CHAPTER I. BY THE DYING MOUNTEBANK. They had sent for the doctor from Bourron before 6. About 8 some villagers came round for the performance, and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By 10 Mme. Tentaillon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Dr. Desprez.

The doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived. "Sapristi!" said the doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as

he was, in his slippers and skull cap. The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Dr. Desprez were to live 1,000 years he would never forget his arrival in that room, for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his existence. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the date of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation, for no actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many moving and decisive accidents in the lives of all,

which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Dr. Desprez, a man past 40, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentaillon's stable. It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet, a large man, with a quixotic nose inflamed with drinking. Mme. Tentaillon stooped over

him, applying a hot water and mustard embrocation to his feet; and on a chair close by ant a little fellow of 11 or 12, with his feet dangling. These three were the only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic a perfect shambles." size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upward and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's of shoulders, with now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them, like a cloud, in the corner of

It was the boy who took the doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of such a look before, and yet be could not re- street, feeling cool and renovated, member how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the boy would give him no pence; he seemed



It was the boy who took the doctor's fancy. profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Desprez could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man; he put questions, he felt the pulse, he jested, he grew a little hot and swore; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eves waiting for his with the same inquiring,

melancholy gaze. At last the doctor hit on the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; he was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The doctor drew a long breath, he was so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he dispatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the doctor. "Is this your father?" asked Desprez.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master." "Are you fond of him?" continued the

"No, sir," said the boy. Mme. Tentaillon and Desprez exchanged

expressive glances. "That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness. "Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a

guest, are touched with some affection." The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting. 'You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man. "He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these

mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and what not. They have no interior." But the doctor was still scrutinizing the preserve my equanimity in presence of a little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and up-

"What is your name?" he asked. "Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Desprez leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement, and felt his head all over from an ethnological point of

"Celtic, Celtic!" he said. "Celtic!" cried Mme. Tentaillon, who had perhaps confounded the word with hydrocephalous. "Poor lad! is it dangerous! "That depends," returned the doctor. grimly. And then once more addressing the boy: "And what do you do for your living,

Jean-Marie?" he inquired. "I tumble." was the answer "So! Tumble?" repeated Desprez. "Probably healthful. I hazard the guess, Mme. Tentaillon, that tumbling is a healthful way of life. And have you never done anything

else but tumblef "Before I learned that I used to steal," answered Jean-Marie gravely.

"Upon my word!" cried the doctor. "You are a nice little man for your age. Madame, when my confrere comes from Bourron, you will communicate my unfavorable opinion. I leave the case in his hands; but, of course, on any alarming symptom, above all if there should be a sign of a rally, do not hesitate to knock me up. I am a doctor no longer. I thank God; but I have been one. Good night madame. Good sleep to you, Jean-

CHAPTER II.

MORNING TALK. Dr. Desprez always rose early. Before the moke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden. Now he would pick a lunch of grapes; now

he would eat a pig pear under the trellis; now he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The doctor was a connoisseur of sunrises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a theory of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him to that end; the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the bebayior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of cloud, the color of the light, and last, though not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louvre boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Gretz he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought at first there was no place so healthful in the arrondissement. By the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say-"doctor is a toul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark it, as a flaw in our civilization, that we have not the proper horror of disease. Now I, for my part, have washed my hands of it; I have renounced my laureation; I am no doctor; I am only a worshiper of the true goddess Hygeia. Ah, believe me, it is she who has the cestus! And here, in this exiguous hamlet, has she placed her shrine; here she dwells and lavishes her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile in her pres-

ence. Rheumatism!" he would cry, on some malapert interruption. "Oh, yes, I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But, my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there, you would say. Well, compared with Gretz, Bourron is

The morning after he had been summoned to the dying mount-bank the doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden and had profile was enlarged upon the wall in carica- a long look at the running water. This he ture, and it was strange to see his nose called prayer; but whether his adorations shorten and lengthen as the flame was blown | were addressed to the goddess Hygeia or about by draughts. As for Mme Tentaillon, some more orthodox deity never plainly apher shadow was no more than a gross hump peared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was the type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as the great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, seen a fish or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver haunting eyes. It was not merely that these and sufficiently admired the long shadows of eyes were large, or steady, or the softest | the trees falling half across the river from ruddy brown. There was a look in them be- the opposite bank, with patches of moving tian name of Anastasie, presented an agreesides, which thrilled the doctor, and made sunlight in between, he strolled once more able type of her sex; ex him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen up the garden and through his house into the

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few claimed himself well contented with the

riage entry he espied a little dark figure rather than for his. She was imperturbably perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean Marie. "Aha!" he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we! It ap- | best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter pears to me that we have all the vices of a

The boy got to his feet and made a grave "And how is our patient?" asked Desprez. It appeared the patient was about the

philosopher.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew. "You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?

"Yes," said the boy slowly; "yes, I like it." "And why do you like it?" continued the doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?

"It is quiet." answered Jean-Marie: "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good," Dr. Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an

interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely, for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incom-

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Mario. "Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the doctor.

"No! but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartiets, I believe; but any one would steal for taker's bread." "And so I suppose," said the doctor, with

a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to him at length." "Why, siri" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez. "Would he!" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh!" snarled the doctor. "I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me

think so, was it not?" "Little boy, little boy," said Dr. Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot

monster. Do you understand? No. sir," said the boy "I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the doctor. "Look there at the skybehind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color! Does it not please the heart! We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie. "Neither do I like you," returned the doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the

toward the top-I do not say it would be any

the less beautiful, but would you like it as

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for awhile, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the doctor with an air of candid in-

"But are not you a very curious gentleman!" he asked. The doctor threw away his stick, bounded

on the boy, clasped him to his bosom and kissed him on both cheeks. "Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of 42! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrasment and alarm. "Hullo!" said

he, "why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"Oh, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand." "You must excuse me, sir," returned the doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. Oh, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricule when I digest. Let me compose myself. And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonged the expiration with hygienic

gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower-making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal comsure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The doctor had but one air-"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and

entirely happy. He was recalled to the earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of the note; and then, after he had waited some little and received no answer: "What do you think of my singing!" he repeated, imperiously. "I do not like it." faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the doctor. "Possibly

on are a performer yourself?" "I sing better than that," replied the boy. The doctor eved him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this heart." s how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms. "I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him." "Then you like me!" snapped Dr. Desprez,

with unusual eagerness. "I do not know," answered Jean-Marie. The doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured-that you are no human being. No boy"-shaking his stick at him-"you are keep a menagerie in the back garden, let not a human being. Write, write it in your memory-'I am not a human being-I have mit the question of return to be discussed. no pretension to be a human being-I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion-what you please, but not a human being.' And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

stood, mentally gaping, where he left him. CHAPTER III.

And with that the doctor made off along

the street in some emotion, and the boy

THE ADOPTION. Mme. Desprez, who answered to the Chris to look upon, a stout brune, with cool smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of a person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctions, knit her brows birds that turned about it seemed to swim in into one vertical furrow for a moment, but an atmosphere of more that usual rarity; the next it would be gone. She had much of and the doctor, walking in long, transparent the placidity of a contented nun; with little shadows, filled his lungs amply, and pro- of her picty, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries. On one of the posts before Tentaillon's car- and devoted to her husband for her own sake gook natured, but had no idea of self sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Dr. Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and

perhaps vainly imitated. Mme. Desprez was an artist in the kitchen. and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the doctor; everything was in its place; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Dr. Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's con-

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the doctor-"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance on the whole-Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for today, only one day, and you will feel the benefit,

pledge my reputation." "What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence. "That we have no children, my beantiful," replied the doctor. "I think of it more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what! Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their

noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egotists, like you and me, should avoid offspring like an infidelity." "Indeed!" said she, and she laughed.

'Now, that is like you-to take credit for the thing you could not help." "My dear," returned the doctor, solemnly, we might have adopted." "Never!" cried madame. "Never, doctor,

with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much "Precisely," replied the doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with

ourwisdom, because-because"- He looked at her sharply. "Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger. "Because I have found the right person,

said the doctor, firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon. Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. 'You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to inreaten trouble

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its complete exercise. To the proof: instead of attempting to cloak my inconsistency I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, ecognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an accident. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me

father." "His mind!" she repeated, with a titter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri, is this an idiotic pleasantry. or are you mad! His mind! And what of my mind?"

"Truly," replied the doctor, with a shrug, 'you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my beautiful Anastasie She will never understand him: he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my affinity is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is turbs him at night.—New York Tribune. for Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be per-sometimes difficult to understand. You will

self. You will easily perceive that I am announcing a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude, "do not give way to tears after a meal, Anastasie. You will certainly give yourself a false di-

Anastasie controlled herself. "You know how willing I am to humor you," she said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this

"My dear love," interrupted the doctor, leave Paris! Who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life be fore I knew you! Have I been faithful! Have I been obedient! Have I not borne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipula tion on my side? I have, and you know it. I stipulate my son." Anastasie was aware of defeat; she struck

her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed. "Not in the least," said he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month, just as I did when I was first brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making your husband the happiest of men." "You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance; "noth

ing that will make you truly happier. But will this? Are you sure, my husband? Las night, you say, you found him! He may b the worst of humbugs. "I think not," replied the doctor. "But d not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a fin ished man of the world; I have had all pos sibilities in view; my plan is contrived to

recognize him for no son of mine, and send him tramping." "You will never do so when the time

meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy.

If he pilfer, if he grumble, if he desire t

change, I shall see I was mistaken: I shall

said his wife; "I know your good She reached out her hand to him, with sigh: the doctor smiled as be took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; for perhaps the twentieth time he had proved the efficacy of his trusty argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's antecedents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear: and she would have allowed her husband to alone adopting a stable boy, rather than per-About 4 of the afternoon the mountebank rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Dr. Desprez was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder, and led him out into the inn garden, where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and

made the boy place himself on his left. "Jean-Marie," he said very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on, and there are very few bakers' shops for so many eaters. Your master is dead: you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation, then, is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intel igence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a good table; a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a iad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me the door shall be open, and I will give you 100 francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in or der. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge aright. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives ricorously to himself; and that if I make the proposal it is for my own ends-it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy. "Thank you," said the doctor, warmly, rising at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing bung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridicu lous light before Anastasie. "How hot and heavy is the evening, to be sure! I have aiways had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Gretz. I should lie under a water lily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life-do you not think so, too!"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie. "Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English school boy of the same age. "And now," he added,

"I will take you to my wife." Mme. Desprez sat in the dining room in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tile floor had been recently sprinkled with water; her eyes were half shut, but she affected to be reading a novel as they entered. Though she was a bustling woman she enjoyed repose between whiles and had a remarkable appetite for sleep. The doctor went through a solemn form of

introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake." "He is very pretty," said Anastasie. "Will



"Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?" The doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anastasie?" he said. "What is all this I hear about the tact of women! Heavens knows. I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child." "I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do bet-

The doctor apologized for his warmth "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your con duct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try-if it is possible for a woman to understand young people-but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model "

Anatasie did as she was bidden, and con idered the doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the doctor's errors to himself but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and

took his band. "You must not be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He

fectly frank, I stand in some awe of him my- soon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and

I. I am not clever, but I am very good natured. Will you give me a kiss?" He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The doctor, entering, found them eager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to | enlaced: he concluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie," when she looked o at him, smiling, with an upraised finger: and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

> (To be Cont mucd.) A WINTER ELF.

foo cold it was to ride or walk: A little elf swung on a marigold stalk, The marigold flowers were fallen and dead, The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow, A hitter wind rushed to and fro. And all the violets were abed.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue, But the little elf's self was jolly all through; And as he swung from side to side, He sang his song with an air of pride: "Out o' the wool o' the chestnut buds My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin; Of a bat's wing made my cloak.

Warm enough to wrap a Turk in:

Gathered when the pods were brown;

Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,

Lined them all with thistle down,

Left upon a cockle bur; "Yet, in spite of everything. Much I fear that cold I be. Ha! ha! the spring! Ho! ho! the spring! The merry, merry spring for me." -St. Nicholas

Shrewdness of a Planter. Negroes are deeply religious in characer, though they maintain a too rigid separation between religion and morality. There was once a planter "up the coast." whose flocks and herds suffered from the depredations of his colored neighbors. His method of self-preservation was unique. He built a church which he presented to the negroes upon one condition. This conlition was announced to the congregation from the pulpit by their minister. It was that so long as nothing was stolen from this planter's place so long would the sanctuary remain open, but upon the disappearance of the first article the church was to be closed, never to be reopened. The plan worked faultlessly, and while other plantations suffered as of old, the riginator of this scheme possessed his goods in peace. - New York Post.

The Loss of Temper. Temper, too, there is no question, is good to keep; yet we ourselves remember occasions when we would have given all the world to have been able to lose our temper thoroughly, completely, irrevocably. Simulated loss of temper is a great gift; but a real, genuine loss has a power effect nothing. No doubt the losing is expensive; it generally means apology or compensation of some sort; but for the are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you moment it carries a man through a difficulty unconsciously, and, as it were, on wings. The wounds received in the excitement of battle are said at the time not to hurt, and loss of temper means an excitement where wounds given and received become almost a pleasure.-London Spectator.

Relative Values of Food. Professor Atwater grades the relative value of various articles of food, according to their cost in producing a given amount of muscul energy, with the following result: A mixture of wheat flour and corn meal, being the most valuable for this purpose, is taken as the unit, and costs. say, 1; oatmeal and beans, 11; eight cent cheese, 14; potatoes at seventy-five cents a bushel, 13; fat salt pork, 24; fifteen cent cheese, 24; rice and eight cent beef, 24; wheat bread, 3; salt codfish, 32; smoked ham, 31; eleven cent mutton, 4; salt mackerel and seven cent milk, 44; sixteen cent beef, 5; fresh codfish, 54; fresh mackerel, 6.—Chicago News.

Why the Numbers are Changed. The hotel clerk finds many curious people. If at some time there has been a suicide in one of the rooms, the first duty of the clerk is to see to it that the newsis changed at the hotel as quickly as possible. The reason for this is that the average arrival who is posted on the suicide invariably asks the clerk what room it occurred in, and follows the inquiry with the remark that he "doesn't want that room." There is hardly a first class hotel in Chicago that hasn't had some sort of tragedy, and the clerks are never sup | On the Great Salt Lake near Salt Lake posed to know what room they occurred City, on the Union Pacific, "The Overin. - Chicago Mail.

In a Fur Store. Mrs. Savezrien Riche (in fur store to salesman)-I want to look at a pair of fur-

Salesman (doubtfully)-I don't think I know what you mean, madam. Mrs. S. R.-One of my friends has bought a pair of horses and a sleigh, and she said she got the paraphernalias to go with it, and I want a pair, too. Salesman (face reddening)-We are all out of them today, madam.-Judge.

Lincoln as a Rail Splitter. Leonard W. Volk, the Chicago sculptor. says that once when taking a plaster cast of President Lincoln's hands he detected a scar on the left thumb. Noticing that it had attracted his attention the president said: "You have heard me called a rail splitter; well, one day while sharpening a wedge on a log the axe glanced off and nearly took the end of my thumb off. That's the scar."-New York World.

New York State Fair. Syracuse raised \$30,000 as an induce ment to have the state agricultural fair permanently located there. The next an nual exhibition will be held at Elmira Sept. 18-19. The premium list will offer in the aggregate \$10,000 in prizes. The fiftieth anniversary of the society will occur in September, 1890, and will doubtless be celebrated at Syracuse.

Far Ahead of Darwin. A Chicago man is lecturing on a theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He believes that man is a development from plants through the brute kind. The Chinaman, he says, sprang from an gator, the alligator from a pine log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The negro came from the gorilla, the Englishman from the bulldog, the Irishman from the terrier and the German from the

goose.-New York Evening World. Annual Output of Beer. It has been calculated that the quantity of beer brewed yearly in the undermentioned countries is about as follows: Great Britain, 1,050,000,000 gallons; Germany, 900,000,000; Austria, 270,000,000; Belgium, 180,000,000; France, 150,000,000; Russia, 50,000,000; Holland, 33,000,000; Denmark, 30,000,000; Sweden, 30,000,000; Switzerland, 17,000,000; Norway, 16,500,-

"Mystery Gold." An analysis of "mystery gold" reveals an alloy of copper, silver, gold, aluminium and iron, the last probably being an impurity. Even when present in small proportion, the aluminium resists the nitric acid test.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Very Nervous Indeed. When Mayor Hewitt was in Washington he was continually annoyed by the untimely barking of dogs at night. But it seems that there is a man now in Washington even more nervous than the mayor. He refuses to live in a house with trees in front of it because he says their bark dis**Famous Doctor**

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the eet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing. The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of

Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for 'Intermittent Fevers." Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport,

Conn., says: "Aver's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice." Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass.,

says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use." The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies : "I have made a

careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, ruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Erup tions, and positively cures Piles, or ne pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher. july27

Though the fox run the chicken ha

The Commercial Travelers Protective Association of the United States, has nembership of over sixteen thousan and is probably the strongest association of the kind in the world. Mr. John B Stone, their national secretary and treasurer, 79 Dearbone street, Chicago, in a letter states that he has been severely troubled at times, for the past twenty years, with cramp and bilions colic Louis at their last annual meeting he fective remedy known to cure and preprocured a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and has since used it with the best results. It is the only remedy he ever found that effected a rapid and complete cure. No one can safely travel without it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The shortest answer is doing.

An Absolute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT MENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruntions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

He plays well that wins.

The Passenger Department Of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has gotten out a fly-bill design ed to call attention to the summer resorts along the line of this railway. It is a good bill and tourists, pleasure seekers, sportsmen and fishermen should paper reporter does not get the number of apply at once to J. S. Tebbets, General the room. And if he should, the number Passenger agent, Omaha, Neb., for information in regard to the points of in terest along the line, before deciding where they will spend the summer season, or vacation holidays.

Fair words make me look to my purse

Garfield Branch. land Route," will be formally opened to the public on Decoration day, May 30th. Ample accommodations have been provided, and the Pacific hotel company will have charge of the hotel accommodations at this famous resort under the supervision of the Union Pacific railway. No pains or expense have been spared to make this the summer resort of the west. It is only eighteen miles from Salt Lake City on the Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific. Trains will be run at frequent intervals daily between Salt Lake City and the Beach. Cheap trains, good baths, and excellent meals will be among the attractions.

He that hopes not for good, fears not

A secret is one thing, and a ladle an-

Losses of the Civil War.

The extent of these losses will be bet-

ter understood if compared with some of

the extraordinary cases cited in the histories of other wars. Take, for instance, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balak-lava—the charge of the Six Hundred. ord Cardigan took 678 officers and men into that action; they lost 118 killed and 134 wounded; total, 247, or 86.7 per cent. The heaviest loss in the late Franco-Prussian war occurred at Mars-la-Tour in the Sixteenth German infantry (Third Westphalian), which lost 49 per cent. But the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania lost 76 per cent. at Gettysburg. while regimental losses of 60 per cent were frequent occurrences in both Union and Confederate armies. In the war for the Union there were scores of regiments, unknown or forgotten in history, whose percentage of killed and wounded in certain actions would far exceed that of the much praised Light Brigade; and nobody blundered either.—Col. W. F. Fox in The Century.

The Age's Educational Folly. The educational folly of the age consists in the assumption that any large proportion of our population desire much in-struction in schools. Rev. John Harvard, who saved a few hundred pounds from his scanty salary that he might endow a college, stated that he made the sacrifice because "the young people about him were possessed of an absolute passion for acquiring knowledge." Had he lived in our time he would have discovered that the young people had a passion for almost anything else. He would have used his money in obtaining the pleasures of vacations. Girls go to high schools now, not for the love of learning, pure and simple, but in order to get a chance to teach, and the sons of rich men attend college chierly because it is fashionable.—Chicago Times.

Obesity a Nervous Disorder. A French scientist advances the theory that obesity is a nervous disorder, and should be treated by avoidance of mental and physical fatigue and a diet of eggs, soup, milk, rice and potatoes.-Chicago

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rows seven after.

vent costiveness, to impell headaches,

colds and fevers, and strengthen the

Daily excursions have been arranged for over the Union Pacific Kailway, to San Francisco, San Diego, Colton, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Jose, California, also to Portland, Oregon, at \$80,00 for the round trip. Tickets are good 60 days for the going passage and good for the return trip for six months 137 Shop opposite the "Tattersall," on from date of sale, with the usual stopover privileges in both directions within these limits. These tickets are also good by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in each direction. The Agent, Mr. J. R. Meagher, tells us quite a number are thinking of making the trip soon, and it would be well for those intending to go in select parties to see him and arrange for their accommodations. Mr. J. B. Frawley, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific, at Omaha, is arranging for these select parties, and will be glad to give any further information in regard to these ex-

Omaha, Neb. The offender never pardons.

The Verdice I nanimous, W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Litters. Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do care all | Wij of NWia-of town eighteen (18) sorth, of diseases of the Liver, Kicheys or Blood. range one (1) west. Any one desiring to rent the same will please write to us at Only a half dollar a bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

He that hath no good trade it is to his

On and after April 29th, the day coaches on the Union Pacific's No. 3. known as the "Overland Flyer," will be taken off, to better enable it to make time. This will add largely to the popularity that has already been gained by larity that has already been gained by this fast train. After that date it will carry only passengers holding first-class tickets, to points where the train makes regular stops, between Council Bluffs it as well as any one. Write to us at once for regular stops, between Council Bluffs and Ogden. Such passengers must pur
string and Ogden. Such passengers must purand Ogden. Such passengers must purchase tickets for seats or berths in Pullman sleepers, before entering the cars.

He that can make a fire well can end

quarrel A Woman's Discovery. "Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a woman in es upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. get a free trial bottle at Dowly & Becher's drug store.

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If you suffer with asthma, bronchitis

any other disease of the throat or lungs, nothing can surprise you more than the rapid improvement that will follow the use of SANTA ABIE. If you are troubled with catarch, and have tried other medicines, you will be unable to express your amazement at the maryelous and instantaneous curative powes of CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE These remedies are not secret compounds, but natural productions California. Sold at \$1.00 a package. three for \$2.50, and guaranteed by Dowty & Becher.

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