

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it is so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to sustain their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nervous system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by over-exhaustion or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., L. L. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this block, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

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Sold by D. J. Bly, Druggist, Salem.

A VIOLET SPEAKS.

O miserably, draw near!
To a grave I grow;
That she whistled was dear
They planted me to show.

Pluck me as you go by—
I am her messenger;
With her sweet breath I sigh
In me her pulses stir.

Through these my quivering leaves
She faint would speak to you—
She whom the grave hereaves
Of the dear life she knew.

"How glad I was up there!"
She whispers underground,
"Have they who found me fair
Some other fair one found?"

"Has he who loved me best
Learned love's deep lore again,
Since I was laid to rest
Far from the world of men?"

"Nay! Surely he will come
To dwell here at the last;
In Death's strange silent home
My hand shall hold him fast."

"Yet would that he might know
How hard it is to bide
In darkness here below
And miss him from my side!"

"Fain would I send my soul
To lie upon his breast,
And breathe to him love's whole
That life left unconquered."

Ah, pluck me, passerby!
For I would bear her breath—
Loudly love's own sigh—
To him who feeds on death.

—Louis Chandler Moulton in Harper's.

MISS MARY'S SECRET.

Miss Mary Jones was an old maid. What causes had led to that result it boots not here to say, but the fact remains that she was a spinster of the mature age of 60 years. But "mature" was never the right word to apply to Miss Mary. She seemed always immature. From her teens she had been docile, pliant and easily led, and now at 60 she still seemed hardly grown up. She was still pretty, even dainty to look at. Her snow white hair was arranged as deftly as it had been at 16, and she blushed as readily now as then.

Miss Mary Jones lived in a suburb with only one servant, older than herself—Betsy Mills. Miss Mary was, so report said, the daughter of a sea captain and had been "brought up for a lady," but nobody knew much more of her than this. Betsy Mills was close, and Miss Mary was not given to gossip, but as the local parlance went "kept herself to herself."

The two women lived in one of those ugly little 4-roomed, semi-detached "villa residences" which abound in unfashionable suburbs, with an uninviting looking strip of lawn and oyster shells in front and an equally unpleasant slug ridden plot behind. But Miss Mary, who was fond of gardening, had trained a pretty yellow jessamine over the rickety porch, and she liked the oyster shells because "they reminded her of the sea."

Betsy Mills, a hard featured, tall old woman, as lean as a scarecrow, though she was hard as adamant to every one else, rarely spoke other wise than softly to her mistress. She humored her fads, respected her weaknesses and never scolded her except when necessary. "Miss Mary," she always called her, with almost a tender inflection in her voice, and hence the neighbors also never spoke of her as anything else than "Miss Mary."

Miss Mary was charitable to a fault. Her house was a very refuge of the destitute. To it flocked all the beggars and imposters in the neighborhood, sure of relief. No tale was too feeble, no story too disjointed, to impose upon this tender hearted old lady. Betsy, who saw through every thing, and who was made of material as stern as Miss Mary's was soft, regarded herself as a shield interposed by heaven to protect her mistress, who would otherwise long ago have flung her whole substance to a crowd of greedy beggars. But even she could not prevent Miss Mary's continual raids on the scanty larder.

"Ye'd leave nothing at all for yourself," she grumbled, "if I didn't look after yer like a mother and be for ever at yer back."

Miss Mary would occasionally pick up lost children whom she found crying in the streets and bring them home, to Betsy's indignation and her own confusion, for they would generally sit crying after the manner of lost children and refuse to eat until called for by their parents. Through this same charitable officiousness Miss Mary once found herself in the position of nearly having a parish baby saddled upon her altogether, but this Betsy refused to allow, putting her foot down firmly for once.

"She ain't nothing but a baby herself, bless yer, sir," she informed the police sergeant on that memorable occasion. But the fact was Miss Mary had a softer heart even than usual where children were concerned.

"Oh, Betsy!" she said, hurrying up to her "mentor" with tears in her eyes, "here's a poor woman come to the door with matches. She's got a drunken husband and 16 children—one of them a triplet—all of tender age."

"Sixteen, has she? Ah! that's one thing they can't do!" grumbled Betsy, unmoved, as she wended her way up stairs with her broom.

There was a diplomacy in Betsy's departure. If Miss Mary would give away the poor contents of the larder again, let her not be there to see. A set of greedy, grasping wretches! Mutinous, she seized the broom with vigor and began to sweep her mistress' bedroom. It was a plain, unpretending little room enough, every thing neat, but very old, the paint

worn off everywhere, but scrupulously tidy and old maidish, with a sort of character of its own that bore no relation to Mrs. Pantan.

The bed, covered with a scanty blue cotton quilt, had hung over it an antiquated engraving of Raphael's "St. Catherine." In the small bookcase were a worn Testament and the poems of Tennyson and of Byron, a faded blue satin marker inside the latter, while on the mantelpiece were curious Indian shells, such as children love to listen to, and a photograph, yellowed with age, of a handsome young fellow in naval uniform. Over this was pinned a bunch of white everlasting.

Betsy took up the photograph and dusted it tenderly, laying it back with a sigh. She guessed her mistress' sorrow of bygone years, and though she herself had no sympathy with such things, yet, by a strange concatenation of ideas, this knowledge made her more than ever tender with Miss Mary now. "Poor soul! poor soul!" she murmured to herself, as faint sounds proceeded from the kitchen, and Miss Mary's kind voice alternated with profuse thanks from the mother of the 16 infants and the triplet.

Yes, Miss Mary had a romance—a tenderly cherished, well nurtured romance, which was at once her delight and her woe, and which grew but stronger as the years wore on. At 20 she had loved a sailor lad, a handsome young naval lieutenant, who had gone out to the West Indies and had never returned. There had been a sort of tacit engagement. At any rate Miss Mary had given away her whole heart—so much so that she had never had any of it to spare for the suitors who came after. Stories indeed reached her from time to time about her love. People said he had been wild. Some even hinted that he had deserted her. Miss Mary, in her fond loyalty, refused to believe these tales and clung, with a quivering lip, to the idea of his early death.

"Or if he be wandering about the world somewhere," she said once, in a burst of unwonted confidence to Betsy, "he may perhaps come back one day."

"Why, you wouldn't know him after all these years, even if he was alive," said Betsy.

"Know him! Of course I should," said Miss Mary. "He will find me in the old place—he will know where to come. So, dear Betsy, leave the door always open."

But this Betsy firmly declined to do. She was "not going to risk having her wits frightened out of her by thieves," she declared, "whatever Miss Mary might say or do." So she drew the line at the garden gate and always left that unfurnished. If this ill advised proceeding gave traps admittance into the tool house or coal cellar, why, what matter! "They was Miss Mary's coals," she might do as she liked. "Sometimes destitute old ladies would use the coal cellar as a kind of casual ward and condescend to spend a night there, leaving the remains of their breakfasts and a few of their rags as presents behind them. Betsy bore it all uncomplainingly, knowing what 'Miss Mary's trouble' had been.

"It was a mercy," she thought to herself, "that it didn't take her in no other way."

But to Miss Mary herself the "trouble" in course of years became almost a joy. It faded from a blood red intensity to a roseate afterglow. She hugged herself, so to speak, with the recollection of what had been. Her youthful lover became brighter, fairer, dearer even than ever, he had been in the faraway reality. She envied not the lot of other women with husbands, babies, grown up sons. Their life partners were common-place as compared with hers, glorified into the regions of romance, "orb'd into the perfect star" of 40 years ago.

"He was brave, handsome, chivalrous," she would say to herself, mentally comparing her lover of former years with Mrs. Brown's burly coal merchant or Mrs. Minn's drunken boor.

And as for other women's babies, their charms also paled by contrast with Miss Mary's "dream children." The fond maternal feeling that is the basis of every true woman's life found its echo even here, and the little old lady's imaginary darlings helped to make her days less empty. "My boy Claude would have been just 25, my daughter Emmeline just 20, and how like her father!" she would murmur when in the glimmering twilight she would imagine these treasures beside her, in the land of what "might have been." But Miss Mary's elation was all for the solitude of old, she hid all these things. Only Betsy knew or guessed at a quarter of her poor old mistress' fancies.

Time wore on, and it seemed as if nothing would occur to disturb the even tenor of the two solitary women's lives—that they would go down to the grave in an uneventful and peaceful silence. But fate willed otherwise. One night—it was in early autumn—Miss Mary was aroused at 9 o'clock by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was Sunday night, and she was alone in the house. The faithful Betsy had gone to her Primitive Methodist, and Miss Mary, who had been ailing of late with a cough, had not attended her usual Sunday evening service at church. The loud knocking started

her, as we said—she was a nervous soul—and she opened the door timidly. A rough looking man stood there, his gaunt figure showing black against the moonlight.

"For God's sake hide me here for a few minutes," he pleaded hoarsely. "till the police have gone by. Let me lie, or, by heaven, I may as well throw up the game!"

Miss Mary's heart thumped loudly. The police! For all her charity, she had drawn the line hitherto at thieves. But the man's face was white, and she heard a clattering of feet down the road—probably the police. Betsy, the guardian angel, was out of the way—humanity, as usual, won over prudence—Miss Mary opened the door.

"You may lie on these rugs in the kitchen," she said to him kindly, "and tomorrow I will bring you some breakfast if you will go away early before my servant gets up."

The man murmured incoherent thanks. Miss Mary, being nervous, forbore to look at him and retired to her own apartment, not without some qualms of conscience. Betsy, who came in later with the latch key from chapel, suspected nothing, but Miss Mary's evil fate willed that toward the small hours of the morning she should wake up hungry. Being a frail, timid old lady, she slept lightly, and now, remembering that the biscuits were down stairs on the dining room sideboard, she wandered down stairs in search of them.

She had forgotten for the moment all about her last night's visitor and slipped down as noiselessly as a mouse. But what was her horror to see by the faint morning light at the half open dining room door a figure moving! Miss Mary, as she stifled a shriek, recognized the man she had befriended. He was holding her silver teapot up to the light and inspecting it carefully—the same silver teapot bought by its owner during her brief period of happiness 40 years ago. She had invested her savings in it prior to her expected marriage.

"What would you rob me!" thought Miss Mary, and her heart waxed fierce.

Rob her, who had so long befriended the needy and the destitute! But, like Bishop Myriel with his silver candlesticks, her anger was of short duration. She would let the man go. Probably he needed the silver more than she, and so strange are the workings of the human mind that she remembered, even in that moment of fear, how her mother had always said that brown fourpenny teapots made the best tea.

She was still standing spellbound, afraid to move, when the man happened to turn his head, and the light fell full on his face. It was only an old man's face, worn, gaunt, surrounded by grizzled hair and beard and marked by sin and crime with something perhaps, as many criminals' faces have, that seemed to recall better days—

In the morning light his face for a moment seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood.

Miss Mary looked, looked again, and like Phineus of old with the Medusa's head she seemed to turn to stone. Then her legs tottered under her, the dawn became black before her eyes, and she fell down on the rickety stairs in a dead faint.

Betsy, coming cautiously down stairs a few hours later and preparing to scold her mistress for forgetting to fasten the shutters, nearly tripped over a little fragile, shriveled heap, cold and unconscious, wrapped in its well known darned dressing gown.

Miss Mary recovered with Betsy's loving care. Her visitor of last night had made himself scarce, and whether startled by the noise of Miss Mary's fall or by a few rays of lingering grace in his own conscience had left the precious silver teapot. So beyond saying that she had a fright last night and being reprimanded for not putting the teapot away nothing further, to all appearance at least, resulted to Miss Mary.

But the bright old lady faded and became older from that day. Her step sounded less alert, her voice less brisk. The children in the streets scarcely recognized their benefactress; she seemed to have lost the joy of life. Betsy was in despair. She alternately coaxed and scolded her darling.

"Do you want to die," she complained, "an leave yer poor old Betsy! You can't ave the kitchen brimful o' tramps, my sweet, if you'll only git well an' laugh again."

Miss Mary looked at her sadly.

"No," she said, "Betsy don't want me to live. I'm sorry to leave you, dear, but it seems as if something had gone here," pointing to her heart with a pathetic gesture. "Something seems to have snatched inside me. Life doesn't seem the same to me any more now. I don't know how it is."

Miss Mary did not know, but it had only happened to her as it happens to many. She had lost her romance—the love story which had been the life of her life was gone.

It had for so long been a part of her, entwined with her very being, that, like the ivy parasite with the oak, it had involved in its destruction the life beneath it.

Miss Mary sickened and died, the local physician said of languor. Not even old Betsy Mills, who mourned for her more than the children and the beggars themselves, could have guessed at another reason—Ex change.

"When I was a young man," said Johnathan Gray, "I took physic as I knew it, you bet. It would cram him all up in a colicky way. And, good Lord, what a twisting his bowels would it!"

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