Which I frankly confess wasn't mine. I paid seven dollars for tickets And eight for some sleek patent shoes; It would give my old father the rickets My last evening's bill to peruse.

Five dollars was liveryman's plunder, And I gave the stiff coachman one more To bawl my full name out like thunder When he called at the theatre door.

And so, looking prim as the proudest, I heard you, dear Patti, last night, And applauded whene'er you sang loudest, Like the others, to show my delight.

One thing rather hindered my pleasure And a tinge of solicitude brought; My friend isn't quite of my measure, And his coat didn't fit as it ought. For the tails hung on me like a rooster's

A-strut in the rain and the wind.

To have made me en regle behind So I found greatest pleasure in cleaving To my seat though the evening was long, And I took the precaution of leaving At the end in the midst of a throng.

But the warbling was grand, and I am

To hear you when next you come through; I'll be ready, I think, if I'm saving, And you don't come until '92.

#### SELECT STORY.

### THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH. AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL. The drum was now heard beating the exclaiming the tatto and the friends separated with

hearts full of revived hope. The next morning Traverse presented the order of the secretary to the commander-in-chief, and received his dis-

And then, after writing long, loving, and hopeful letters to his mother and his beand find out who was the secert benefactor who had sent him such timely aid, Traverse took leave of his friends, and set out for the Southern Queen of Cities, once more

to seek his fortune from a copper bullet, that the surgeon had | this newly stimulated circulation. at length succeeded in extracting-took At that moment Dr. Rocke came in, put vet had rallied, the doctors felt no appre- must it have done to the sick man! hensions of his speedy death, though they Good heaven, Madam? I did not tell

into which he had been frightened bp the | ilously his orders had been executed. after seven months of lingering illness and | Voita mon frere! " exclaimed the little old gradual decline, during the latter portion | woman. Le Noir expired, a sincere penitent, recon- warid could —a restored circulation. ciled to God and man.

CHAPTER LV.

THE FORTUNATE BATH. Heaven has to all allotted soon or late, Some lucky revolution of their fate;

(For human good depends on human will). Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent, And spreads her looks before her as she flies.

tween Septemper and June?

But by the time he had paid his travel- demonstration.

a respectable suit of professional black, and liverer, his son! a few necessary books, his little capital had diminished three quarters.

in his new office in a highly respectable and explained to him that he, Doctor Pierre her. I'm sure she will treat you kindly quarter of the city, he had but fifty dollars St. Jean, was the proprietor of a private if you deserve it."

and a few dimes left ... scarcely abated; indeed, on the contrary the highest rank, that this retreat was she was welcome. But she did not—she it seemed to have revived and increased situated on the wooded banks of a charm- merely held the lamp close to Bessie's in virulency in consequence of the premaing lake in one of the most healthy face and surveyed her as if she had been ture return of many people who had fled neighborhoods of East Feliciana; that he the wooden dummy in a shop-window. on its first appearance, and who in coming had originally come down to the city to "You look small and slight," said she, back too soon to the infected atmosphere, engage the services of some young physi- "I hope you're strong."

As the fever began to subside, Traverse's "his deliverer! his friend! his son!" would practice declined, and about the middle of accept the post. November his "occupation was gone."

he should contrive to make both ends meet | him only through books. at the conclusion of the present term, and The terms of the engagement were soon as she accompanied Bessie to a drearyfeeling as near despondency as it was arranged, and Traverse prepared to accom- looking little den at the top of the house, possiple for his buoyant and God-trusting pany his new friend to his "beautiful re- where there was a cot bedstead, and solisoul to be, when there came a loud ringing | treat," the private mad-house. But first | tary dormer window draped with Turkey-

and nights of the preceding autumn. He | Mexico, to apprise them of his good fortune. started up at once to answer the summons. "Who's there?"

"Is Doctor Rocke in?" "Yes what's wanted?"

"A gentleman, sir, in the house here, sir, taken very bad, wants the doctor directly, room number 555." "Very well, I will be with the gentleman

immediately," answered Traverse, plunging his head into a basin of cold water and drying it hastily. In five minutes Traverse was in the office of the hotel, inquiring for a waiter

to show him np into 555. One was ordered to attend him, who led the way up several flights of stairs, and around divers galleries, until he opened a door and ushered the doctor immediately

into the sick room. There was a little, old, dried-up French-

to his rigid from as to a corpse. And there was a little, old, dried-up French-woman in a brown merino gown and a high-crowned muslin cap, who A patient most interesting, Doctor Conkey. "Marian could have instructed

frightened magpie. Traverse found his patient in a bad condressing Traverse. dition—in a stupor, if not in a state of "She has stopped her violent ravings, positive insensibility. The surface of his and seems to me to be sinking into a state body was cold as ice, and apparently with- of stupid despair," replied the substitute. out the least vitality. If he was not, as

his sister had expressed it, "very dead," he was certainly "next to it." By close questioning, and by putting his questions in various forms, the doctor learned from the chattering little magpie of a Frenchwoman that the patient had under the care of Monsieur le Docteur Cartiere; that there had been a consultation ing into the cells of the patients. of physicians; that they had prescribed | Fatigued by his journey, Traverse slept for him and given him over; that le Doc- soundly through the night; but early in said Mrs. Conkey, in the plaintive tone related that he would never eat sea fish teur Cartiere still attended him, but was the morning he was rudely awakened by that seemed habitual to her. "We're ex- except at a great distance from the sea. send, free of charge, to all who desire it,

to call in the skilful, the talented, the soon

to be illustrious young Docteur Rocke, who was also near at hand

The heart of Traverse thrilled with joy-The Lord had remembered him. His best skill spent upon the poor and needy who Avenue, I know, and I had the number could make him no return, but whose lives he succeeded in saving, had reached the ears of the celebrated Dr. C., who had with the unobstrusive magnanimity of real genius, quitely recommended him to his own patrons.

Oh! well, he would do his very best, not only to advance his own professional interests, and to please his mother and Clara, but also to do honor to the in practice his favorite theory; but first of

all, it was necessary to be informed of the preceding mode of treatment and its results. So he farther questioned the little, restless magpie, and by ingeniously framed inquiries, succeeded in gaining from her the necessary knowledge of his patient's

"Put him in a bath of mustard-water, as hot as you can bear your own hand in, and she had addressed, looked at her with ear 'Twould have taken a wad like a Worcester's continue to raise the temperature slowly nest interest. watching the effect, for about five minutes. I will go down and prepare a cordialback to bed," said Doctor Rocke, who immediately left the room.

"Now, bring quickly, water, boiling, said the little, old woman, imperatively. And when a large copper kettle full was forthcoming, she took it and began to pour -George Horton in Chicago Herald. a stream of hissing, bubbling water in at

the foot of the bath. The skin of the torpid patient had been er up for Mr. Conkey at once." reddening for a few seconds, so as to prove to raise its temperature almost to boiling. youth and health, skipped out of the tub and into his bed, kicking vigorously, and

"Brigands! assassins! you have scalded my legs to death!"

"Glory be to the Lord! he's saved!" cried one of the waiters, a devout Irishman. "Ciel! he speaks! he moves! he lives! mon frere!" cried the little Frenchwoman, at once recognise her appearance.

going to him. "Ah murderers! bandits! you've scalded trothed, and entreating the former to try me to death! I'll have you all before the "He scolds! he threatens! he swears! he

gets well! mon frere!" cried the old woman, busying herself to change his clothes and put on his flannel night-gown. They then Colonel Le Noir had not been destined tucked him up warmly in bed, and put soon to die: his wound, an inward canker | bottles of hot water all around, to keep up

the form of a chronic fester disease. Since his hand into the bath-tub, and could the night upon which he had been so ex- scarcely repress a cry of pain and of horror tremely ill, as to be supposeed dying, and | -the water scalded his fingers! what

you to par-boil your patient!" exclaimed He was spared to experience a more ef- Traverse, speaking to the old woman. ectual repentance than that spurious one Traverse was shocked to find how per-old farm house at home looked, with the seeming rapid approach of death. And "Eh bien! Monsienr! he lives! he does well!

of which he was comforted by the society | It was true! the acciddental "boiling of his only son, who had come at his sum- bath," as it might also be called, had ef- she thought, "Oh, he is going to speak mons to visit him. In May, 1848, Gabriel | fected what prehaps no other means in the | now."

valescence of the patient was rapid. And denly breaking the silence. as Traverse kept his own secret concerning the accidental high temperature of that bath, which every one considered a fearful Whose motions if we watch and guide with and a success.ul experiment, the fame of said Mr. Conkey, rather sharply. Dr. Rocke spread over the whole city and

He would soon have made a fortune in like crying. And from the first impression takes its bent. New Orleans, had not the hand of destiny Now, now she meets you with a glorious | beckoned him elsewhere. It happened

The old Frenchman whose life Traverse -DRYDEN. had partly by accident and partly by design Meanwhile, what had our young adven- succeeed in saving, comprehended perfectly turer been doing in all these months be- well how narrow his escape from death had been, and attributed his restoration house, with iron guards to the stone steps, Traverse, with his two hundred dollars, solely to the genius, skill, and boldness and lights gleaming behind the drawn had set out for New Orleans about the first of his young physician, and was grateful shades. A little woman carrying a lamp

ling expenses and fitted himself out with, He called Traverse his friend, his de-

One day, as soon as he found himself strong enough to thing of pursuing his- man. "This is my mother, Betty. I hope So that when he found himself settled journey, he called his "son" into the room that you will do all that you can to please Insane Asylum, very quiet, very aristocra-The fever, though it was Ocrober, had tic, indeed, receiving none but patients of Conkey would kiss her—would say that were less able te withstand contagion than cian of talent as his assistant, and finally' that he would be delighted! enraptured! if quiver in her voice.

It happened that one night, near the study the various phases of mental derange- ful place, and we've all the modern conclose of winter, Traverse lay awake on his ment, a department of his professional veniences. But don't stop here. Your soft-bedstead, turning over his mind how education that had hitherto been open to room is in the upper story. Come down

This reminded him of the stirring days Virginia, and also to Herbert Greyson in with small ceremony.

CHAPTER LVI. THE MYSTERIOUS MANIAC.

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe: She is not mad who kneels to thee. For what I am full well I know, And what I was, and what should be I'll rave no more in proud despair-My language shall be calm tho' sad: But yet I'll truly, firmly swear.

I am not mad! no, no, not mad!

It was at the close of a beautiful day in early spring that Traverse Rock, accompanying the old doctor and the old sister, reached the grove on the borders of the was situated the "Calm Retreat."

- M. G, Lewis.

The country doctor and the matron who man in a blue night-cap, extended on a the proprietor and his sister, came forward, people at the Protective Bureau said she bed in the middle of the room, and covered to welcome the party, and report the state was stout and healthy!" with a white counterpane that clung close of the institution and its inmates.

said, except "Mademoiselle." "And what of her, how is Mademoiselle? hopped and chattered about the bed like a Rocke?" said the old Frenchman, alternately questioning his substitute and ad- can."

and order coffee," Traverse's room was a large, pleasant been ill for nine days; that he had been apartment at the end of a wide, long hall, on each side of which were the doors open- the humorous, smiled through her tears, The epicurean Emperor, Heliogabalus,

at this instant in attendance as accoucheur the sounds of maniac voices from the cells. pecting a cousin from the country by the He would then bring from the salt water, their recipe, in German, French or English, to a lady in extreme danger, whom he Some were crying, some laughing aloud, eight-o'clock train, and we won't cook'em at an immense expense, great quantities with full directions for preparing and using. could not leave; but Docteur Cartiere had some groaning and howling, and some until she comes. She'll be cold and tired, of the choicest kinds of fish, and distribute sent by mail by addressing with stamp, directed them, in his unavoidable absence, holding forth in fancied exhortations.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A FAIR IMPOSTOR

"Please, sir, can you tell me where Mrs. Conkey lives? It's somewhere on Sixth written down on a card in my bag, but it has somehow got misplaced, and I don't quite know where to go."

Now, his Satanic Majesty is not altogether as black as he is painted. According to sensational reports, a pretty, fresh-cheeked girl from the country, wrapped, most evidently, in the robes of inexperience, who should ask such a question as this in the crowded haunts of the Grand Central magnanimous Doctor C.'s recommendation. Station would assuredly come to grief. Here, too, was an opportunity of putting But Bessie Falkner, standing there with her traveling-satchel in her hand, and her innocent face turned inquiringly upward, was neither hustled into a cab whose mysterious driver lurked in the shadow o one of the iron arches, nor inveigled out into the snowflecked darkness of the winter night by any plausible villain with a tuberose in his button-hole. On the contrary, the big, fatherly looking policeman whom

"Conkey!" he repeated. "Conkey Why, we've a clerk in the offices upstairs draught to be taken the moment he gets by that name. Do you suppose it's the same one? Charles Conkey."

Bessie's eyes brightened. "Yes," she said. "But I didn't know he was here.'

"He's only been here a month or so," explained the policeman. "Wait a minute Sit down,-there's a vacant seat just by this little girl, and I'll send a port-

Bessie sat down with a sigh of relief. that its sensibility was returning, and now She was only tired, for besides that three when the stream from the kettle began to hours of railway traveling she had ridden mix with the already very hot bath, and five previous miles in a country lumber wagon, and it was the first time that she suddenly there was heard a cry from the had ever been away from home. And bath, and the patient, with the agility of presently a tall, fine-looking young man with a pallid complexion that betokens a mostly in-door life came up to her. "I am Charles Conkey," said he. "Who

> Bessie Falkner rose up, blushing. She never had seen this cousin of hers, whose sister had spent all summer at Cherry Hill, but she doubted not that he would "Marian had told him all about me, o

course," she thought. But when he regarded her with an unrecognized stare, she said, coloring redder than before: "I am Bessie! "Oh!" he exclaimed, his face brighten ing suddenly. "Betty, eh? I'm glad you've

come. My mother will be pleased to see you. Got any trunk?" "Here's my check," whispered Bessie lacking courage to correct him in his palpable mispronunciation of her nameand in a minute it was handed to an expressman, and she was seated beside her

cousin in a car. How strange it all was-the lights, the people, the crowded vehicles, all that eager current of life eddying around her! She shut her eyes and tried to fancy now the dark woods circling around it, and the snow drifted high upon the door-step, but she could not. A home-sick feeling surged over her heart—the tears rose to her eyes.

"Why don't he say something to me?" "We thought you would have been

The disease was broken np, and the con- here before," observed Mr. Conkey, sud-"I couldn't come until this week," mur

"Well, I hope you'll he contented now, Bessie did not know what to say, so she said nothing-but she felt more than ever

On they rode, past glittering blocks of light, through streets whose strange appearance made a moving phantasmagoria before Bessie's tired eyes, until at last her cousin told her that they were there, and a walk of two or three minutes brought them to a little cozy-looking-red-brick accordingly with all a Frenchman's noisy came to the door with an expectant face. "Well, mother. I've brought her!" said Charles Conkey, exultantly.

"Brought who?" asked the little woman. "Why, Betty, to be sure,', said the young

Bessie looked timidly up. Surely Cousin

"I-I think so," said Bessie, with

"Well, come in," sighed Mrs. Conkey, "and I'll snow you to your room. Here's Now, Traverse particularly wished to the kitchen—I think you'll find it a cheeras you've taken off your things," she added Traverse wrote to his mother and Clara in red calico, and then she left her visitor

Bessie sat down on the side of the bed and burst into tears.

"She didn't kiss me," she thought. see me! And where is Marian? Oh, I wish I had never come here,-I wish I had staved at Cherry Hill!"

But as she sat there sobbing noiselessly into her pocket-handkerchief, she heard Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice "Here's a scuttle of coal, mother, -you've

let your fire get pretty low, haven't you?" "Oh, Charley, why did you bring it?" lamented the old lady. "Why didn't you wait until the new girl came down stairs? "She looked tired, mother,-I presume beautiful lake upon the banks of which the journey has fatigued her," was the

"I'm afraid she wont suit," said Mrs had been in charge during the absence of Conkey, mournfully. "I thought the "Don't condemn her without a trial," All were as usual, the country doctor said the young man. "Give her a week's

> chance! "I wish Marian was at home," said Mrs. Bessie listened to these words with

kindling eyes and cheeks that burned ike fire.

And Bessie, who had a shrewd sense of year 1538. and made haste to come down-stairs. poor dear, and need something hot." And then Bessie remembered how she country.

had congratulated herself on her own good luck in catching a train that was express,

and reached New York two hours before the one upon which she had originally decided to travel. "I hope you can cook?" said Mrs.

"Oh I am a capital cook," asserted Bessie. Shall I make you some hot biscuit for tea. Or would you like a salad made out of this cold chicken? or a dish of scalloped oysters? Well you have tea or coffee? If If you prefer it I can make excellent

Mrs. Conkey and her son exchanged gratified glances, as Bessie bustled cheerily

"I think she'll suit" said Mrs. Conkey. "I'm certain of it," nodded Charles, as he put on his hat and overcoat to turn to the station. "And I'm glad, mother, that I had a chance to bring her home, and set her going about the housework before the little Cherry Hill cousin came." In a short time, however, he came back disappointed. The train was in-and

Cousin Falkner's daughter had not come. "Just like a woman," said Charles, with fighter he is a gentleman, a man of polish a long-drawn sigh. "Missed the train, of and culture. Jackson is jet black, but he her before to-morrow, now. We must eat the scalloped oysters and salad ourselves

And they did so, Bessie waiting on them with the utmost gravity and decorum. Mrs. Conkey. "Oh, I don't think it's her fault." pleaded

to miss a train." "I almost hope she won't come now." said Mrs. Conkey Bessie dropped the tray here, and after

she had stoopped to recover it her face was redder than a carnation pink. "My dear little mother, why?" "Because-because Marian is sure that you will fall in love with her-and she is so set on the idea, and I don't want any

fine lady daughter-in-law!" almost sobbed Mrs. Conkey. "How do you know that she lady?" questioned Charles. "Because Marian says she plays on the

zither, and paints panels and makes antique lace on a pillow, and-" "That would only argue that complished." "But I want someone who won't be

who will be really a companion to me!" persisted Mrs. Conkey. "Don't fret, mother," laughed the young man again. man. "If I really do marry this Cherry

Hill cousin-and it's more than likely, you know, that she wouldn't accept me, even if I went on my knees to her-I'll promise to hire some one to do the housework for both of you." Bessie fled into the kitchen here, on

on the front door-step, as if something investigate the tact. Our dory cut the heavy was being "ended" over and over. It was the expressman.

after it." And presently they heard an exclamation of words and arguments in the hall. island called Moho Cave. "Hallo!" shouted Charley, "here is the trunk from Cherry Hill, with Bessie Falkner's name on it!"

pened to her!"

Bessie Falkner, from Cherry Hill!"

Bessie, "you said so-not I. You took it islands from a distance look like fairy for granted from the very first that I was bowers. Betty, and I had not the courage to con- We poled our dory around to the south tradict you. Do not look so appalled, of the island, but could not get very near, Cousin Charley, (with a mischievous as we were scraping bottom all the time. smile) "I am not going to lay seige to We passed over numerous oyster-beds your heart. And I'll help you all you while doing so, and with an ordinary rake like with the housework, Mrs. Conkey, if which had been provided we hauled aboard I do paint plaques and play on the zither! a lot of the oysters. They were small and Were not my biscuits good? And didn't flat, and the shell looked more like a flat

Mrs. Conkey kissed Bessie cordially, and down with a relish. I did not care much confessed herself outgeneraled. As for for them myself, except as curiosities, for

Cousin Charley, he kissed her too. "Am I not your cousin also?" he pleaded. appetizing. The new girl arrived that same night-a stolid, stupid yonng woman, who was discharged at the end of the first week. "We don't need anyone but Bessie," said

Mrs. Conkey. And it extremely doubtful whether "the little country cousin" will ever be allowed to return home. Mrs. Conkey loves her, Lord for their prosperity who would be and Charley hopes one day to call her his | mad if somebody should suggest that they his wife; while Marian, who is now at were not mainly responsible for it themhome, declares that she has always fore- selves. seen this state of affairs. "For," says Marian, "she is the dearest

little thing.' PACKED IN SNOW.

How the Ancient Romans Preserved Oysters and Fish Without Ice.

We are apt to think of the use of ice, or the obtaining of a freezing temperature in | case the improvement was marked,"-J. M. warm weather to preserve meat and other | MAIN M. D., New York Put up in 50c. and perishable articles, as a practice of quite re- \$1 size. cent origin. Our grandfathers, and even in many cases, our fathers did not cut in makes you think so? Did you see him?" in winter, and accordingly had no store of ["No; but I saw pa take the parrot and "She didn't tell me that she was glad to it to draw upon in summer. The natural lock it up in the stable." coolness of an underground cellar had to serve for the preservation of such articles of food as would be spoiled by heat, and the butter was kept hard by dangling it in

a pail in a deep well. The Romans understood and practised many centuries ago, the art of maintaining inland by the use of snow. Each oyster was packed in close compressed snow, which was surrounded by a layer of straw and that in turn by a wrapping of woollen

This method succeeded so well that menia. These oysters, by the way, were take no other kind. from Lake Lucrinus in Italy, which was famous throughout the ancient times for the excellence of its oysters. They were on the street what he supposed to be a the "Blue Points" of antiquity; and the glass stone, but which turned ont to be a Emperor Augustus thought so highly of diamond worth \$700. the lake which produced them that he provided it with a constant supply of water rom the sea by cutting an artificial was shipped from Welland the other day channel at a considerable expense.

It would be interesting to compare the "It's all a mistake." she thought. "Such | quality of these ancient oysters with those as one reads of in stories! They take me of our own day, as might possibly be done "A patient most interesting, my young for some servant girl who has been sent if Lake Lucrinus was still in existence. friend! a history most pathetic; you shall to them! Me! Bessie Falkner! Well,—let But the spot where Apicius gathered his India missionary the formula of a simple hear of it some time. But come into the the thing go on! If Marian is not at home oysters for the Emperor Trajan is now vegetable remedy for the speedy and perparlor. And you, Angele, my sister, ring there is no one to undeceive them! Let covered by a mountain about four hundus see how I can manage to fill the situa- red feet high, which was raised during an Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung earthquake and volcanic eruption in the

> undoubtedly understood the art of snow-"There's some oysters for tea, Betty!" packing, as described by Apicius, for it is them among the peasants of the inland naming this paper. W. A. Novies 194

FEROCITY OF FIGHTERS.

Men who have faced John L-Sullivan claim that when in the heat of battle he has a most awful expression on his face, and stout hearts have quailed at sight of it. Paddy Ryan said, after his battle for the championship with the big fellow, that when he looked at Sullivan, toward the close of the fight he almost feared for his life, as there was the expression of a murderer on Sullivan's face. Others have said that they could not bear to look at the champion's face when boxing with him, lest their courage forsake them. There are those who attribute the big fellow's success in part to the awful terror inspired

by his glare. Peter Jackson, according to all accounts seems to possess the same savage expression at times.

Major Frank McLaughlin, one of the prime movers in the California Club, to which Jackson is under contract, speaking of this a few days ago, said; " He is the "colored Billy Edwards," I claim, in this respect—that while a

of course! Well, there's no use expecting has nothing of the distinctively negro features. In the heat of a fight at a crisis he looks more like a tiger than a man. "Said Jackson to me on one occasion, My blow is the heart blow,' and there he shows his sense. He is an anatomist. and he knows the position of every bone and muscle in the human body as accurately as any surgeon. He doesn't batter Charles. "You know Marian said she was up his hands and break his fingers with such a sweet little thing. Anyone is liable | the blow at the point of the jaw or on the chin. His knock-out blow is the heart

blow, which will kill a man if he fights long enough. That was the famous blow of the great Welsh black who generations ago made such an awe-inspiring reputation that he was called the "Dead Boxer." Jem Smith, Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe and Patsy Cardiff have all been induced by the tremendous force of his blows to throw np one hand in utter exhaustion, and hold on with the other to the ropes in dumb agony. Let his opponent foul him or get in a blow on him that hurra him, and the expression of Jackson's becomes so savage as to: be startling. Then, and then only for a moment, does the innate ferocity, the animal brutality which no one would think him capable of, comes to the surface. As if ashamed himself of such an exhibition no sooner has he reduced his antagonist above helping me about the housework to helplessness than he asks, in the politest manner possible, "Have you got enough, sir?" He is the polished gentle-

OYSTERS ON TREES. Business recently called me to Honduras and I have just now returned, well pleased with my trip. I had often heard of oysters growing on the trunks and branches of trees—groves of living green umbrageous retense of looking for some more biscuit- trees, with oysters growing upon thembut at the same moment there was a sound and my friend and I set aside the day to water like a knife and slipped along rapidly and easily, with hardly a ripple in her "It's the new girl's trunk," said Mrs. | wake, and in about half an hour we had Conkey. "Go go out, Charles, and see lost sight of the town, with its convent and shipping and soldiers' barracks behind us. We were then nearly abreast of an

The front of it is embowered in graceful cocoanut trees and the back part trends off into a swamp and is covered with a "The trunk!" echoed Mrs. Conkey. dense grove of the red mangrove. This "Then where is the girl herself! Oh! mangrove tree groves in eitner fresh or Charley I'm afraid something has hap- salt water swamps and, even in water three or four feet deep. The limbs of the But at this stage of affairs Bessie her- trees send shoots of roots down into the self came forward to disentangle the riddle. water, and thus a thicket of mangroves is "Nothing has happened," said she, with a matted mass of trunks and limbs and downcast eyes. "It is my trunk. I am roots. On these trunks and limbs and roots, deep down under the surface of the "But you said you were Betty Nolan, water, cling bunches of single oysters, and the new girl?" almost screamed Mrs. thus are formed the oysters groves I had heard of. The leaves of these trees are of "I beg your pardon," gently protested a beautiful dark green, and the swamp

you have a second helping of the scalloped | clam than an oyster. But the inside tasted all right, and our boatman swallowed that

the mud that stucks to them did not smell "Lot journeyed wearily on," said the parson, "with the fate of his poor wife fresh in his memory. "How could that be," his little son asked him after the sermon

"when she was salt?" A good many people publicly thank the

FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF

CHILDREN Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every

"Ma, the minister is coming." "What

If spectacles could be fitted to men whose minds are short-sighted there would be less poverty, and possibly not so much crime in the world.

SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when an artificial temperature. They were children are cutting teeth. It relieves the fond of oysters, and transported them little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa whether arising from teething or other causes Apicius was able to send oysters from Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask Brindisi to the Emperor Trajan in Ar- for "Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup and

A customs official at Kingston picked up

A monster hog, weighing 1,050 pounds, to New York city, where it will be placed on exhibition.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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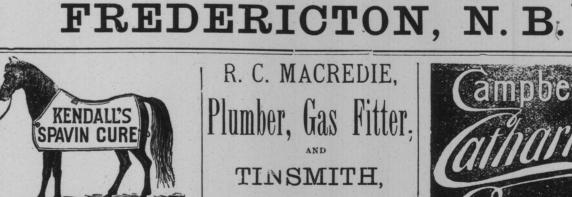
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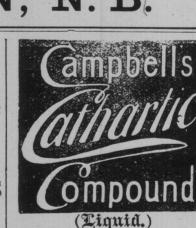
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