

Romance of a Watering Place.

How a boatman was an heir. The Rye Beach correspondent of the New York Commercial tells this story: "The great topic of conversation at the hotels of Rye Beach this week is the engagement of Miss Sarah Brown, a beautiful young Pennsylvania and heiress as well, to Mr. Robert G. Miller, the son of a Rye Beach fisherman, and himself nothing more than a skipper of one of the hotel yachts which are rented for excursions by hotel guests. Miss Brown was one of a party that made several trips on the yacht which young Robert "skipped," and Robert saw a great deal of her, and went dead in love with her, though, of course, in the great disparity of their social positions, he kept the secret of his love to himself, contenting himself with paying her extraordinary attention during her trips on his boat. As for Sarah, she was extremely courteous to him. That was all. Well, the catastrophe that led to the engagement happened like this:—

They are great hands for fish chowder down along the New England coast. Instead of serving a small plate of soup at the hotels, they set before each guest about a bucketful of codfish chowder, and strange to say, the guests like it. Miss Brown is passionately fond of fish chowder, and eats fabulously large quantities of it, and sometimes eats it so rapidly that she gets her mouth full of codfish before she knows it. About two weeks ago she did this. She got a very large piece of the backbone of a codfish down her throat, and was utterly unable to either swallow it or get it out. She was terribly frightened, and so were her friends, who decided at once that a doctor must be brought from Portsmouth, ten miles away. Robert Miller chanced to be in the hotel office when the order was given for a horseman to be despatched to Portsmouth, and, learning what the trouble was, insisted on being the man. So a very swift steed was saddled, and a second later Robert disappeared in a cloud of dust.

In a couple of hours the Portsmouth doctor arrived, his horse white with foam and breathing fire from his nostrils, and the doctor, being a skillful fellow, soon extracted the bone. "Five minutes later," he remarked, "and I should have been too late. If that messenger had not been a hero, I should never have seen my patient alive."

"What his name was, ladies, I know not; but I repeat it, he showed himself a hero, and he saved this young woman's life by his heroism."

"Explain yourself," cried the excited women.

So the doctor explained how Robert had fallen from his horse when about half-way to town dislocating one ankle and breaking an arm, but notwithstanding his injuries he had again mounted the horse and tied himself into the saddle, and driven on faster than before to make up for lost time. "Why, when he reached my office," said the doctor, he had just strength to deliver his message, and then he fainted dead away with pain and exhaustion. I left him in charge of my students and came on, for I knew there was a case of life and death here."

Well, when Miss Brown recovered her senses, being of a very romantic turn of mind, she lost them again, and fell in love with the man that saved her life, and she is to marry him as soon as he recovers sufficiently from his injuries.

Physicians Mystified.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CASE ON RECORD—A WOMAN DIES TWICE AND IS STILL LIVING.

Mrs. Diana Powellson, widow of the late Thomas Powellson, resides upon land rented from Mr. William Clark, seven or eight miles north-west of Kansas City. She is forty-one years of age and the mother of nine children. Up to three ago she had been a remarkably vigorous woman. On the 1st of August, 1874, a premature labor produced the disease which has culminated as described below. Dr. Thorne was first called to her in December, 1877, and found her laboring from severe spasms, the head and neck being unaccountably in a backward direction. The attacks came on every day about 4 o'clock, and would not leave her till about 2 or 3 o'clock the next morning. This was going on for several months before Dr. Thorne saw her. He treated her for cancer of the stomach and ulceration of the liver, and after the liver had discharged its contents into the stomach she became easy for several months. These attacks returned, however, and on the 3rd to the 27th of May, 1878, she took but little nourishment and SUFFERED AGONIES BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

On the 27th he was summoned to her bedside and found her unaccountably there. There were no spasms, except of the muscles of the neck and the arm. The head was thrown back upon the shoulders with such strength that the hand could not be introduced between them. The hands were clenched so that the strongest man could not bend them. From the peculiar nervous condition Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, removed her unaccountably, and she remained in a stupor for several days. The pulse was then ranging at 140; the respiration sixteen per minute. Cold, clammy perspiration all over the body; eyeballs thrown back and upward; no action whatever of the thyroid cartilage. The hands were clenched so that the strongest man could not bend them. From the peculiar nervous condition Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, removed her unaccountably, and she remained in a stupor for several days. The pulse was then ranging at 140; the respiration sixteen per minute. Cold, clammy perspiration all over the body; eyeballs thrown back and upward; no action whatever of the thyroid cartilage. The hands were clenched so that the strongest man could not bend them.

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AND SHE DIED, AGAIN.

Dr. Thorne was not present at this time, but being hastily summoned, he found the room cleared of furniture, and all preparations made for laying her out. She continued in this spasmodic condition for several days.

about forty-five minutes. For a number of days she had attacks of this kind until the 6th of July. During her lucid moments she gives a statement concerning her feelings while in the unconscious state. She has been a professed Christian for many years and her story is given in such a manner as to leave no doubt of its sincerity. On the morning of my first dying the nurse I died the less pain I felt. I was so happy at going (oh! how I suffered so much); felt no misery of any kind; in the head all gone; it seemed that I lost all my consciousness but for a moment; when I came to my senses again I knew I was dead, but every thing was very dark to me. I thought I was still blind. I became filled with terror, anticipating the worst. My husband (who died in 1866) soon, however, took hold of me. He told me I was on the wrong road. Others of my departed friends and family did the same.

THE DARKNESS SUDDENLY VANISHED. I saw all my friends and millions of others, in low hills and valleys, trees and flowers, rivers, seas, and lakes and birds, and heard such music as I cannot describe. The people were not what I expected to see. They were ordinary men and women. Some were bright and beautiful, and others were lean and miserable looking. I saw their homes. They lived in communities. All were much more beautiful than any we have, but some were not so beautiful as others. I saw many bright spirits, but was very much surprised that they had no wings. I expected to meet Christ, but did not do so. They told me this was why I was in the dark. I now know that I must depend upon myself. We are over there as we are here. We make our own happiness. I do not find any heaven or hell, only life, more perfect and beautiful than this. This is not life at all. What I now relate is as clear to my memory as anything in life can be.

These facts and particulars have been verified by the people of Rosedale generally, and by the physicians and many others who attended the lady.

Dr. Thorne called in consultation Dr. Halley of Kansas City who made a thorough investigation of the case. Dr. Baird has also been a witness of many of the phenomena.

THE CAPTAIN WHO RAN AWAY.—But if I find severe fault with Lord Chelmsford for this crowning piece of imbecile incapacity, I have no words with which to characterize the conduct of Captain Carey. This person, I cannot call him a soldier, was, according to Lord Chelmsford's despatch, the only officer with the party that accompanied the Prince. He was, therefore, in sole charge of him, and his conduct should have been in keeping with the importance of his trust. When the little party first observed the Zulus, they at once made for their horses and galloped off. As they retreated the savages fired a volley at them, which, however, hit nobody. There was a ravine some 300 yds distant from the ambuscade and the troops and their leader made for its shelter. When they reached its protected further side, but not till then, Captain Carey drew bridle. At this moment his attention was attracted by a riderless horse that came galloping into the shelter. It was the Prince's. This was enough for the gallant captain, who immediately rode off to carry the sad intelligence into camp.

The Prince's body was afterwards found in this very ravine. In his hurry of mounting his horse had got away from him, but he had tried to save his life on foot, and had got as far as the ravine when he was overtaken and assailed by the savages. The opportunity that fell to Captain Carey falls to few. But fewer still yet be altered by the mischance of his having offered itself to the wrong man.—London Hornet.

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