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TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

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has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

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ZIGZAG.

From the French.

The guests leisurely entered the large dining-room of the hotel and seated themselves in their places. The waiters commenced their service slowly in order that they might allow time for those who were late, so that they would not have to bring back the dishes; and the old bathers, the habitues of the place, looked with interest toward the door each time it opened, to see the new faces that appeared. This is the great distraction of watering places. One looks forward to dinner time to inspect the arrivals of the day, and to guess who they are, what they do and what they think.

Therefore, on the evening in question, as on all other evenings, we were awaiting the arrival of the newcomers. They were only two, but they were very strange persons, a man and a woman, father and daughter. They at once produced on me such an effect as the characters of Edgar Poe might; nevertheless, there was about them a charm, a charm born of misfortune. I pictured them to myself as the victims of fatality. The man was tall and spare, a little bent, with white hair, too white for his yellow physiognomy; and there was in his manner a grave air and austere bearing. The daughter, perhaps 24 or 25 years of age, was small, quite slender and very pale, and had a wearied and dejected air. She was rather pretty, having the diaphanous beauty of an apparation. She ate very slowly, as if she were hardly able to move her arms. It was evidently she who had come to take the waters.

They were seated opposite to me at the table and I at once noticed that the former had a peculiar nervous affection.

Every time he wished to reach anything his hand described a rapid movement, a sort of zigzag, before he was able to touch the object he was seeking. In a few moments this movement tired me so that I was compelled to turn away my head in order not to see it.

I noticed, also, that the young woman while eating wore a glove on her left hand.

After dinner I went for a stroll in the park of the thermal establishment. This was situated at a little station in Auvergne, Chatel-Guion, concealed in a gorge at the foot of a high mountain, whence issued boiling waters, coming from the depth of an ancient volcano. Beyond, above us, the domes, extinct craters reared their truncated heads above a long chain.

It was a very warm evening. I strolled to and fro in the shady walk, listening from the mountain side which commanded a view of the park, to the music from the Casino, the first strains of which were sounding.

I saw the father and daughter coming slowly toward me. I saluted them, as in watering places one salutes his hotel companions, and the man, at once pausing, asked of me:

"Can you tell me, monsieur, where I will find a short and pleasant promenade?"

I offered to conduct them to a valley in which flowed a little stream—a deep valley, a narrow gorge between two steep declivities, rocky and wooded. They accepted my offer. We talked, naturally of the virtue of the waters.

"Ah!" said he, "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which is unknown. She shows incomprehensible symptoms of nervous troubles. At one time she seems to be affected with heart disease, at another time with a liver complaint, and again with a disease of the spinal marrow. To-day the trouble seems to be seated in the stomach, which is, as it were, the engine. the great regulator of the body. That is why we are here. I believe that the troubles is seated in the nerves. At all events it is very bad."

I at once remembered the nervous affection of his hand, and I asked:

"But is not the trouble hereditary? Have you not yourself a nervous affection?"

He responded in a quiet tone:

"I? Oh! no; my nerves are always quite calm."

Then, suddenly, after a short silence, he said:

"Ah! you allude to the spasm of my hand whenever I attempt to take anything? That was caused by a terrible experience which I had. Imagine that my daughter were buried alive!"

I could make no reply, save an exclamation of surprise and emotion.

He continued: "I will relate my experience. It is a brief story. Juliette had had for some time grave symptoms of heart disease. We believed that organ was affected. I watched beside her a day and two nights.

"She was brought in one day, cold, motionless, dead. She had fallen in the garden. The doctor pronounced her dead, myself placed her in the coffin, which I accompanied to the cemetery, where it was deposited in our family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine.

"I wished that she would be buried in her jewels, the bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the ornaments she had received from me, and in her first ball dress.

"You cannot imagine what was the state of my heart and of my mind on returning home. I had only her, my wife having been dead some time. I entered my chamber alone, half crazed, exhausted, and I fell into a chair unable to think or to move a muscle. I was nothing but a wrecked vibrating machine.

"My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me dispose of Juliette in her coffin and prepare her for her last sleep, entered noiselessly and asked if I wanted anything. I replied that I did not, and he thereupon retired.

"How the hours passed I know not. Oh! what a night! What a night? It was cold; the fire had gone out in the large fire place, and the wind, a wintry wind, a great wind full of sleet, made the windows rattle with a mournful and regular sound.

"How did the hours pass? I was there without sleep, weakened, crushed, my eyes open, my limbs extended, my body nerveless, my mind paralyzed by dispair. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

"I received such a shock that my chair creaked under me. The solemn sound vibrated in the chateau as in an empty cave. I turned to the clock to see what the hour was. It was two o'clock in the morning. Who could come at such an hour?

"Suddenly the bell sounded again. The servants, I thought, would not dare answer it. I took a light and descended. I was afraid to ask who was there.

"Then, becoming ashamed of this weakness, I slowly withdrew the great bolts. My heart beat; I was filled with fear. I opened the door suddenly and perceived in the darkness a form clothed in white, looking like a phantom.

"I drew back dismayed and stammering: 'Who—who—are you?'

"A voice responded: 'It is I, father.'

"It was my daughter. I thought I was mad. I retreated before the specter as it entered. Then I raised my hand as if to frighten it away, making the jesture which you have noticed—the gesture which I cannot get rid of.

"The apparation said: 'Have no fear, father; I was not dead. Some one wished to rob me of my rings and cut one of my fingers; the blood began to flow, and that reanimated me.'

"And I peceived in fact that she was covered with blood. I fell on my knees, choking with sobs. Then, when I had recovered my thoughts a little, I conducted her to my chamber and seated her in my easy chair. Then I summoned Prosper in order that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a drink and seek help.

"The man entered, looked at my daughter, opened his mouth in a spasm of horror, then fell back dead.

"It was he who had opened the vault and mutilated my daughter. He had not effaced the traces of the robbery. He had not even taken the care to put the coffin back in its place, thinking I would never suspect him, as he had my entire confidence.

"You see, monsieur, that we are most unfortunate people."

* * * * *

Night had enveloped the lonely and somber valley, and a sort of mysterious fear took possession of me in the presence of these strange beings—this woman returned from the dead and her father with the extraordinary zigzag gesture,

"I could think of nothing to say. I murmured:

"'How horrible!'

Then after a minute I added:

"Shall we return? It seems to be growing cold."

And we retraced our steps toward the hotel.

Black Skin and Golden Curls.

A dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says: "The strange sight of a girl with goldon curls reaching nearly to her waist, and yet with skin as black as ebony, was presented in this city Monday. This freak of nature is the only child of a family named Lorgan, residents of Philadelphia until within a short time. She was noted for her beauty, and moved in the best circles of society. It was finally discovered that for some time she had been a habitual arsenic eater, and steps were taken to overcome the habit. Shortly after she became seriously ill, and for a long time her life was despaired of. Upon her recovery yellow spots began to show themselves on her face, and these rapidly extended and grew darker until she became as black as an Ethiopian. The skin on the body not exposed to the air, however, remains yellow. The case baffles the physicians, and she was taken to Hot Springs, Arkansas, by her distracted parents, but all to no purpose. The young lady is otherwise in good health, but is morbidly sensitive, and has isolated herself from the world, refusing to see even her most intimmate friends."

The Last Word.

Politics makes more noses red than sunburn does.

It is more creditible to be a live fool than a dead genius.

"Who fill our graveyards?" demanded a temperance orator; and a red-nosed man on the back seat spoke up, "The (hic) undertakers." It was not the right answer.

An Alabama man invented a patent tail for cows, which would knock the flies into the middle of next summer; and the first time it hit the man who was milking, it loosened four teeth for him and took the hide off his nose. He hadn't thought of that part of it.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

Something the Reading of Which May Lower the Temperature.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. Very few persons now living can recollect it. The following is a brief summary of the weather during each month of that year: January was mild, so as to render fires almost useless in parlors. February was not cold; with the exception of a few days, it was like its predecessors. March was cold and boisterous during the early part of the month; the remainder of the month was mild. A great freshet occurred on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers which caused much loss of property. April began warm but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended with snow and ice and a temperature more like winter than spring. May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen; ice formed half an inch thick; corn was killed, corn fields were again and again replanted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost and ice were common. Almost every green thing was killed; fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Verment, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York and also in Massachusetts. There were a few warm days. All classes looked for them in that memorable cold summer sixty-eight years ago. It was called a dry season. But little rain fell. The wind blew steadily from the north cold and fierce. Mothers knit extra socks and mittens for the children in the spring, and wood piles that usually disappeared during the warm spells in front of the houses were speedily built up again. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens. In a town in Vermont a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer had been sent, as usual to their pasture. On June 17 a heavy snow fell; the cold was intense, and the owner started away at noon to look for his sheep. "Better start the neighbors soon, wife," he said in jest before leaving; "being in the middle of June I may get lost in the snow." Night came, the storm ceased and he did not return. The next morning the family sent out for help and started in search. One after another of the neighbors turned out to look for the missing man. The snow had covered up all tracts, and not until the third day did they find him, on the side of a hill, with both feet frozen, unable to move. A farmer who had a large field of corn in Tewsbury built fires around it to ward off the frost; many an evening he and his men took turns watching it. He was rewarded with the only crop of corn in the neighborhood. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the Mississippi river, the suburbs were covered with water and the roads were passable only in boats. Fears that the sun was cooling off abounded, and throughout New England all picnics were strictly prohibited.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of common window glass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indiana corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts. August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months which preceded it. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was put down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Papers received from England stated "that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States; farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold at from $4 to $5 per bushel,

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became cold and frosty; ice formed a quarter of an inch in thickness. October produced more than its share of cold weather; frost and ice were to be seen in France. Constant rains fell during the months of July, August and September. But for an abundant potato crop, famine, with all its horrors, would have been her lot. The minister of the interior established granaries throughout the kingdom, where corn was sold to the destitute at a reduced price. Prices rose, however, to more than double, and hundreds perished of actual want. November was cold and blundering; snow fell so as to make good sleighing. December was mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of the cold summer of 1816, as it was called, in order to distinguish it from the winter.

The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year. Very little vegetation was matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat during the summer; all nature was clad in a stable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life. The average price of flour during the year in the New York market was $13 per barrel. The average price of wheat through England was 97 shillings per quarter. Bread riots occurred throughout great Britain in 1817 in consequence of the high price of the staff of life.

Up in New York.

Correspondence of THE JOURNAL.

EASTON, N. Y., Sept 29th, 1884.

Your correspondent received a letter a few days ago containing this passage: "I should think you would be tolerably safe from tropical epidemics up there, but I should fear I was getting uncomfortably close to the cannibalistic clime, and should dread being afflicted like the Greely party." He evidently did not know that this is our heated term, that the locusts warble daily in the green foliage, and the nocturnal cyrtophyllus concavus (vulgarly known as "katydid," but he prefers not to be called by so effeminate a name,) continues to give his monotonous, yet aggreeable concerts until the dawn of day. Some say this is Indian summer. Be it Indian or Ethepian, it is hot enough for me; however, at any time, old Boreas may come sweeping down the Valley and politely request us to don our overcoats as he did two weeks ago.

A few days since I drove into Saratogo to see if she looked much the worse after her summer's campaign. Found the tide decidedly ebb. I noticed a train of omnibusses from the leading hotel going to the depot to meet guests; later I saw the same return with not even a Cleveland and Blaine book agent, much less a tourist. I thought to myself the poor fellows must have missed their reckoning, that perhaps no train was due at that time, for even Denton could beat that. But such is the case. Doubtless there is no place in the world subject to a greater fluctuation in its number of visitors than Saratoga. One day they throng in by the thousands, especially if there is to be a convention or a noted horse race; the next day they are all gone,—where, no one knows. Here is exemplified the physical paradox, heat contracts and cold expands. Of course this only applies to the crowds who are constantly seeking the equitable temperature so much in demand, but certainly it is that the hotel proprietor scans the latest weather report with as much interest as the outbound mariner, for he knows a warm wave will bring him guests, while a cold one will scatter those that he has. A glance up Broadway from the Grand Union will show, suspended across the street, magnificent presidential banners having on them the portraits of the several candidates. It would be hard to tell which one is the most striking so beautifully colored and handsomely decorated they are, each one trying to eclipse the others. Whilst taking in a view of this thoroughfare with its moving vehicles, I suddenly saw two horses, without a driver, making their way at full speed up the street. They were attached to a two-seated phaeton so nicely polished that it could almost reflect the surrounding objects. Some were clearing the track, others following and yelling, while one poor fellow was lashing his horse to keep in advance, for fear of being run into. Once they came near locking wheels with another carriage but passed with only a jar. Soon an active young negro rushed out and bounded into the rear of the vehicle at great risk of life. It seemed a long time to the breathless spectators before he succeeded in climbing over the seats and catching hold of the reins, but he did and heroically drew the horses in. He was then surrounded by a large number of persons eager to behold the man so successful in stopping the team. I soon saw a well-to-do looking man in kids driving the now docile animals away apparently unhurt, while a darkey with his hand on his pocket, and all covered with smile, sauntered around waiting for the next victim with a runaway team.

I had the pleasure of partaking of Maryland hospitality, accepting a kind invitation to dine with one of the best of your Eastern Shore citizens.

I must not be too lengthy this time; perhaps I may come again if you permit me. I shall have something else to talk about, but not now. T.

Beautiful Living.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves as light as air, will do at least twenty-four hours.

And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365, in the course of the year. If you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."—Christian Standard

"O, dear, what a dreadful odor of carbureted hydrogen!" said the Boston lady. "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of carbureted hydrogen," she explained. "That's no kind of gin, mum," replied the janitor; "that's garse; the pipe is leaky, mum."

Josh Billings.

Mr. Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings) is now stopping with his sister, Mrs. Babcock, at her home here. The house is a commodious mansion surrounded by tall trees, and is now offered for sale. Mr. Shaw has a large family, and most of his children and grandchildren are around him. Some of them are scattered as far as South America, and others are sojourning in Nantucket. A correspondent paid him a visit recently, and found the apostle of dry humor a phonetic spelling in a barn smoking a cigar. He is now 66 years old, but retains his physical vigor, and his tall figure and grave face, framed in long locks of gray-brown hair, hardly suggested so ripe an age. He took pleasure in showing his team, "Tom and Jerry," which he drove all the way from New York to Saratoga last June. "We were seven days coming," he related, "and drove only until noon each day. Our expenses averaged about $8 a day, and it was a very pleasant ride. Last summer I drove them to the White Mountains. I came up here for air and rest. I do not care for the mineral water. My lecture the other day was very well attended. I have read the lecture hundreds of times under different titles. But it does not pay as well as it used to, though I al ways have full houses. But the business has run down. I remember the crop of humorists that came on before Artemus Ward. They were none of them rich enough to pay for their own funerals. I met a lot of them one night and had a jolly time. But after that it began to pay. Ward made some money. Petroleum V. Nasby is worth $200,000. Burdette, the Hawkeye man, and the Detroit Free Press, Norristown Herald, and other humorists are saving money. Bnt the business is overdone. Every paper now has its funny man. No; I never make jokes about religion. If there is anything in me, it's reverance. I am a firm believer. I like a man who believes something. But when I strike a man who believes nothing I give him the whole of the road. I like to hit a subject in the rear. If I have anything to say I can say it in three lines, and after all it's the paragraph or sentence or even phrase that's remembered rather than pages. Some of my sayings are mere platitudes. I have never excelled some things which I wrote in my 'Essay on a Mule,' my first venture, and sold for $1.50. I am willing to talk on anything but politics and religion. Autograph hunters? Yes, three or four a day. I never refuse them."

And as the correspondent left he carried away a history of "Josh" on which was written: "Yours without a struggle, Josh Billings."

Playing With a Greenhorn.

At the Michigan Central Depot the other day three or four citizens, who happened to be waiting for the same train to come in, got to talking about confidence men and their victims, and one of them pointed out a particular specimen of a young-man-from-the-country and remarked:

"That fellow would make a right subject for the fraternity. The chances are that he can be bamboozled as easily as rolling off a log."

"I dunno," replied another. "Suppose you work on him a little as an experiment. Here is a check which I will fill out, and I will come in at the right time as your pal."

The idea was entered into, and in a few minutes No. 1 put himself in the way of the greenhorn and made some inquiries about the trains, and ascertained that the train was going to Michigan City.

"So? Why, I'm going right there myself. I own a big sawmill."

"Yew dew, eh?"

"Yef, and I'm here looking for a foreman. I have a boss place for a man at fifty dollars a month."

"That's me to a huckleberry. I've worked in saw mills all my life."

"You can have the place. Consider yourself engaged for a year at sixty dollars a month."

"Snakes and tom cats, but ain't that luck!" chuckled Greeny. "Stranger, you must be an awful good man."

"Well, I run a Sunday School and try to live an up right life. Maybe you want a month's salary in advance?"

"Woogh! yew don't say so! No, I guess I can get along, being that I have forty-five dollars in my wallet."

At this moment the pal came up with the usual bill, which must be paid at once or the new saw for the mill would not be shipped. No. 1 had only three or four dollars in bills, but offered a check for $200. Following the usual program, Greenhorn was asked to hand over his $45 and take the check as security. The words were hardly off the man's lips when Greenhorn spit on both hands at once, shot out his right and left in chorus, and there was a thump! thump! which knocked two men flatter than pancakes. "Softly, gentlemen, softly," commanded Greeny, as a half dozen men rushed up. "I look like a last year pumpkin saved over in the basement of a canning factory, but after traveling with Forepaugh for the last eleven years I ought to know buckwheat from spring goslings. Pick 'em up and sponge off the blood and turn 'em loose. They will feel tired all the rest of the day."

—In a few weeks beautiful autumn leaves can be gathered.

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