THE ENCHANTED HILL.

BY HOWARD C. TRIPP.

An ancient legend, good or ill,
Describes a fair, enchanted hill,
Whose summit, reaching to the skies,
Contained a very precious prize
For him who would ascend to find,
Yet did not cast one look behind;
One backward glance, aye, one alone
Would change the climber into stone!

And he forevermore would be
A stony statue fair to see;
And evermore in seeming pride
Ad rn the hill's enchanting side,
A guide for all the future time
To those who did attempt to climb,—
But all who tried the prize to find
Somehow would cast a look behind.

Upon that hillside did a throng
Of sirens sing an endless song.
Its groves were beautiful to see
With shady dells, fair as could be,
With blossoms that did charm the eyes
Of all who ci mbered for the prize,
With flowing streams like rills of wine,
And fruits of paradise divine.

And many did attempt to climb,
So says this tale of old n time,
Until the hillside grew more fair
With lifeless statues standing there;
With lifeless statues gazing back
Upon a former place or track,
Where some fair siren in disguise
Had tried to win them from the skies.

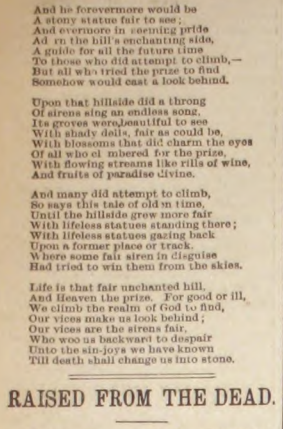
Life is that fair unchanted hill,
And Heaven the prize. For good or ill,
We climb the realm of God to find,
Our vices make us look behind;
Our vices are the sirens fair,
Who woo us backward to despair
Unto the sin-joys we have known
Till death shall change us into stone.

RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

That I was unhappily married did not concern my friends. They did not choose to believe me. That my husband's love was of an intensely selfish kind was, however, well known. He was proud of me in his way, and there his love ended. After we had been married a few years I discovered that he was absolutely unfaithful to me. When I ventured to speak to him on the subject he laughed me to scorn, said all husbands were unfaithful, that honor was at a premium, and so on. I stood this because—I had to! Vain had been my appeals to my parents, friends, and relations. They told me a separation was not to be thought of; if I was unhappy it was my own fault.

To the world I was a mere butterfly of society. We were rich, and had a good position in the social world; but my heart and soul were starved. My body belonged to the man I had married, or so he said; but my soul was my own, and even that was in a muddled state. For years I had been living with a thoroughly bad man, and I began to fear that my high ideas of honor, right and wrong, good and evil, were not what they should be. One day I was quite ill. The doctor was called in. He said I was not strong, was losing tone, and must go away for a time.

He did not like the white look around my lips. It denoted heart trouble, which might end in something serious. So, after a little further talk, and some coarse remarks from my husband, it was finally decided that I should take a journey to some near place. I will not say what city I visited. Sufficient to remark that it was a beautiful one. I found a quiet boarding house kept by a lady. Two other boarders were there. They were quiet young fellows, plain men of business. I had refused to go to a hotel. I wanted a chance to think—to settle, if possible, upon some plan of life that would bring me freedom, a chance to once more respect myself, if possible. This, I thought, would be "God's will."



"I GAVE HIM A KISS SUCH AS I THOUGHT NEVER TO GIVE ANY MAN."

I never shall forget the first time I come into the dining-room. The three young men were seated at the table. I saw at one glance that two of them were handsome, one of them particularly so—a great large blonde. The third young man was rather plain. He had beautiful teeth, fine eyes, a low voice, and gentle manner. He, too, was a blonde, of medium height. He was polite to me, but had little to say, and he did not look well. The next few days passed in a peaceful manner. In the meantime we all became better acquainted. Finally one evening he did not come to tea, and on my asking why, the landlady said he was ill with a severe headache, but would be so glad if we would look in on him during the evening. We did so. We found him lying on a sofa, quiet and pale; spoke a few moments, and as I turned to go he asked me if I would remain and read to him, as he thought it might put him to sleep. Of course my answer was "Yes," and the others going out of the room, I drew a chair to his side and read for some time. Once I ceased for a moment, and looking up saw him regarding me intently. He flushed to the roots of his hair. I flushed, too, and—I knew I loved him.

This may seem silly, but I am only stating facts. I knew, also, that he loved me. How did I know it? I cannot tell. I felt I could go on reading to him forever. A look of rapt content was on his face. He said nothing. I knew he held my hand, and that was all. Soon he fell asleep, and I sat with him, reviewing my life. I even laughed out loud at the absurdity of the thing. Here was a man I had known only three weeks, and I was so in love with him that everything else became nothing. I knew, according to the code of honor and religion, it was a fearful sin I was committing; but I felt no chill of horror, no repugnance such as I had always felt at my husband's touch. Instead, kind tender thoughts came to me, and life seemed to have something in it once more. I knew I was loved and respected, and I knew I loved, and in vain. Slowly I rose from my seat and sought my room, where I poured out my soul in payer.

I met him again the next evening, when he was fee ing well, and he told me then in very plain language how he had learned to love me. "I never loved before, dear. I have thought myself interested in you—very much so—but the feeling I bear you is one I cannot describe. You are so sweet, so loving, but you have the saddest face I ever saw. What is it, dear? tell me." And he placed his arm gently around my form.

If he had been one shade less refined or courteous I would have repulsed him, but he was all that a woman of the most sensitive nature could wish for, and—I loved him. His gentle inquiry required an answer, and I told him all. I can see his face now, pale with suppressed emotion as I went over certain portions of my married life. "The brute, for he must be that, to treat any one so lovely as you in such a manner. Oh, my own loved one, what are we to do? You have every reason for a divorce. Get one, and let me make you my own loved and honored wife."

How I was tempted at that hour no one will ever know. I told him it was impossible. How could I tear up all my home life at my age and start out fresh and new? Things went on for several days until finally one evening he pleaded with me as I never heard him plead before—as I did not think a human being could plead. This pleading went on for a long time. It was terrible.

On one side the man you loved more than life, more than all else, on the other the training of a lifetime, old faiths, old habits to be uprooted, all beliefs given up, cu-tom and society trampled on alike. What was I to do? He did not force his opinions on me, but he was pleading for his life, his all, and I knew it! Finally I told him I would think it all over and let him know in the morning. In that hour I more than loved him. As I left him I looked in his dear eyes, and then—well, I gave him a kiss such as I never thought to give any man living. My soul was in it, for I almost felt it would be our fatal parting. His face flushed, he trembled violently, and gently pushed me away, saying: "Go, my darling, leave me now, and in the morning tell me you will be my own cherished wife as soon as you can." And I left him and went to my room.

No human soul will ever know what I suffered that night. My dual nature was at war. On one side every fiber of my being shrunk in abhorrence from the man the law called my husband. I knew if I tried to be divorced society would raise its hand against me as something too bad to be allowed to enter its sacred portals. I was a proud woman. I loved the world. I revered its customs. I knew its laws were as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians. If I married this man I knew it meant ostracism complete and entire. Then I tried to reason out why I loved the man. He was far from handsome, slightly pale, of medium height, not very talkative, and still I loved him. that was the sum total of all my reasoning. That was all I could make out. Suddenly, without any warning, I felt the blood rush to my head. I could feel it begin at my feet and rush up, as if in waves, to my head. The pain was terrible. As the agony became unbearable I fell prostrate on the floor and became unconscious.

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I was aroused by hearing voices and the remark: "Is she not beautiful as she lies there? How sad that she should have died so suddenly; and, worst of all, her husband away from her! We have telegraphed to him at several places. In the meantime, however, she had been prepared for her long rest."

The whole thing rushed over me; I had been found, to all intents and purposes, lifeless on the floor after that night of suffering, and they were now robing me for the tomb. I tried to cry out, but my voice was dumb. I tried to speak, to stir; but in vain. I was indeed dead. For a moment I thought my brain would turn, and then I grew calm. I thought of him. I knew how he would sorrow for me. That seemed to be my greatest grief. After awhile, when they had decently composed my limbs, drawn down the bluds, and placed a few sweet flowers in my folded hands, they left me alone in my anguish. It grew dark, and I knew I had been dead a night and a day. Slowly the shadows fell over the tired world, and, strange to say, instead of feeling wild with horror, I grew calm, and lay there thinking of him.

I thought over my past life, regretted bitterly that I had ever spoken an unkind word to my husband—regretted, as all of us must do, that I had been unkind to any one; but, perhaps, now that I had died so suddenly, they would forgive me. I think then I must have lost myself in sleep, for I was aroused by hearing voices—horror stricken voices—saying to each other that on returning home and hearing the fatal news of my death my poor husband had fallen with a stroke of apoplexy.

My husband dead! Thank God, he was spared this living death. And then it all rushed over me how soon I would be placed in the casket, the lid fastened down, and then—then I almost groaned in my agony, but—I did not. I could hear the happy birds singing to each other outside the window, the rustle of the leaves as they whispered together, and the swaying of the branches. Presently the door opened and four men came into the room. I could distinguish them by their voices. They bore with them my last resting couch. I think that again I must have fallen asleep, for when I came to I heard some one say:

"But the gentleman insists upon seeing her; says he is an old friend, but here he is himself." There was a slight disturbance at the door, and with the exclamation, "My God, it is she!" he had pushed his way past the several people gathered in the room. It was he. I could feel his kisses raining down on my face, and his great sobs as he called me by every endearing name. He clasped me to his heart. I made a tremendous struggle, gave a slight moan and became lifeless to myself.

"MY GOD, IT IS SHE!"

I will not weary my readers with an account of my long illness, or how I finally regained all my old health and strength. I mourned for my husband's sudden death, and for two years I wore widow's weeds, nor during that time did I ever once see my lover; but at last at the end of that period of mourning he came to me. He did not say much. He never was a man of many words. He only took my hands and covered them with tender kisses; and now in closing I can only say I have been his dear and honored wife ten years.

Curiosities of Coal.

Does any one expect a practical chemist ever stop to think of all the substances which we get from coal and the almost inconceivable variety of their uses? Everybody is familiar with those of them that are in daily use, such as gas, illuminating oils, coke, and paraffine, but of the greater part few persons know even the names, science advances so rapidly and its nomenclature is so extensive and so abstruse. Though coal has been known for some hundreds of years the discovery of its numberless products is confined to the present century. Illuminating gas was not known a hundred years ago, and it is scarcely more than fifty since some one discovered that stone coal was inflammable. Nearly all the other products derived from soft coal have been discovered and applied in the interests of science or of fraud within the last twenty-five years. The first thought in regard to coal is that it is made to give heat or warmth; the next, that one of its principal uses is to illuminate. But there are obtained from it the means of producing more than four hundred colors, or sades of color, among the chief of which are saffron, violet blue, and indigo. There are also obtained a great variety of perfumes—cinnamon, bitter almonds, queen of the meadows, clove, wintergreen, anise, camphor thymol (a new French cdor), vaniline, and heliotropine. Some of these are used for flavoring. Among the explosive agents, whose discovery has been caused by the war spirit of the last few years in Europe, are two called dinitrobenzine, or bellite, and picrates. To medicine coal has given hypnone, salicylic acid, naphtol, phenol, and antipyrine. Benzine and napthaline are powerful insecticides. There have been found in it ammoniacal salts useful as fertilizers, tannin, saccharine (a substitute for sugar), the flavor of currants, raspberry, and pepper, pyrogallic acid, and hydroquinone used in photography, and various substances familiar or unfamiliar, such as tar, rosin, asphaltum, lubricating oils, varnish, and the bitter taste of beer. By means of some of these we can have wine without juice or the grape, beer without malt. preserves without either fruit or sugar, perfumes without flowers, and coloring matters without the vegetable or animal substances from which they have been hitherto chiefly derived. What is to be the end of all this? Are our coal beds not only to illuminate, but to feed and quench the thirst of prosperity? We know that they are the luxuriant vegetation of primal epochs stored and compressed in a way that has made them highly convenient for transport and daily use for many centuries.—*Hearth and Hall.*

A Prize Ghost Story.

Pleasants County, adjoining Parksburgh, W. Va., is excited and stirred up over an alleged mystery which no one in that region can explain. The mystery has its locale, on McKeen Creek. Jacob Cunningham, a well-known citizen, lives on McKeen, or rather did live there, as at this time Cunningham hardly knows whether he is alive or dead.

Cunningham's house is in the middle of a clearing at least 400 yards from any timber. A few days ago stones began to strike the house, coming, apparently, from all directions. Some of the stones were large and some small. They rattled and banged on the roof, crashed through the doors and windows, breaking the glass and splitting the wood of the doors. One stone which went through a window and almost imbedded itself in the opposite wall wheighed almost four pounds.

Several persons have been struck, but no one has been hurt as yet.

This fusillade kept up day and night for several days before public attention was drawn to it. Since then many have visited the place, heard the stone throwing, but no one can explain it. Guards armed with guns were stationed about the house, but although they have shot time and again in the supposed direction of the stone thrower. the throwing still continues. As it is impossible for the strongest man to throw even the smallest stone from any place of concealment to the house, the mystery seems a long way from explanation.

The constant whizzing of rocks can plainly be heard, but they cannot be seen as they pass through the air. The local paper says that a reward of $50 is made to any one who will ferret out the mystery.

"WHY won't you associate with Fleckel?" "Because he was engaged to my wife before I married her. A man that's sharper than I am is no associate for me."

MODERN SURGERY.

Wonderful Advance of the Science in the Past Fifty Years.

The practice of surgery has always been more or less of a science. Even in the earliest times very serious surgical operations were undertaken with success, and some of them are now often wrongly proclaimed as modern in their origin. Ovariotomy was practiced by the ancient Hindoos. An example of prehistoric trephining may be seen in a skull from Peru at the Museum of Natural History in this city. The morbid conditions which the surgeon has to combat are tangible and objective, so that his chief difficulties have been in the way of skillful manipulation of instruments, the management of blood vessels, and the cleansing of wounds. But there are striking features in the surgical science of the past fifty years which mark epochs in its advance, and of which the surgeons of other centuries could scarcely have dreamed. The first one of these was the introduction of anæsthesia from chloroform and ether, making it possible for patients to undergo operations the very pain of which might under former conditions have caused their death. This has enabled the surgeon to prolong his procedure for hours, if necessary, instead of limiting himself to the hurried seconds and minutes which must have seemed an age to the tortured and conscious sufferer. We are now so accustomed to hear of the use of anæsthetics in all operations that it hardly seems conceivable that so few years have elapsed since they were first employed. Another revolution was accomplished by a discovery which has affected both surgery and medicine alike, and that is the parasitic origin of diseases. When it was learned that air and dust and water were everywhere filled with countless millions of invisible germs, and that some species of these, by being inhaled or swallowed, entered and poisoned the blood, producing contagious and infectious fevers; that some were the cause of fermentation, and that putrefaction was absolutely impossible without their presence, it did not take long for the surgeon to investigate their relation to the wounds which he was obliged to make, and through which these bacteria might readily find entrance into the system. Never before had he understood why erysipelas sometimes appeared in a wound; why blood poisoning would follow some of his operations; why some of his wounds would heal at once by first intention, while many would suppurate for many weeks or show no tendency to heal; why tetanus or lockjaw was to be expected as an occasional complication; why hospital gangrene wound haunt his wards like a dread phantom that could not be disloged. How many thousands of lives have been sacrificed through such ignorance? One need but to glance through some medical history, such as that of the War of the Rebellion, to learn what havoc and devastation these invisible and unknown enemies made. Sabres, bullets and cannon-balls were trifles compared with them. More than three times as many soldiers fell victims to these impalpable foes during the war as were killed in battle. Fully one-sixth as many as were slain on the field died from surgical germ diseases alone, from the infection of their wounds by the myriads of the air. Now the surgeon knows that no atmosphere, whether that of mountian or sea, is absolutely free from putrefactive germs, and that the air of hospital wards and sick-rooms is particularly loaded with organic matter of all kinds, and with microbes in abundance. From the e well-established facts has arisen what is known as the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Substances have been found which kill these germs, among the first and best of them carbolic acid: and now we have numberless germ-destroying agents. The modern surgeon gets rid of every microbe upon the surface of the part before operating, by shaving and thoroughly washing the skin with antiseptic solutions; every instrument, sponge, suture, and ligature is treated or saturated with them; his own hands and those of his assistants must go through a similar process of disinfection; the operating room is made as germ-proof as possible by causing each nook and corner and wall to be of such material and shape that they may be scrubbed down frequently with bactericides; often a spray of anti-eptic vapor is played into the air above the wound during the operation; the towels, bandages, and dressings of cotton, lint, and gauze are all made similarly safe. Should he meet with the old and too familiar symptoms, the surgeon knows there must have been some flaw in the preparations. The bacteria still occasionally outwit him; but the contrast between the results of to-day and those of yesterday is marvellous. Aseptic surgery is of such recent origin, however, that there are still many surgeons, generally older men, and in the provincial districts, who either have no knowledge of the scientific facts, or who, bound fast by hereditary prejudices, profess to disbelieve in their truth, and continue to immolate fresh victims year after year upon the altar of their own ignorance. As regards operative procedures themselves, anæsthetics, antiseptics, improved methods of checking hemorrhage, and a variety of new instruments have made it possible, not only to undertake new operations and perfect old ones, but also to practice conservatism in surgery. Thus amputations are by no means so common as formerly. for limbs are preserved by different operative methods under these new conditions which before it was impossible to save. If there is anything, however, which serves to distinguish modern surgery of this time from that of the past it is its visceral character. Then the operator busied himself chiefly with externals: outer tumors, the skin, limbs, and the like. Now his most brilliant work is among the organs contained in the cavities of the abdomen, chest, and head. No organ is beyond the reach of his knife. Pelvic organs are extirpated; large abdominal tumors, and such organs as the spleen, the kidney, and the larynx, are often successfully removed. It is doubtful if much more can be done to perfect surgery as a science. Methods and technique may be improved, but there seems to be little territory left to explore.

BOY—Say, mister, please give me 5 cents' worth of castor oil and give me very short measure, too. Druggist—Short measure? Why? Boy—Cos I've got to take it myself.

Incident of the Custer Massacre.

"I saw by the list of killed and wounded soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry at the fight on the Porcupine that Blacksmith Gustave Korn, of Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, was one of the killed," said a former member of the old Seventh Regiment "Poor fellow, he was the sole survivor of the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River in 1876. I mean of the soldiers. One Indian scout (Curley) escaped, after the different troops had been told off to accompany Custer, Reno, and Beretem, who had the pack train. Korn rode, as if often the case in the service, a chronic runaway, a horse with an iron mouth and, besides, he was a cribber or windsucker. At the last halt before the direct movement was made on the portion of the Sioux village designed by Gen. Custer for his attack, Korn noticed that his saddle girth was loosening up, caused by the sides of the cribber he rode relaxing as they always do after a couple of hours' ride. Korn knowing the temper of the beast he rode, requested permission of gallant Keogh, his troop commander, to dismount and regirth. It was given and just as he loosened the girth the command passed down the column to move forward. An old cavalry horse, as a rule, will raise a fearful row if being left by the troop, and the vicious brute poor Gus was trying to regirth was no exception to the rule, for he made things lively, but Korn succeeded in swinging into the saddle and headed for the column, now a long way off and moving at a rapid trot. His horse taking the bit in his teeth and his chin on his breast, pulled out on the dead run. Korn soon saw that he was powerless on the back of the vicious beast. He hoped that the horse would stop on overtaking the column, but he did not. He kept on, and in a short time was in the center of the Indian village, and going like a train of cars down the hill. The Sioux opened a fearful fire on horse and rider. The horse was struck, but, only maddened by the stinging lead, he fairly flew. A crevice in the dry prairie directly in his path was cleared by the horse in splendid style, and, dashing on, he ran into Reno's outfit on the other side, the horse falling dead as Korn pulled up and dismounted. Three days after Korn went back over the road taken by his horse, and on arriving at the crevice to use his own words, 'my hair stood straight up.' How a horse could make such a leap was a mystery to Korn all his life. He was a brave man and a good comrade. God rest his soul is the wish and the prayer of his old friend, more than one of whom are members of the metropolitan police force of Washington. We called him Yankee Korn. He was a German and he was dead game."

They Killed the Bear.

Game in this vicinity is very plenty, writes L. C. B., from Andover, in the Kennebec *Journal*. In fact for deer and bear it is a veritable sportsmen's paradise. Go outside the village a half mile and you can see deer tracks crossing and recrossing in all directions. I know of no better place in Maine for a week's sporting tour than this. A tramp of two or three miles is all that is necessary to bring you into the very heart of a splendid game country. The man who cannot bag a deer or a bear must indeed be a poor hunter.

Last fall two boys, aged respectively 13 and 14, started out from the village on "a grand bear hunt," as they termed it. They were armed with one cur dog and an old-fashioned flint-lock pistol. The first day they tramped ten hours without seeing any game and then camped out on the ground in the woods. In the morning they were up and off again with unflagging zeal and courage. About noon they heard the dog barking violently, and retracing their steps they found that the canine had treed an immense bear. The boy who held the pistol took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. A flash in the pan was the only result, and after several ineffectual attempts to discharge the thing they held a council of war.

In the meantime the bear showed a disposition to come down and take a hand in the deliberations.

The boys hastily primed the blunderbuss, and this time it went off, knocking the young hunter over backward and apparently doing no damage to the bear. Again the boys consulted, and after about half an hour's work they succeeded in reloading the ancient firearm. As chance would have it the next bullet struck the bear exactly in the heart, killing him instantly and bringing him to the ground. He was a magnificent specimen, weighing 350 pounds, and his pelt alone brought the captors $15. That is the sort of boys they raise up here in Andover.

The Canary Islands.

The Canary Islands are a group of volcanic origin off the West Coast of Africa. The two that are always meant when the Canary Islands are referred to are Tenerife and Gran Canaria. Tenerife is the larger and better known. It is triangular in shape, about fifty miles long by twenty-five broad in the widest part. The peak is twelve thousand two hundred feet above the sea. Gran Canaria is about thirty-five miles east of Tenerife. It is nearly circular, and about twenty-flour miles in diameter. The islands belong to Spain, and until recently were rarely visited by English people, owing to the difficulty of access. A short while ago the Spanish Government made the Canaries free ports. There is no terrible custom house, no disarranging of one's boxes or exposing of one's private belongings. You step ashore a free man without question. The effect has been magical. Many of the most important steamship lines have made one or other of the Canary Islands a port of call. In 1888 the steamers came at the rate of nearly a thousand per annum. Legends about the Canary Islands say that they are the Elysian Fields whither the old mythological heroes were transported without dying, to spend a glorious existence in a perfect climate, with every surrounding natural luxury among these being the golden apples (oranges) in the garden of the Hesperides. Hence these islands have been alluded to as the "Fortunate Isles," the "Garden of the Hesperides," etc.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine.

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Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

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Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills
give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.
There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.
All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

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