The Bells of Lynn.

When the eve is growing gray and the tide is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
And the fisher folks are near,
But I wis they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay and I hear their merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song and his merry face I see;
And now he's at the pier,
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.

Oh, my love, your cheek is cold and your hands are stark and thin!
Oh, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?
Oh, have you naught to say
Upon our wedding day?
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across the Bay of Lynn?

Oh, my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!
For I fear this rising sea and these winds and waves that moan!
But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream, and I am all alone—
Alone and old and gray, and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

PAULINE.

Priscilla flew to the rescue. She found me lying senseless, and destined, upon my recovery, to be brought before the magistrate. A doctor was soon procured, who testified to my innocence so far as alcohol was concerned. The energetic Priscilla, after placing me safely in a cab, gave the officers a bit of her mind as to the discomforts under which she had found me laboring. She then departed triumphantly with her unconscious charge, and laid him on the bed he had so rashly quitted.

I am grieved to be compelled to gather from her words, that, in spite of the indignation she displayed toward the policemen, her estimate of my condition was the same as theirs. She was particularly grateful to the doctor, whom, I fear, she looked upon as a clever and complaisant practitioner, who had extricated a gentleman from a scrape by a well-timed but untruthful explanation.

"But I never knew a body stop insensible so long after it. Don't ee do it again, Master Gilbert," she concluded.

I did not combat her suspicions. Priscilla was scarcely the one to whom I wished to confide the adventures of the night. By far the simplest way was to say nothing, to leave her to draw her own, and, perhaps, not unnatural conclusions.

"I won't do it again," I said. "Now get me some breakfast. Tea and toast—anything."

She went to do my bidding. It was not that I was hungry. I wanted to be alone for a few minutes, to think—or think as well as my aching head would allow.

I recalled every thing that had happened since I left the door of my house. The entranced walk, the drunken guide, the song I heard, and, afterward, those horrible, eloquent sounds and touches. Everything was clear and connected up to the moment the opiate was forced upon me; after that my mind was a blank. Priscilla's tale showed me that during that blank I must have been transported several miles and deposited in the thoroughfare where I was found by the policeman. I saw through the crafty scheme. I had been dropped, insensible, far away from the scene of the crime at which I had been present. How wild and improbable my tale would seem! Would any one believe it?

Then I remembered my horror at what I felt streaming over my hand as I lay pinned down upon the fallen man. I called Priscilla.

"Look," I said, holding my right hand toward her, "is it clean—was it clean, when you found me?"

"Clean—la, no, Master Gilbert!"

"What was on it?" I asked, excitedly.

"All covered with mud, just as if you'd been dabbling in the gutter. The first thing I did when I got you home was to wash your poor hands and face. I hoped it would bring you round—it generally does, you know."

"But my coat sleeve—my shirt sleeve. The right hand side. See if anything is on them."

Priscilla laughed. "You haven't got ne'er a right hand sleeve left. They were cut or torn off above the elbow. Your arm was naked."

Every scrap of circumstantial evidence which would confirm my tale was vanishing away. There would be nothing to support it except the assertion of a blind man, who left his house in the dead of night, secretly, and who was found, several hours afterward, miles away, in such a state that the guardians of the public morals were compelled to take charge of him.

Yet I could not remain silent with the knowledge of such a crime weighing on my mind. The next day I had entirely recovered from the effects of the opiate, and after consideration sent for my solicitor. He was a confidential friend, and I resolved to be guided by his advice. In a very short time I found it was hopeless to think of carrying conviction to his mind. He listened gravely, giving vent to "Well, well!" "Bless my soul!" "Shocking!" and other set expressions of surprise, but I knew he was only humoring me, and looked upon the whole thing as a delusion. I have no doubt that Priscilla had been talking to him and telling him all she knew. His incredulity annoyed me, so I told him, testily, I should say no more about the affair.

"Well, I wouldn't if I were you," he said.

"You don't believe me?"

"I believe you are saying what you think is true; but if you ask me, my opinion is that you walked in your sleep and dreamed all this."

Too cross to argue with him, I took his advice, so far as he was concerned, and said no more about it. Afterward I tried another friend with a similar result. If those who had known me from childhood would not believe me, how could I expect strangers to do so? Everything I had to reveal was so vague and unsupported. I could not even fix upon the spot where the crime was committed. I had ascertained that no house in Walpole street could be opened by a key similar to mine. There was no other street of that name any where near. My friend with the unsteady feet must have misunderstood me and conducted me to another row of houses.

I thought, at one time, of advertising and asking him to communicate with me, but I could not word a request which should be intelligible to him, without, perchance, exciting the suspicions of those who were concerned in the crime. Even now, if they had discovered my true name and abode, there might be some one on the watch for any movement I might make. I had been spared once, but no mercy would be shown me a second time. Why should I risk my life by making disclosures which would not be believed—accusations against men who were unknown to me? What good could I do? By now the assassins must have hidden all trace of the crime, and made good their retreat. Why should I face the ridicule which must attach to such a tale as mine, the truth of which I could not prove? No; let the horrors of that night be as a dream. Let them fade and be forgotten.

Soon I have something else to think of; something that may well drive such dismal memories from my mind. Hope has become certainty. I am almost delirious with delight. Science has triumphed! My defeated foe has left me. I am told his return is almost beyond possibility. The world is light again! I can see!

But my cure was a long and tedious affair. Both eyes were operated upon. First one, and, when the success of that operation was assured, the other. It was months before I was allowed to emerge altogether from darkness. Light was doled out to me sparingly and cautiously. What did that matter so long that I knew there was light again for me? I was patient, very patient and grateful. I followed Mr. Jay's instructions to the letter, knowing I should reap the reward of so doing.

My case had been treated by the simplest and safest method of operation—the one which is always chosen when the nature of the disease and the age of the patient permits—solution or absorption it is termed. When it was all over, and all danger of inflammation at an end; when I found that by the aid of strong convex glasses I could see well enough for all ordinary purposes, Mr. Jay congratulated both himself and me. It promised he said, to be the most thoroughly successful cure he had ever taken part in. It must have been something above the common, as I am informed that every book on the eye which has since been published cites my case as an example of what may be done.

Not until my dying day shall I forget that time when my cure was declared a fact; when the bandages were removed, and I was told I might now use, sparingly, my uncurtained eyes.

The joy, from what seemed never ending night, to wake and see the sun, the stars—the clouds sped by the wind across the fair blue sky! To see green branches swaying with the breeze, and throwing trembling shadows on my path! To mark the flower; a bud but yesterday—to-day a bloom! To watch the broad, bright sea grow splendid with the crimson of the west! To gaze on pictures, people, mountains, streams—to know shape, color, form and tint! To see, not hear alone, the moving lips and laugh of those who grasped my hand and spoke kind words!

To me, in those first days of new-born ligh, the face of every woman, man and child seemed welcome as the face of some dear friend, long lost and found again!

After this description of my ecstacy it seems pure bathos to say that the only thing which detracted from it was my being obliged to wear those strong convex glasses. I was young and they were horribly disfiguring.

"Shall I never be able to do without them?" I asked, rather ruefully.

"That," replied Mr. Jay, "is a point upon which I wish to speak to you. You will never be able to do without *glasses*. Remember I have destroyed, absorbed, dissolved the glasses in your eyes called crystalline lenses. Their place is now supplied by the fluid humor. This has a high refracting power. Very often if you don't give in to Nature she will give in to you. If you can take the trouble to coerce her, she will gradually meet you. If any one should do this it is you. You are young; you have no profession, and your bread does not depend upon your sight. Glasses you must always wear, but if you insist that Nature shall act without such strong aids as these, the chances are she will at last consent to do so. It is a tedious process, few have been able or have had patience to persevere; but my experience is that in many instances it may be done."

I determined it should be done. I followed his advice. At great personal inconvenience I wore glasses which only permitted me to say I could see at all. But my reward came. Slowly, very slowly, I found my sight growing stronger, till in about two years' time, I could, by the aid of glasses, the convexity of which was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, see as well as most of my fellow creatures. Then I began once more to enjoy life.

I cannot say that, during those two years spent in perfecting my cure, I thought no more about that terrible night; but I made no further attempt to unravel the mystery, or persuade any one that I had not imagined those events. I buried the history of my adventure in my heart, and never again spoke of it. In case of need, I wrote down all the particulars, and then tried to banish all memory of what I had heard. I succeeded fairly well except for one thing. I could not for any long period keep my thoughts from the remembrance of that woman's moaning—that pitiable transition of the voice from sweet melody to hopeless despair. It was that cry which troubled my dreams, if ever I dreamed of that night—it was that cry which rang in my ears as I awoke, trembling, but thankful to find that this time, at least, I was only dreaming.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIREST SIGHT OF ALL.

It is spring—the beautiful spring of Northern Italy. My friend Kenyon and I are lounging about in the rectangular city of Turin, as happy and idle a pair of comrades as may anywhere be met with. We have been here a week, long enough to do all the sight seeing demanded by duty. We have seen San Giovanni and the churches. We have toiled, or beasts of burden have toiled with us, up La Superga, where we have gazed at the mausoleum of Savoy's princely line. We have seen enough of the cumbrous old Palazza Madama, which frowns at our hotel across the Piazzi Castello. We have marvelled at the plain, uninteresting looking Palazzo Reale, and our mirth has been moved by the grotesque brick-work decoration of the Palazzo Carignano. We have criticised the rather poor picture gallery. In fact we have done Turin thoroughly, and, with the contempt bred by familiarity, are ceasing to feel like pitiful little atoms as we stand in the enormous squares and crane our necks looking at Marochetti's immense bronze statues.

Our tasks are over. We are now simply loafing about and enjoying ourselves; revelling in the delicious weather, and trying to make up our languid but contented minds as to when we shall leave the town and where our next resting place shall be.

We wander down the broad Via di Po, lingering now and then to peer into the enticing shops which lurk in its shady arcades; we pass through the spacious Piazzi Vittorio Emanuele; we cross the bridge whose five granite arches span the classic Po; we turn opposite the doomed church and soon are walking up the wide shaded path which leads to the Capuchin Monastery; the broad terrace in front of which is our favorite haunt. Here we can lounge and see the river at our feet, the great town stretching from its further bank, the open plain beyond the town, and far, far away in the background, the glorious snow-capped Alps, with Monte Rosa and Grand-Paradis towering above their brothers. No wonder we enjoy the view from this terrace more than churches, palaces or pictures.

We gaze our fill, then retrace our steps and saunter back as lazily as we came. After lingering a few moments at our hotel some hazy destination prompts us to cross the great square past the frowning old castle, leads us up the Via di Seminario, and we find ourselves for the twentieth time in front of San Giovanni. I stop with my head in the air admiring what architectural beauties its marble front can boast, and as I am trying to discover them am surprised to hear Kenyon announce his intention of entering the building.

"But we have vowed a vow," I said, "that the interior of churches, picture galleries, and other tourist traps shall know us no more."

"What makes the best men break their vows?"

"Lots of thing, I suppose."

"But one thing in particular. Whilst you are staring up at pinnacles and buttresses, and trying to look as if you knew architecture as well as Ruskin, the fairest of all sights, a beautiful woman passes right under your nose."

"I understand—I absolve you."

"Thank you. She went into the church. I feel devotional and will go too."

"But our cigars?"

"Chuck them to the beggars. Beware of miserly habits, Gilbert; they grow on one."

Knowing that Kenyon was not the man to abandon a choice Havana without a weighty reason, I did as he suggested and followed him into the dim, cool shades of San Giovanni.

No service was going on. The usual little parties of sightseers were walking about and looking much impressed as beauties they could not comprehend were being pointed out to them. Dotted about here and there were silent worshippers. Kenyon glanced round eagerly in quest of "the fairest of all sights," and after a while discovered her.

"Come this way," he said; "let us sit down and pretend to be devout Catholics. We can catch her profile here."

I placed myself next to him, and saw a few seats from us an old Italian woman kneeling and praying fervently, whilst in a chair at her side sat a girl of about twenty-two.

A girl who might have belonged to almost any country. The eyebrows and cast-down lashes said that her eyes were dark, but the pure pale complexion, the delicate straight features, the thick brown hair might, under circumstances, have been claimed by any nation, although had I met her alone I should have said she was English. She was well but plainly dressed, and her manner told me she was no stranger to the church. She did not look from side to side, and up and down, after the way of a sightseer. She sat without moving until her companion had finished her prayers. So far as one could judge from her appearance she was in church for no particular object, neither devotional nor critical. Probably she may have come to bear the old woman at her side company. This old woman, who had the appearance of a superior kind of servant, seemed, from the passionate appeals she was addressing to heaven, to be in want of many things. I could see her thin lips working incessantly, and a though her words were inaudible it was evident her petitions were heart-spoken and sincere.

But the girl by her side neither joined her in her prayers nor looked at her. Ever motionless as a statue—her eyes ever cast down—apparently wrapped in deep thought, and, I fancied, sad thought, she sat, showing us the while no more of her face than that perfect profile. Kenyon had certainly not over-praised her. Hers was a face which had a peculiar attractiveness for me, the utter repose of it not being the least of that charm. I was growing very anxious to see her full face, but as I could not do so without positive rudeness, was compelled to wait until she might chance to turn her head.

Presently the old Italian woman seemed to think she had done her religious duty. Seeing she was preparing to cross herself I rose and sauntered down the church toward the door. In a few minutes the girl and her companion passed me, and I was able to see her to better advantage, as she waited whilst the old woman dipped her fingers in the holy water. She was undoubtedly beautiful; but there was something strange in her beauty. I made this discovery when, for a moment, her eyes met mine. Dark and glorious as those eyes were there was a dreamy, far-away look in them—a look that seemed to pass over one and see what was behind the object gazed at. This look gave me a curious impression, but, as it was only for a second that my eyes met hers, I could scarcely say whether the impression was a pleasant or an unpleasant one.

The girl and her attendant lingered a few moments at the door, so that Kenyon and I passed out before them. By common consent we paused outside. The action may have been a rude one, but we were both anxious to see the departure of the girl whose appearance had so greatly interested us. As we came through the door of the church I noticed a man standing near the steps—a middle aged man of gentlemanly appearance. He was rather round shouldered and wore spectacles. Had I felt any interest in determining his station in life I should have adjudged him to one of the learned professions. There could be no mistake as to his nationality; he was Italian to the back bone. He was evidently waiting for some one; and when the girl, followed by the old woman, came out of San Giovanni he stepped forward and accosted them.

The woman gave a little sharp cry of surprise. She took his hand and kissed it. The girl stood apparently apathetic. It was evident that the gentleman's business lay with the old servant. He spoke a few words to her; then drawing her aside the two walked away to some distance, under the shadow of the church, and to all appearance were talking earnestly and volubly, but ever and anon casting a look in the direction of the girl.

As her companion left her she walked on a few paces, then paused and turned as though waiting for the old woman. Now it was that we were able to see her perfect figure and erect carriage to full advantage. Being some little way off, we could look at her without committing an act of rudeness or indiscretion.

"She is beautiful," I said, more to myself than to Kenyon.

"Yes, she is—but not so beautiful as I thought. There is something wanting, yet it is impossible to say what it is. Is it animation or expression?"

"I can see nothing wanting," I said, so enthusiastically that Kenyon laughed aloud.

"Do English gentlemen stare at their own countrywomen and appraise them in public places like this; or is it a custom adopted for the benefit of Italians?"

This impudent question was asked by some one close to my side. We turned simultaneously, and saw a tall man of about thirty standing just behind us. His features were regular, but their effect was not a pleasant one. You felt at a glance that a sneering mouth was curtained by the heavy moustache, and that those dark eyes and eyebrows were apt to frown with sullen anger. At present the man's expression was that of haughty arrogance—a peculiarly galling expression, especially so I find when adopted by a foreigner toward an Englishman. That he was a foreigner it was easy to see, in spite of his perfectly accented English.

A hot reply was upon my lips, but Kenyon, who was a young man of infinite resource and well able to say and do the right thing in the right place, was before me. He raised his hat and made a sweeping bow, so exquisitely graduated that it was impossible to say where apology ended and mockery began.

"Signor," he said, "an Englishman travels through your fair land to see and praise all that is beautiful in nature and art. If our praise offends we apologize."

The man scowled, hardly knowing whether my friend was in jest or in earnest.

"If we have done wrong will the Signor convey our apologies to the lady? His wife, or shall I say his daughter?"

As the man was young, the last question was sarcastic.

"She is neither," he rapped out. Kenyon bowed.

"Ah, then, a friend. Let me congratulate the Signor, and also congratulate him on his proficiency in our language."

The man was growing puzzled; Kenyon spoke so pleasantly and naturally.

"I have spent many years in England," he said, shortly.

"Many years! I should scarcely have thought so, as the Signor has not picked up that English peculiarity which is far more important than accent or idiom."

Kenyon paused and looked into the man's face so innocently and inquiringly that he fell into the trap.

"And pray what may that be?" he asked.

"To mind one's own business," said Kenyon, shortly and sharply, turning his back to the last speaker, as if the discussion was at an end.

The tall man's face flushed with rage. I kept my eye upon him, fearing he would make an assault upon my friend, but he thought better of it. With a curse he turned on his heel and the matter ended.

While this conversation was in progress, the old Italian woman had left her learned-looking friend, and having rejoined the young girl, the two went upon their way. Our ill-conditioned Italian, after his discomfiture, walked across to the man who had been talking to the old servant, and taking his arm went with him in another direction. They were soon out of sight.

Kenyon did not propose to follow the steps of the first couple, and I, even had I wished to do so, was ashamed to suggest such a thing. Still, I am afraid that a resolution as to visiting San Giovanni again to-morrow was forming in my mind.

But I saw her no more. How many times I went to that church I dare not say. Neither the fair girl nor her attendant crossed my path again whilst in Turin. We met our impertinent friend several times in the streets, and were honored by a dark scowl which passed unnoticed; but of that sweet girl with the pale face and strange dark eyes we caught no glimpse.

It would be absurd to say I had fallen in love with a woman I had seen only for a few minutes—to whom I had never spoken—whose name and abode were unknown to me; but I must confess that so far as looks went, I was more interested in this girl than in any one I had ever seen. Beautiful as she was I could scarcely say why I felt this attraction or fascination. I had met many, many beautiful women. Yet for the slender chance of seeing this one again I lingered on in Turin until Kenyon—my good tempered friend's patience was quite exhausted—until he declared, that unless I quitted it at once, he would go away alone. At last I gave in. Ten days had passed by without the chance encounter I was waiting for. We folded up our tents and started for fresh scenes.

From Turin we went southward—to Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other minor places; then we went across to Sicily, and at Palermo, according to arrangement, were received on board a yacht belonging to another friend. We had taken our journey easily; staying as long as it suited us in each town we visited, so that by the time the yacht had finished her cruise and borne us back to England, the summer was nearly over.

Many and many a time since leaving Turin I had thought of the girl I had seen at San Giovanni—thought of her so often that I laughed at myself for my folly. Until now I had never carried in my mind for so long a period the remembrance of a woman's face. There must, for me, have been something strangely bewitching in her style of beauty. I recalled every feature—I could, had I been an artist, have painted her portrait from memory. Laugh at my folly as I would, I could not conceal from myself that short as the time was during which I had seen her, the impression made upon me was growing stronger each day instead of weaker. I blamed myself for leaving Turin before I had met her again—even if for that purpose it had been necessary to linger for months. My feeling was that by quitting the place I had lost a chance which comes to a man but once in a lifetime.

Kenyon and I parted in London. He was going to Scotland after grouse. I had not yet quite settled my autumn plans, so resolved to stay, at any rate for a few days, in town.

Was it chance or was it fate? The first morning after my arrival in London, business led me to Regent street. I was walking slowly down the broad thoroughfare, but my thoughts were far away. I was trying to argue away an insane longing which was in my mind—a longing to return at once to Turin. I was thinking of the dim church and the fair young face I saw three months ago. Then, as in my mind's eye I saw that girl and her old attendant in church, I looked up and here in the heart of London they stood before me!

Amazed as I was, no thought of being mistaken entered my head. Unless it was a dream or an illusion, there came the one I had been thinking of so often; walking toward me, with the old woman at her side. They might have just stepped out of San Giovanni.

There was a little change in the appearance of the old woman; she was dressed more like an English servant; but the girl was the same. Beautiful, more beautiful than ever, I thought as my heart gave a great leap. They passed me; I turned impulsively and followed them with my eyes.

Yes, it was fate! Now I had found her in this unexpected manner I would take care not to lose sight of her again. I attempted to disguise my feelings no longer. The emotion which had thrilled me as I stood once more face to face with her told me the truth. I was in love—deeply in love. Twice, only twice, I had seen her, but that was enough to convince me that if my lot was ever linked with another's, it must be with this woman's whose name, home or country, I knew not.

There was only one thing I could now do. I must follow the two women. So, for the next hour or more, wherever they went, at a respectful distance, I followed. I waited whilst they entered one or two shops and when their walk was resumed discreetly dogged their steps. I kept so far in the rear that my pursuit was bound to be unnoticed and could cause no annoyance. They soon turned out of Regent street and walked on until they came to one of those many rows of houses in Maida vale. I marked the house they entered, and as I passed by it, a few minutes afterward, saw in the front window the girl arranging a few flowers in a vase. It was evident I had ascertained her abode.

It was fate! I was in love and could only act as my passion impelled me. I must find out all about this unknown. I must make her acquaintance and so obtain the right of looking into those strange but beautiful eyes. I must hear her speak. I laughed again at the absurdity of being in love with a woman whose voice I had never heard, whose native language was a matter of uncertainty. But then, love is full of absurdities. When once he gets the whip hand he drives us in strange ways.

I formed a bold resolve. I retraced my steps and walked up to the house. The door was opened by a tidy-looking servant.

"Have you any rooms to let?" I asked; having jumped at the conclusion that the unknown was only lodging at the house.

The servant replied in the affirmative, and upon my expressing my wish to see the vacant rooms I was shown a dining-room and bed-room on the ground floor.

Had these rooms been dungeons instead of airy cheerful apartments—had they been empty and bare instead of comfortably furnished—had the rent been fifty pounds a week instead of the moderate sum asked, I should have engaged them. I was very easy to deal with. The landlady was summoned and the bargain struck at once. If that good person had known the state of my mind she might have reaped a golden harvest from her ground floor apartments. As it was, the only thing she was exacting in was in the matter of references. I named several, then I paid a month's rent in advance and received her permission, as I had just returned to England and wanted a home at once, to enter into possession that very evening.

"By-the-bye," I said carelessly, as I left the house to get my luggage, "I forgot to ask if you have other lodgers—no children, I hope?"

"No, sir—only a lady and her servant. They are on the first floor—very quiet people."

"Thank you," I said. "I dare say I shall be very comfortable. You may expect me about 7 o'clock."

I had re-engaged my old rooms in Walpole street before the meeting with my unknown had changed my plans. I went back there, and after packing up all I wanted, informed the people of the house that I was going to stay at a friend's for a few weeks. The rooms were to be kept for me all the same. At 7 o'clock I was at Maida vale and duly installed.

It was the hand of fate had wrought this—who could doubt it? This morning I was almost on my way to Turin in search of my love. This evening I am beneath the same roof. As I sit here in my arm-chair and see all kinds of beautiful visions wreathed in the smoke curling from my cigar, I can scarcely believe that she is within a few feet of me—that I shall see her to-morrow—the next day—forever and ever! Yes, I am hopelessly in love—I go to bed thinking I shall dream of her; but, probably owing to the strange quarters, my dreams are far less pleasant. All night long I dream of the blind man who walked into a strange house and heard such fearful sounds!

(To be continued.)

WAYS OF CONNECTICUT CATS.

How Two Wise Mothers Guarded Their Offspring.

The Connecticut cat is fertile in expedients. Ed. Parkhurst's cat, at Norwich Town, finding that she could not live peaceably with the dogs, boys and other cats, took her kittens in her teeth, one at a time, scratched her way up the bark of a big elm in the front yard, and stowed them in a hole in the tree, eighteen feet from the ground, that was two feet deep, with an opening just large enough for her to crawl through. There she enjoyed life with her family. When she was off calling at night she knew that the kittens were safe. She was in the hole from early in August until a heavy rain storm came on a few days ago and the tree leaked. In the height of the storm she crawled out with a kitten in her mouth and transferred it to the house cellar. With great difficulty she carried all the kittens to the cellar.

John G. Cooley's cat, at North Franklin, disliked the confinement incurred in watching four kittens all day, and she placed them under a motherly hen, which was trying to hatch a porcelain egg in a nest two feet away, on the same hay-mow. The hen clucked, lifted her wings and welcomed the litter. The cat went on to while away the day, returned at night, and took back her offspring. Each morning thereafter the kittens were put off on the hen, the cat strolled away, and the hen entertained them by clucking to them until the cat came back at night. They answered to both the clucking of the hen and the specific maternal call. The hen sat on the kittens for about two weeks, and then they ran away, leaving her disconsolate. There was a void in her affections that a porcelain egg was incompetent to fill. After brooding on her nest for two days, she gave up the attempt to hatch the egg and began to lay eggs again. Mr. Cooley believes that a litter of kittens is the only thing, except death, that will "break up" a sitting hen.

Last winter an extraordinary distemper appeared among the cats of eastern Connecticut that set them sneezing and kept them at it until their vitality was exhausted and they died. They moped about the roads with swelled heads, sneezing continually, and when their anxious mistresses approached, scowled wickedly at them. Many valuable cats, some of them worth $10 to their owners, perished in the towns and villages of Windham and New London Counties. In some cases the sick cats were chased down and subjected to medical treatment, and it was discovered that the patient died at an earlier stage of the complaint than if permitted to die unaided. This fall a new and still more deadly distemper is approaching from Danbury, in the western part of the State. It has already reached the Connecticut River Valley, and owners of favorite cats in the Thames, Shetucket and Quinnebaug River valleys are in a flutter of expectation and dread. The disease works very rapidly. It comes on without any premonitory symptoms, the hair comes off, and the cat swells to such a size that he cannot climb or utter a sound, and, after a day or two, he dies of melancholy and disappointment. Physicians are unable to successfully diagnose the disease, which does not yield to the old school practice or to catnip.—*Norwich Cor. New York Sun.*

Newspaper Editorials in Turkey.

It will be interesting, no doubt, to the people of such a free country as America to read the extract translation of the language the newspapers have to use in Turkey, no matter what nationality they may be. An American college in Turkey was totally ruined by fire through some Mahommedan incendiaries, and, though the case was quite clear to the courts, yet because of their being Mahommedans the Armenians will find some difficulty in securing their conviction. The following is an exact translation of an editorial of the leading Armenian newspaper, called *Arevelk*, published in Constantinople, giving an account of this fire, and inviting the attention of authorities to punish the parties who caused the fire:

"We again publish a minute discription we have received of the burning of the Armenian College in the city of Divrig, begging at the same time the pity and sympathy of his august majesty of our Ottoman fatherly sovereign over this sad ruin of the college, which was built with so much expense and hard labor, and was reduced to ashes in a moment. The good and virtuous will of our august sovereign Sultan Hamid, which is as clear as the sun, and whose sovereignty's motto has always been to give particular care and attention to the great work of education and discipline, according to the requirements of the century, undoubtedly assures us that this ruined condition of the college will invite the august Sultan to be well pleased to wash away, with his fatherly, most pitiful and merciful grace-bestowing drops of favor, the tears of this many hundreds of obedient and grateful children who are in so great need of education."

Editors of American papers would not enjoy being forced to write in that strain.—*Constantinople Letter.*

Helping the Coroner.

"What is it about?" asked the managing editor as he reached for a club. "Ice cream?"

"No, sir."

"Boss plumbers or baseball?"

"No, sir, its——"

"Picnic swings, George Washington's lie, book agents, oyster stews, overcoats in pawn, hair bangs, small boys, Dr. Mary Walker—out with it!"

"Its about a cashier going to Cana——"

There was a dull, sickening thud, and then the managing editor was heard calling to the office boy: "Here, pin 'Canada Cashier' on the corpse of this 'humorist;' it'll help the coroner."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

He Was Engaged.

Enter aspirant for reportorial honors and emoluments: Managing Editor—What can you do? Applicant—Everything, sir. Managing Editor—Can you tell the truth? Applicant—I can, sir; but I never do. Managing Editor—Consider yourself engaged.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

The New York *World* celebrated its increase in circulation to over 100,000 copies by firing a salute in the the City Hall Park.

WHOOPING COUGH

A Description of and Means of Relieving a Well-known Ailment

A correspondent of the *Youth's Companion* writes: "Will you not give your readers an article on whooping cough, stating what it is, and whether there is any known remedy?" The disease is a peculiar form of bronchitis, attended in its first stage with some fever, and in the second with spasms of the glottis, the vocal cords in the upper part of the larynx. It is highly infectious, and since few children escape, and it generally destroys one's susceptibility to a second attack, it is largely confined to childhood. At the commencement it resembles a hard cold, but the acts of coughing are more violent and last longer. At length—it may be in two or three days, or in as many weeks—the spasms of the glottis are developed and the well known whoop settles its real character. The whoop is due to the fact that it is impossible to take breath during the rapid coughing, and hence, on its ceasing, there is a long and labored inrush of air. Moreover, as the blood cannot freely enter the lungs during the paroxysm, the impeded blood causes the veins of the neck to swell out, gives to the face a livid look, and sometimes occasions various hemorrhages—of the nose, stomach and lungs. But there is no danger of the patient's dying of suffocation, as is so often feared. The disease may be quite mild, or very severe. Occasionally the person gets well in a few days, without any medical aid. But generally the disease lasts six weeks. Sometimes, when neglected, it runs on many months. As a rule, the paroxysms gradually become less severe and frequent and then cease; though for a time an ordinary cold will be attended with a whoop. The most that medicine can do is to palliate the symptoms and shorten the duration of the disease. Alum acts well on the inflamed bronchial tube; belladonna on the irritated nerves that cause the spasms of the glottis. A doctor must be consulted for the more dangerous but efficacious remedies. No one medicine meets each case, nor any case in all its symptoms and stages. The only wise course is to employ an intelligent physician who can study its peculiarities and watch its tendencies. This is the more important since there is always danger of grave complications—acute bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy and other lung difficulties. It is thus, indirectly, often fatal. Unless where there is serious complications, it is best to have the child as much as possible out of doors. The diet should be nutritious. This should be looked after more carefully if the child vomits much. Food should be given often, and as early as possible, before an expected paroxysm.

Save Yourselves.

If housekeepers only would be willing to do just what they can do without getting so completely drudged out, there would be fewer sick women and happier homes. Study convenience in every household arrangement, and perform every duty with as few steps and as little labor as possible, and do well. We find good women every day who run from cellar to garret, and back again before they can get together the necessary ingredient, tins, etc., to make a few biscuit, or a dish of plain cake. Not two weeks since I found a farmer's wife (and one of the best women I ever knew, and with poor health) who went down to the cans for cream, to the hen-house for eggs, down cellar for butter, to the pantry for spice, then into another room for flour, and carried them all to the kitchen to make a cake, to say nothing of calling together the dish, egg beater, spoon and baking tins. No man would do it (and I honor their sense in that), and certainly no woman, and especially an invalid, can afford to do so. I asked this friend if she would let me alone in the kitchen for one hour after dinner, and with permission to do what I pleased. I hunted the hammer and nails, some newspapers and bits of boards. I pulled the kitchen table away from the wall, and tacked my papers back of and above it, then drove up two rows of nails, on which I hung up egg beater, skimmer, large spoons and soup dipper, rolling pin, potato masher, cake pans, gem pans and small dipper. I put back the table, and on the top of it, set in a row, a jar with cooking salt (it was a cracked jar but held salt all right), next to it a good one, a gallon jar with graham flour and another one with white flour, for these articles were used so many times a day. Then I put neat little board covers over them al. The spices, soda and baking powder boxes in a row next—gave the dish pan a home in the corner near. At the right hand of the table I set a wooden soap box bottom side up, with a piece of oilcloth tacked over it. This held the water pail. I hung the dipper above it. I could not build the house over and make a sink, closets and all the convenient shelves and pegs of a model kitchen, but I could gather those articles that were used so many times a day, somewhere near each other, and save steps for a poor, weak woman. When she came out to see about the supper, she looked really pleased when she said, "Isn't this nice to stand right still in one spot and get supper all ready?"—"*Rosalia*" *in The Housekeeper.*

Two fish factories at Crisfield, Md., employ eighty men, who daily catch on an average of 48,000 fish, mostly alewives. The oil derived from the fish is disposed of at 37 cents per gallon, and the scrap is made into phosphate, which brings $35 per ton.

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the —*best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —*Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all —*concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —*combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

O K Testimony.

The testimonials we publish may be verified by any person who may doubt their truthfulness.

ELGIN, Dec. 18.—We, the undersigned, have used NERVILINE in our families as prepared by N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, Ont., and certify that it never fails to give relief in colds, coughs and rheumatic pains, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the public. W. PENNOCK, Postmaster, Elgin; HENRY W. WARREN; ELIZA POWELL, Elgin; CEPHAS BROWN, South Crosby.

Ten cent trial bottles may be purchased at any drug store. Polson's Nerviline, the never-failing pain cure. Try it now.

The Long Island postmaster who is short $1,400 in his accounts says his wife wanted diamonds and a family carriage so bad that he couldn't bear to disappoint her. She wears the diamonds when she visits him in jail.

Rochester, N. Y.,

Contributes its quota of praise as to the genuine merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Henry Heib, Oct. 23rd, 1883, writes: "Send a dozen for distribution among my friends, for it is as claimed, sure, safe and painless. Send quick." Beware of poisonous substitutes and get only the genuine. Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston.

A California farmer has had to pay a fine of $10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock.

——Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weaknesses as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.

Their Thoughts.

Arabella—"Here he is—just where he's been for weeks—why doesn't he speak out. I'm sure I encourage him enough—"

George—"Here she is, as usual wearing a costume which cost more money than I can make in six months. How can I ask her to marry me, as it would be impossible for me to support her in the extravagant style in which she now lives."

Times are so hard in Italy that an assassin can be hired to knife a man for 85 cents.

Gillie Leigh, the Scotch tourist who tumbled over a precipice in the Rocky Mountains the other day, was heir to one of the finest ancestral estates in England.

Directly the idea of durability fades from the mind of the workman, not only does his work begin to suffer, but also his manhood.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

Teach self denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE
For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. C N. L. 42 84.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC [illegible] are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst [illegible]. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a [illegible] Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I [illegible]
Address Dr. [illegible] Pearl St., New York.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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