

HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR—
The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,
AUTHOR OF "THE BASKER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALTER BROWNSFIELD," ETC.

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now, but I am for the present going to request that our betrothal vows be severed. I am not worthy of you now."

"Trembling with strange emotions she consented that his proposal be withdrawn."

"Now," Warren went on, "we are free to go where we will, and choose whom we may, are we not?"

"Yes," she answered, sadly.

"When I aroused my love and proposed marriage, you were poor. I loved you then. Now you are rich and may desire a husband who is in your own sphere."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Do you not remember the wild, waste lands set apart to you?"

"Yes."

"A miner has discovered a valuable lead and silver mine upon them. He has sent by me a proposition to you to give you one hundred thousand dollars for half the tract."

Helen could hardly believe her ears, yet Warren convinced her of the truth.

"I could not hold you to your betrothal vows made when we were equal. You are now free, and can choose myself or whomsoever you may for a husband."

For an answer she threw her arms about his neck and wept for joy.

Mr. Layman, who had an eye to business, at once began suit against Judge Arnold for false imprisonment, in the name of his client. The Judge who was alarmed, offered to compromise the matter by deeding the Plumber farm back to Helen.

When Helen heard of the proceedings she went to Newson and ordered the suit dismissed, saying:

"I can forgive as I hope to be forgiven."

Nor would she even take the farm by way of compromise. The Lord had been good to her, and she would permit the Judge to retain it. Such a noble nature could not fail to be the subject of favorable comment all over Sandy Fork neighborhood. Even Mothers Tartrum and Grundy sounded her praises as a "good gal."

Warren Stuart sought a location for the practice of his profession in a Western county, and, after a year's absence, he returned to claim his sweet young bride.



"SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

The wedding was a quiet affair. Our friend, the peddler, was present, he having insisted upon furnishing the bride the wedding outfit, which was of the finest, he said, all wool with fast colors, not a shoddy thread in 'em."

Rev. Allyn Blaise officiated. Helen had disposed of her mining lands at a fabulous price to those Western people. The mines only proved fair, though remunerating the purchasers.

One more visit to see that the grass and flowers were growing on the graves of those she loved, and then, kissing her many friends adieu, the young bride left Sandy Fork with her husband for their new home, made comfortable by her own wealth and industry.

Pete, the peddler, sometimes roams there in his wanderings, and is always a welcome guest. He disposes of his pack invariably at the doctor's house, where it is made into clothes for the people at the poor-house.

Our story is finished, and if it should make the burden of even one of those unfortunate girls who work in other people's kitchens lighter, we shall feel that this story has not been written in vain.

[THE END.]

—Dr. James G. Hyndman, of the Ohio Medical College, tells how the only Catholic priest in America who wears a beard came to let his whisker grow. The priest, whose pastoral duties are performed in Cincinnati, is subject to throat trouble. On the advice of Dr. Hyndman he let his beard grow and had no further inflammation in his throat. His superiors, however, objected to the innovation and the priest was obliged to go to Rome to obtain permission to wear whiskers.

—General Badeau notes that Grant and Lee met once, and only once, after the surrender at Appomattox. It was soon after Grant's inauguration as President in 1869. Lee had gone to Washington on some matters concerning railroads, and had taken the opportunity to call on Grant. The latter, referring to Lee's main purpose, said, with a grim humor, "You and I, General, have had more to do with destroying railroads than building them."

But Lee did not smile, continued the conversation gravely, and the remarkable point of the interview seems to have been that it included no other reference to the past.

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragic and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE PERE.)

BY MRS. FRANCIS A. SHAW.
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CHAPTER I.

A modest dwelling of the physician who, since his return from a residence of many years in Kasaan, had gone by the name of "the Russian Doctor," was so densely embowered in cypress and wild grape vines that one could scarce find the door-knob but for its brightness from constant scorching. A large, old-fashioned garden, in which both flowers and weeds were allowed to grow at their own sweet will, stretched far behind the house, an end in a forest of beeches, a path through which led to a dilapidated rustic temple on the brow of a hill. Its temple, which occupied an open space, was flanked by a weather-beaten stone table, surrounded by wooden benches, and had, evidently, been reared by some lover of nature. But the death or absence of its owner had allowed the place to fall into decay, and none in the little town had cared to expend time or money for its restoration.

Dr. Arnim Elbtal had won great renown and an extended practice in that distant Russian city. Wonderful stories were told of his skill, which had, indeed, been phenomenal. These stories the Russian servant, Ivan, whom he had brought homewith him, endeavored to confirm in his broken German, resorting to expressive pantomime when words failed him. According to Ivan, his master had cut off innumerable noses and ears, to say nothing of arms and legs, and no one had ever felt pain under his knife. Incredible things in glass jars adorned his sleeping-chamber. These Ivan dated every morning with reverential awe and not without a secret longing for the spirits in which they were preserved. The doctor sometimes wondered that the spirits in those jars had so often to be renewed, and that his store of Turkish tobacco disappeared in such incredible ways. As none of the otherservants smoked, and the housekeeper detested the "filthy weed," Ivan must have been the sole transgressor. In spite of cheeks often distended, and an odor of excellent tobacco he carried about with him, he denied this persistently, and the doctor contented himself with an occasional scolding. Unable to speak Russian, although he both read and wrote the language, he had been obliged to make out a list of reproving words from the dictionary. This list, which began with "rebel" and ended with "slog," he would read from his easy-chair with great solemnity; the delinquent standing before him and listening with an abject utter amibilation, until, at the last word, he would kiss the seam of his master's coat, and slip like a guilty thing over the threshold.

Fraulein Marianne, the doctor's cousin and housekeeper, had often insisted on the dismissal of this "savage," but Ivan was to the doctor a living reminiscence of a strange, active life on a foreign soil. He had thought to remain in Kasaan to the end, but the inheritance of a small fortune through the death of a distant relative he had scarce known awakened in him a sudden homesickness for Germany, and for the secluded little town afar from railroads, where his erudite had stood, and which in an age of restless activity still dreamed on as it had dreamed on for hundreds of years.

Having purchased this vine-wreathed house which, during all those years in a foreign land, had stood before him a sort of enchanted vision, he summoned his orphaned cousin Marianne, a model housewife as his minister of the interior. Marianne indeed sighed mentally that her cousin had chosen for a home his native town rather than some great capital, with its constant succession of new faces and amusements. But yet the idea of reigning sole mistress of a household appeared so beautiful and enticing that she would have followed the doctor to the ends of the earth. She had always liked him; she felt great respect for him; his only fault in her eyes was an open aversion to marriage. A physician who remained single was, to say the least, unwise. Arnim would ward off her frequent reproaches on this score by declaring that the unmarried physician, like the Catholic priest, is much more efficient than the married one, being wholly devoted to his calling without the distraction of outside interests.

"Only those undeterred by thought of wife or family sacrifice themselves cheerfully, if it comes to that," he said. "My patients can attest that I am not destitute of a heart. Hitherto I have had no time for love to the individual; now it is too late. Why need I marry when hands like yours keep my house in order and Ivan serves me so faithfully? Why seek to realize personally those torments which the poets tell us are inseparable from love, when I have seen and still see so much of pain and sorrow in the lives of others?"

In that foreign land our Russian doctor had won the name of "father" by ardent devotion to his calling. The ailments of children had been his special care. In that somber university city, there was scarce a boy or girl of the poorer classes who did not know him, did not run after him as he passed along the streets and press its dirty nose to the lapel of his coat. Many a beautiful pair of woman's eyes also followed the manly figure with the thoughtful, noble face. Many a rosy mouth smiled upon him, many a fascinating lady teacher offered to assist him in mastering that extremely difficult foreign idiom. But all these attentions were lost upon the doctor; he had no time for them.

And, besides, there was one living remembrance that, like a pastel picture undimmed by time, rose constantly before him. Waking and dreaming there was ever present to him the face of a young girl wholly unlike these dark-eyed foreign beauties—a pale, almost childish face with piquant nose, lustrous blue eyes, light-brown hair—a delicate, petite figure with charming hands and feet, and a joyous, musical voice.

This fair maiden who had thus captured the fancy of a somewhat grave, bookish student, was the only child of a French emigrant, a widower, who lived proudly isolated in the vine-wreathed house, intrusting the education of his daughter to an elderly French governess. The garden wall had then, as now, an artistically-wrought latticed gate on the forest-side. In the fine season, Arnim, who loved to study in the open air, would take his Greek and Latin books to the forest, where he was sure to meet a child-like figure in a white dress with rich embroideries and dainty ribbons, skipping up and down the broad, pebbled path. To the amazement of our student, she always wore loose, light-colored kid gloves. Sometimes she stood close to the gate, her graceful head pressed against the cold iron bars—the broad-brimmed hat hanging from her neck by its blue ribbon, while the eyes that gazed wistfully into the deep-green of the forest mayhap caught a glimpse of the student who walked hesitatingly past, and sometimes let a book fall to impede his progress.

This blonde child was quite unlike other young girls of the little town—the sisters of his school-fellows. She did not at all resemble the burgo-master's daughter, who was considered a model of good breeding and fine manners. To Arnim she seemed coarse beside this stranger, who had about her something of the libellula, something of the airy grace of that shimmering-winged creature, destined to flit about for one brief summer's day, and then die.

The foreign maiden sometimes appeared on the promenade—a somber walk shaded by lindens, which surrounded the little town—but never without her governess, a severe-looking, fantastically-dressed and elderly Frenchwoman. Now and then she would hang upon the arm of her father, and both would be chatting merrily. But this seldom happened, as the Marquis traveled back and forth a great deal, passing but little time at home.

Once upon a spring day, when the first May flowers were in bloom and bird-songs enlivened the forest, as Arnim passed along the wonted path, a great leather ball flew over the gate and hit him in the right eye. A sudden cry of pain escaped him, his book fell to the ground, and, momentarily blinded, he grasped after the nearest tree. The key turned hastily, the gate creaked on its hinges, and an excited figure in white appeared before him. Soft little hands sought with gentle force to withdraw his own hand from his eyes, and a sweet voice spoke consoling words in French—then to Arnim an almost unknown tongue.

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He set his teeth—this young girl must not know how he suffered. And yet he was helpless, for he could not open his eyes. Angry at this helplessness, he thrust back the little hands now gloved, and turned away. But they would not be shaken off. Once more they were extended, and the voice took on a pleading accent. Little as he knew of French, Arnim was aware that the girl was begging his forgiveness, and wanted to take him to the fountain in the midst of the garden. His feet still resisted, but his head and heart were already on the way, along which he at length suffered himself to be led.

Soon he felt over his inflamed eye a moist perfumed handkerchief. The pain abated, the well eye slowly opened and gazed into the lovely face that, flushed with mingled archness and anxiety, bent toward him. "Merci bien, mademoiselle," he said, heroically recalling one of his few French phrases.

"Bontemps!" cried a sharp woman's voice. The girl's small hands tore a web of lace from her neck, laid it over the handkerchief and knotted it around the young student's soft blonde hair. Then hurriedly slipping on her gloves she showed her patient out through the gate. As she did so, his ear caught an

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TERRORS OF THE SEA.

Cyclonic, Volcanic and Other Dangerous Types of Waves.

A wave is a thing of beauty, but it is only a joy to those who watch it marching in splendor and foam from the safe refuge of the shore. It is a very nauseating condition of voyaging. It makes the bones of ships creak as if they were full of rheumatism. It fills the brain with a sense of chaos, and one moment swings the moaning traveler to the stars and the next plunges him into an abyss hideous with gloom and the hissing as of millions of snakes. To measure waves in a severe tempest is even more difficult than to mark effects. When the weather rises to such fury as makes the seas colossal enough to render the determination of their height exceedingly important, there is usually too much anxiety, and even distraction, for observation. The weight of the wind is so violent that it is almost impossible to show one's face to it.

For the true Andean sea one must go down to Cape Horn—perhaps to as far as sixty degrees south. There are sailors who, standing at the wheel of a ship running before these seas, will never willingly look behind them, lest the sight of the oncoming rampart of green water, arching toward the taffrail, should unnerve them. Standing on a deck twenty feet above the water line, you yet look up at the crest of these seas as at the top of a mountain. The gigantic grace, the huge majesty of these liquid Titans can not be described. It is necessary to be hoisted to appreciate their height, volume and power; to watch from the low broadside the swelling approach of the mighty mass, with its flecked front and foamless head flecking in bottle-green to the dull light of the gray sky; to feel the sweep of the ship up the enormous acclivity, and then, while for the space of a breath only, she hangs poised with upright masts and shrieking rigging on the headlong brow, to look down and behold the valley beneath, into which the vessel an instant after slides like a comet.

It is difficult to write of the seas which run in heavy weather off the southern-most point of South America without risk of being charged with exaggeration; they must be seen, and a little spell of custom will render admiration easy. It is impossible to be tossed by them in such vessels as now make the passage of the Horn without wondering by what miracle of luck or phenomenal merit of seamanship the old navigators were enabled to beat against them in their small, half-decked boats, some no bigger than a Deal lugger, without a touch of the weatherly qualities of such craft.

But let it not be supposed that the heavy wave is the dangerous one. The regular running surges may all be as tall as the biggest hotel in London with a ninth fellow among them as high as the monument, and yet none prove nearly so dangerous as the pyramidal seas of the cyclone. Of all forms of vexed water the cyclonic agitation is the worst. Here is a whirlwind of astonishing fury so many miles in diameter. For a little while it runs a steady sea, but presently its gyrations brings up a surge from another quarter, then comes the lull, followed by a frightful onrush of storm from a direction opposite to the point from which the wind last blew. The seas, coming into collision, fight like wolves. They snap and howl, leaping high in conical shapes in the very similitude of sentient passion. The staggering of the ship is indescribable. There is no rhythmic swing to give her motions something of the vibrations of the pendulum. Her decks are filled with water, while her bows dive into a chasm that has opened under her forefoot, a valley yawns under her stern and a hill of water flashes up on either side. It has not been suggested that the altitude of the cyclonic wave should be determined. Probably there is no eye aloft equal to such an undertaking.

Another very uncomfortable sea is the volcanic wave. It is not very long ago that a vessel, steaming through quiet waters on a dark night, was suddenly hurled up by an invisible billow that was reckoned to be between thirty and forty feet high. Three such waves passed under her, the last being the least in volume, and then all was dead flatness of ocean again. The stoutest heart might well thump to such an encounter as this.—London Telegraph.

Character Training at Home.

It is well for our moral reformers, who are just now so hard upon the common school for its deficiencies in moral training, to remember that the fair contrast is not between a great school in the lower wards of a metropolitan city and an ideal family in the most secluded, social, suburban preserve; but between that school and the homes of its children, and the swarming streets where they are "tempted of the devil" at every corner, and crowded like droves of cattle on the way to and from the school-house. If the critic would follow the children from their school hours through the rest of the week, he would see that a majority, even in the best community, are never under moral, sanitary, social and refining influences so elevated as in the school-house. Nothing is gained by such overstrained and one-sided pictures of the defects of the character-training side of the public schools as we are often called to witness in our educational gatherings. They do great injustice to the teachers and schools, and play into the hands of those malignant ecclesiastics, who forget that even a burning zeal for religion does not excuse from telling lies about the people's common school.—Education.

White Specks in Butter.

Your correspondent says in substance that white specks are occasioned by dry cream. With all her precautions, if she will place in the churn with her cream a quantity of thickly-soured milk she will find a corresponding quantity of white specks, as sour milk is the one and only cause of white specks. The sour milk forms a substance like cheese curd, which is separated only by the process of washing, while washing with a barrel churn the specks can nearly all be eradicated. She takes great stock in water setting, and here we will agree with her, on the ground that when milk is set in a creamer the cream is taken from the milk while the milk is perfectly sweet and free from any sour milk to form white specks, and from our experience we have become thoroughly convinced that no farmer can profitably conduct a dairy without a good creamery, especially a winter dairy, as the loss of cream in extremely cold weather will more than offset the expense of a good creamery.—Country Gentleman.

PULLMAN'S PALACES.

The True Story of the Origin of a Great Public Convenience.

Various accounts of George M. Pullman's invention of the palatial sleeping cars that bear his name are afloat. They do not agree in general or in particulars. In order to get an exact and authentic statement, Assistant Superintendent J. W. Stockton, of the Pullman company, was asked for the facts. Mr. Stockton reflected a moment, and then said that Mr. Pullman told him the whole story some two years ago. His narrative was very interesting, not only in itself, but as an illustration of the possibilities of useful inventions when attention is once fastened upon them.

Mr. Pullman's statement, as Mr. Stockton recalls it, was substantially as follows: After the idea had been conceived and the patents obtained, Mr. Pullman went to Chicago and had his first car built there, putting all his money into the venture. The cost of the work was about \$18,000. In all its essential features the car was the model on which the Pullmans of the present day are constructed. The building was, of course, watched with the utmost care and impatience, but, curiously enough, it was found, after the car was done, that it was so wide that it would not clear the platforms of the stations on the line of the road where it was to run. As Mr. Pullman had put all his funds into the coach, and no one else was ready to contribute for constructing a new one on a smaller scale, he naturally lost heart in some measure. The car was stored at Chicago, and the enterprise was given up for the time being. No use was made of the vehicle until the assassination of President Lincoln finally gave the inventor the desired chance to enter on the road to fame and fortune. Mr. Lincoln's body was to be taken from Chicago to Springfield for burial, and the question of its transportation was brought up. Some one suggested that this unused palace drawing-room sleeping car be employed, and Mr. Pullman hurried to get it ready. The Chicago & Alton railroad, under the strain of the great excitement of the time, sent out gangs of men forthwith along the line to narrow the station platforms and remove other obstructions so that the car might pass. This being done, the car was used as was proposed, and, as all the great newspapers of the world were intent on publishing every item of interest about the burial, Mr. Pullman's invention of course became the subject of universal comment. From that moment its success was assured.

The Pullman Company as it now exists was founded in 1857 with a capital of \$1,000,000. Its stock to-day represents nearly \$16,000,000, besides \$2,000,000 debenture bonds. The Pullman cars are operated on nearly 80,000 miles of railway in the United States, Canada, Mexico and England, and in spite of some grumbling about charges, are universally recognized as the finest railroad equipment in any part of the world.—Boston Globe.

SWEET POTATOES.

How to Plant and Cultivate the Tender Young Sprouts.

The sweet potato can not be planted out before what may be called good corn weather, and as this will not occur before June, the middle of April is time enough to start the bed. Eighteen inches of manure, or just enough to give a gentle bottom heat, is sufficient, the sun under the glass doing most of the work. After the bed is made and heat started it is ready to plant. Lay over the manure six inches of sandy soil; if all sand, just as well or better. Halve the potatoes lengthwise and lay flat on the sand—they may nearly cover the ground. Sprinkle over the top just enough sand to barely cover the potatoes. After the young sprouts have started their roots into this sand and the tops are about six inches high, they are slipped off, and each shoot is a plant and ready for the ground. Only a light, friable soil will grow them profitably. This is thrown up by the plow into ridges four feet apart. The plants are dibbled out on these ridges one foot apart—the cut worm often destroys quantities of the sets, and must be watched for, destroyed when found, and other sets put out where needed. At least a couple of crops of sprouts can be taken from one set of tubers, and any time in June will do to plant them, so there is no danger of not having plenty of plants. It takes from 8,000 to 10,000 sets per acre. Stable manure is the best.—St. Louis Republican.

European Postal Statistics.

The Austrian Ministry of Commerce has just issued a statistical publication on the post and telegraph services during the year 1886. The returns show an increase of 6 1/2 per cent. in the letter post, and the accounts for the same year closed with a surplus of nearly 4,000,000fl. Some interesting figures are given relative to postal intercourse, which is indicative of the degree of civilization in the various European countries. First of all comes Great Britain, with 4,480 letters and 410 newspapers for every hundred of inhabitants; then we have Switzerland, with 3,274 letters and 2,181 newspapers; and Germany, with 2,454 letters and 1,152 newspapers. Next follow Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, France and Austria-Hungary. The corresponding figures are for Austria 1,778 and 391, and for Hungary 769 and 304. At the end of the list stand Russia and Bulgaria.—N. Y. Post.

DR. LOUIS PASTEUR.

Wonderful Discoveries Made by the Great French Chemist.

Dr. Pasteur is getting more and more famous every day, and his experiments with his cure for hydrophobia are turning out successfully.

Since Jenner's great discovery of inoculation with virus for the prevention of small-pox, it has been the object of scientists to discover means for the prevention of other diseases in a similar manner. By means of the microscope minute organisms, or microbes, were discovered to be the cause of many diseases of man and animals, and the question was to determine to what extent diseases could be prevented by inoculation of diluted or weakened poison into the system for preventing the disease usually produced by the poison.

Louis Pasteur has made many wonderful discoveries in this new branch of medicine, but before that he was well known as a successful scientist in chemical and physical matters. He was born in Dole in 1822 and was appointed teacher of chemistry at Besancon, and then at Dijon, and finally was appointed professor of chemistry at Strassburg in 1849.

In 1857 he conducted the Normal school in Paris, and in 1863 was appointed professor of chemistry at Sorbonne. He was compelled to resign the latter position as one side of his body became paralyzed; but he gradually recovered his health sufficiently to be able to take up his chemical researches, and in order to enable him to give his full attention to his studies, the French Government has granted him an annual pension of 12,000 francs since 1874, which has been raised to 20,000 francs recently.

Since 1870 Pasteur has given all his attention to contagious diseases, such as anthrax, chicken cholera and rabies of dogs. All these diseases are caused by parasites of microbes, and he claimed that by inoculating part of the poison in small quantities and very much diluted into the system a person is less apt to be affected by these diseases than those who have not been thus inoculated.

Troussait previously made experiments with the blood of animals suffering from anthrax, but Pasteur has succeeded in raising anthrax bacilli in a drop of blood, and by preserving the germs upon certain substances, their strength as a poison was diminished to such an extent as not to cause any disease. Injection of this diluted poison protected animals so that very few suffered from anthrax when formerly entire herds were killed.—N. O. Picayune.