BROTHERHOOD.

Here at the window I sit. Dreamlly over the street, Careless how moments may fit-Feeling the solitude sweet.

Melody breathes in the air; Cometh on mist-haloed wings Visions of children at prayer And of one that exultantly sings.

Silence is over it all, Yet doth the melody swell, Holding my spirit in thrall

To the sonorous song of the knell. Up through the street in the gloom funeral cortege comes The surf sends an echoing boom

Like a thunderous rumble of drums. There is joy in its dominant note, And a minor of pain;

There's a sob in my throat, And my tears are like rain. O, feeling that binds us as one In a brotherhood vast!

When for each life is finally done And his plume-covered carriage moves past.

Some one, surely, shall pause to behold, And beholding the fruit of the years, Shall be bowed in his soul as of old By a prayer that is quickened with tears -Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A PINEAPPLE CHEESE.

BY EDITH S. TOPPER.

"There, girls," said Peg as she laid an apoplectic parcel on the dining-room table, "there is probably the finest pineapple cheese on the isle of Manhattan."

"Pineapple cheese," a chorus of dismay and derision arose. "Why pineapple? Why not Brie or Camambert

"Oh, I know," said Peg loftily, "that you swells," with a bitter emphasis on the word, "affect all kinds of evil smelling cheese with your after-dinner coffee, but as I am plain and democratic in my tastes I buy pineapple cheese wherewith to regale myself when I come in, worn, jaded and faint with hunger after my day's toil."

Then she hung up her sailor, cut off the head of her pineapple cheese, scooped out a chunk, and proceeded to eat it like a piece of cake. Meantime

we three jeered. Az Peg stood there greedily devouring her cheese, she did not look much like a girl whose heart was broken. She was plump, rosy and sturdy. She curled her hair. She was as different as possible from the accepted type of lovelorn maiden wasting away to a premature grave from disappointed love. Yet we girls knew all about the dreadful quarrel Peg had with Jack Shepparda quarrel that broke off her engagement and sent Peg out into the world to seek a career.

We four girls, Grace, Eleanore, Margaret, otherwise Peg, and the writer, have a tiny little box of a flat uptown where we play at housekeeping. We live in a chafing dish and the fire eacape is our refrigerator. Every week or so we are visited by a big good natured officer who tries to look stern when he states he will surely be obliged to arrest us if we do not keep our fire escape clear of bird cages, vegetables, fruit, and flower pots.

Then there ensues a spasm of tidying up, the plants and birds are arranged in the "drawing-room," as we call the tiny reception room, the vegetables are stored in the kitchen closet and the fruit heaped ostentatiously on the sideboard. But some way, gradually, demoralization again creeps upon us, the fire escape allures and beckons us and flounts its attractions as a store house before us and we again succumb to its fascinations.

Therefore we were not greatly surprised when Peg, after satisfying her healthy young appetite, proceeded to place her cheese, just ouside the window upon the fire escape.

"Peg, you are crowding the refrigerator," objected Grace.

"Do you want a call from Dan

Flynn?" asked Eleanore. Dan Flynn, it may be remarked in

passing is the policeman who periodically cleans out our refrigerator. "Dan Flynn won't see it to-night,"

said Peg calmly, "and I may eat the rest of it for breakfast." This silenced us; there really was no

argument to that proposition. We adjourned to the drawing-room and while Grace prepared an article on "How To Turn the Back Breadths of an Old Silk Skirt," for a ladies' magazine, and Eleanore ran over the new song she was to introduce in her next role, I gossiped with Peg about the

the flat under us. "There can't be any women," I remarked, "for there wasn't a rocking chair, a piano or a sewing machine, and there were whole cases of stuff incidental to the Accursed Sex carried in."

newcomers who that day had taken

It is by this term we are accustomed to speak of men in Peg's presence. We feel it to be due her.

"Then there were rifles and walkingsticks and clubs galore," I continued, through the opening and went down a whole arsenal. I counted all sorts of whack, bang on the head of the man, weapons except a Gatling gun. Can they be social highwaymen, do you

think?" "All men," said Peg oracularly, "are in a measure social highwaymen. Very from Peg, a muttering as of distant

throats. The details assuredly are suspolice, I believe.'

"I interviewed him once," drowsily came from Grace, who had just arrived her article.

ou him and ask him to look up these them."

"Wouldn't Dan Flynn do as well as the chief," asked Eleanore, lazily humming over the last bar of her song. "You see, Peg, the head of the depart-Flynn is on our visiting list, it might be quite as convenient, mightn't it?"

But Peg made no answer to this idle banter. She sat engrossed in deep thought. Her blue eyes grew larger and dreamier. We all watched her so abominably pretty.

through the maze of memory with her | sweetheart's mouth." lost love, and ventured to rouse her, hoping she would rehearse some romantic chapter for our delectation.

"Peg," I asked, softly, "of what, dear, are you thinking?"

"I was wondering," said she, with a little start, "whether those miscreants below us would steal my pineapple cheese."

In the middle of the night we were aroused by a fearful crash in the kitchen. Grace, Eleanore and I rushed frantically about confident that burglars were upon us. After scrambling for matches some minutes, with cold chills running down our spines, we at last got a light only to discover Peg wandering about in her night-gown, looking very sheepish and nursing a broken head.

"I got up to see if the pineapple cheese was safe," she explained, "and fell over the clothes horse which some driveling imbecile had left directly in my path."

We got her to bed, where she remained a day or so in company with vinegar and brown paper, smelling salts and eau de cologne.

Meantime the rest of us often met | "Well, you go look on the fire escape

"Oh! I beg your pardon," and Peg came picious. Grace, you know the chief of in through the window, her pretty face as red as fire and tears standing in the big blue eyes,

"The beast," she wailed, "did you at the sponging and pressing stage of hear him? And ice 40 cents a pound. As if we could help being poor. An old "Very well, you know him then," said maid, indeed. I'll show him. And my Peg severely. "I think, you should call | cheese, my beautiful pineapple cheese, Don't talk to me. Judith, I could kill creatures and see whether four unpro- him. I wish it had knocked his handtected women are safe in living so near some, wicked head right off his shoulders." And to my great amazement, pretty Peg sat down on a kitchen chair and wailed aloud:

"As if he hadn't made me trouble enough," she sobbed, "to come here to ment is a rather busy man, and as Dan live, and dog my footsteps, and call me an old maid, and steal my cheese."

"Who, Peg, who?" I cried, almost shaking her in my excitement.

"Who? Why who could it be but that abominable, detestable Jack Sheppard, dear old thing. No, no, Judith, I don't with undisguised admiration. She was mean that. I hate him; I despise him. A man has indeed sunk very low when I made sure that she was wandering he steals the bread out of his former

> "But Peg, dear, it wasn't bread and he didn't steal it. You dropped it, you know."

> "Well, he made me drop it with his nasty sneers about an old maid. I wonder does he think he is the only man in the world? Anyway, the parrot is Eleanore's, and if you are my friend, Judith Faversham, you will make it your busines to let him know that fact before you are a day older."

In the midst of this fusillade of wounded pride and dismay, there came a pull at the bell. I opened the door. There stood Policeman Dan Flynn.

"I must trouble yez, miss," he said, gravely, "to take in the chaase and the burrud. It don't look proper at all, and I'm surprised that leddies like yez w'll persist in settin' the laws at defiance." But Peg was before him like a whirlwind. "We'll take in Polly," she cried, "and as for the cheese, it's already been

taken in." "Not foive minutes since," said the officer, reproachfully, "wid my own eyes did I see that chase flaunting it-

self on your fire escape."



"I GOT UP TO SEE IF THE PINEAPPLE CHEESE WAS SAFE."

persisted in believing them to be housebreakers, and to have special designs upon her pet cheese, which remained upon the fire escape, as the eagle glance of Dan Flynn had not yet fallen upon it.

One afternoon, Peg, being quite recovered from her fall and dressed in her most becoming tea gown, sat reading a reprehensible novel, occasionally looking up to state the financial loss her illness had been, to say nothing of her loss to the artistic world, for Peg did nice little black and white sketches for

some of the newspapers. Suddenly she threw down her novel with a sigh. "Judith, I'm hungry," she announced; "I think I'll have a whack at that pineapple cheese. A bit of biscuit, a glass of milk and that cheese will save my life. Come on, we'll pick

in the kitchen." She dragged me into the kitchen, and telling me to get the milk and biscuit, leaned half way out the window to reach the cheese, which stood cheek by jowl upon the fire escape with Elean-

ore's parrot. At that moment a man's voice floated up through the soft summer air.

"Look at that fire escape, Harry. I tell you it's an outrage the way some people crowd their fire escapes. Looks like a tenement. Why in the mischief don't they have a refrigerator? I'll bet my head there's an old maid upstairs. A poll parrot and a pineapple cheese. Well I'm blessed."

I never could tell how it happened. Whether Peg's nerves were yet shaky from her iliness or from rage at the impertinence of the critic below stairs. cannot say, but as she took up the cheese it slipped from her hands, shot who leaning from his window was looking up to condemn the condition of

our decidedly disreputable fire escape. There was a horrified exclamation likely this is an organized band of cut | thunder from below, a sweet, imploring | ment."-Buffalo Times.

our new neighbors on the stairs. They | below," laughed Peg, hysterically. certainly did not look like criminals. "The men who live downstairs, it On the contrary they were decidedly seems, have not enough to eat or to prepossessing in appearance. But Peg do"-purposely raising her voice. "They've got my cheese, Mr. .Flynn, and it's a case of highway robbery, and I think I will go around to the station house and get out a warrant or something."

Policeman Flynn looked at Peg in amazement. As for myself I could not speak for laughter. And to cap the climax, at this moment up the stairs came a handsome fellow with a wicked gleam in his eyes and bearing on a silver platter the remains of Peg's pineapple cheese.

'Mr. Sheppard's compliments to Miss Seymour," he said, "and he has sent home her cheese. He begs she will count the pieces and see whether they are all here."

With a scarlet face Peg shut the door upon Policeman Flynn and the young man, leaving the latter to explain the situation as best he could to the officer. A burst of suppressed laughter from the hall told us that an amusing and satisfactory explanation was being supplied.

"Never," said Peg, stamping a small foot, "never will I recognize that despicable person Jack Sheppard. 1 call you to witness, Judith, what I say.' Then she retreated to her bedroom and shut the door on the tragedy of her life.

Next day I came home early. As I let myself in at the side door, I was startled by a low murmur of voices coming from the drawing-room. Glaneing through the half-drawn portiers I saw Peg in close conference with one of the miscreants from below stairs.

"I didn't want to take the bread from your mouth, sweetheart," he was saying, "nor yet the cheese. I will be satisfied with the kisses."

And then he helped himself.

Wisdom and Reflection. "I thought Siumpsey was going to

reform after he got married?" "He did intend to, but concluded the effect would be a reflection on his judg-

SKIN GRAFTING EXTRAORDINARY

A Coat Button Proves an Efficient Aid in Modern Surgery.

The unusual manner in which a piece of skin was cut from a boy's thigh and grafted in his eye to enable him to wear an artificial eye to replace one destroyed by accident has been brought to the attention of the physicians of the New York Academy of Medicine. 'The patient is Richard Von Romer, of Jersey City, a foundry hand and a very healthy specimen of boyhood. Some weeks ago while he was pouring some molten metal in a mold it splashed and a drop of it struck the boy in the right eye. It burned away part of the upper lid almost instantly and sank into the pupil, destroying the sight. Dr. R. T. Chambers, of Jersey City, was called, and, applying cocaine to reduce the pain, he examined the eye. He found a tiny speck of the hardened metal in the ball of the eye, and decided that the entire organ would have to be removed. When this was done and the injured surrounding tissue was cut away the surgeon discovered that there wasn't enough of the eye socket left to hold in place even the smallest sized artificial

Dr. Chambers resolved to try a delicate feat of Thiersch grafting to remedy the defect. Previous successful experiments at skin grafting had been made when the skin was grafted on a flat surface. The difficulty in this case lay in making the flesh grow into a cavity like the eye socket, and as too much pressure destroys all chance of the grafted flesh growing upon the surface to which it is applied, the undertaking was particularly hazardous. Three weeks ago the surgeon went about his task after an unusual method. The injured eye socket was entirely healed by this time. The night before the operation he prepared a section, measuring two by four inches, of the flesh of the thigh and swathed it in antiseptic bandages over night. The next day he put the lad under the influence of ether. The eye socket was sprayed with cocaine, an incision was made in the tissue, the section of flesh was cut away from the thigh and transplanted to the upper part of the eye socket and fitted in the fresh incision.

Before this was done, however, the surgeon had to devise a means of holding the graft in place without too great pressure. He hit upon the expedient of using an ordinary flat-surfaced overcoat button about an inch in diameter. This was covered with antiseptic gauze and fitted in the cavity. The graft of skin was stretched over it, and the button and the skin graft were bound firmly in the eye socket and allowed to remain a week undisturbed. The button had four holes in it, which permitted the free circulation of the fluids of the eye while the grafting process was in progress. At the end of the week the bandage was removed, and it was discovered that the transplanted flesh had grown upon the eye, making a new and healthy upper lid that would hold an artificial eye in place.

The secret of the success of the operation, Dr. Chambers said, was the pres ence of the holes in the button.

The boy was at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine, and showed the assembled physicians that the eye could be removed and replaced with ease. He had practically a new eye socket. All pain had disappeared, and all danger of the sound eye being affeeted through sympathy. Two physicians reported that they had tried skin grafting for somewhat similar injuries, but had failed because they had not used the button, or a similar device. They declared they would try the experiment over again with the button, and report the result to the academy.-N. Y. Sun.

Average Age of Doctors.

It has been discovered by a French statistician that the average age of doctors is much higher than that of any other calling; it is no less than 56. When we consider that doctors are probably more reckless than any other diners-out—habitually taking the things they tell other people are "poison"this is very creditable to the profession. The reproach, "Physician, heal thyself," would appear to be unfounded; for it seems they do heal themselves, or at all events manage to hang onto life longer than the rest of the world. They probably know more about antidotes and "poisons" than we do. Where their great pull consists, however, is, no doubt, in their opportunities of observing what treatment is most efficacious with their patients. A certain physician is said to have let this particular cat out of the bag to one to whom he was paying marked attention. "I am very much interested in your case," he said, "because I have the same complaint myself; and if this medicine really does you good I shall try it."-James Payn, in Independent.

In the Restaurant.

Waiter, wanting to show off his grammar to scholarly-looking customers, shouts to kitchen: "Two roast beeves!" Scholarly-Looking Customer - Not so much, my friend. We want a big din-

would be enough for a regiment.-National Tribune. In the Modern Want Column. "A young criminal lawyer desires at

a suitable remuneration a respectable

eriminal."-Fliegende Blactter.

ner, I'm sure; but two roast beeves

tism, ward off its attacks by publood now with a thorough course

Sarsaparilla The best-in fact the One True Blood Purifler.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. CALENDAR FOR 1897.

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Jules Breton's Artist Daughter.

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Virginie Demont-Breton is the only woman painter since Rosa Bonheur to receive the cross of the Legion of lonor, so rarely given to women. chooses greater subjects than her illustrious senior, in that these subjects are human; and her talent is more versatile and tender. Her color and harmony of tones please the most critical; her mothers speak to all and her children to those who have had children of their own. They are not impossible, idealized dream-children and dreammothers, but real ones such as one knows. Though the beautiful Joan of Arc child, on her knees in the field, has an inspired look in her face, she is nevertheless like many French peasant children to be met along any roadside in summer; the mother aiding the tottering steps of her twins is doing only what all nurses and mothers do; in 'Dipped in the Sea" the child is but struggling as all others do when plunged into the waves .- Mrs. Lee Bacon, in Century,

CONDEMNED.

When an innocent man is condemned for any crime he doesn't lose hope. His lawyers appeal from one court to another. They are bound to save him, if he can be saved. It is the same way with a good doctor when patient seems condemned to death by disease. But doctors make mistakes sometimes; they lose heart too soon. After they have tried everything they know and the patient is no better, they think there is nothing more to be done. They don't always get at the root of the disease. They frequently give a patient up to die of consumption, and are afterwards surprised to see him get

strong and well again. Mrs. W. B. Duncan, of Arlington, Phelps Co., Mo., writes: "My husband took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when he was (as he thought) almost into consumption, and we were very thankful that such a medicine could be found. I wish all persons troubled with cough would take it. Long may the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' be Discovery' and Pavorite Prescription be made. I shall always recommend and praise these medicines."

All lung and bronchial diseases are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, because it supplies the system with healthy It puts the vital forces into action and fills the circulation with the life-giving red corpuscles which builds up solid, muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

As a medical author, Dr. Pierce holds an eminent place in his profession. His great thousand page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" is one of the standard medical works of the English language. Nearly 700,000 copies were sold at \$1.50 each. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free for the cost of mailing only, 21 one-cent stamps; or, cloth-bound for 31 stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. V.