

HOPE.

And see a thing created live and its creator die? If worthy deed and worthy thought may not be lost, then why should man pass down this finite life and ruin mark his way? Who builds for earth may well expect his treasures to decay.

—N. A. H. in New York Times.

COPPER AND GOLD

I was practicing medicine at the time in Rotherham, a large, struggling town six miles south of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, England, in the heart of the South Yorkshire coal district.

It is a rough class of people with whom a general practitioner generally has to deal in such a district, though there are some very big swells in the neighborhood, to be sure. Still, as is always the case in life among the roughest and most uncouth, one sometimes finds a gentle flower.

Such a sweet exception was little Elsie Underhill, to whose bedside I was called professionally on the evening of Nov. 22, 1873. It is a long while ago, and I doubt much if any of the persons connected with the little story I am about to tell, should any of them still be surviving, will remember Dr. Newman. At any rate, not one of those who knew me will be hurt, and the one person against whom I shall have much to say is so mean and contemptible, in my opinion, that I care little for him.

It was a poor little home I was called to in Church street, where Elsie's parents lived, but very different from the dirty, carelessly kept cottages and small houses in the vicinity. But I am not going to weary you with a description. I was met by the dear, old kindly faced mother at the door, where, before taking me up stairs to the tiny room where lay her suffering daughter, she told me something of her history.

Elsie was only just turned nineteen, but she had already made herself a reputation which was honorable and enviable. The years before, when just turned sixteen, being a pretty and well developed girl, with more than the average amount of intelligence, she had obtained an engagement at the local theater, where she had appeared in the character of Jeannie Deans in Andrew Halliday's adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." She had attracted a great deal of attention. The local correspondent of a London theatrical paper, The Hornet, then the property of Stephen Fliske, had spoken highly of her, and more than one London manager had visited Rotherham to see her act. There were stock companies in those days.

Among the many young fellows who had become infatuated by her beauty was one Horace Willington, the son of a physician in Sheffield, a very rich man. This young man's attentions were very marked. He obtained an introduction to the young girl's parents, and through them to Elsie. And then he began a serious courtship.

In every way his manner and apparent object were decidedly honorable. Only one thing he omitted—he did not take her to his own home. In order to be near the man who had completely won her heart she refused more than one lucrative offer to go to London, where she would have at once been on the highroad to fame, and accepted an engagement at the Sheffield Theater Royal, which, being close to her own home, she could also reach very easily. Here her opportunities were wider than in Rotherham, it is true, and here she succeeded in increasing her already high reputation. She remained in Sheffield two seasons, playing during the summer a series of traveling engagements throughout the northern counties.

Then came a proposal from a great London manager which was so good that she could not afford to neglect it. Her aged mother went with her to the city of smoke and fog, and in September, 1873, she made her debut before a London audience at the Princess theater. Less than a month later her health entirely gave way, and she found it necessary to throw up her engagement and return with her mother to the little home in Rotherham in which she had breathed her earliest breath.

So much her mother told me, then took me up to see her daughter. Did I say just now that she was suffering? That was hardly the case. She was dying of rapid consumption. She was too weak to suffer much physically, but the broken heart was giving her exquisite torture.

Such a lovely girl I have rarely seen. Brown curling hair swept back from the sweet face and long dark lashes shaded the blue gray eyes that were all intelligence and had been wont to fill her audiences with blind enthusiasm.

The little room in which she lay was filled with delicate feminine knickknacks, reminiscences of her favorite roles, souvenirs of her professional friends, all arranged about the room with gentle, thoughtful love by her stricken mother. But most interesting of all was a rather curious thing hanging above her pillow on the bedpost by a narrow blue ribbon. It was some-

thing that would attract the attention of the least observant.

A large gold split ring, elegantly chased and evidently of antique manufacture, to which was suspended a common copper English penny piece. The combination was so incongruous, so ludicrous, that I could not refrain from taking it in my hand to examine.

"Oh, please don't touch that," exclaimed the dying girl. "It is all I have."

Then there was a story to it! When I had prescribed a simple palliative for the racking cough and had given instructions for other simple treatment, I went down stairs again with the mother.

"You saw the penny and the ring, doctor," she said, "and you wondered. Is it not so?"

I confessed that I had felt a little curious to know its history, and here is what the old woman told me: The old gold ring had belonged to Elsie's great-grandmother. It had once been a thumb ring. Elsie looked upon it as a sort of heirloom and had carried it with her as a sort of talisman since childhood. One day, after she had known Mr. Willington a few months before they were engaged to be married, the young man had laughingly pulled from his pocket a penny through which some foolish person had bored a hole. Elsie was just about to appear in a new character, so Horace, in fun, remarked: "Take this penny and keep it for luck. You will never fail in a part so long as you keep it."

Elsie entered into the spirit of the thing and said, "Now, if I could only get my own talisman split I would hang the penny on to it."

"That is easily done," said Horace, as he took the ring in his hand and admired its chasing. "I will take it to Evans, in Sheffield, and have it split." Accordingly he took the ring and in a few days returned it with the penny hanging to it. Elsie fastened a ribbon to it and wore it around her neck.

Alas, that ring and that penny were the parallels of the characters of the two persons to whom they had belonged! The one pure gold, refined and chased by a master hand, destined to be broken by the owner of the baser metal which entered the golden heart and broke it in two and left it.

When she went to London, Willington followed Elsie, and there, amid the follies and excitements of the great Babylon, he came out in his true colors, a conscienceless, loveless scoundrel. It seems unnatural and untrue that a man could deliberately lay plans and take years to mature them for the ruin of a young girl's life, but so it was with Willington and Elsie Underhill.

Plenty of people there are living yet who remember the success of the young actress on the Princess' boards and who remember with sorrow her sudden departure and death.

Willington succeeded in his designs, then left her, as it was afterward known he had left others, to droop and die or to go from bad to worse. He cared nothing.

Elsie's sensitive nature was too high strung. She could not survive the disgrace even though it was apparent only to herself. Her heart broke, and in the early weeks of December, when the narrow little Church street and the roofs of the neighboring cottages were covered with snow, when the timid robin had become so tame as to fly to the windows of human habitations for the food of charity, when the world was beginning to prepare its annual festival of "peace and good will toward men," the poor little actress, who was a delicate flower in the midst of a life of nettles and brambles, withered and passed away, to be transplanted in the garden that is kept forever beautiful by those angels whose duty it is to soothe and comfort those poor waifs of humanity who are not strong enough to overcome humanity's blows and buffets.

What became of Willington? I have never heard of him since. Somewhere, probably, he holds an honored position on earth, for he was rich, and wealth on earth covers innumerable sins; but surely when his time comes to go to that bourne from which no traveler ever returns he will be met by the dark recording angel with a page not yet blotted out, on which he will be shown—

A penny suspended from a pure gold ring.

The Judas Tree.

The Judas tree is a native of the southern countries of Europe, and is a handsome low bush with a flat, spreading top. In the spring it is profusely covered with purplish pink blossoms, which burst out before the leaves begin to unfold. The blossoms have an agreeable acid taste and are made into salads and sometimes fried. There is an ancient tradition that Judas hanged himself from this species of tree. A tree called the Judas tree is common to some parts of the American continent. It differs somewhat from the one described, but the blossoms are made into good pickles, and the young twigs are bought by dyers for the brownish pigment contained in them. The Judas tree draws great numbers of bees around to feed on the sweets contained in its blossoms.

To Prevent Paint From Scaling.

To prevent the paint on iron or wood from scaling off when exposed to the weather first thoroughly wash the parts to be painted and then brush over the surface with hot linseed oil. By following this method, especially with iron articles, no scaling of the paint will occur. In cases where the articles to be painted are small and can be readily heated it is better to heat them and plunge them into the oil. The thin liquid oil when hot enters into the pores of the metal, absorbs the moisture, and the paint then applied so firmly adheres that frost, rain or air cannot effect a separation.

THE EYE OF AN ARTIST.

A Case Where It Was More Reliable Than a Sailor's Optic.

Mr. N. Chevalier, the well known artist who accompanied the late Duke of Edinburgh on many of his travels, was once going from Dunedin to Lyttelton, New Zealand, by steamer. Anxious to catch the earliest glimpse of the coast he went on deck at dawn and was alarmed to see that the vessel was heading straight on to the land. Calling the officer's attention to the fact, he was told that it was only a fog bank. The artist maintained his point, but the second officer looked and confirmed his mate.

The artist then said: "Well, gentlemen, I will back my artist's eye against your sailor's eye, and I say that what you mistake for a fog bank is a low range of hills, and there is a range of mountains appearing above them."

But he was only laughed at, until the captain coming on deck found in the growing light that the artist was right and the seamen wrong. The vessel was out of its course, and there was only just time to avert disaster. The helmsman was dismissed in disgrace and the course given to the new steersman, but the vessel's head still pointed landward—the compass was all wrong.

The cause was discovered later. A commercial traveler had brought a box of magnets on board and deposited them in a stern cabin, causing what might have been a fatal deflection of the compass.

To return to the question of interpretation, the artist was dealing with the appearances which his eye was trained to see and his mind to interpret. A speck on the horizon might have remained a mere speck to him long after the sailors had interpreted the speck into a vessel of definite rig. There can be little doubt that the trained eye is accompanied by a sort of mental seeing, an instinct outrunning optics.

THE CHICKEN YARD.

No henhouse that is frequently dusted with lime will be infested with lice. Lime purifies the quarters and dries them. It is cheap and should be used plentifully.

Always have the nests so low that the hens can step in rather than be obliged to jump down.

If the fowls get too fat, oats as a single food are one of the best grains that can be given to lessen fat.

Mating birds to breed to a feather is a high art, to be acquired only by long practice, aided by close study.

A flat perch is best because of being the most comfortable to the feet and the best support to the breast.

There are three breeds of fowls that are pre-eminently valuable as egg producers. These are the Minorcas, Leghorns and Black Spanish.

A medium sized active male is twice as valuable as one that is large and extra heavy. If large size and weight are desired, select large hens, but the male should be active and vigorous.

When a fowl has canker and the mouth and throat are sore and ulcerated, wrap a soft rag around a lead pencil, dampen it slightly, dip in chlorate of potash and swab out the mouth clean and inject a drop of turpentine.

What Comes After Suicide?

On the whole, it is something of a pity that some of these fellows who cut their throats, blow out their brains or swallow poisons in order to rid themselves of their troubles cannot come back, so they might tell others who are troubled whether relief lies in that direction or not. It is more than probable that what they then could tell would deter other reckless men and women from following in their footsteps, and for that, if for no other reason, their return would be welcome.

As Hamlet implied, it is better to bear the ills we know than to fly to those we know not of, and there isn't much doubt that the suicides are not long in finding that out.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Peach Legend.

Almost all fruits and flowers have their legend. One about the peach comes from Japan and tells how a poor, pious old couple were searching for food by the roadside. The woman found a peach, which she would not eat, though starving, till she could share it with her husband. He cut it exactly in half, when an infant leaped forth. It was one of the gods, who had, he said, accidentally fallen out of the peach orchard of heaven while playing. He told them to plant the stone of the peach, and it brought them happiness, friends and wealth.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks. The plant has sharp pointed green leaves. These are placed close together, with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—Fortnightly Review.

Her Savings.

"I'm so glad you told me to keep accounts, Henry," she said. "I have just been going over them, and I find that I have saved \$200 in the last three months." "Good!" he exclaimed. "Where's the money?" "Oh, I haven't got the money," she answered, "but the accounts show that I have saved it just the same."—Chicago Post.

Crabs In Oysters.

"The demand for that little southern delicacy, the oyster crab, is always larger than the supply, and I have all I can do to obtain the 50 or 60 gallons which are daily required for flavoring steaks and making omelets in the leading hotels, restaurants and clubs of this city," said a wholesale fish dealer in New York to a Washington Star writer. "Our northern oysters do not contain the little dainties, so I am obliged to buy them from the oyster sluckers along the York, Rappahannock and other southern rivers. The Chesapeake bay shore oystermen send us some also.

"The little crab found in the oyster is not, as commonly supposed by two-thirds of the oyster eating community, the young of the blue crab, but is a distinct species. It is a mesomate and cater to the wants of the oyster, being therefore a benefit instead of a detriment to the latter. In return for the oyster's kindness in protecting it against its enemies the little crab catches and crushes food which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster. A singular thing in connection with them is that all found inside of the oyster are females. The male of the same variety has a hard shell."

Turtles Trained to Fight.

You want to go to China to see animal fighting reduced to a science. There are hundreds of young men in the larger cities there who make a living by training animals to fight and in exhibiting their savage qualities to interested audiences. They catch both mud and snapping turtles, feed them on raw meat and some sort of drug that warms them up, and at the end of six months they become savage enough to fight a tiger. The jaws and teeth are filed and sandpapered until the mouth becomes a dangerous thing to go near. The turtle is tantalized each day with a piece of wood or a bunch of cotton until its temper reaches a white heat. When confronted with another turtle that has been trained and badgered in the same way, they go for each other with distended jaws, and there is sure to be a fight to a finish.

They have each been starved for a week. Each is handled by his owner, who has teased it to the killing point. The two turtles are then placed in a small ring, and only one comes out alive. The fight lasts from one to ten hours, and death generally comes only when one of them has secured a throat hold on his doomed antagonist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Bought a Section.

A Pittsburg man who has money to spare had to go east on short notice. He is a man given to exclusiveness, and he detests traveling in a public conveyance because he is thrown in with so many persons of whom he knows nothing. When he does take a trip, he takes a stateroom wherever he can get it, or, failing in that, if his business is urgent, he takes a section in the sleeping car. He had little time to make arrangements last week, but his first thought was of a stateroom. He called one of the employees and hurried him to the ticket office.

"Get a stateroom, if you can," he said, "and, if you cannot, get a section. You know what a section is—two berths."

"Yes, sir," replied the man as he started off.

He returned soon with the information that there wasn't a stateroom to be had on the train.

"But I got two berths for you, sir," he said, handing out two tickets.

He nearly lost his job when his employer examined the tickets and found one for "upper 3" and the other for "upper 8."—Pittsburg News.

Accommodating Diseases.

Perhaps the record for school attendance belongs to a Walworth lad named Thomas Ward, who was never absent or late during his 11 years of school life, beginning with his fourth year. The local member of the school board for London tells the story that when the proud boy received the attendance medal for the eleventh year, which had to be specially struck to meet his case, the mother was questioned as to how her boy had been able to make so remarkable a record.

"Has he had the usual children's complaints?" she was asked. "Yes, sir." "The measles?" "Yes, sir." "Whooping cough?" "Yes, sir." "How is it, then, that he has never been away from school?" "Well, sir, he had them in his holidays," was the interesting reply.—Westminster Gazette.

Proved His Case.

Miss Willing (after the proposal)—But are you quite sure you believe in second love?

Mr. Woody (a widower)—Certainly, my dear. Now suppose a man buys a pound of sugar; is it sweet, isn't it? Miss Willing—Yes, of course. But— Mr. Woody—And when that's gone he naturally wants another pound—and the second pound is just as sweet, isn't it?—Chicago News.

A Big Difference.

Kendrick (who for two months has been studying French)—Say, Sutton, I can write a good letter in French now.

Sutton—H'm! Is that so? Well, you may be able to write a good letter in French, but I don't believe you can write a letter in good French.—Boston Transcript.

Eis Hearing to Come.

Old Lady (reading newspaper)—I declare! The poor fellow arrested yesterday is deaf. Listener—How do you know? Old Lady—Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearing next week.—Green Bag.

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