

## Why I Disobeyed Orders.

Mr. Singleton, the manager of the banking house of Sterling, Cash & Co., came up to my desk with a pleasant smile, and handed me an envelope.

"I suppose you would like your holiday now, Frank," he said. "You have drudged the year through without murmuring or shrinking from your duty, and the firm gives you four weeks—a whole month my boy."

"Thank you, Mr. Singleton," I said blushing and smiling. "You have been good enough to speak kindly of me to the company, I see, and I heartily thank you."

"I did not commend you to them more than you deserve, Frank," he returned. "Come back to your place a month from to-day, and see to it that your face is not so pale as it is just now. I trust you will have a pleasant vacation."

Then, with a pleasant laugh, he added: "Above all things don't fall in love."

"Fall in love!" I repeated to myself, as Mr. Singleton quietly returned to his private room. "No, by Jove, Frank St. John, you must think of something else than love making—fishing, shooting, boating, wandering through the grand old woods that are within rifle shot of the dear old home, where that dear sweet mother of mine still lives to bless us all."

I opened the envelope. It contained an order on the cashier for one hundred dollars.

"Cool," I cried. "I have saved a couple of hundred during the year. With this generous present I ought to make the month merrily. No, Mr. Singleton, I added, don't be afraid of my love is not on my note book, I assure you."

At that moment, however, a human nature that while I yet mused there fitted before my mind's eye a form that used to make my heart jump into my throat.

"Ah, Jennie, I suppose you have forgotten me," I murmured. "I suppose you have entirely ignored me, now that I have been absent from you for nearly a whole year. Some other fellow, I suppose, is a good deal nearer and dearer to you now than ever I imagined myself in your estimation. Well, never mind, Jennie Strong, I won't be jealous of him."

And yet, somehow, while I was making my preparations to return to the native nest, Jennie's sweet face, with her deep blue eyes, would peep into my sober orbs.

My home was near Oneida lake, and I made haste reach it.

The first day of my vacation saw me in all my, the afternoon of the second in Utica, and hours later I was in dear mother's arms, as happy as a king.

Now, mind you, I had firmly resolved not to think of love, for my superior had particularly warned me against indulging in such a silly pastime; and so, just as soon as I had rested and called on my brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, who were not at the homestead, but were settled within a few miles of it, I began to make grand preparations for the rod and gun work.

But somehow, when I got in the woods the game wouldn't stay long enough to be shot; and, as for the fish, they nibbled the bait away without so much as touching the hook. I couldn't make it out. I used to be accounted a sure shot, and as for fishing, why the finny creatures were so glad to be caught by me that they would follow whenever I went to the lake!

"I don't know how it is, first week," I said, before the close of the first week. "But there's no use of my carrying a gun or fishing rod any longer; I can't shoot or hook game."

"Oh, I know the reason, Frank," cried Margaret, the sister who always teased me most, and who, of my near relatives, I cared most for. "Oh, I know, brother mine," she repeated. "What will you give to know?"

"Nothing," I said petulantly. "All I know is I don't do anything at home now as I used to do it."

"Of course not, sir," with mock seriousness. "Slave of that mustache, you're so vain of, with your city airs, and the fish will bite."

"Tush!" I exclaimed. "And, Master Frank," continued my tease, "if you rid your mind of one thought you can bring down wood game enough."

"Blushed."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I would like to know, sir," she retorted, "why you have never thought of calling on a certain personage you were so very sweet on before you went to the big city. It's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that you're some fashionable flame on your cards, sir, and have entirely forgotten poor Jennie Strong, to whom you vowed eternal constancy before you left her, to mourn over her sad fate."

"You're foolish, Margie," I said, tartly.

"Oh, these young men, these young men!" continued raising her hands upward and looking solemnly out of her great eyes. "What conceited puppies they are!"

My face was aflame.

"I promised Mr. Singleton," I said, gaspingly, "before I left him him not to fall in love."

Maggie, on hearing this, fairly crowed with laughter, and I could not help noticing the quiet smile that for the moment illuminated my mother's dark sober eyes.

"Besides," I added, "I had supposed that Miss Strong would not be so foolish as to reject any one who paid her due attention, simply because we were schoolmates for a time."

"Did you ever?" cried Margaret. "I never," she added, demurely.

We were standing on the portico of the house which overlooked the lake while this uninteresting conversation was progressing. We did not, however, notice that the sun had suddenly darkened, and the wind sweeping up the lake had raised the placid waters of a half hour before into turbulent waves. The wind rapidly increased in violence, and it grew so dark that it seemed the night was about to let its curtains fall in thick folds upon the earth. The water began to pitch and toss at a fearful rate, and the long, crest crowned waves broke with a roar upon the beach, while the trees were bent by the force of the gale until their topmost branches touched the ground.

"Good heavens!" suddenly cried my sharp-eyed sister; look! look there—on the lake. See that boat. It will capsize. It's sail is torn into ribbons, but still the boat is in danger. Who's in it, Frank? Can't you see? Get the glass.

It's a woman, as I am alive, and she'll perish with no one to help her. O, that I were a man!"

By this time I had the telescope to my eye. It was just as Margaret had said—a young woman, terror-stricken and helpless, was in it at the mercy of the waves—exposed to the fury of the terrible tornado that was now taking up great trees by their roots and whirling them into the black air. I saw the face of the struggling woman. One glance told me who it was.

"Who is it?" cried my mother and sister together. "Is it a neighbor? It must be."

"I will you all about her in a minute," I said, as I threw off my coat and rushed into the storm. I heeded not the voices of those who called after me to return, and I avoided not the debris of the land which the whirling gale hurled and played with in space.

On I rushed towards the shore. I entered the boat-house and untying the yawl, leaped into it, and unhesitatingly pushed into the deep. I stood up. The wind caught the boat and I drove it toward the middle of the lake, drove it directly toward where I had seen the boat it which was the woman. I looked around me. The gale not increased. I saw that which made me shudder. Within a hundred yards of me I saw a capsize boat.

"May God!" I cried; "is she lost?"

My eyes caught sight of a part of a woman's dress. Next I saw an arm, the hand holding on to the rudder of the useless craft; then a white face turned up, the eyes closed. I shuddered. There was too much repose in that face. It reminded me of death.

I was now close upon the capsize boat. I must use every effort to seize the woman ere I was blown past her.

"Now!" I said, as I stooped and clutched the dress.

Another moment, and was rods away from the boat, but I had retained my hold of the woman's arm and dress. I gradually drew the form towards me; then, with a great effort, I raised it into the yawl, taking it to my heart, and passionately kissing the pale, marble like lips.

"She is dead—dead!" I murmured. "Poor child! And I so loved her, notwithstanding all I have said to the contrary."

The storm ended almost as suddenly as it began. Carefully laying my precious burden on the floor of the boat, I put the ears in the rowlocks and pulled energetically toward the shore. I was met there by my mother, sister and friends.

Who is it? asked Margaret, as she called to me before I had quite reached the beach.

Ere I could answer her the boat struck the pebbles of the shore. Before its impetus could be checked it ground its way half its length beyond the water.

"Why, it's Jennie Strong!" cried my mother, as she looked into the boat.

"It is," I replied, as I gathered in my strong arms the unconscious, if not the inanimate body of poor Jennie, and ran straightway with it to the house, followed by my amazed relatives.

Precisely in thirty days from the commencement of my vacation I was at my desk in the banking house ready for work. Mr. Singleton greeted me with a smile.

"You look well, Frank," he said, cordially, taking me by the hand. "I see you have obeyed my instructions. You look brown and healthy, and with stamina enough to struggle through another year."

"I have obeyed you in all things but one, sir," I replied, with a smile.

"In what have you disobeyed me, sir?"

"I couldn't help falling in love with an old friend, and—marrying her."

"What, sir?" he cried; "a benediction soon?"

I told him quietly my little romance as I have you, reader.

A Good Digestion.

The largest measure of human happiness, it has been truly said, results from a perfect digestion. In the race of life, a sufferer from dyspepsia (indigestion) is not only heavily burdened, but the infirmity of temper begotten by the ailment so overshadows and warps what may naturally be a fine disposition, that he oftentimes becomes a nuisance not only to himself, but to his friends. A bad or indifferent digestion begets bad or in different work, for the simple reason that the sufferer is unable to work up to his own powers. Whether a man be a poet or printer, statesman or stationer, he can never hope to make his mark in the world, or live comfortably and happily, if he fail to properly digest his food.

We trust that the following hints—for which we are indebted to Mr. Andrew W. Truer, Editor of *The Paper and Printing Trades Journal*—supplementary to our paper in a recent issue (No. 927) on the subject of Dyspepsia, may not only be the means of bringing relief to the sufferer, but may root the enemy altogether. The commonest and most distressing symptoms of indigestion are a sense of weight or oppression in the stomach after partaking of a generally unenjoyed meal, often followed by irritability of temper, depression of spirits, and a sense of general discomfort vaguely termed "out of sorts." An attack may last for days, or for weeks, or be so long continued as to become almost chronic. Medicine may give temporary relief, but that is all. The cause of the mischief, which may be taken to result from a fermentive process communicated to every meal almost as soon as swallowed, must be removed. An antiseptic must be looked for, that, while stopping or killing the ferment, will be harmless to the system; and we find it in glycerine, which was first mentioned in connection with indigestion about eighteen months ago by Doctors Sydney Ringer and William Murrell, in a joint article in the *Lancet*, wherein its use was recommended in cases of flatulence, acidity, and pyrosis. Glycerine is not only an antiseptic or ferment killer agreeable to take, but appears to possess the singular quality of passing through the digestive organs unchanged.

A drachm of glycerine mixed in half a wine-glass full of water is to be swallowed with, or immediately after each meal until the enemy takes to flight, which in an ordinary case will be from one to two days, and in an obstinate one, perhaps a fortnight. Sooner or later, unless the disposing causes are removed, another attack will follow, and the glycerine will have to be resumed.

"Predisposing causes" having been referred to, it must now be the endeavor to find out what they are, so that a perfect cure may be effected and the glycerine discarded altogether. One's own common sense would suggest that food known to disagree should be avoided. Indigestion is often set up at the earliest, and to the dyspeptic, the lightest meal of the day, at which he probably confines himself to crisp toast buttered as soon as cold, bread-and-butter with a very lightly boiled egg, or a little fat bacon, the whole moistened with a little tea. In the word just used, "moistened," probably lies the predisposing cause. The food, when only half chewed, is moistened with a sip of tea to expedite its departure to the stomach; but to insure its digestion, be it ever so simple, the food must be thoroughly masticated and receive during the process the necessary moisture from the saliva. Food should be swallowed without any extraneous aid in a liquid form, and ought never to be washed down. A sip of tea may be taken between the bites, but not when there is food in the mouth, of which a fair quantity ought to be disposed of before the tea is even thought of. The tea itself, by being slowly sipped, receives its share of the saliva, and is rendered more digestible. And this assertion is borne out by the fact, that many persons who cannot digest milk when gulped or drunk down quickly, readily do so when it is slowly sipped.

The habit of taking one's breakfast in the manner recommended is so very easily acquired, that, after the first trial, no inconvenience will be felt; in fact, the food will be enjoyed, and the pleasure of the meal greatly increased. Indigestions committed at the dinner-table are credited as the cause of many dyspeptic attacks; but probably more may be traced to the pernicious habit indicated and indulged in by so many persons at breakfast and tea.

A final hint as to the tea at breakfast. The epicurean method of making it, and that, we believe, practised by professional tea-tasters, is to put a single spoonful—let it be of the best and without any admixture of green—into a breakfast cup, which is filled up with boiling water, covered with a plate or saucer, and allowed to stand for three minutes only, when—after decanting

into another cup, so as to dispose of the leaves, which will remain behind—the tea is made. Sugar is added to taste, and lastly milk—and very little, if any, of it. Tea made in this manner is not only most deliciously aromatic, but most digestible; for the bitter tannin, which is apt to harden—literally to tan—the food in the stomach, is left behind.

"THE BEAR IS A BEAST," says a quaint old book, published in London three centuries ago, "whose flesh is good for mankynd; his fat is good, with laudanum, to make an ointment to heale baldheaded men to receive the hayre agayne." We know of many "baldheaded men" who would be glad to "receive the hayre agayne," but we do not desire to encourage them in a trial of bear's fat and laudanum. Far from it. We, however, do not hesitate to commend Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s Hair Vigor, which not only has the effect in some cases of making the hair grow on heads once bald, but cleans the scalp and restores gray and faded hair to its original color and vitality, imparting to the glossiness and softness of youth. The evidences of its utility are too numerous and of too high a character to admit of any doubt. It required years of study and scientific experiment to decide upon the combination of ingredients that would accomplish what Ayer's Hair Vigor now does.—*The Interior*, Chicago, Ill.

Smith Again.

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