remove teeth, and having exercised diseased portions, replant them in their sockets with frequent though not invariable success; and cruel plastic operations have been performed on rats, by which they have been joined like Siamese twins, or their tails caused to grow from their shoulders or between their eyes. The late Mr. F. Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," gives an amusing account of an action-at-law brought by M. Triguel, a French naturalist, against a zouave who had sold him what was termed a "trumpet rat" for one hundred francs; the said "trumpet rat" proving to be an ordinary varmint, with the tip of another rat's tail planted in its nose and growing there. -Chambers' Journal.

A Burning Lake. There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long by over a mile wide, and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of 1,009 yards from the edge of the fire, and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.

Parents who wish to raise families on the Japanese plan are informed that in Japan it is the custom to give baby girls the names of delicate and lovely plants or flowers, while the boys are simply numbered, and are known as First boy, Second boy, and so on.

Life in a Montana Frontier Town. The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town is from E. V. Smalley's paper on "The New Northwest," in the Century:

The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly-clad men gather around the doors of the drinking saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest and strides off, her moccasined feet toeing inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bedquilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown converted to the saloons of the saloons of the saloons of the saloons of the saloons. canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotels piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them plazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somehody. mule to somebody.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these indu trious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to u stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now-a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first they would have gone away without buying.

A Hunter's Extraordinary Shot.

The Santa Fe (N. M.) News tells the champion hunting story of the season: H. J. Sheldon left his camp at Cooper City, on the Pecos, New Mexico, last Saturday afternoon in search of game, Saturday night he camped at the up-per forks of the river, and Sunday, bright and early, was again on the march. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the burro, which had wandered ahead, came running back, apparently in great terror, ears and tail erect, eyes glaring, making that peculiar mournful sound for which its species is noted, and refusing to be caught or comforted. Not being able to make out from the report of the confused burro just what had happened, Mr. S. cocked his gun and advanced slowly and cautiously on the unknown enemy. Crawling along on his hands and knees for about a quarter of a mile, he at length doubled a bend in the river, and there, standing in full view in the meadow, and not more than 150 yards away, he saw a huge grizzly bear with three cubs, and, just beyond the bear and in direct range with her, an animal that he at once recognized as the longsought-for elk. Neither of the beasts were aware of his approach, so, quietly rising upon one knee and resting his rifle across the other, which is Mr S.'s favorite position in shooting, he took a deliberate aim. Bang went the gun, away sped the bullet and down fell two animals-in fact, three-the bear, the elk and Mr. S. himself. The bullet had cut the backbone of the bear completely in two, and passing through had lodged in the heart of the elk, and the extraordinary task to which the rifle had been subjected produced such a violent recoil that the hunter himself was stretched flat upon the ground. Recovering himself speedily, Mr. S. advanced upon the prey, hunting-knife in hand, but life was extinct in both animals. The little cubs on hearing the report of the gun fled, but being only a few weeks old were speedily captured, tied in bags and fastened on

the back of the horse. About 36,000 barrels or 360 car loads of salt are weekly shipped west from Saginaw, Mich.