

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

"Cholera," says Ziemssen, in his "Cyclopedia of Medical Practice," "is as old as the human race in India." From its birthplace at the mouth of the Ganges and Brahmaputra it has marched forth with giant strides to the four quarters of the habitable globe, leaving desolation and sorrow in its track.

The first world-wide epidemic started in Jessora, India, in 1817, and having slain over 600,000 victims in that country alone, it marched slowly through China, Persia and Arabia, through Russia, Prussia and Germany, gaining new territory each year, until 1831 it crossed to England and overleaping the sea appeared June, 1832, in Montreal and Quebec. Before the end of the summer it was claiming its victims by hundreds in all the principal cities of the eastern and middle states.

During the prevalence of the epidemic in Boston occurred the incidents I am about to relate, all of which are well known to persons now living, the only change being in the names of the principal actors, the circumstances being personally known to me. James Ammerman was junior partner in a well-known Boston dry-goods firm. He was 28, with a wife but no children. Each of his partners had families of three children, and when, in the first few weeks of the epidemic, all who possessed the means fled from the plague-stricken city, he felt it was but his duty to urge his partners to leave with their families, while he remained a week or two to attend to the closing up of business.

He tried to induce his wife to accompany them, or go to her home away among the New Hampshire hills, but she persistently refused to go.

"When you can go, James, I am ready," was her firm answer to all his persuasions, "but not until then." So they remained a week or more after their friends had left.

The death-rate increased rapidly, and on the tenth day the cholera flag waved its dread signal from the house opposite James Ammerman's.

"Pack everything necessary for our journey," he said to his wife the morning after the flag appeared. "I will close up business to-day, and to-morrow morning we will take the first train for New Hampshire."

All of Mrs. Ammerman's servants, except her chamber girl, had fled at the first approach of the dread disease, but faithful Katy Sullivan was bound to her mistress by strong ties of affection and would only leave when the family did.

"An' sure its meself," she said, "as will stay with ye until ye're out o' the city sure."

By night everything was packed, the upholstered furniture covered and all in readiness for the journey in the early morning.

Mr. Ammerman returned at 6 o'clock as usual, but the quick eye of his wife detected a change in his appearance.

"I have not been feeling well all day," he admitted, in answer to her anxious questioning. "Someway I feel weak and stupid and a little chilly. It's nothing serious," he added reassuringly. "I'll lie down for awhile and I presume I shall soon feel better."

Mrs. Ammerman hastened him to bed, made hot applications and administered warm stimulants, but the chilliness increased and soon sharp, agonizing cramps seized him.

Katie was hastily dispatched for the family physician, who was soon by the sick man's bedside.

He made his examination with a grave face, but one that betrayed no emotion of hope or fears to the anxious wife.

"Is it cholera?" she asked at last, pronouncing the dread word with a shudder and waiting in an agony of suspense for the doctor's reply.

"It may be only choleric," was the guarded answer, as Dr. Tyler dealt out his medicine. "Give him this every half hour and I will call again in an hour or two."

When he made his next visit at 10 o'clock there remained no longer a doubt of the nature of the disease.

The wife needed only the evidence of her own senses to convince her that the dreaded foe had entered her household.

All through the long hours of that sad night she watched beside her husband, fighting the advance of the destroyer with every means at her command; Katie, in her faithful devotion, standing ready to second her every wish.

But notwithstanding their united efforts the work of death went on slowly. As the morning began to dawn his hands grew icy cold, the pulse became weak, thready and hardly perceptible at times, his breath short, confined and incomplete, the respirations increased to over thirty a minute.

Occasionally, when she could raise him for an instant from his semi-conscious condition, he answered her inquiries in a voice so weak and hoarse that she hardly recognized it.

The icy chill spread gradually over the face, body and limbs, and when Dr. Tyler came at 7 o'clock he found his patient lying with collapsed features, hollow cheeks, deeply sunken and closed eyes, giving no evidence of consciousness save a groan from time to time as the sharp spasms seized him. The doctor's quick eyes detected the signs of speedy

dissolution and he gently broke the dread intelligence to the anxious wife.

"But I will never give him up until death is really here," she said resolutely, though her heart grew heavy with the terrible fear that all her efforts would be useless.

With renewed energy she chafed the ice-cold limbs, applied anew hot water bottles to sides and feet, but all in vain; the limbs grew colder, the features, the whole body, more collapsed and the eyes more sunken; the weak pulse crept slowly up the arm to the vitals; the heart beats grew fainter and fainter, the breath shorter and more labored, until at eleven o'clock it stopped, and the devoted wife was alone with her dead.

As the sad truth was forced upon her she sank upon her knees by the bedside, her head resting upon the cold, lifeless hand of her husband which was clasped between her own. For a few minutes she lost sight of everything save the sense of utter desolation which filled her heart. At last through the open window was borne to her ears the rumbling of a cart down the deserted street, and the call of the dead-bearers: "Bring out your dead!"

The sound roused all her dormant energies, and a wild hope sprang up in her heart that life might not be quite extinct in her husband. Springing to her feet she rang the bell for Katie, who responded to her summons.

"Do not let them in," she cried, excitedly. "Tell them he is not dead. I know he is still alive, and they shall not take him. I can revive him if they will only give me time."

Katie looked from the cold, rigid body of the husband to the white, agonized face of the wife, and feared that grief had driven her mistress insane, but she obeyed the request and the death cart passed on its rounds.

Mrs. Ammerman had by this time become thoroughly possessed of the idea that life still lingered in the apparently dead body of her husband, and the thought of having him taken away for burial was too terrible to contemplate. If she could only gain time she felt sure she could revive him, though why she should so strongly hold to such a belief she could not have explained; but hope she did, and proceeded to renew all her efforts which had previously proved in vain.

With the energy of despair she worked on, and again the dead-bearers entered the room.

"We must take the body now, Madam," the man said who appeared to be in authority. "We can only hope to stay the epidemic by the prompt removal of the dead and a thorough disinfection of the houses."

"But he is not dead," she persisted, "See!" holding a hand mirror over his lips, "there is a little moisture."

The man looked closely and shook his head.

"Your hopes deceive you," he said, kindly; "he is surely dead and we must take his body."

With a wild cry of agony she fell on her knees, beseeching them with tears to give her just one half hour more.

The men gently put her aside, trying to reason with her on the necessity of their own course, but she only pleaded the more earnestly. At last, finding reasoning in vain, they attempted to lay hands upon the body, but thrusting them aside she threw herself down beside her husband, and clasping him in her arms declared with an agonizing vehemence that aved the men:

"If you take him you shall bury me with him. I will not let him go."

As the men stepped back she renewed her pleadings.

"Give me only one half hour. If there are no signs of life then I will ask no more."

Reluctantly the men yielded, and left her alone once more to her hopeless task.

This time she saturated flannels with hot mustard water, and enveloped both body and limbs; then commencing with the purple nails she rubbed each finger vigorously downward to start the congealed blood. Every few minutes she put a drop of brandy in his mouth, and raising his head applied strong hartshorn to his nostrils. Five—ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed. Only ten minutes more of that precious half hour which meant life or death to her. She redoubled her efforts. Another five minutes passed—still no change, the face seemed even more death-like, the icy limbs more rigid. She raised his head upon her arm and administered more brandy, then applied the bottle of hartshorn to his nostrils. She glanced anxiously at the clock—only two minutes more, and far down the street came the rumble of the death-cart, and like a death knell rang out the solemn cry, "Bring out your dead!" She raised her pallid face to Heaven with an agonized cry.

"O, my God! my God! Save him! I cannot give him up."

The head resting on her arm fell backward—the bottle shook in her trembling hand, and a quantity of the hartshorn was spilled on the deadly face; a portion of the fiery liquid penetrated the nostrils. There was a sudden sharp, convulsive movement of the dead man's limbs, a cry of pain, and as the dead-bearers entered the room he sprang to a sitting posture, gasping for breath.

The wife turned to them a face transfigured with joy. "See!" she cried excitedly, stretching out her hand to-

ward her husband. "I have conquered death!" and fell unconscious across the bed.

The reaction in the sick man's case was complete; a speedy convalescence followed and a week later, with his devoted wife, he was safe among the New Hampshire hills—saved by a love stronger than death.—Jennie Porter Arnold.

Autumn Leaves and Ferns.

Well, dear lady friends, shall you press any autumn leaves? You doubtless know of many ways with which to beautify your homes with them, but perhaps I can tell you of one that you have not thought of.

Now, fair readers, you who are surrounded by indulgent husbands and fathers, and have everything to make your homes cosy and delightful, who can gratify your love of the beautiful to your heart's content, who have your pictures, and your bay windows with their wealth of graceful vines and petted plants—please don't stay and listen to our confidential talk with your less-favored sisters. And you, whose very souls hunger for the beautiful, are your homes humble, your rooms small, and your ceilings low? Do you look at your stunted windows with their stiff rolled shades, and wish they were large and draped with something airy and graceful? Let me help you plan a little.

By some honest strategy (if need be) secure a full set of muslin, or even cheap lace curtains—very beautiful patterns can be bought for a few dollars,—any light white drapery around a window is so delightfully graceful, and the beauty of trees against the sky is heightened by being seen even through cheap lace. Then measure your window frames—if the windows are very small, allow two or three inches more—and have some pieces of board made like a shelf, with a back piece underneath to nail it up by. This shelf should be from five to six inches deep in the centre, and gradually rounded off to the ends, as though it were clipped off from the edge of a circle. Nail it to the top of your casement, gather your curtains—two breadths, so they will part in the middle and be very full—and tack them around the edge of your shelf or whatever you call it. Have ready some stiff pasted strips made of paper and old cloth, two or three inches wide, and the length of the edge of your shelf or cornice. Make a mark for the center, and have ready a stout needle and thread, and some paste to which some glue has been added. Now, begin at the ends and work up to the centre with your ferns, autumn leaves, etc. If you have pressed whole sprays, it will be still more beautiful. These will have to be tacked on with needle and thread, while the single leaves can be put on with paste—one little patch near the stem is sufficient. Do not crowd them down in a stiff, straight line, but let them be arranged as daintily and as naturally as you would a bouquet of flowers. Begin at the ends, and the tips will keep covering the stems where they are fastened. Then put on your beautiful wreath for a heading to your curtains, smuggling the tack under the leaves at the ends. After the centre one is driven, take a showy mottled leaf, or a spray of scarlet sumach, or fern, and stick it over the tack with paste. If the wreaths are long enough so that in putting up they are a little loose, so as to hang in slight festoons, all the better. Then part your curtains and loop them back loosely in graceful festoons, with smaller bands made like the other. Now your windows appear greatly enlarged, and you need never tire of their beauty.

These leaves are also beautiful among bouquets of grasses and everlasting flowers. And thus we can have a glimpse of "Indian summer" through all the dreary winter days.—*Sylvia Walding in St. Louis Magazine.*

Smith's Legs Out of Journalism.

My young friend, John Smith, who was graduated by a university a few weeks ago, and who rushed into "journalism," as he called it, came into my room yesterday afternoon, fanned himself vigorously with his hat and remarked:

"I shall quit this business."

"You mean you will leave the newspaper business?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "the truth is, newspapers pay more for legs than they do for brains."

"Do you mean that you have more brains than legs?" I asked, with affected surprise.

"I mean that I have walked four miles in the hot sun trying to run down a rumor, and it won't pay out five lines."

So Smith is going to quit the newspaper business because he has brains to sell when the newspapers want nothing but legs. Of course Smith's place will have to be filled. That is, a man will have to be put on when Smith vacates. The man who stays on will have legs, but he will have brains also. He will know, first, what news is. That will require brains. Knowing what news is, Smith's successor will get that news, and he will get it quickly. That will require not only legs, but it will require a perseverance and persistence that regard neither distance, difficulties nor circumstances. Journalism is one thing, but the newspaper business is altogether something else.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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