THE CHASE OF LIFE.

All men are hunters. Salesmen hunt for fame;
The doctor hunts for fortune and a name;
The merchant hunts for store of gathered gold;
For glory's garland hunts the warrior bold;
The lawyer hunts for clients and for fees;
But there's a hunt that's keener yet than these—
'Tis when the lover tries his utmost art
To hunt and capture some fair maiden's heart.

—New York Herald.

BLIND.

All Paris was oppressed by that overpowering heat which often precedes a July storm. Low rumblings of thunder, like the distant roaring of a lion in the desert, kept coming nearer until the storm-clouds broke with the sharp, crashing noise of splitting planks.

The next minute large rain-drops began to pelt the faces of the passers, and to speckle with gray spots the dusty granite of the sidewalks.

A pretty brunette, about twenty years old, over-taken by the unexpected shower, hastened to seek refuge in a hospitable doorway.

Her clothing was not such as could be very seriously injured by the inclement weather; indeed, her attire was extremely simple, and indicative of the strictest possible economy. A plain dress of black merino, well fitted and tastefully made, and a straw hat trimmed with poppies, showed her to be one of those little sewing girls whose honest poverty obliges them to make their own clothes. Martha Duflou—such was the young girl's name—was a pink of neatness from her bare white hands to her carefully polished low shoes.

It was only ten o'clock at night, and the street was almost deserted. A young man came hurrying along, and although he had an umbrella he ran for shelter from the rain to the doorway where Martha stood. He was so absorbed in watching the progress of the thunderstorm that he had hardly noticed the girl when a dazzling flash of lightning, followed immediately by a terrible peal of thunder, illuminated the street and at the same instant a shrill cry rang through the air.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the young girl, "I cannot see—it is all dark—the lightning has burnt my eyes—I am blind!"

Instances of this kind, though comparatively rare, are by no means unknown in the history of medicine; sudden blindness caused by a stroke of lightning is sometimes curable, but when it results from paralysis of the optic nerve there is but little chance of recovery.

A flood of tears followed the sighs and moans of the terrified girl as she reflected that she could no longer earn her living. She could not even find her way home without help. What was to become of her? Must she beg her bread?

Bertrand Camusard was a young clerk, and being accustomed to the dissipations of Paris, was ever on the watch for a trick. When, therefore, the young girl bemoaned her fate, he looked at her curiously. Her face was not in the least disfigured. The large dark eyes shone brilliantly, a slight flush relieved the whiteness of her skin, and her features were small and regular. She was very pretty, he found.

"Is there no one to help me?" she said piteously, extending her hand.

"Do not cry, mademoiselle," answered Bertrand, in a soothing tone, "I will take you home as if I were your dog."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"At No. 126, Lacondamine Street."

"That is close to my house," said Bertrand to himself, then he added aloud, "The rain has stopped, will you take my arm?"

As they walked the young man looked at his fair charge in surprise; if she was acting a part, she was doing it to perfection. Leaning on his arm in a charmingly confiding way, she told him that she was an orphan, that she had lately arrived from the country with no baggage excepting a letter of recommendation to a large establishment where she had received employment.

Her companion paid but little attention to her recital, and made a few jesting remarks about the whiteness of her dimpled hands and the becomingness of her costume, for he was firmly convinced that the girl was playing a trick on him. At last, wearied by her sad air, he determined to creat a diversion, and also to show her that he was too thoroughly a Parisian to be easily duped.

"Let us go and have a glass of beer," he said gaily.

With an exclamation of dismay the girl let go his arm and stood still.

"Oh do not try to be so high flown," he said, taking her arm to lead her on.

But Martha drew back in affright and cried aloud—

"Help, help!"

At the sound of her voice another man, a well-built fellow, came to her rescue, exclaiming—

"Let her go, you rascal."

He dealt such hard blows upon the shoulders of Bertrand Camusard that the latter thought best to go his way without arguing the matter.

Martha then told her story to the newcomer, who in his turn informed her that his name was Pierre Carlier, and that he was bookkeeper in the office of the Western Railway. He did not, however, mention the fact of his having been wounded in the face during the war of 1870, and of his still bearing a frightful scar.

Being deeply interested in the helpless girl who had talked and listened to him without knowing of his disfigurement, which had always rendered him repulsive to women, he took her to her lodgings, and on leaving her at the door, asked permission to return the next day. She assented willingly, for the sincerity of his voice and manner inspired her with confidence.

The next morning Carlier brought a physician to examine the young girl's eyes, and his decision—that the recovery of her sight was doubtful, and would at best be slow—filled her with anxiety. Who would provide for her while she was unable to work? Pierre Carlier read the question in her face and answered quickly.—

"Do not be alarmed; your employer will allow you your regular wages while you are under treatment. That is the custom; I will go to him myself and explain matters."

A few hours later he came back and reported that the head of the firm had promised not only to keep the girl's situation for her, but also to pay all her expenses till she was able to work again. Medical treatment was begun, and Carlier came to her regularly with her wages. It was but natural that he should stay and talk with her, for Martha Duflou had no friend in Paris excepting him, and she was glad to tell him of her doubts and fears. Gradually his visits became longer and more frequent, and the friendly sympathy already existing between these two afflicted ones, the blind and the disfigured, soon developed into sincere and ardent love. She was in ignorance of the terrible scar on his face, and his gentle kindness and devotion won her heart.

* * * * * * *

Three months passed, and still Martha was not cured, and at last she began to wonder that her former employer kept on paying her without making any direct inquiries as to her condition. A suspicion of the truth crossed her mind, and one day she commissioned the janitress of the house to go to the store and discover how the matter stood.

That evening, when Pierre Carlier came to see her she was deluged in tears.

"I have found you out," she said. "Oh, how generous and noble of you to let me think that the money you brought came from an employer who is utterly heartless! But, indeed, you ought not to have put such a debt upon me; it is absolutely necessary now for me to regain my sight that I may be able to pay you what I owe."

"You can more than repay me, very easily, if you will," he answered gently.

"How can I?"

"By marrying me."

"You cannot mean that!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

When he repeated his words she began to cry with joy.

"I have not seen your face," she said at last, "but I am sure that it reflects the goodness of your heart. I will be your wife on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That we are not married until I have recovered my sight."

Her decision filled her lover with dismay, and involuntarily he almost wished that she should remain blind, for he could not bear to think of seeing her turn away from him in disgust the first time she beheld his face.

"Let us be married at once," he said earnestly. "We shall be so happy. What is the use of waiting longer?"

But Martha was inflexible.

"I have already been too much of a burden to you," she said; "I will not consent to becoming a millstone fastened to your neck. If I cannot be cured at all, I will disappear, and you will never hear of me again."

"A suicide? Do you wish me to die in despair?" he cried.

But Martha felt sure that she would be cured suddenly, miraculously, and she longed to be able to give her lover a joyful surprise.

* * * * *

It was the first Sunday in May. Spring was just decking the shrubs and trees in beautiful attire, and the meadows had begun to smile under the sun's rays.

Martha had promised to go for a walk in the country with Pierre, and he said to her a little wistfully:—

"What a pity it is that you cannot see the loveliness of nature, for that would decide you not to postpone our happiness longer."

"I can hear the birds sing, and smell the perfume of the flowers," had been the answer of the blind girl.

The appointed time had arrived, and Pierre had called for his beloved. What was his surprise to find that she had taken all the bandages from her eyes, and he fancied that she gave a slight start as she turned toward him.

"Can she see?" he thought, growing pale with apprehension.

"What is the matter, dear? Ah, I know; you are astonished at my having no bandage on my eyes. There is no use in wearing it. I shall never see better than I do now. The doctors can do no more for me. And Pierre, I will not keep you waiting any longer; if you wish we can be married at once."

In his delight Carlier imagined that her eyes were smiling upon him, but the next instant he laughed at his own folly supposing that she would speak thus if she could see him,

The wedding took place four weeks from that day. When it was over, and the pair were told to sign their names in the register, Pierre took hold of the blind bride's hand to lead her to the book, but she turned away from him, saying—

"Let me alone; I can find it myself."

Then to his amazement, she went straight to the desk and took up the pen.

"You are not blind," he whispered. you can see my scar!"

"Oh, I saw that a month ago," she said, smiling at his distress, and then added softly, "Are you quite sure now that I love you, Pierre?"

It is reported that several years since a gardener discovered that by planting his squash-seeds in earth that had a layer of coal ashes above and below it, the vines were not molested by cutworms.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

Sudden Appearance of Numerable Tall Women in Public Places.

The number of tall women to be seen on Broadway is remarkable. Where do they all come from? It is the fashion to be tall and straight and slender and willowy, because it is a style well adapted to the best display of the latest things in Parisian millinery and dress goods. But have women the power to suddenly grow taller in order to meet a prevailing fashion half way, as they might blondine their hair? It certainly looks like it. For there never was a time when so many tall women could be seen. They run all the way from 5 feet 6 to 6 feet 2. You can meet 6 feet women in couples by the dozen on Broadway any afternoon. By the side of the ordinary run of men these women look 6 feet 6.

There are two theories for the sudden excess of tall women—one that some mechanical process has been discovered and is being secretly practiced by which stout women are drawn out into long and slender females; the other, that these women have always existed and are now suddenly brought forth from their retirment by the inexorable decree of fashion. The latter would seem to be the more reasonable explanation. When it was the fashion for women to be embonpoint the tall and slender woman hid herself away from public gaze as much as possible. She shrunk into her boots and walked stoop-shouldered when she was to be seen in public places. Now that she has her inning she is making good use of it. She is everywhere. She walketh erect at noonday—also in the evening. When she has a beau she chooses one she can look down upon. It accentuates her giraffic style. Her clinging drooping, Bernhardt draperies still further lead forward and upward. It is a comparatively easy thing for a woman of five feet six to add four inches to her apparent height if she be not fat. Fat! The very word seems horrible to the sex just now. The fat woman suggests the 10 cent museum. Let her await her turn and grow fatter in anticipation of her coming triumph—New York Letter.

THE LAST TO SURRENDER.

The Three Confederates Who Came Out of the Dismal Swamp in July, 1866 and Surrendered.

While there are not a few indications that skirts are likely to be less clinging, yet the trimmings and draperies will perserve the effect of slenderness now in vogue for some time to come. Observing eyes have noticed the modifications which the season's styles have gradually undergone steadily approaching a repetition of toilets in vogue in the time of Louis Philippe, the main feature of which are a moderately full corsage, with large high sleeves, and a plain fourreau skirt with a ruche or narrow frill at the hem. At the moment the corsage is given the most attention by the modiste. All varieties are popular, and will be throughtout the summer. Very prominent are the "Louis" coats, with vests and without, and some have triple skirts of graduated length and width. come from?

Answer was prompt and to the point: "Sergt. Tewsbury and guard from Dismal Swamp. Did not know the war was over."

After a good deal of laughter the provost marshal, was ordered to receive their capitulation, which was conducted in due form. Tewsbury, an old Virginian, ordered his squad—a couple of Georgians—to give up their guns and sign the papers, reserving himself as the man of all the Confederate forces to surrender.

The old sergeant's description of the way he found out the war was over was amusing. He and his companions had been posted on the edge of the swamp to watch movements of the union troops from Norfolk, with orders to remain until relieved and subsisted on game and fish for three years. At last he met an old negro who told him the war had been over for about a year, which "tickled him better than if he had been kicked by a mule," as he expressed it.

Frayed Collars and Cuffs.

Worn linen is a most deceptive addend in the sum total of apparel. A pair of old cuffs will look so bewitchingly respectable after a visit to a good laundry that you will take them up with thankful tenderness and adjust them while a look of benignity wanders all over them. "Didn't know I ever could wear them again" you say, and you feel so satisfied at having counted one against that dreadful opponent, the raggedy man. Of course you have felt just so, and just as surely as you have glanced down soon after and found your wrists encircled by a pair of soiled and shaggy cuffs. A little rub here and a little rub there, a few grains of dust from mother earth and a benediction from a raindrop and your cuffs have gone back whence they came from outside the pale of respectability. Next time you treat those cuffs as exposed falsifiers, but some fine day when a spasm of economy is contracting the muscles which open your purse you'll get caught again, see if you don't.—Toronto Globe.

First Listener to Jenny Lind's Singing.

"Jenny Lind"—to use the name by which she became famous all the world over—was born of poor parents at Stockholm in 1820, and at three years of age first betrayed her musical aptitude by picking out on the keys of a piano a military fanfare which had attracted her attention as some soldiers marched along the street. The first listener to her singing was the domestic cat, to which she sang when she believed herself to be alone, and it was the overhearing of this singing that suggested the idea of her being educated for the musical stage.

Odor and Foulness.

The odor of the sewer exagerates its danger. Dr. E. Duncan, of Glasgom, finds that plumbers are not more liable than other persons to that class of gymotic disease—including typhoid fever, diphtheria, diarrhoea and sore throat—supposed to be due to exposure to the offensive emanations from choked drains and soil pipes. There is no gas in the sewer that may not be encountered outside of it, and neither typhoid excreta nor tuberculous sputoms give forth more dangerous emanations in decomposing than any other organic substance. The air of a well ventilated sewer, in fact, is far less unwholesome that that of crowded schools or churches, or even the houses of half of Glasgow's population.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Musical Sands.

The phenomenon of musical sands, which has only attracted scientific attention during the last few years, is found to be very common. Drs. H. C. Bolton and A. A. Julien, who have given especial attention to the subject, have now collected 610 samples of such sands from different parts of the world, while reports from eighty-five beaches in the United States have shown them that sixty-five are famous for musical sands. To the eye a patch of this sand is like any other, yet a blind man who is deaf and dumb can easily distinguish it by a distinct vibration, or tickling sensation, communicated to hands or feet. From about 500 samples examined, it appears that the sounds—which are produced by friction and vary in pitch with the amount of sand acted upon—do not depend upon a particular variety of sand, but upon a condition into which the sand gets. Rolled in a bag, one specimen of musical sand gave a whoop-like sound audible for about 420 feet. Yet this sand—unless bottled—lost its power in a few hours after being taken from the beach, and also became soundless on the slightest admixture of fine powder or of moisture.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

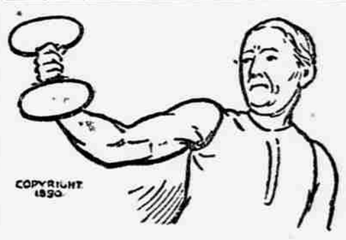
Locusts in Africa.

Though mankind may avoid a repetition of the great locust plagues of history, such, for instance, as that near the close of the last century, in which the locusts drowned on one part of the African coast were washed up in a bank fifty miles long and four or five feet high, or that early in the Christian era, which resulted in the death of 800,000 persons—such plagues have not yet entirely lost their terrors. Recent alarm has therefore been caused in Egypt by the most serious visitation recorded for forty years, and has been increased by the fact that swarms of locusts, instead of being migratory, seem to have developed from eggs laid in the country last year. Every effort will be made to exterminate the creatures befor great damage is done. While investigating the locust plague in Algeria, a member of the French academy, M. Kunckel Herculais, is reported to have fallen asleep from exhaustion, when he was attacked by a swarm of locusts from which he was unable to escape. When his corpse was found the insects had completely devoured his hair, beard and necktie.

To have to threaten is one of the most dangerous duties any one can perform.

Faith fears nothing. Faith and trial are the best of friends.

The pleasure-seeker has many disappointments.



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But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

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