

SIN'S LITTLE GIRL.

"Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the Company."

"Now I've got you by the arm, boy, I want to tell you something. Then if you want to go back into that saloon, you may."

"I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know it because he sees some need of it. I've had an eye on you ever since the Company promoted you to an engine, and I want you to make a fair trip of your life. You're a fine, bright youngster. I don't never say things to compliment."

"Just takin' dinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know 'all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here."

"Of all men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands unobscured. Ours is a grand business. I don't think folks look at it as they ought to. Remember, when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power, sort of made me think fast, square up and feel much of a man."

"I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me; our hearts were set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer. She used to say so anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks; I saw you walkin' with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday."

"And after awhile we had the little girl. How I felt when I came home and they put her into my arms the first time! I looked silly and sort of glad! My wife, she just laughed out loud, to see me handle the little thing so awkwardly."

"I never liked little children much, but I took to that un' powerful. Everybody took to her."

"George, boy, did you ever take time to go and peep at young ferns in the spring? You see 'em all doubled together like a twenty fist. That's what she was at first; all fist and squirm; beauty curled up tight. Then they unfold and spread out, and come up bright and delicate, and finer'n you can put into words. That's just the way she did. Every night I come home, I found her growed and plumped more. Used to toss her up, and she'd squeal like a squirrel, and come down on my face in fits of laughter."

"Oh, I daren't think about her cunningness! But the very first word she learned to say was 'Papa!'"

"We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothing seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find out a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Eudora Isabel. But that sounded very like fol-der-rol. Then we had up Rebecca and Maud, and Amanda Ann and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see 'Katie.' She looked Katie, I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it, so Katie she was."

"I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made 'n a wax figure; her eyes were bigger and blacker 'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead; and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter."

"Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft like under the roof of my heart, 'God bless my baby!—God bless my little lamb!'"

"As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her into my cab, and showed her the 'tachments of the engine, and learned her signals and such things. She took such an interest, and was the smartest little thing! Seemed as if she had always known 'em. She loved the road. Remember once hearing her say to a playmate, 'There's papa. He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?'"

"My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of a hand to me, as we rushed by."

"Well, sir, them was happy years. I most kills me to look over 'em now. I was doin' too well. Had an idea I was a man made to prosper. I felt good to all the world, and that 'd been well, if I'd shown my good friend-ship some other way. But men are fools; I was so dazy, I couldn't refuse a social glass, and I was always free toasting others. Many's the time we've stood, three or four fools of us, clinin' our glasses and drinkin' to brotherhood—drinkin' the very thing that made us fit for anything but brothers. It pleased me most to have them pledge my little girl. And they'd toast her, the deeper I'd drink. And I was drinkin' death to her and damnation to me."

"I'll cut it off short. Didn't mean to say but a few words to you, but I got to thinkin' so. Can't spin it out much longer, or there'll be no man left of me."

"Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good-fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whirr! We was awful jolly, the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Wasn't no such time never made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town."

"I had a tipsy eye out, and, George, as we was flyin' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still!"

"The air seemed full of Katics. I could have stopped the engine, if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right ahead into a pile of ties some wretch had laid on the track!—right over my baby!—Oh my baby!—Go away, George."

"There! And do you want me to tell you how the sight of that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walk alive to-day the murderer of my own child who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' awhile ago brought all this on me?"

"You'll let this pass by, makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate 'un."

(O, God! Oh my baby!)

"I can knock down any man twice my size for a good reason, George Burks, but my heart just melts to water for that little girl."

WAYFARERS.

The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But, oh! my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turns us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, darling—
So tired, the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For, lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn;
And on we go, with empty hands,
And garments soiled and worn.
But oh! the dear All Father
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers and winter robes
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love and famished?
Art faint and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joyous as at first;
For, oh! the sun sets never
Within that land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep;
But, oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set
We two are going home.

SCIENTIFIC.

PAINLESS AND BLOODLESS AMPUTATION.

The most interesting operations in the whole round of medical practice are the amputations. The cutting off of an arm or limb has not those dangerous results attending it which other threaten operations where the internal organs, the viscera, or the brain are concerned; it is tolerably easy of performance, requiring only a certain adroitness and "nerve," a good eye and a good hand, and when well done, is a brilliant performance. The one thing, which has of late years altered in a visible manner the general character of surgical operations generally, and perhaps more especially those of amputations, is the introduction of anaesthetics. An operation is no longer an agonizing vivisection. There are no cries, no struggling, no pain. This was a grand step; recently there has been another. It is the invention of a local appliance by which the blood is completely shut off from the limb to be operated upon. Something of this kind was tried a number of years ago and it failed. The tourniquet had its partisans and its day. The blood by its use could not be driven out of the limb; it only shut off the current so that no fresh blood could enter, but what was already there remained and was lost. It was discarded; but during the Franco-Prussian war a German surgeon, Dr. Esmarch, brought it into use again under a new and greatly improved form. By the addition of an elastic band wound tightly around the limb the requisite amount of pressure can be brought to bear precisely where it is needed. It has been everywhere tried and has invariably met with success. Bloodless amputation is the latest

topic in the schools, and at the clinics, and the Esmarch method is heralded as a successful advance. Thanks to either, capital operations are painless; thanks to the Esmarch method it is bloodless. There was at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, recently, an operation performed by Dr. Wood—an amputation of the leg—in which both ether and the Esmarch appliance was used. The scene contrasted strongly with those of some of the operations in Paris and other European cities, where very often neither of these modern improvements are brought into requisition.

If a limb is to be amputated, for instance, the surgeon begins by administering anaesthetics, as usual, and the patient being reduced to a comatose state, he takes a long, elastic bandage, and beginning at the toes, wraps it around the limb tightly, each successive turn overlapping the former one half, until the entire limb below, and four or five inches above the place of amputation is completely enveloped. This forces all the blood in the limb upward, beyond the point of incision. When this is accomplished, a piece of flexible rubber tube is wound tightly around the member just at the upper edge of the bandage and secured by knots. This prevents the blood from returning; and it only remains necessary to remove the elastic bandage below, in order to be ready for the amputation. No blood follows the knife, and the operator can see to perform his work as well as if carving a round of beefsteak. When the work is completed, and all the arteries tied, the tube is loosened for the purpose of letting in the blood, in order to discover any twig-arteries not yet fastened. By this method the patient not only does not lose any blood from above the wound, but that below is retained in the veins, leaving much greater strength in the body to recover from the shock than where the usual hemorrhage occurs. It is thought that this method may be also utilized to avoid the administration of anaesthetics, which are so much, though as a rule unnecessarily, feared. The very tight elastic bandage several inches above the incision, it is believed, deadens the nerves of sensation to such an extent that the operation can be performed without great pain to the subject, even though not under the influence of ether. Professor Andrews used this method not long since upon a young woman in Mercy Hospital, by Pirogoff's amputation. When the bandage was removed the limb had a white shrivelled appearance, and the cutting yielded only three or four drops of blood. It follows from this that the usual tourniquet is an unnecessary instrument, and that the rubber band is an excellent substitute therefor.

Operations as performed by Dr. Wood and others at Bellevue Hospital differ from the above in but one particular—the elastic band is not applied at the toes, but above the wounded or injured part. The subject operated upon recently at Bellevue, was a little boy who had been run over by a horse-car, his right leg below the knee being badly crushed. He was brought to the hospital eight days before. The large new amphitheatre high up in Bellevue was densely packed with students and physicians eager and impatient to witness the new and much discussed bloodless amputation. The centre around the operating table was kept clear, and no one could approach except the surgeon and his assistants. The operating table is a fixture, being fastened to the floor by one grand central leg. It is a plain six-foot table, heavy and covered with a black mattress; which has a wedge-shaped pillow at one end. The table is made to rise or fall as is required, and when in use is draped with white canvas. Upon this table the little fellow was placed. He was pale but showed no signs of fear. A cloth wet with ether was thrown over his mouth and nose; a half minute sufficed—he was asleep.

The crushed limb was exposed, a roll of crimson elastic banding was produced, and slowly wound from the knee upward to nearly the top of the leg, and a piece of white rubber pipe was bound tightly around it at the upper extremity, lapping the red scroll like the capitol of a column. Not a muscle stirred as the knife and saw did their work. There was no gushing of the crimson fluid; the pound of flesh was taken without the shedding of Christian blood. The little patient came to himself just as the last artery was tied. He moaned softly, but not like one who suffered acutely. He is now doing well, and a few hours after the amputation he was quietly sleeping in his hospital cot.

THE NEW COMBUSTIBLE.

We stated, says *Gulistan's Messenger*, a short time ago, that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery, that earth, coal, and soda mixed up together would burn as well and better than any other combustible and the fact has since been proved without a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious. He had been scraping the floor of his cellar with a shovel, in order to bring all the bits of coal lying about into a heap, which, mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he attempted to discover the cause, and found that a great deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments, and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical.

The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery caused trials to be made everywhere, and it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth and one of coal dust, mixed with a concentrated solution of soda will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it; but only one, the *Moniteur*, went so far as to make the experiment at its printing office. A certain quantity of friable, and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the quantum of coal dust prescribed; the two ingredients were well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above-mentioned. The fireplace of one of the boilers had previously been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with shovelfull of the mixture. The latter in a few seconds, was transformed into a brown, dry crust, which soon after became red hot, and then burned brightly, but without being very rapidly consumed. The fact of the combustion is, therefore, well ascertained; but, before the system can be universally adopted, there are some important points to be considered, such as the calorific power of the mixture compared to that of pure coal, its price, and, above all, a remedy for the great drawback attached to it—its fouling the fire-grate considerably.

THE BRAIN.

It is now a well established physiological fact that mental action is a distinctly physical process, depending primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the brain, precisely as muscular action depends primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the muscular tissues. Without the free circulation of blood in the brain, there can be neither thought nor sensation, neither emotions nor ideas. It necessarily follows that thought, the only form of the brain action which we have here to consider, is a process not merely depending upon, but in its turn affecting, the physical condition of the brain, precisely as muscular exertion of any given kind depends on the quality of the muscles employed, and affects the condition of those muscles, not at the moment only, but thereafter, conducing to their growth and development if wisely adjusted to their power, or causing waste and decay if excessive and too long continued. It is important to notice that this is not a mere analogy. The relation between thought and the condition of the brain is a reality. So far as this statement affects our ideas about actually existent mental power, it is of little importance; for it is not more useful to announce that a man with a good will possesses good mental powers, than to say that a muscular man will be capable of considerable exertion. But as it is of extreme importance to know of the relation which exists between muscular exercise and the growth or development of bodily strength, so it is highly important for us to remember that the development of mental power depends largely on the exercise of the mind. There is a "training" for the brain, as well as for the body—a real physical training—depending, like bodily training, on rules as to nourishment, method of action, quantity of exercise, and so forth.

HUMOROUS.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, and the other on end, directly in front of the Surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with a solemn eye of a Surrogate, and shook his head as only a Surrogate can shake it.

"Are you the witness?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify."

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the Surrogate.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions, so that he was not as much struck with the Surrogate as he otherwise might have been; and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'n it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and, that's sint one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg!" said the Surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the Surrogate as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said

Mr. Jagger, who, after being under his very nose, was that he had not, and himself had to fetch Mr. Slagg, who was on his way to the door.

"Call Walker to the witness stand," said Mr. Jagger.

Walker, a thin man in a black suit, had a something of the kind, and had been actually withdrawn as soon as he saw that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

Mr. Rawley looked the Court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the Court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and was soon after seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.

From the "Attorney," by John T. Irving.

TAKING IN THE CLOTHES.

AN AGONIZING DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE—HOW A MAN HELPS HIS WIFE.

What a frightful sensation that is when you have just got home of a cold Monday night, and pulled your boots off, to be told that the week's washing is out on the line and must be brought in. Now, to do this of a drowsy eve in summer, with the delicate perfume of the flowers filling the air, and a brass band on the next street, is not exactly a hardship; but to do it in the dead of winter, with a chilling breeze blowing, and the clothes as stiff as a rolling pin, is something no man can contemplate without quaking. We don't quite understand how it is that a man invariably gets his boots off before the dread summons comes, but the rest of it is plain enough. There is a sort of rebellious feeling in his heart which prompts him to try to entangle his wife in an argument, and failing in this, he snatches up the basket and goes out in the yard with it, rapping it against the sides of the door with as much vigor as if it were not purely accidental. If the fond wife is any way attentive she can hear his well known voice consigning various objects to eternal suffering, long after he has disappeared. There is no levity in a line of frozen clothes. Every article is as fragile as the Cardiff Giant, and the man who wrenches the pin off and then holds the basket in expectation of seeing the piece drop off the line of its own accord is too pure and simple for this world. But our man isn't of this nature. He catches hold of the garment with his chilled hand and seeks to pull it off, but it doesn't come. Then he yanks it upward and then downward, and then sideways; and when it comes off it maintains the shape it has been all the afternoon working into, which permits it just as readily to enter the basket as to be shoved through the key-hole of a valise. The first articles double up with his hands, and there is a faint semblance of carelessness in packing them away; but after that he smashes them away into the basket without any ceremony, and crowds them down with his foot. He uses the same care in taking down a fine cambric handkerchief that he does in capturing a sheet, and makes two handkerchiefs of every one. When he gets far from the basket he allows the articles to multiply in his arms, so as to save steps and when he gets his arms full of the awkward and miserable things, whose sharp, icy corners jab him in the neck and face, and he comes to an article that refuses to give way on one end. He pulls and shakes desperately at it, howling and screaming in his rage, until he inadvertently steps on the dragging end of a sheet, and then he comes down flat on the frozen snow, but bounds up again, grating his teeth, and hastily depositing the bundle in the basket, darts back to the refractory member, and, taking hold of it, fiercely tugs at it while he fairly jumps up and down in the extremity of his anger and cold. Then it comes unexpectedly, and with it a part of the next article, and he goes over again—this time on his back and with violence. With the clothes gathered, he takes the basket up in his livid hands, thus bringing the top articles against his already frozen chin, and, thus tortured, propels his lifeless limbs into the house. She stands ready to tell him to close the door, and is thoughtful enough to ask him if it's cold work. But if he's a wise man he will silently plant himself in front of the stove, and, framing his frozen features into an implacable frown, will preserve that exterior without the faintest modification until bedtime.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the Workman Office, 124 Bay Street.

Here is an order lately received by a music dealer: "Please send me the music to strike the harp in praise of God, and paddle your own canoe." It is almost as unique as the title page of a new piece of music, which reads: "Hark! sister is dying with piano forte accompaniment!" or like the sheet of music hanging in a shop window, entitled, "You may kiss me on my lips, darling," for 25 cents.

The Licensed Victuallers of this city have formed an association, and are rapidly progressing with the work of thorough organization.