

One of Them Describes It

The New York Herald communication from Nihilist, now in this...

The windows of our and covered by thick...

The flame burned a long, dancing shadow...

That is how I was...

Stop that! One...

Staring what im...

The work of living...

Of Nihilism and N...

Solve it, the anth...

That is true. But...

And yet, in the eye...

readers I shall never...

criminal. Those read

A Philanthropist's Mail.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known philanthropist of New York...

The demand to be rich is legitimate...

The Indian Who Hid It.

A dealer in hardware on Jefferson...

The machinery worked beautifully...

And yet, in the eye...

As I return to the house after seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house.

"Poor old soul," he says, "her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast...

"How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I cannot understand," I observe.

"Nothing is impossible to a mother," answers Dr. Bruce; "but it has killed her."

"I go in, but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying upstairs...

"At what time may we expect them?" whispers my wife to me.

"Not before four," I answer, in the same tone.

"He will be better, I fear," she says, "she is getting rapidly weaker."

"But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes."

"And at last I hear the organ! I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Sator up very quietly."

"For a moment they remain so. Then the little woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth."

"She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew tree, and on the stone which marks her resting place are inscribed the words 'Faithful unto death.'"

"The world is a great deal, and the man is richest who can draw the greatest assistance, comfort or happiness from his surroundings."

"Poverty demoralizes, yet a man in debt is so far a slave. Men's distresses arise from unbridled ambition to reach too far, to accomplish too much, to bear burdens beyond the strength of the individual."

"Many a man has money who is not rich. He who hoards and hoards is not possessed of true wealth."

The barbed tree of South Africa may be barked or burned out without injury to the tree, and it continues to live and grow for some time after it is cut down.

soul," says he, "how came she out on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock which, at her age, she will not easily get over."

"They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water down her throat; and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble."

"I think she will rally now," says Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more regular and audible.

"By and-by I go up to the room, and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks at me with tears in her eyes."

"I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the gray locks which in the pillow are still wet from the snow, she is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her present position, and I should think had reached her allotted threescore years and ten."

"Who can she be? I repeat, won't you tell me?" she does not seem to know her face, and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the door on such a night."

"As I speak a change passes over her face, the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says, soothingly, 'Don't try to speak. You are among friends, and when you are better you shall tell me all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep.'"

"The gray head drooped wearily on the pillow, and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration, that our patient is asleep."

"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up the remainder of the night."

"But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post, so I leave her watching and retire to my solitary chamber."

"When we meet in the morning I find that the little woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger. 'Come in with me now,' says my wife, 'and let us try to find out who she is.' We find her propped up in a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her, feeding her."

"How are you now?" asks Jessie, bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says, in a voice which trembles with age as well as weakness; "and very grateful to you for your goodness."

"I hear at once, by the accent, that she is English. 'Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you are going?'"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George, and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies. And then, broody, with long pauses of weariness, the little old woman tells her pitiful story."

yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow, a before, but he was dead," Jennie says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants.

"They are all English, with the exception of Donald, the gardener, and I can see that they are scottlingly skeptical of Laddie's suavity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's blast."

"Dianna trouble yourself," I hear old Donald say. "The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than many a Christian, and will find something in the snow 'his night.'"

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we start; "we may be out half the night on this wild goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is all the answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us.

"It's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir," says John, the coachman, confidentially; "go think as we should find anybody on such a night as this. Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple of feet thick, and it goes agin' reason to think that dumb animal would have the sense to come home and ask for help."

"Bude a wee, bude a wee," says old Donald. "I dinna ken what your English dogs can do, but a collier, though it has na been pleasing to Providence to give the creature the gift of speech, can do many nair things than them wad deride it."

"I ain't a deridder of 'em," says John. "I only says as how if they be so very clever I've never seen it."

"Ye will, though, ye will," says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the levellest part of the bleak moor.

The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirles the snow into our faces nearly blinding us. My finger tips are becoming numb, inches hanging from my mustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even though my shooting boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had staid at home. 'Eldon's progress, mair or less, I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie), when, suddenly, I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stumped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it, or, alas! was it, a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought had provided us.

"Bring me the lantern," I say, huskily, and John holds it over the prostrate form, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled, aged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

"Get her home as quickly as may be, sir, the mistress will know better what to do for her nor we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help," says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman and aid. So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor, helpless burden over the snow.

The Doctor's Story.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed, bandaged and blistered from foot to head, and blistered from head to foot.

I opened the blinds, the day was bright, and God gave Mrs. Rogers some light, I opened the window, the day was fair, and God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Deacon Rogers came to me, "Wife is a comin' home," said he, "I really think she'll work through."

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care, and his remedy, light and water and air. All the doctors, beyond a doubt, couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without it."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head, "Then your bill is nothing," he said. "God be the glory, as you say. God bless you, doctor, good-day, good-day."

If ever I doctor that woman again, I'll give her medicine made by men.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it, with a shiver. "What a night!" I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!" says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being blighted on the moor in a snowstorm."

"Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now."

"My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally, I decide that in the future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her it is half past 11 o'clock. As she lights her candle at the side-table I hear a whining and scuttling at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says she. "Would you let him in, dear?"