

### What She Sacrifices.

An exchange, in commenting on a woman's desire to get married, asks if you ever thought that she quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she had hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sisters to whom she dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her by turns, the counsellor and counsellor, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate,—all to be forsaken by one fell stroke, every tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond, grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of happiness to that to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope, who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired.

### Letters With Pictures.

There are scores of persons who are unhappy because they fail to use the blessings that are within their reach. They resemble a poor old widow in the Highlands of Scotland, of whom the following story is told:

A warm-hearted Christian gentleman, hearing about her condition, called, and she told him, "I am very, very poor, sir, though I should not be so. I have a son in Australia who is well off, but he only sends me a letter once a month with a picture in it." "Let me see the pictures." When they were produced, the gentleman saw that they were drafts for sums of £10 (\$50). He said to her, "Why, my good woman, you are rich not poor, as you think. All you have to do is to put your name on the back of these pictures, present them at the bank, and you will get a lot of money."

She was lying in abject misery, complaining to all whom she met of her son's neglect, notwithstanding he had been very liberal to her.

### A Bride's Ruse.

A very beautiful and touching story was telegraphed the other day from some far western town, which told how a white dove flew in at a church window and lit upon the shoulder of a fair young bride who was just being given away at the altar. The poetic thrill which was caused by this incident has been turned into grief by the discovery that the fair young bride spent over six months training the dove for this matrimonial act with the one blessed purpose of getting her name in all the papers.

### A Change of Opinion.

"No, sir; I will never marry a girl that likes cats. If there's anything in this world I abominate, it's a cat. They're treacherous creatures, any way. I wouldn't have any confidence in a woman who was fond of cats. I can't abide 'em."

This was what he said a year ago. He is married now to one of the nicest girls in the world. A visitor at their country home last week saw a beautiful Maltese kitten playing about the house, and at the stable, when the pony carriage was brought out, a gigantic black tom, with a brass collar round his neck, was a conspicuous figure, and evidently on

the most friendly terms with the hostler and horses. As the visitor and his young host sat talking, after the other members of the household had retired, the guest recalled the remarks of the year before. "Look here, old fellow," said he, "I thought you didn't like cats. Upon my word I believe you are petting that Maltese kitten now."

"Well, the fact is," said his friend, "my wife has always been very fond of cats. And do you know," he continued, "I think it's a very good thing for a woman to like cats. People that like cats are always gentle. They are brave, too. Did you ever notice that you can make a cat do almost anything by kindness and coaxing, but that it's useless to try to influence cats by fear. They simply run away. No, I rather like cats myself now."

This was the man that would never marry a girl that liked cats.

### An Independent Groom.

At a recent public dinner given to the old settlers at Holyoke, Mass., a good story was told of an independent groom: An Ireland parish man wooed a Chicopee-street damsel of one of the numerous and well-to-do Chapin families, and started to the wedding with his ox-cart, so that he might bring back the household stuff. The law was such that if the father-in-law gave notice when the bride's furniture was taken away that he merely loaned it to the groom, it could not in future be attached for the husband's debts. And so, after the cart had been loaded and the party were ready to leave, the host remarked to a neighbor:

"I wish you to be a witness that I loan these things."

But this proceeding was not at all to the groom's taste and tradition says that he hastily tipped up the cart, with the observation, "Mr. Chapin, I didn't come here to borrow anything," and then drove off with a portionless bride.

### A Ramrod Through a Man's Head.

It has long been known that the integrity of the cerebral hemispheres is not essential to the continuance of life, and that they may undergo considerable morbid change or mechanical injury, accompanied by extensive loss of substance, without fatal result, or even serious impairment of the vital functions.

Bearing upon this point, Fischer reports, in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Chirurgie* (Bd. xviii), an interesting case of an accident which occurred during the unloading of a carbine, by which the brain was transfixed by a ramrod, without fatal result. The ramrod, which was of iron, entered the thorax to the right of the fourth dorsal vertebra, passed upward in the deeper tissues of the right side of the neck through the base of the skull and brain, and projected to the extent of thirty centimeters out of the left side of the head. After an opening had been made into the neck, the rod was driven backward through the skull by strokes of a hammer, and taken out at the neck. The patient recovered, except that he remained blind in the right eye.

An effort to imitate the injury on the dead body showed that in the neck no important vessel or nerve was injured, that the instrument entered the cavity of the skull through the right optic foramen, tore the optic nerve, and then entered the space between the two frontal lobes, and penetrated the brain only to the slight extent of three centimeters, and wounded only the anterior edge of the left superior frontal convolution.