THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS

! ! ONWARD ! !

ONWARD is the name of L. O. EMERSON'S book for SINGING CLASSES for the season of 1878-79. A new and fresh collection of the best Secular and Sacred music, with a full Instructive Course. Teachers will please examine. 32 Glees, 56 Sacred Tunes, and 15 Anthems are provided. Price $7.50 per dozen.

FESTIVAL CHORUS BOOK !

Compiled by J. P. COBB, and designed for Musical Conventions, Societies, Festivals, etc., etc. A selection of a number of the best Choruses, Sacred and Secular. 144 large pages. ($12 per dozen.)

THE CHURCH OFFERING !

By L. O. EMERSON. As this fine book contains a Hundred Anthems, Motets, etc., all of the best quality, it is a fine book for any choir, and will be extensively used as an Anthem Book. Its first design, however, is for the use of EPISCOPAL CHOIRS, and it has the greatest variety ever brought together of Anthems, Venites, Cantates, Jubilates, Glorias, and of all other pieces used in the service. Should be universally used. ($12 per dozen.)

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, N.Y

TEAS The choicest in the world. Importers prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for Circular to ROBT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N.Y., P. O. Box 1287.

CHEW The Celebrated "Mistletoe" Wood Tar Fine Tobacco. THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY, New York, Boston and Chicago.

U 29

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR Use Dr. Case's Liver Remedy and Blood Purifier, a pleasant Tonic. Cordial, and Anti-Bilious purgative. It will save your doctor's bills only 25c. per bottle. For sale by druggists, general stores and Agents. Agents Wanted. THE HOME MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A NEW BOOK-KEEPING.

MESERVEY'S BOOK-KEEPING.

By PROF. A. B. MESERVEY Ph. D.

A Plain, Simple, Practical Manual, in both Single and Double Entry, designed for the COMMON SCHOOL, HIGH SCHOOL and ACADEMY, and for SELF-INSTRUCTION.

This work will be found particularly well adapted as a book of instruction for those who desire to instruct themselves in that art. One can readily, by its use, obtain such a practical knowledge of the subject as will enable him to intelligently arrange all the records of business in any occupation, in accordance with the recognized principles of book-keeping. It is prepared by an author who has had twenty-five years' experience in teaching the science, and is perfectly familiar with the wants of learners.

It has been already introduced in many first-class institutions, and is largely used as a book for self-instruction.

Sent by mail on receipt of $1.00. Favorable terms for first introduction in schools.

THOMPSON, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston.

DANGER OF

RUPTURE,

AND ITS CURE,

BY DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S EXTERNAL APPLICATIONS.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN has returned from his branch office at St. Louis to his principal office, 251 Broadway, corner of Murray street, New York, where he may be consulted for a limited period by those wishing to avail themselves of his experience in the adaptation of his appliances used in his treatment of rupture and cure for all forms of abdominal rupture.

The following, in addition to former publications, is respectfully submitted as substantial evidence of the benefit Dr. S. affords his patients:

THE SUBJECT OF RUPTURE IS OF MUCH MORE IMPORTANCE TO MANKIND THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED.

It is estimated that one man in every twenty is affected with hernia, and every man who has a hernia is liable at any moment to have a strangulation of it produced. Of those who have suffered from strangulated hernia, a very large proportion die, while, under the most favorable circumstances, a vast amount of suffering must be endured. How deep, then, does the interest of the subject become!

This accident is also exceedingly insidious in its attack, producing little or no harm until the mischief has become almost irremediable. Even the physician's suspicions are sometimes lulled into the belief that the patient has only an attack of colic, and before he is aroused, the fatal die is cast, and to his dismay he finds that he has to deal with a strangulated hernia.

The number of FATAL CASES herewith appended, prove that it is no idle alarm to declare the imminent peril in which he stands who has neglected hernia. He dare not run, jump, cough, ride or move in other than a measured step, lest he accelerate his doom. He dare not eat, drink, bathe, except by the rule, for this fatal, for it is almost certainly fatal, accident may occur, even though he may be as prudent as the cautious dame herself. A change of weather operating as it does on an excitable nervous system, may cause a rupture to become strangulated.

DEATHS

FROM STRANGULATED RUPTURE.

CASE 1. Capt. William Bartlett, of Albany, noted for having made twenty successful trips from New York to China, died on Thursday of last week of strangulated hernia. He took a hearty breakfast and went out as usual to his business; returned about 11 o'clock suffering from severe cramps in his stomach and a high state of nervous excitement. Domestic remedies were resorted to without allaying the symptoms. Violent vomiting ensued; a surgeon was sent for, who, on examination, pronounced the case hopeless; another was called in consultation—no relief afforded, and the captain died in extreme agony fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock. Last year he felt symptoms of strangulation, sent to Dr. J. A. Sherman for his book, and shortly after visited this city to obtain his treatment; but, unfortunately for the Captain, the doctor was one of his Western trips he did not see him, bought a new truss and returned home—but to fall a victim to his insecurity.

ANOTHER DEATH.

CASE 2. I was called in haste, and after midnight to see a man about 30 years of age. He had been laboring under Strangulated Hernia from the preceding day, and the usual means of reduction had been used without effect by Dr. Bonsell. The patient was operated upon, but soon after was bedewed with a cold, clammy sweat; pulse rapid; died next morning at 7 o'clock.

ANOTHER DEATH.

CASE 3. I operated to-day for Strangulated Femoral Hernia. The patient wore a truss. Strangulation occurred in the act of vomiting; second day after the operation; abdomen tender; countenance dejected; pulse one hundred and twenty, and weak. The patient died.

ANOTHER DEATH.

CASE 4. Isaac Lewis was admitted into the Pennsylvania Hospital, afflicted with Strangulated Scrotal Hernia. His case was beyond medical relief; he lingered some time an object of pity, and then died.

FEARFUL AILMENTS ARISING FROM RUPTURE AND TRUSSES.

The following are some of the dreadful maladies resulting from the displacement of the Viscera in Rupture, and which are aggravated by the truss when used to support the Rupture:

RUPTURE BECOMES inflamed and strangulated, the early symptoms of which are colic pains, rumbling in the bowels, great anxiety, and when reaching its full stage equaled only by the horrors of hydrophobia.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE eventual nervous debility, impaired memory, indifference to amusements and stirring recreations necessarily conductive to health and the prolongation of life.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE kidney and bladder affections, among the most deplorable of which is Bright's disease of the kidneys, depressed and irritated condition of the bladder, some of the premonitory symptoms of which are occasional lassitude, drowsiness, back ache, frequent disposition to urinate, incontinency or uneasiness in retaining urine, change of color and deposits in the urine after standing several hours, and increasing indifference and inability to the social enjoyments of life.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE premature shock of the nervous system, consequent loss of virility, and a gradual extinction of the spark that animates and invigorates the relations of life in the domestic circle, inspiring affection and devotion to the sacred institutions of marriage, morality and religion.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE gradual and imperceptible undermining of the constitution, impairing the digestive functions, and thereby inducing fevers of the worst type.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES tax the energies and capacities of man to a greater or less extent in every stage of life, both in his physical social relations and mental devotions, in the physical and mental pursuance of his business. In a word, it makes a man less than a man; and when from one or another of the foregoing afflictions, he begins to realize his mortifying condition, he indeed becomes a creature of commiseration.

TRUSSES.

The fallacy of curing rupture by trusses has been fully established by the experience of the past ages. There is certainly no truss that will radically cure confirmed rupture, or that can be truly considered, if worn any length of time, other than injurious.

What is the truss but a half-hoop gripping steel or iron band, provided on each end with pads to press simultaneously upon the back and abdomen? What must be the effect of the pads? Are they not heating and debilitating to the back and walls of the abdomen? Is not the ceaseless force of the main spring bearing these pads toward each other attended with fearful results? Look for a moment into the structure of man, the location of the organs, and you will say with us that the kidneys, the bladder, the tenons, the spleen, the vertebræ, and the lumbar regions must sooner or later be seriously affected by the continued pressure of the truss, and manhood destroyed ere the victim has reached the prime of life. Let us see from the following example: Fill, for instance, a sack, as the abdomen is filled, and clasp it with one of these so-called radical cure trusses, and you will see the terrible indentations made by the pressure. It is in this way that the constant severe pressure or grip of the truss exhausts the muscular fibre, and inflicts irreparable injury upon the organs, completely destroying their functions; in a word, making the young old, and the old useless.

WHAT THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY DEMOCRAT, OF NEW YORK, SAYS IN HIS PAPER, JAN. 7, 1877.

ROBERT WHITE'S SON, AND HOW HE WAS SAVED.

Dr. Sherman has devoted no ordinary talents to the special study of rupture, and with the very best results. His long and successful practice, simplicity of application, have cured many of the young and aged. No case, if properly and timely attended to, is beyond remedy. In respect and honor to this gentleman, we are glad to recite a case of our own immediate knowledge. Edward White, aged nine years (son of Robert White, publisher of this journal), when about a year and a half old, got a fall, which badly ruptured the child for about five years. Many remedies and much money were spent in efforts to cure the afflicted boy without effect. About a year ago the boy was brought to Dr. Sherman, under whose treatment he has been completely cured, and is now active and healthy. Dr. Sherman is a philanthropist, and also makes his charges to come within the means of all classes of people.

DR. KERLEY ON RUPTURE.

What He has to Say of Dr. J. A. Sherman's Treatment, after Testing it in His Wife's Case.

The following is from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat April 8th, 1878.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

I am and have been a practicing physician in this city for the past ten years. My office is at Ninth and Montgomery, and residence at Furguson, St. Louis County, Mo. Recently I have had occasion to look carefully into Dr. J. A. Sherman's system of treating rupture, and now feel as though I would be rendering a service to the afflicted by directing their attention to it. I am well aware that anyone having a rupture, either by neglect or injurious truss pressure, may at any moment be arrested with the horrors of strangulation.

That trusses have signally proved a failure as a palliative, much less curative medium, is fully realized by those who have given special attention to rupture, as well as by those who have had experience from their use. That they have a depressing influence upon the mental and nervous systems, and predispose and create organic disease, is of itself more than sufficient to condemn their use. What then, is to be done? As a relief, save in strangulated rupture, the surgeon's knife will not do. It is too hazardous, from the subsequent great danger of peritonical inflamation. The Wurtzer system of pinching and clamping, the puncturing system, and other cruelly torturous modes, have proved fruitless and dangerous from similar and other causes. And even if there were no dangers consequent upon such operations, they would be generally impracticable, from the long confinement and suffering causing. These barbarous plans have had their day, and necessarily given place to the march of science. Human suffering demanded relief, and artistic surgery has at last provided it. The method is simple and efficient. It is the result of Dr. J. A. Sherman's untiring pursuit of this special branch of the profession. It is practiced by him and offered to the public under the most satisfactory assurances. Family interest has compelled me to look into the Sherman system, and duty now prompts me to speak of it frankly. My wife has been the victim of a rupture for the past seven years, and has suffered very much from it, notwithstanding I have from the first tried everything in the truss line. I have not only exhausted my own skill in her behalf, but I have had the assistance of some of the ablest physicians in this city, all to no purpose. I was always apprehensive, from my wife's critical condition, and she frequently alarmed me with symptoms of strangulation.

Time and again she called my attention to articles published in your paper by Dr. Sherman's patients, and as often I promised to go and see the doctor, but sickness and press of business kept me from doing so until recently.

Suffice it to say, that having a conversation with Dr. Sherman, and an explanation of his *modus operandi*, I was convinced of the correctness of his method, and resolved to have him treat my wife's case. My resolution has been satisfactorily sustained by the result. Since my wife received his treatment the rupture has not made its appearance, and though she could never wear a truss without suffering, she wears the Doctor's appliances with entire satisfaction and finds no inconvenience from the accompanying treatment.

Dr. Sherman's theory is founded on scientific principles. He aims to assist nature to retain her normal condition, by acting upon the serous surfaces, exciting coagulable lymph, producing adhesion, and thus completely obliterating the hernial openings.

His manner of accomplishing this object is of little or no inconvenience to the patient. I speak it from no other cause than the public good, feeling assured that whoever applies to him will receive the relief hoped for.

R. M. KERLEY, M. D.

ST. LOUIS, April 29, 1878.

FORTY EIGHT YEARS RUPTURED.

A Farmer's Case, and What He Says of Dr. Sherman's Treatment.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

On the 15th day of April, 1877, I went to St. Louis to consult Dr. J. A. Sherman, by the recommendation of Mr. Solomon Harkey, of Hillsboro, who has been treated by the Doctor for rupture on both sides, from which he had suffered a great many years.

Mr. Harkey was so much benefitted by Dr. Sherman's treatment, both in his rupture and general health, that he strongly urged me to go and try it.

I was ruptured from boyhood, more than forty-eight years; ruptured on both sides; was always trying the best trusses I could find, and always suffering from their use. Well, I went to Dr. Sherman, hoping to be as lucky as Mr. Harkey, and now I can say I have been, as the relief and benefit is more than tongue can tell. I absolutely feel ten years younger now than when I went to Dr. Sherman. I am already quite, if not perfectly, cured. I am a farmer, and have been able to work since I went to the Doctor, just as well as if I had no rupture. This is a good thing. I recommend it to the ruptured, for I would not be like I was before I went to Dr. Sherman for thousands of dollars. I have lived in Hillsboro twenty-one years, and what I state those who know me will endorse.

HENRY BREMAN.

HILLSBORO, Feb. 22, 1878.

Strangulated Rupture cannot take place under Dr. Sherman's treatment.

His Pamphlets on Rupture mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Dr. S. considers the circumstances of the patient as well as his case in his charge for treatment. Personal attendance necessary.

Patients from the country can receive treatment and leave for home the same day.

Remember, Principal Office, 251 Broadway, New Y

CAUTION: DR. SHERMAN'S popularity has induced certain unprincipled persons to go about and represent themselves as his agents, to unsuspecting. Dr. S. has no agents, has instructed no one in his art. His remedies can only be had at his office.

The Cambridge Era.

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

Published Every Saturday,

—AT—

Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md.

BY JAMES E. REESE & CO.

Office on High St., over the *Chronicle* Office.

TERMS:

$1.50 A YEAR, Invariably in Advance.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country.

The Cambridge Era.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1878. NO. 19.

The Cambridge Era.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 25

Six lines of minion type constitute a square.

A reasonable deduction made for monthly and yearly advertisements.

Business notices inserted at the rate of 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices 5 cents a line.

All advertisements considered Cash, and collectable at any time after the first insertion.

Job Printing a Specialty.

TO W. M. B.

I've breathed to her my last good-bye—I've sighed my last farewell,
And now her name is shrined alone, in memory's deepest cell;
The past must be forgotten, with the bright hopes it put on,
And she and I must live and act, as though we ne'er had known.

I've breathed to her my last farewell—the saddest e'er was wrung,
In the agony of parting, from a mortal's trembling tongue;
For to part with her forever, was far more than I could bear,
And the cloud that wrapt my spirit, was the black cloud of despair;

I listened half unconscious as she told me we must part,
And I felt the glowing current turn to ice around my heart;
But when the thought grew on me that we ne'er must meet again,
Oh, God! the misty frenzy that went boiling 'ro my brain:

She lured me, angel tempter, to a heavenly fountain's brink,
And her own hand filled the goblet, and her own lips bade me drink;
But, oh! misery, to be hurled into agony like this,
When my soul, like the lost angel, touched the highest step of bliss.

Oh! had I only prized her with a boyish fitful pride,
I might fling away her friendship as a thing to be supplied;
But, I looked to her with reverence and a faith that could depend,
And her wisdom ruled my manhood with the counsels of a friend.

Oh, God! restore a Lethe, till I quaff its mercy stream,
And drown in dark oblivion, the misery of that dream!
For it haunts my brain like murder, and it burneth like a coal,
And that last farewell is ringing like a curfew through my soul.

Love and Turnips.

His name was John Goodwin Emerson, and his works and days were these: tending a pegging machine in a New England shoe shop, and thinking much of Patience Lovering, the primary-school teacher. When the six-o'clock whistle brought welcome release from the weary clatter of the pegging machine, he took himself to the society of Patience or books. That is, Patience would not always receive him, and then he read books in a species of mad fury.

Patience Lovering seemed in some manner above him. He knew this, and had wisely thought to raise himself to her level. Finally the time came when the word that was in his heart came out, and upon a suitable occasion he told her that he loved her, and had hoped to make her his wife.

The result was peculiar and most unhappy. This modern maiden met love's advance with a kind of iron-clad common-sense, and bluntly told him his income was insufficient. Her own earnings were enough for her support, and a little more. She lived in comfort, and had some leisure, to say nothing of an occasional taste of the drama and music. As his wife she would have none of these, besides many household cares, and that sort of thing.

Did she not love him? She looked at him with a sad smile and said, "I will not say whether I love you or not; perhaps—perhaps not." Seeing that he was greatly cast down, she added, playfully, "Am I not worth winning? Why do you not try?"

"What can I do?" said he, bitterly. "I am only a mechanic."

She made no reply for a moment, and then she said, slowly, "That is nothing—I mean, it is nothing against you. The point is that you must be more. It is not for me to say what or how. You are a man. I make no promises, but you may win me—if you can."

With this she turned away quickly and walked on alone before him, leaving him standing in the middle of the rural lane where they had been walking. He saw her put up her hands before her face, but whether it was in shame or grief he could not tell. It was both: shame that she had been forced to speak so plainly, and grief that—but, really, her grief was so mingled with other sentiments that it was part sorrow and part hope.

The young man gazed after her till she had disappeared, and then he turned aside to the stone wall that bounded the lane, and looked out over the wide expanse of a very fine turnip field. There were millions of turnips in majestic row, rank beyond rank, their plume-like leaves waving as an army with banners. Of these ten thousands, one alone attracted his attention. It was a mighty turnip, fair to see, and of goodly size and shape. It was the king turnip of the field, and the disconsolate lover studied it with interest.

It is a curious fact that sometimes, when the mind is suffering from a great shock or sudden revulsion of feeling, the most trivial things absorb the attention. It is as if the will was too weary to trouble itself about directing the mind, and any chance object absorbed the whole attention. The young man considered his superior turnip with profound interest. Why was it so mighty while all its million brothers were no more than ordinary turnips? Traces of an old compost heap near by seemed to explain the turnip's glorious proportions. At once his mind hopped nimbly to the future. Yes, so goodly in shape and selected for seed, would not something of its noble kind the fittest were made to survive, would not a superior race begin?

Having considered these deep and momentous questions for some time, the young man turned away and went home, feeling much better. Such is the effect of labor, particularly mental labor, on sorrow. The next day they both resumed their labors in school and shop, and none guessed that aught had passed between them.

Months passed away, and already the winter was far spent. She taught the infant mind, and he tended the pegging machine, and it seemed as if all were lost between them. Wait! The spring sun already mounts the sky, though the wind blows and the snow flies. It was the 15th of February when the young man went to the savings-bank and drew out some money. He remembered the days when he had saved these dollars for another purpose; but now it was all over, and he might as well spend the money in another direction. Before night he had purchased two hot-bed sashes, a load of stable manure, and a few boards. From these he constructed a hot-bed, such as he had seen gardeners make for early lettuce. Two days after, he found a chance hour when the wind was lulled, and he opened the hot-bed. The soil was soft and warm, like a bit of spring land in the midst of snow. Taking a paper from his pocket, he began to sow a quantity of seeds—white turnip.

Now it happened that the yard where he worked was next the street, at the side of the house where he lived with his mother. He was aware, after a while, that some one had stopped in the way and was looking over the fence at him. Little caring who it was, he went on with his labor. Presently there was a little cough—a highly suggestive cough, full of curiosity, and dashed with pique. He looked up. It was Patience Lovering.

"What are you doing?"

"Sowing the seeds of good fortune," said he, gravely.

"Dear me! how interesting! Have you any of that kind of seed to spare?"

"No. But you shall have the whole crop."

"Ah! thanks. You are very kind. I hope it will bear 'some an hundredfold, some two hundredfold.'"

He stood up and looked at her, with a new light kindling in his eyes. "I hope it will be a thousandfold, if you will accept it."

This disjointed speech he uttered with ill-suppressed eagerness, and she observed it, and blushed. Nothing more passed between them save a few commonplaces, and then she move l on, and he finished his work with renewed hope and courage.

Weeks grew to months, and still he tended the pegging machine, and slowly added to his savings in the bank. With all this, he was not patient. He had not Patience; and yet she daily walked before him. Thus was he doubly sorrowful, for he had neither the woman nor the virtue. He cast about in many ways to see whereby he might better himself. Moreover, he read books, and thus, while he knew it not, he grew in mental stature.

Meanwhile the turnips grew. They sprang up quickly in the gentle heat of the frame, and, acting on the advice of a gardener in the neighborhood, and such books on horticulture as he could find, he transplanted the tiny plants to flower-pots. As they grew he removed them to larger and still larger pots. When the spring came he hired a few rods of ground outside the town, and in June removed the turnips from the pots to the open ground. He gave each turnip three square feet of space, and he digged about each plant and enriched it to the utmost. The result was as he had expected. In August he had some hundred or more most mighty turnips. The like had never been seen in all the land. Envious passers-by looked over the fence and remarked that "them roots would eat bad; too big and corky, you know." To all which the young man said not a word.

In all this Patience Lovering took no interest. She could not understand it, and she had belied her name. She had become weary of waiting. Instead of leaving his pegging machine and starting out in the world to make his fortune, after the manner of the various knights of whom she had read, he went to that dull shop every day—and cultivated turnips. The truth is, she was blind. She saw not the cords of duty which bound the young man to his pegging machine, that his widowed mother might live in decent comfort. With the summer came her vacation, and she went away to the sea-shore for a little pleasure trip. It was her first journey away from home, and it is a matter of small wonder that she met and was dazzled by a creature of a seemingly fairer shape. He made love to her, and—poor little goose!—she accepted him without even asking whereby he earned the wherewithal to be clothed in such gorgeous apparel. There is a trace of the eccentric in every mind, and the wise virgin who counselled her poor lover accepted a rich one without a question. She returned to her native town with a diamond ring, and announced that she would teach school but one year more.

It was admitted on every hand that the like of these turnips had never been seen before. A single turnip was sufficient for a family of six for two days—half a turnip at a meal. Moreover, they "ate very well," as reported by the editor of the local "weekly." The turnips grew to the sere and yellow leaf, and then they were carefully gathered and stored in the cellar of Mrs. Emerson's house.

Suddenly there appeared in town a creature new to the experience of the sober inhabitants. The younger feminine populace declared it was "Patience Lovering's beau." So it seemed to the cultivator of turnips as he came home from the shoe shop and met Patience on the man's arm in broad daylight. He bowed to her as they passed, but she only replied with a distant nod. The young man stood for a moment gazing after them, and then he hastened home and put on his best suit as if to go out. No, he would not. She would not listen to his warning; she would probably resent it. There was nothing to do but to suffer in silence, and to be as patient as he might.

Then came another surprise. Patience Lovering, the wise and sensible school-teacher, suddenly resigned her school, was married at the minister's house, and went away before the village had time to say a word. After that the tongues wagged nimbly, but the young man minded his pegging machine, and kept his thoughts to himself.

Again the advancing sun warned of spring, and the gardeners got ready their frames. The young man selected from his monster turnips a number of the best, planted each in a large flower-pot, and put them in a new hot-bed. Day by day he watched them grow, tended them with minute care and persistent nursing. They rewarded him abundantly, and by April showed signs of throwing up flower-stalks.

Patience Lovering disappeared utterly. It was said she had gone to Boston, but some said it was New York, or London. Yet one remembered and knew, because he still loved her; but he held his peace—for grief.

At last it came—the harvest of seeds. He had now seeds of the monster turnips. By every means possible he kept some of the turnips back late into the summer as samples of the variety. He called it the "Good Friend Turnip," with a touch of sentiment, and he took pains to make it known that he had seed of this superior variety of turnip for sale. He raised a new crop in the same manner as before, and at the horticultural exhibition he exhibited the "Good Friend," greatly to the astonishment of the rural mind. The like of these turnips had never been seen, and every farmer for miles around was in want of the seed. A certain seed dealer came anxiously to the house one evening, and asked the price of the whole lot of seed—about half a pint. The young man suddenly changed his tactics, and said that there would be no seeds of the "Good Friend" for sale till another year. The result was that every one was the more eager to purchase, and the young man took orders for the next crop of seeds, at the rate of twenty cents for a single seed.

* * * * * * *

The snow covered all the land and blocked the railroads in every direction. It was past nine o'clock when the last train came in from the city, four hours late. The passengers straggled sleepily out of the snow-covered cars, and stood shivering in the desolate station, fearing to venture into the deserted streets of the town. The tall shoe shops stood grim and dows, dull like glazed eyes, staring out on the night and storm.

"All out, John?" said the station-master to a brakeman who had passed through the train.

"No; there's a woman asleep here. What shall I do with her?"

"Rout her out. We can't stay here all night."

The brakeman did his duty as kindly as he knew how, and the woman took up her child, wrapped it in a faded shawl, and stumbled out of the car, and crept along the platform to the street door. The station-master stood by the door, keys in hand, as if to lock up. The woman paused a moment at the entrance of the deserted snow-covered street, and asked if there was a cheap boarding-place near by. The man knew of none, save the hotel up in the town, and then he moved the door as if to urge her out into the street. She took the hint and went out, and instantly the door closed behind her, and she was alone in the streets of her native town. She tried to recall the houses and streets, but could make nothing familiar, so greatly had everything changed.

She walked on for some time, little heeding or caring, so long as she went on and on from the terror behind. She passed several streets, and then she saw a light, and going toward it, found it was a warehouse, where the clerks were still busy late into the night. By the aid of the street lamps she made out the figure of a golden turnip, with this legend beneath it: "The Good Friend."

Suddenly the door opened, and some one came out and started to walk briskly up the street. It seemed as if her knees gave way beneath her, and she sank down in the snow.

"My good woman, it is late to be out. Why do you not go home? Ah! pardon me. Perhaps you are ill?"

He took a match from his pocket, and when it blazed up he held it close to her face. She tried to hide her face with her arm, but he gently drew it away. Suddenly there was a loud call, and—that was all she remembered, till some time after she was awakened to sense and feeling by warmth and light. She was upon a bed, and an elderly man stood over her with a bottle and spoon in his hand.

"Take a little of the wine, madam, and we'll soon have you all right." Seeing that her eyes wandered, he added: "Never fear; I am the doctor. The child is safe."

She sat up on the bed, and looked round the room.

"This is not the hospital?"

"No; something better. Drink this, and you will soon feel stronger."

She drank the wine, and then lay back on the pillow and tried to recall her scattered thoughts. On the wall was a lithograph of a number of turnips—absurd and monster turnips, fit for the feeding of a mighty family. Beside this were pictures of other vegetables, and all of inordinate proportions. Suddenly she laughed, and then the tears came. It was all so strange and so wildly improbable.

There were footsteps in the room, and she listened eagerly. A shadow fell on the bed, and some one stood before her.

"Patience."

She was startled, and turned away in mingled shame and grief. It was true: it was his house, his home, and—Ah! there was another near—a woman.

"Patience, do you not know me?"

What could she do or say? Her mouth was parched, and the sobs choked her speech. She did nothing, till at last he took her hand, and then her thin fingers tightened round his as if seeking help, protection, forgiveness—everything. But that woman—who was she?

"Mother, she knows me. Please leave her to me."

Her fingers tightened closer on his, and there was a movement of the arm as if to draw him nearer. He came nearer, till at last her head was pillowed on his arm. For a moment she lay thus in silence, while the tears flowed. At last she said, slowly: "Can you forgive me, John?"

"Forgive you? Yes, and more. Now that I have you safe, you shall never more leave me."

"But, John, he—"

"He is dead—he was killed in some street brawl yesterday. It is in all the evening papers."

She neither cried nor in any manner noticed this, save to say, sadly: "I am glad. He—he was not a good man. I loved him once; but it is better so."

Then he found it was to say all that had been in his heart these years.

She heard it all in happy silence, and then she said, with a faint trace of her old manner, "How came you so rich, John? You are well off. I see it plainly."

"Turnips, my love, only turnips. The house of 'Emerson & Co., Seed Growers and Dealers,' is founded on turnips. You shall have a quarter section of a Good Friend Turnip for dinner as soon as you are able to come down.—*Bazar.*

Living in Boston.

A Boston man informs the *Globe* that he saves $250 a year on a salary of $1,000. He allows $144 for rent, $300 for food, $75 for clothes for his wife, $50 for clothes for himself, $30 for theatres and concerts, $37 for fuel and lights, $35 for car fare, and $30 for incidentals for himself, including an occasional cigar, but no strong drink. He assures the *Globe* that he not only gets along on $750 a year, but sits at as good a table as he wants, dresses as well as other men in his rank in life, and that his wife finds $75 a year sufficient to keep herself in good appearance. The circumstance that she is her own dressmaker and milliner explains the secret of her being able to dress well on $75 a year.

That Noisy Boy.

"O, Johnny!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?" Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in loud, hoarse whisper: "Get up—whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down his reins, and, laying his hands upon his breast, said, with a long breath, "O, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me so to keep it in! Don't all the little boys make a noise when they play?" "Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady. "O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy." We will join poor Johnny in his petition. Please mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood, that when your heads are low in the grave they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was always sunshine where our mother was.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Good Story.

A good story is told of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the illustrious bonanza Californian. It is said that the lady applied to the prefect of the Seine for permission to place electric lights in front of her house in such a manner that they would illuminate the Arch of Triumph, so that her guests on a certain occasion might have a dazzling view of that architectural wonder, the Mackay mansion being near the arch. The prefect found it impossible to grant the request; but the lady, like all ladies, insisted, and when a flat refusal was given, she said, "Well, how much is your arch worth?"

Curious Chances.

A Versailles wine-shop keeper was at work in his cellar, when suddenly the ground gave way, and he fell into what was at first thought to be a well; but on lights being brought, the hole was found to be the entrance to another wine-cellar, containing some of the best vintages of France and Spain. The archæologists of Versailles were aroused; and their examination proves that this mysterious subterranean wine-cellar formed part of the Pavillon du Rendezvous, which Louis XV. annexed to the Pare-aux-Cerfs, about which so many queer things are related by the court chroniclers of the period. The wine is said to have attracted connoisseurs from all parts.—A farmer in the neighborhood of Tavistock was as lucky in another way. In repairing an old mahogany secretaire, knocked down to him at an auction, he discovered a secret drawer containing forty sovereigns, a gold enamelled ring, and a lot of securities for money, one of which was a certificate for over five hundred pounds three per cent. consols. An old scrap of paper dated 1700 led to the belief that forty guineas had originally been placed there, but had been taken out in modern times and replaced by the sovereigns.

A French lady not long since frequently missed some of her valuables in a most unaccountable manner. One day her servant fell down stairs and was severely hurt. On acting the good Samaritan and pouring oil into her wounds, the mistress was astonished to find all her lost jewels in the pocket of her maid, who, it seems, had all the time been the culprit.—How much oftener accidents contribute to the loss of money scarcely needs comment; but the manner in which a gentleman lost all his winnings at play is worth repetition, as an instance of the fickleness of fate. He had won nine hundred pounds at the "green table" at Manaco, and was only waiting for his laundress to bring his dozen shirts home before he should quit the place. The laundress, however, did not turn up at the appointed time, and to while away the hours, he went into the Casino. Of course he played—and not only lost all he had already won, but twelve hundred pounds besides, which made him heartily wish he had left the shirts behind, that cost him one hundred pounds apiece for the washing.

Among those who have been most remarkably affected by accidental surprises are the deaf and dumb, and tales of unknown antiquity relate how speech or hearing has been recovered or improved in this way. As a case in point: About 1750 a merchant of Cleves named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. This accident was a happy one, for Jorissen soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood placed against his teeth, the other end of which was placed against the speaker's teeth, not only to keep up a conversation, but to understand the least whisper. Other cures have been brought about less by skill than by accidental circumstances. There is a story of a Frenchman who, through a sword-wound received in a duel, suffered from internal abscesses, which forced him to walk in a stooping posture. Some time after, becoming engaged in another affair of honor, this time with pistols, the bullet of his adversary chanced to pass exactly through the abscesses caused by the former wound, which, making them discharge, not only relieved him from the stoop, but caused him to walk with rather a stiff carriage ever afterward.

Not only have some of the ills to which human flesh is heir been cured by accident, but life itself has been preserved from destruction by the same means. Lives are often lost by accident, it is true; but how they have also been saved by the chance detention of passengers from traveling in ships or trains that have afterward become wrecked is well known. The writer can testify to the escape of a sailor from what is called a watery grave, owing to Jack happening to be tipsy, and incapable of taking his place in a boat putting off to a wreck on the Isle of Man coast, when invited by his companions to take an oar. The boat put off without him, and its crew were all drowned. When a crowd collected on the banks of the St. Martin Canal, in France, not long since, it was a lucky thing that a man who lived near was urged by his wife to go and see what was the matter. Upon arriving on the scene of action he learned that a child had fallen into the water and disappeared. Being an expert swimmer, he plunged into the spot, marked by a few bubbles, and rescued his own son, a lad aged eight, who in playing had slipped over the bank.

GREENBACKS.—Brick Pomeroy advises every greenback club to have a drill master, and every member of these clubs to make himself as "proficient as possible in the manual of arms." That's the way to do it. If a man doesn't want to take a greenback, jab him with your bayonet. The most of us, however, will not be stubborn.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Three-fourths of the coffee imported to this country comes from Brazil. But it is a remarkable fact that three-fourths of the people here drink nothing but "pure old government Java."

HAIR IN THE HEART.

A Story that may be Believed or Not, just as the Reader Happens to Feel.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:—In looking over a hotel register in Chicago a reporter saw the name of a prominent Southern physician whom he had formerly quite well known. He is a resident of a Southern capital. To detail the talk of the evening is certainly not the intention of this brief article. The desire is to call attention to a curious freak of nature, instanced in the person of a young negro woman who died of an ailment that in its ante-obit bearings baffled skill or science. The doctor is willing to vouch for the truth of his narration. "I am aware," said he, in relating the circumstances, "that what I am telling you seems contrary to reason, and would be reckoned by many, if not an absurdity, at least a phenomenon that need scarcely be credited. It was five years since that I was called up to attend a bright mulatto woman, said to be suffering from cancer. I gave her my very best attention, and as the awful destroyer was but in the incipiency of its force, I cut it out, and succeeded in saving the woman's life. The wound healed, and to all appearances was uninterfered with. Two years later the woman was one day seized with violent contortions, when she was apparently in the enjoyment of the very best of health, and fell to the floor, crying out that there was a needle piercing her heart. In a short time the pain subsided and she was immediately restored to her normal condition, experiencing no unpleasant results from the incident. But the fits became more frequent, and two months from that day were of daily occurrence. I had been summoned, but I could not make out the peculiar disorder. I found it was foreign to anything of the kind that had ever come under my notice as a practitioner. I called in some brother professionals, and we held a long consultation, attempting to diagnose the case. All our efforts were in vain. Finally, to make a long story short, the girl died in the midst of one of her paroxysms. It was decided to hold a post-mortem examination of the body, as it was believed there would be some interesting revelations. The girl had always complained of a pain in the heart, though there was no evidence of heart disease. At the time of her first attack she said a needle was penetrating her heart. We concluded, naturally enough, that the heart was in some manner the seat of the ailment. We accordingly cut it out, and here is the remarkable part of the story. Running transversely through the upper right corner of the heart was a filliform something, which, upon close examination, proved to be a coarse black hair. Tracing this with the utmost care we found that one end led into the lung of the unfortunate girl, while the other led up towards the armpit of the left side. What prompted me I do not know, but I looked to the old cancer wound, which was left of the left breast, nearly under the arm. I there found a hair growing into the wound. It had grown out an inch above the place where the cancer had been, and in attending to that affliction the hair had been inducted into the wound. It had, by some almost impossible process of nature, gone on growing towards the vitals of the woman until it pierced her heart and began coiling in her lungs, producing a hemorrhage of the latter. We took the hair out in three parts, and upon a measurement it proved to be twenty three feet in length. I have written this astonishing case up, and design publishing it shortly, with several medical disquisitions upon it from some of the ablest pens in the