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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

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BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
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Aches and Pains,
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Epilepsy,
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Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

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Invigorates the Stomach,

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

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1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

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H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

NOW.

When I am lying pale and dead,
Come not, dear friends, around my bed,
And pour your loss in deafened ears
And wash my heedless face with tears.
What thrill of hope or tenderness
Will beat beneath my burial dress?
What look of gratitude arise
And lift the lid of sightless eyes?
What loving voice escape those lips,
From which no speech or language slips?
Alas! I cannot rouse and say:
"If ye lament me I will stay."
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow,
Wait not to miss me; hold me now!

Set not your kisses on my cheek,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak;
And in your fruitless grief forbear
To shed that sweetness on my hair.
In life I long to feel their breath,
But what are kisses worth to Death?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift, a vain caress
That might have been a power to bless.
A longing answered all in vain,
A touch that death must needs disdain,
That might a life with joy endow,
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember not when I am gone
The deeds I did or would have done,
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,
Since neither life nor love endures:
Say not with tears and cries and prayers:
"Would that we showed her tenderer cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain
And know will never come again."
Oh! breathe not then the useless vow;
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor, standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give,
"At last her follies we forgive!"
An angel might repel with scorn
Such speech of poor repentance born,
Might weep to see such Lev.te pride
Pass coldly by a coffin's side.
No! if within your hearts there be
A kind but slumbering thought of me,
A memory of the vanished past,
Of hope, of peace and love at last,
A speechless prayer, a silent sense
That sometimes speaks in my defense,
That says: "Our life is not too long,
And we, perhaps, were somet mes wrong."
Oh! listen to that pleading voice
And bid a living heart rejoice.
If late remorse or grief allow
Forgiveness, then forgive me now.

A Hurried Dinner.

"Oh, see here, Lizzie, I shan't be home to dinner to-day; there's a lot to do at the office, and I'll not come home."

This speech came from my liege lord, Charley as he popped his head in at the front door, after he had started to his business.

"All right," said I.

The head popped out again, and I added to myself:

"Mighty glad of it. I won't have any dinner to get, and I will have a good day to work up stairs."

So I cleared away the breakfast, tidied up the rooms, and after that took myself off up stairs.

We had not been keeping house very long, and I made it a rule not to let things become soiled by using, but to keep them clean and fresh. But up stairs there were certain trunks and boxes that needed renovating: some of the summer clothing was to be packed away, and the winter wear got out and made ready for use.

I tied a handkerchief over my head to keep out the dust, pulled trunks and boxes out of the closet, and set to work. I was in the very midst of it when I heard footsteps at the front door, and directly it opened. It was Charley, I knew, for he had a latchkey and was accustomed to let himself in. I jumped to my feet.

"Charley, and not a sign of dinner!" I exclaimed. He said he couldn't come. What can have brought him?"

The sound of voices, as I stood listening, assured me of what Charley had brought. Visitors, and I in such a plight. Charley came running up stairs, with his face in a glow.

"Why, why, little woman, what's all this? I couldn't find you anywhere down stairs. Isn't it dinner time?"

"Yes, Charley, but you said you were not coming home, and I didn't want anything for myself."

"Well, I—I wasn't. But who do you think I met?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It was Liston and his wife. They were on their way to a hotel, but of course I wouldn't allow that. I just brought 'em home with me to dinner."

I have no doubt there was a spice of irony in the tone in which I answered, calmly:

"Yes, I see you did. Well, I hope you also remembered to stop at the butcher's and send in something for them to eat."

"Well, I declare, little woman, I forgot the butcher. But I daresay you can scare up something. Only hurry, for they've only an hour or so to spare. They're off again this evening."

I knew it was of no use to say to a man, "Why didn't you send me word?" It wouldn't teach him to send it next time. So I only said:

"Well, go down and entertain them, and I'll come as soon as I can change my dress."

Charley obeyed, and I hurriedly dressed, not in the pleasantest mood.

They were old friends of Charley's and I had looked forward to meeting them with pleasure, but I knew Mrs. Liston was quoted as the very pattern of all pattern housekeepers, never flurried or put out by anything. I knew, too, that she had means and servants at her command, while I had neither, and dreaded to receive her in such a manner, more than I could tell, many a suffering sister will readily comprehend. What with my hasty dressing, I knew my cheeks were flushed, and my hair tumbled. But it was too late to wait, so I ran down, and stood fire during the introduction as well as I could, quite conscious that instead of appearing my best I was appearing my worst, as even Charley could see. As soon as possible I excused myself, saying, by way of apology, that I was not expecting Charley, and must prepare dinner in haste.

"Pray don't put yourself to any trouble," said Mrs. Liston, politely.

"It is no trouble at all," I as politely replied, feeling, as I went to the kitchen, that that small speech was at least a fib, for I was almost at my wit's end to know what to do. A happy thought struck me!

Oysters!

A regular dinner was not to be thought of, but most people were very fond of oysters. I knew Charley was, and I could prepare them well. They were to be had opposite, and I was not long in getting them, either. I bethought myself of half a cake, which I luckily had. That nicely sliced, in my silver cake basket, would answer for dessert, with some apples which I bought with the oysters. Really, I should not do so badly for an impromptu occasion.

My spirits rose as I set the table, adorning it with a cluster of fresh chrysanthemums, and with what glass and silver I possessed, so that it looked very neat and pretty. That, at least, Mrs. Liston could not find any fault with, even if she were disposed to do so.

Charley had said hurry, and hurry I did. As speedily as possible I had everything ready on the table and the dessert arranged on a shelf by the open pantry window, so that I could put it on at once.

Tired, flushed, nervous, and doing my best not to look cross, I went to the parlor, where they were chatting gaily, and announced dinner. Then that awkward Charley must put his foot into it, man fashion, by saying:

"My little wife is a famous cook. I hope you have good appetites."

"Indeed I have; traveling always makes me hungry," replied Mr. Liston, rising.

I made some laughing reply, and led the way to my little dinner.

"Ah, oysters!—my favorites," said Mr. Liston.

I was glad to hear that, but my heart sank when Mrs. Liston declined to take any, saying she never ate them.

"I am so sorry," I said, flushing. "But I will poach you a couple of eggs."

"By no means," she said pleasantly. "I shall do very well with one of these rolls and a cup of coffee."

And when I insisted, she was obliged to say she never ate eggs.

I was at a loss what to propose then, so I ceased to press the matter. Meanwhile I had poured the coffee.

I handed the cups, but I knew by the aroma which reached my nostrils, that, though tolerable, it was not nearly as good as usual, for in my haste I had made it too weak, I was specially mortified at this, as I prided myself on my good coffee.

"I won't apologize," I thought, proudly. But my pride fell the next instant, when Charley, having tasted his, made a queer face, and then tasted again.

"Why, Lizzie, what ails your coffee?" he asked.

Tears of mortification rushed to my eyes, but Liston said kindly:

"Tut, tut, there are worse things than weak coffee in this big world."

Of course, as I had no girl I was obliged to remove the plates and bring on the dessert myself. That, at least, was nice. But when I went into the pantry I barely suppressed a scream of horror. Mrs. Dean's big gray cat had jumped into the window, and was contentedly munching my cake. With frantic haste I dashed her off and rescued what she had left—only six thin little slices. They looked so forlorn in the large basket that I would not put them on in that way. I consigned them to a small glass dish and without a word of apology put them upon the table; for my blood was up now, and I vowed I would apologize no more.

The apples were nice, and we finished on them as well as we could.

For my sake Charley tried to appear very gay, but I saw he was deeply mortified, and I did not pity him half as much as I might. I think I was quite excusable when I said to him, after that dreadful dinner was over and our guests were gone:

"Charley, if you ever bring company again without letting me know first, I'll never forgive you. And I'll order dinner from the nearest restaurant, and leave you the bill to pay."

But that stupid Charley "can't see why it need worry me."

A Man's Fight With an Eagle.

"Last week while E. J. Campbell, of North Carolina, was engaged digging wild ginger on the side of the Roan, about one and half miles from Cloudland Hotel, he found the nest of a gray eagle secluded in a fallen tree-top under the cliff of the mountain, containing one young eagle. While examining the nest and its contents, suddenly he heard a loud noise, and before he could ascertain what it was the old eagle had struck him in the face with bill and claws, and taking a circuit through the air, alighted on a tree about 200 yards distant, but in plain view of the nest. Again the parent bird made an attack, aiming at his head, but he avoided her, and she struck him on the arm, making a slight wound. She returned to her post of observation, but as soon as he attempted to touch the nest containing the young eagle, she made a third attack, when Mr. Campbell struck her with a stick and brought her to the ground where, after a severe struggle he succeeded in killing her. She measured seven feet two inches from tip to tip of her wings. The male bird was not seen. The place was a wild, unfrequented part of the mountain. It has generally been supposed that the eagle always built her nest in the clefts of the rocks, but this one had her nest in a fallen tree-top, some feet from the ground, but in a spot seldom visited by man. This bird is the one known as the gray or bald eagle.

Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Buffalo Bill's "Writ-of-Replevin."

In the course of a conversation with Buffalo Bill he related the following incident:

One morning a man came rushing up to my house and stated that he wanted a writ-of-replevin to recover possession of a horse which a stranger was taking out of the county. I had no blank forms, and had not yet received the statutes of Nebraska to copy from, so I asked the man:

"Where is the fellow who has got your horse?"

"He is going up the road and is about two miles away."

"Very well, said I, I will get the writ ready in a minute or two."

I saddled my horse, and then taking up my old rifle, "Lucretia," I said to the man: "That's the best writ of replevin that I can think of; come along and we'll get that horse or know the reason why."

We soon overtook the stranger, who was driving a herd of horses, and as we came up to him I said:

"Hallo, sir; I am an officer and have an attachment for that horse," and at the same time I pointed out the animal.

"Well, sir, what are you going to do about it?" he inquired.

"I propose to take you and the horse back to the post," said I.

"You can take the horse, but I have not the time to return with you."

"You'll have to take the time, or pay the costs here and now," said I.

"How much are the costs?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Here's the money," said he, as he handed me the greenbacks. I then gave him a little friendly advice, and told him that he was released from custody. He went on his way a wiser and a poorer man, while the owner of the horse and myself returned to the fort. I pocketed the twenty dollars, of course. Some people may think that was not a square way of doing business, but I didn't know any better just then. I had several little cases of this kind, and I became better posted on the law in the course of time.

How Smith Lost a Case.

The court and jury, as well as spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing incident of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany court room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremain, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course, this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple-red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle aged lady. The counsel asked:

Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly with a twinkle in the witnesse's eye, as if from suppressed humor:

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the room, in which the aged judge joined.

How She Does it.

Two women caught sight of each in one of our dry goods stores the other day, and rushing forward simultaneously with outspread arms, nearly dislocated one another's noses in trying to find each other's mouths.

"Why, la! bless you, Mrs. Hixley, I'm so glad to see you," said one, with a quick, nervous voice, as he fell back a little after the scrimmage, and furled her features into a look of satisfied joy, warm enough to soften ice. "You're looking so splendidly well, too; it's a wonder I knew you. I wouldn't though, I don't think, if you hadn't smiled first. But, dear me, what a dreadful long time it's been since I saw you—it seems an age. You live in Middletown yet, I suppose?"

"Oh mercy, no—we left there three months ago and moved to Hamilton."

"You don't say?"

"Yes—but you? I was remarking to Hix the other day that I'd lost all track of you."

"We're in Lawrenceburg now, and I do so wish you could come and see us I've got so much to tell you. You wouldn't believe how times have changed with us. Got a nice home now and everything nice—three bedrooms up stairs, large hall elegant parlor, lovely sitting room, splendid dining room, pantry and kitchen, big yard and garden and the sweetest lot of plants you ever saw—and what d'ye think? Alex. has really got to like flowers—anyhow he don't upset 'em any more and growl all the time about their always being in the way."

"But Louise?"

"What! haven't you heard it? We sent you a paper with the notice. Why she's been married six months, nearly."

"You don't tell me! but how did she do!"

"Splendid! A widower with a farm and three children, and a church member, too. He's not much for looks, but he's an awful good man and stands high in the neighborhood. She couldn't a' done better."

"That's nice; but is he good to her?"

"Oh, yes—too good, I tell him sometimes. But they do get along the nicest kind—as happy as larks all the time. It almost brings the tears to hear her call him an old fool and a bald-headed idiot as soon as he steps into the house. She always was so lively you know."

"What do they quarrel a' ready?" inquired the Middletown lady, with a pained look of anxiety.

"Why, no—certainly not, never—you couldn't hire them to."

"But you said she called him horrid names, and threw up his looks."

"Oh, yes, of course, and she may even spank the children right before his eyes: and even tell him they are a pack of good for-nothing thick-headed little beggars; but then its only her way, you know, and she don't mean anything by it of course. It's only a way she has of being cheerful and keeping things 'livened up around the house. I tell you Louise ain't going to let the dust to settle around her much, no matter where she is."

Summer Coasting Sledges.

The coasting sledge of Funchal (Madeira) must claim pre-eminence over all known forms of locomotion, except sailing. I know of no other place in the world where business men slide down hill to their counting rooms. In summer, many gentlemen reside in villas, which are a continuation of Funchal, reaching as high up as the church of Nostra Senhora de Monte—two thousand feet above the sea. I rode up one morning to breakfast at the villa of the Austrian Consul, Signor Bianchi, situated on a level with the Mount church The ride was up a very preipitous incline; but the horses were on their mettle, and went up the unbroken ascent at full trot, the muleteers moving close behind. They rested but once, and neither horses nor men showed shortness of wind. Behind us, at the end of steep streets, stretched the ocean, whose dim horizon-line grew rapidly more distant and faint as we rose. On either hand the road was shut in by high walls, overhung with a profusion of purple and scarlet flowers, which loaded the moist morning air with perfume. The terraces above were darkened by the lack work of wavering light and shade cast by trellises supporting vines weighted with clusters of Muscatel grapes. Having partaken the genial hospitality of our host and hostess, we walked across the head of a ravine to a sledge "stand" by the Mount church, and seated ourselves in a vehicle of basket-work fixed on runners with a cushioned seat for three and a brace for the feet. The attendant, seizing a leather guiding thong, leaped on the rear end of the runners with one foot, gave the sledge a start, and we were off. We dashed down the narrow way at a speed almost frightful, but gloriously exciting going around abrupt turns with a slide to leeward, which only the astonishing dexterity of the guide prevented from becoming a hazardous capsize. Soon the increasing number of people in the street obliged us to slacken our pace; but toward the end we overtook another sledge and ordering our engineer to put on steam, away we went again at a prodigious rate, gradually overhauling the chase, until we suddenly turned into a dark lane. The sled stopped, and presto! the excitement was over but not the memory thereof. We made something over two miles in eight minutes and a half. The distance has been done in five minutes when earlier in the day, there was a clear road. Another night I made the ascent at ten o'clock at night, when all was darkness ahead, intensified, if possible, by the lantern we carried at our feet.

A Dissatisfied Actor's Holiday.

Castallano was this year appointed by his comrades to organize and manage the excursion, having an unlimited credit and arbitrary powers, and contracting to satisfy every desire of every member of the company.

They met in the morning at the Cafe de l'Ambigu and decided to go into the country—of course.

"Yes, but how?" growled Gil Peres; "on foot, by buss, in hacks, by train?" These things are all played out. Now, I want to go in a break, with four horses, two postilions, bells, ribbons—"

"Here it is," said Castellano as the vehicle of Gil Peres' dream drew up before the door.

They entered it and set out merrily.

"How do you like it?" asked the manager.

"Oh, it isn't bad, exactly," grumbled Gil Peres, "but slow—no fun. If we were only to upset, or——"

"Upset the coach, boys!" shouted Castellano to the postillions, and over it went, amid a chorus of shrieks, spilling everyone into the ditch. No one was hurt, but an axle was broken; the day was hot; the road was dusty. Never was a comedian so roundly abused as Gil Peres. However, a farm house was seen at some distance and the dissipated actors trudged wearily towards it.

"Ah, I wish," said Gil Peres, "that we could get a decent breakfast here."

At that moment a head waiter, napkin, in hand, appeared at the door and said:

"Gentlemen, breakfast has just been placed on the table."

They entered. Enchantment! Such a spread as Lucullas never dreamed of Gil Peres seized a knife and bounded towards a pate,

"Well, have you got everything you want, now?" asked Castellano.

"Everything," said the radiant actor, "though," he added, as a shade passed over his face, "these new boots bother my corns damnably."

So saying, he plunged his fork into a pate and drew out—his slippers,

The Steak.

Rev. Dr. Wells, of Boston, never ate meat on Fridays, He was a frequent guest at the house of Dr. Francis the elder, and as Dr. Wells was very abstemious, there was a constant playful struggle for and against generous living. "I remember," says Dr. Francis the younger, in his *Reminiscences*, "in particular when one morning at breakfast matters came to a crisis. Father had helped Dr. Wells to rolls, butter, and hominy—so far, good enough; but when he came to a broiled porter-house steak, it being Friday, Dr. Wells rose in argument, and urged its non-acceptance. Father persisted; said Dr. Wells was dying by inches; why starve himself by slow torture? why not commit suicide in a more dignified manner? He would not have a coroner's jury in his house, etc. Seeing the excitement of Dr. Francis, Dr. Wells quietly submitted, and received a delicate piece of the tenderest portion of the steak, on which a little gravy was poured. The conversation took a different channel: Hannah More, Tillotson, original depravity, Boston east winds, and various other subjects were discussed with animation and interest. From the corner of the table I saw what was going on. Dr. Wells continued to eat his roll and drink his tea, keeping his eyes on father, and now and then, when conversation flagged, telling one of his admirable anecdotes. Gradually the steak disappeared—he was burying it beneath the mound of hominy; and, playing with his food, at last concealed every vistage of the meat, and laid his knife and fork across his plate. Father looked down, and seeing 'all gone,' smiled triumphantly, and said:

"'The apostle is saved, his life is spared; we have, at least, got the active principle of vitality into his system. Why, boys, I can see the good effects already. There is a slight tendency to apoplexy even now in his face; his eye looks wilder,' etc.

"It was irresistible. A smile began to ripple over Dr. Wells' face, and he exclaimed, with a sigh:

"'Dear doctor, I feel much better. You are too kind;' and looked down on his plate, He could not deceive. In a moment all was discovered, the steak exhumed, and Dr. Wells was forgiven for 'the immense talent evinced on so important an occasion."

Humors of the Faculty.

The dreariness of the jests and the atrocity of the witticisms which the undergraduate editors accredit to their commanders of the class rooms, vary little in degree from season to season, but an exhibition of recent specimens of these traditionally stupid and insolent utterances may perhaps serve the useful purpose of causing a few old offenders to reform at the opening of this new year.

A Princeton professor remonstrating with a Sophomore for creating a disturbance in the class-room, laid his hand insinuatingly on the refractory one's shoulder with the remark: "My dear young man, the devil has hold of you." "Some of the gentlemen of this class are evidently cut out for professors," said one of those at Rochester University; "they have such a thirst for imparting information in the class-room." A Sophomore at Tufts in translating Horace was stopped by "faba" which the professor told him signified "bean," and then, as the translation was still delayed, added, "Well sir if you know beans, you ought to be able to proceed." "Gentlemen!" exclaimed a Middlebury protessor, "If you can't spend less time on euchre and more on German, Mrs. Hammond will get after you and burn you all up"—the allusion being to a woman preacher, noted for vivid rhetoric concerning the future punishment of the wicked. "Where did you tell me to begin, Professor?" asked a Harvard student who had lost the place. "I did not say, but you can go on where the last man left off," was the crafty response. "Comic" sections at Columbia were thus described by the Acta:

"Sir," thundered an irate proressor as his right hand described a parabola in the air and his eye shot a double ordinate of wrath straight through the focus of the offending sophomore, "Sir how shall I characterize such a definition of hyperbola as you have just given me?"

"I think," meekly responded the wretched Soph., convulsively twining his legs around the sub-tangent of the chair," "I think I shall call it hyperbolical."

"No sir!" came the crashing reply; "it is simply diabolical!" And then the stern features of the arbiter of fate relaxed, as he eliminated his victim from the chair and described the circumference of a British duck's egg in the register.

As an example of what a college officer can do in self-defence, the following current story may be once more reprinted; "A very tire-some civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the university professors who, for a joke and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent him to Dr. B. B—— with his engineering schemes as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say 'just one moment, Professor, one thing more.' Finally, his hearer's much tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said:"I only want to show you one more thing, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring a mountain, which I think will prove very valuable.' 'My dear sir,' burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit on the human race.' The engineer departed."

Among Polar Bears.

Three of the crew of the steamship Intrepid, Captain Soutar, had a very exciting adventure at the Greenland sea fishery this season. During the time that their vessel was fast beset among the ice, three of the crew—Thomas Royal, Wolverhampton; James Winter, Peterhead, and William Mulligan, Dundee—set out one day to pay a visit to the ship Perseverance, of Peterhead, which lay apparently about four miles distant. After walking about two miles it was seen that the distance between the two ships had been misjudged, and that in reality they were six miles apart; and the dangerous nature of the journey began to dawn upon the seamen when they realized how far they were from any vessel, the sealing clubs being the only weapon with which they were armed. They deliberated whether it would not be the best course to return to their ship. One of the trio insisted on making the journey, while the others were of the opinion that they should give up the attempt. In the midst of the debate a she bear with one cub arrived, and as she was fast coming up between the men and their ship, the only chance of escape was to run on the hope of reaching the Perseverance. When the men took to their heels the bear quickened her pace, and in a short time was close upon the sailors. To attempt to face the animal with their clubs was useless, and, accordingly, one by one o the men took portions of their clothing and threw them on the ice. In this way the progress of the bear was retarded, as Bruin stopped to snuff and tear at each of the articles as she came up to them. By this stratagem the men were enabled to keep a little ahead for about two miles. They had parted with most of their clothing, one of them had but his pants, a cravat, and a woollen shirt upon him. He had retained possession of his club, and fastening his cravat to the end of the weapon, he raised it as a signal of distress, and fortunately the attention of the crew of the Perseverance was attracted to the perilous position of the three seamen. Several of the crew of the Perseverance immediately set out, armed with guns, and, after running about a mile, they came up to the three just in time to save them, as they had almost no clothing left, and were exhausted with the chase. The bear and her cub were so close behind the rescuers that they had no difficulty in dispatching them with sveral bullets. The following morning the three sailors returned to the Intrepid. They were escorted part of the way by a number of the crew of the Perseverance, and the male bear having been seen in the vicinity, apparently on the lookout for the she bear and her cub, he was likewise killed.

Audubon and the Snake.

During Mr. Audubon's life in Henderson, Kentucky, he pursued the study of ornithology, frequently going to the woods and remaining there two or three months at a visit. Upon one occasion he followed a hawk peculiar to this country, and, so anxious was he to become the possessor of the bird, he pursued it two or three days, finally succeeding in killing it. He was never known to stop for streams of any kind; he would swim rivers or creeks in pursuit of any game or bird he might be in search of. At one time he watched a flicker, or what is commonly known as a yellow-hammer, until he saw it go in a hole near the top of an old tree. He immediately climbed the tree, and, running his hand into the hole to get the bird, caught hold of a large black snake. Pulling it out of the hole, and seeing what it was he immediately let go and he and the snake both fell to the ground. Mr. Audubon used to tell this story, with a good deal of humor to the many who often wondered at the risk he would take in the pursuit of this great study.

"Robin Adair."

The hero of "Robin Adair" was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the sobriquet of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but "detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a "lady of fashion, well-known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks, and, being slightly hurt, and, hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis she presented him with a fee of 100 guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of his fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Ann Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon fell desperately in love with him, and her emotions were so sudden and violent as to attract the general attention of the company. Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albemarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means were tried to induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were earnestly tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understanding as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent but never to dissolve an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life." When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town talk of the period, though now little more than a family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song.

An Emperor's Lost Heart.

At Plogastel in Brittany there is living an English physician named Thomas Cartwell, aged eighty-two years, who tells travelers a strange story in which he says he figured as a principal actor.

On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon the great died at Longwood, St. Helena, after causing Sir Hudson Lowe so much unhappiness that he went crazy and, returning to England, lost all his fortune in extravagant speculations in stocks. The Emperor's last companions, Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud and Las Cases, immediately made a demand for a physician expert in embalming. Sir Hudson Lowe, who shrank from no expense, sent a physician, an Italian named Automarchi, who had attended the Emporer when he was troubled with a sty in the eye. The doctor hastened to his work, but certain instruments were needed. He required at least two assistants, etc. etc. Sir Hudson Lowe made haste to supply all his demands. He sent a boat to an English frigate, at anchor in the offing, with a request for two naval surgeons, supplied with everything required for the embalming process.

One of the two persons sent was a youth of twenty years, well educated and full of ambition, and he was received on the island as Assistant Surgeon Thomas Cartwell. He and his comrade hastened to assist Dr. Autimarchi. About four in the afternoon of May 6th the work was begun. The corpse of Napoleon I. was lifted from the little bed where he had died and placed on a marble topped table which was still intact when, in 1858, Napoleon III, bought with government funds, the small house in which had died the man he persisted in making the public believe to have been his uncle. The process of embalming was not finished when night interrupted it. Automarchi and his assistants agreed that the completion of it must be postponed until the next morning. They determined to go to bed and resume their work at daybreak. First they covered the Emporer's body with a white cloth which they sprinkled and saturated with certain liquids to prevent putrefaction. The various internal organs that had been removed were placed in metal cups on the operating table. Then the three operators went to their rooms and slept profoundly.

They had hardly been asleep an hour when Marchand, the valet of the dead Emporer, knocked at Cartwell's, door, calling out "Come down, sir, quick! a great misfortune has just happened." "What is it?" said the young surgeon, appearing in his uniform. "Oh, sir, the Emporer's heart has been eaten by rats!" It was true. The island was infested with rats. They were as thick as the English. While Marchand was out of the room, some rats had rushed in and finding the heart of the conqueror of Austerlitz in a basin, had made but a mouthful of it. The valet, on returning to the room, saw them scamper away, and all he could do was to announce the irreparable loss.

What was to be done? The physicians met and consulted. It was impossible to conceal the absence of the organ that had been eaten up, the operation of embalming having been begun before witnesses who had seen it. To confess the accident was to expose Marchand to severe rebuke, and the poor fellow was already wretched enough. A happy thought occurred to Cartwell. "If we could only get a sheep's heart," he suggested to Automarchi with excessive caution. All the four persons present looked at one another nervously, hesitated, and then began to laugh together like four Roman augurs. They understood one another. Marchand ran to a neighboring farm, killed a sheep and brought back the heart still warm and palpitating.

On the next day, the 7th of May, Automarchi and his assistants, in the presence of General Bertrand and M. de Montholon, finished the embalming of the Emporer, without any person among his suit in the least suspecting the extraordinary performance of the night before. If the story is true, and if the old retired English ex-surgeon of Plogastel is not a joker the heart of a sheep of St. Helena has been resting for thirty-three years under the dome of the Invalids.

A Good Word for the Pipe.

Its certain that the smell of room is not improved by the odor of stale tobacco smoke, and this applies with double force if segars have been smoked; even the most inveterate smoker will find a room unpleasant in the morning where segars have been smoked over-night. If only good tobacco be smoked in one's dining-room during the evening, the smell is immediately removed by opening the windows for half an hour in the morning; on the contrary, if segars are smoked, it will take days before the room loses the odor of stale segar-smoke, which is sickening to most people.