

POETRY.

TO ADELINA PATTI.

I heard you last evening, dear Patti,
I sat in seat B. 99,
Attired in a swallow-tail natty
Which I frankly confess wasn't mine.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE
CHANGED BROTHER," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.
The drum was now heard beating the
tattoo and the friends separated with
hearts full of revived hope.

The next morning Travers presented
the order of the secretary to the com-
mander-in-chief, and received his dis-
charge.

And then, after writing long, loving, and
hopeful letters to his mother and his
brother, and entreating the former to try
and find out who was the secret benefactor
who had sent him such timely aid, Travers
took leave of his friends, and set out
for the Southern Queen of Cities, once more
to seek his fortune.

Colonel Le Noir had not been destined
soon to die; his wound, an inward cancer
from a copper bullet, that the surgeon had
at length succeeded in extracting—took
the form of a chronic fever disease. Since
the night upon which he had been so ex-
tremely ill, as to be supposed dying, and
yet had rallied, the doctors felt no apprehensions
of his speedy death, though they
gave no hopes of his final recovery.

He was spared to experience a more ef-
fectual repentance than that sporadic one
into which he had been frightened by the
seemingly rapid approach of death. And
after seven months of lingering illness and
gradual decline, during the latter portion
of which he was comforted by the society
of his only son, who had come at his sum-
mons to visit him. May, 1848, Gabriel
Le Noir expired, a sincere penitent, re-
turned to God and man.

CHAPTER LV.
THE FORTUNATE BATH.
Heaven has at all allotted soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of its fate;
Whose motions if we watch and guide with
skill
(For human good depends on human will).

His fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes its bent.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious
prize,
And spreads her bosom before her as she flies.

Meanwhile, what had our young adver-
turer been doing in all these months be-
tween September and June?
Travers, with his two hundred dollars,
had set out for New Orleans about the first
of October.

But by the time he had paid his travel-
ing expenses and fitted himself out with
a respectable suit of professional black,
and a few necessary books, his little capital
had diminished three quarters.

So that when he found himself settled in
his new office in a highly respectable
quarter of the city, he had but fifty dollars
and a few dimes left.

The fever, though it was October, had
scarcely abated; indeed, on the contrary
it seemed to have revived and increased
in virulence in consequence of the prema-
ture return of many people who had fled
on its first appearance, and who in coming
back too soon to the infected atmosphere,
were less able to withstand contagion than
those who remained.

As the fever began to subside, Travers's
practice declined, and about the middle of
November his occupation was gone.

It happened that one night, near the
close of winter, Travers lay awake on his
soft bedstead, turning over in his mind
how he should contrive to make both ends
meet at the conclusion of the present term,
and feeling as near despondency as it was
possible for his buoyant and God-trusting
soul to be, when there came a loud ringing
at his office.

TO ILLUSTRIOUS YOUNG DOCTEUR ROCKE, WHO WAS ALSO NEAR AT HAND.

The heart of Travers thrilled with joy.
The Lord had remembered him. His best
skill spent upon the poor and needy who
could make him no return, but whose
lives he succeeded in saving, had reached
the ears of the celebrated Dr. C., who had
with the unobtrusive magnanimity of
real genius, quietly recommended him to
his own patrons.

Oh! well, he would do his very best,
not only to advance his own professional
interests, and to please his mother and
Clara, but also to do honor to the
magnanimous Doctor C.'s recommendation.

Here, too, was an opportunity of putting
in practice his favorite theory; but first of
all, it was necessary to be informed of the
preceding mode of treatment and its results.

So he further questioned the little, rest-
less magpie, and by ingeniously framed
inquiries, succeeded in gaining from her
the necessary knowledge of his patient's
antecedents.

"Put him in a bath of mustard-water, as
hot as you can bear your own hand in, and
continue to raise the temperature slowly
watching the effect, for about five minutes.
I will go down and prepare a cordial-
draught to be taken the moment he gets
back to bed," said Doctor Locke, who im-
mediately left the room.

"Now, bring quickly, water, boiling,"
said the little, old woman, imperatively.
And when a large copper kettle full of
water was brought, she took it and began to
pour a stream of hissing, bubbling water in at
the foot of the bed.

The skin of the torpid patient had been
reddening for a few seconds, so as to prove
that its sensibility was returning, and now
when the steam from the kettle began to
mix with the already very hot bath, and
to raise its temperature almost to boiling,
suddenly there was heard a cry from the
bed, and the patient, with the agility of
youth and health, skipped out of the tub
and into his bed, kicking vigorously, and
exclaiming:

"Trig! assassins! you have scalded my
legs to death!"
"Glory be to the Lord! he's saved!" cried
one of the waiters, a devout Irishman.
"Ciel! he speaks! he moves! he lives!
mon frere!" cried the little Frenchwoman,
going to him.

"Ah! murderers! bandits! you've scalded
me to death! I'll have you all before the
commissioner!"
"He scolds! he threatens! he swears! he
gets well! mon frere!" cried the old woman,
bustling herself to change his clothes and
prepare a new bath.

They knuckled him up warmly to bed, and
put bottles of hot water all around, to keep up
this newly stimulated circulation.
At that moment Dr. Locke came in, put
his hand into the bath-tub, and could
scarcely repress a cry of pain and horror
tremendously ill, as to be supposed dying, and
yet had rallied, the doctors felt no apprehensions
of his speedy death, though they
gave no hopes of his final recovery.

"Good heaven, Madam! I did not tell
you to par-boil your patient!" exclaimed
Travers, speaking to the old woman.
Travers was shocked to find how per-
sistently his orders had been executed.
"Et ben! Monsieur! he lives! he does well!
Voila mon frere!" exclaimed the little old
woman.

It was true! the accidental "boiling
bath," as it might also be called, had ef-
fected what perhaps no other means in the
ward could—a restored circulation.
The disease was broken up, and the con-
valescence of the patient was rapid. And
as Travers kept his own secret concerning
the accidental high temperature of that
bath, which every one considered a fearful
and a successful experiment, the fame of
Dr. Locke spread over the whole city and
country.

He would soon have made a fortune in
New Orleans, had not the hand of destiny
beckoned him elsewhere. It happened thus:
The old Frenchman whose life Travers
had partly by accident and partly by design
succeeded in saving, comprehended perfectly
well how narrow his escape from death
had been, and attributed his restoration
solely to the genius, skill, and boldness
of his young physician, and was grateful
accordingly with all a Frenchman's noisy
demonstration.

He called Travers his friend, his de-
voted son!
One day, as soon as he found himself
strong enough to think of pursuing his
journey, he called his son into the room
and explained to him that he, Doctor Pierre
St. Jean, was the proprietor of a private
Insane Asylum, very quiet, very aristocratic,
indeed, receiving none but patients of
the highest rank, that this retreat was
situated on the wooded banks of a charm-
ing lake in one of the most healthy
neighborhoods of East Feliciana; that he
had originally come down to the city to
engage the services of some young physi-
cian of talent as his assistant, and finally
that he would be delighted to enwrap up
"his deliverer," his friend! his son! would
accept the post.

Now, Travers particularly wished to
study the various phases of mental derange-
ment, and of his professional
education that had hitherto been open to
him only through books.
The terms of the engagement were soon
arranged, and Travers prepared to accom-
pany his new friend to his beautiful re-
treat, the private mad-house. But first
Travers wrote to his mother and Clara in
Virginia, and also to Herbert Greyson in
Mexico, to apprise them of his good fortune.

CHAPTER LVII.
THE MYSTERIOUS MANIC.
Stay, father, stay, and hear my woe:
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I am full well I know,
And what I was, and what should be;
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice
below saying:

"Here's a scuffle of coal, mother,—you've
let your fire get pretty low, haven't you?"
"Oh, Charles, why did you bring it?"
lamented the old lady. "Why didn't you
wait until the new girl came down stairs?"
"See! she's looking tired, mother,—I presume
the journey has fatigued her," was the
reply.

"I'm afraid she won't suit," said Mrs.
Conkey, mournfully. "I thought the
people at the Protective Bureau said she
was stout and healthy!"
"Don't condemn her without a trial,"
said the young man. "Give her a week's
chance!"

"I wish Marian was at home," said Mrs.
Conkey. "Marian could have instructed
her about the work so much better than I
can."

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

"Please, sir, can you tell me where Mrs.
Conkey lives? It's somewhere on Sixth
Avenue, I know, and I had the number
written down on a card in my bag, but it
has somehow got misplaced, and I don't
quite know where to go."

"Nix, his Satanic Majesty is not altogeth-
er as black as he is painted. According to
sensational reports, a pretty, fresh-cheeked
girl from the country, wrapped, most evi-
dently, in the robes of inexperience, who
should ask such a question as this in the
crowded haunts of the Grand Central
Station would assuredly come to grief.
But Bessie Falkner, standing there with
her traveling-satchel in her hand, and her
innocent face turned inquiringly upward,
was neither hustled into a cab whose mys-
terious driver lurked in the shadow of
one of the iron arches, nor inveigled out
into the snow-flecked darkness of the winter
night by any plausible villain with a tub-
erosity in his button-hole. On the contrary,
the big, fatherly looking policeman whom
she had addressed, looked at her with ear-
nest interest.

"Conkey!" he repeated. "Conkey!"
Why, we're a clerk in the offices upstairs
by that name. Do you suppose it's the
same one? Charles Conkey?"
Bessie's eyes brightened.

"Yes," she said. "But I didn't know he
was here."

"It's only been here a month or so,"
explained the policeman. "Wait a minute,
miss. Sit down,—there's a vacant seat
just by this little girl, and I'll send a por-
ter up for Mr. Conkey at once."

Bessie sat down with a sigh of relief.
She was only tired, for besides that three
hours of railway traveling she had ridden
five previous miles in a country lumber
wagon, and it was the first time that she
had ever been away from home. And
presently a tall, fine-looking young man
with a pallid complexion that betokens a
mostly an indoor life came up to her.

"I am Charles Conkey," said he. "Who
wants me?"
Bessie Falkner rose up, blushing. She
never had seen this cousin of hers, whose
sister had spent all summer at Cherry
Hill, but she doubted not that he would
at once recognize her appearance.

"Marian had told him all about me, re-
garded her with an unrecognized stare,
she said, coloring redder than before:
"Is that you, Bessie?"
"O! he exclaimed, his face brighten-
ing suddenly. "Betty, eh? I'm glad you've
come. My mother will be pleased to see
you. Got any trunk?"

"Here's my check," whispered Bessie,
lacking courage to correct him in his
palpable mispronunciation of her name—
and in a minute it was handed to an ex-
pressman, and she was seated beside her
cousin in a car.

How strange it all was—the lights, the
people, the crowded vehicles, all that cur-
rent of life eddying around her! She
stared at her eyes and tried to fancy now
the dark woods circling around it, and the
snow drifted high upon the door-step, but
she could not. A homesick feeling sur-
geled over her heart—the tears rose to her
eyes. "Why don't you say something to me?"
she thought. "Oh, he is going to speak
now."

"We thought you would have been
here before," observed Mr. Conkey, sud-
denly breaking the silence.
"I couldn't come until this week," mur-
mured Bessie.

"Well, I hope you'll be contented now,"
said Mr. Conkey, rather sharply.
Bessie did not know what to say, so she
said nothing—but she felt more than ever
like crying.

On they rode, past glittering blocks of
light, through streets whose strange ap-
pearance made a moving phantasmagoria
before Bessie's tired eyes, until at last her
cousin told her that they were there, and
a walk of two or three minutes brought
them to a little cozy-looking red-brick
house, with iron grates to the stone steps,
and lights gleaming behind the drawn
shades. A little woman carrying a lamp
came to the door with an expectant face.

"Well, another day brought her?" said
Charles Conkey, exultantly.
"Brought who?" asked the little woman.
"Who, Betty, to be sure," said the young
man. "This is my mother, Betty. I hope
that you will do all that you can to please
her. I'm sure she will treat you kindly
if you deserve it."

Bessie looked timidly up. Surely Cousin
Conkey would kiss her—would say that
she was welcome. But she did not—she
merely held the lamp close to Bessie's
face and surveyed her as if she had been
the wooden dummy in a shop-window.

"You look neat and slight," said she,
"I hope you're strong."
"—I think so," said Bessie, with a
quiver in her voice.

"Well, come in," sighed Mrs. Conkey,
and I'll show you to your room. Here's
the kitchen—I don't think it's a cheerful
place, and we've all the modern con-
veniences. But don't stop here. Your
room is in the upper story. Come down
as you've taken off your things," she added
as she accompanied Bessie to a dreary-
looking little den at the top of the house,
where there was a cot bedstead, and salt-
atory dormer window draped with Turkey-
red calico, and then she left her visitor
with small ceremony.

Bessie sat down on the side of the bed
and burst into tears.
"See! she didn't kiss me," she thought.
"See! she didn't tell me that she was glad
to see me! And here is Marian? Oh, I wish
I had never come here—I wish I had
stayed at Cherry Hill!"

But as she sat there sobbing noiselessly
into her pocket-handkerchief, she heard
Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice
below saying:

FEROCITY OF FIGHTERS.

Men who have faced John L. Sullivan
claim that when in the heat of battle he
has a most awful expression on his face,
and stout hearts have quailed at sight of
it. Paddy Ryan said, after his battle for
the championship with the big fellow,
that when he looked at Sullivan, toward
the close of the fight he almost fainted
for his life, as there was the expression of
a murderer on Sullivan's face. Others have
said that they could not bear to look at the
champion's face when boxing with him,
lest their courage forsake them. There
are those who attribute the big fellow's
success in part to the awful terror inspired
by his glare.

Peter Jackson, according to all accounts
seems to possess the same savage ex-
pression at times.
Major Frank McLaughlin, one of the
prime movers in the California Club, to
which Jackson is under contract, speaking
of this few days ago, said:

"He is the colored Billy Edwards," I
claim, in this respect—that while a
fighter he is a gentleman, a man of polish
and culture. Jackson is jet black, but he
has nothing of the distinctively negro fea-
tures. In the heat of a fight at a crisis he
looks more like a tiger than a man.

"Said Jackson to me on one occasion,
'My blow is the heart blow,' and there
he shows his sense. He is an anatomist,
and he knows the position of every bone
and muscle in the human body as ac-
curately as any surgeon. He doesn't batter
up his hands and break his fingers with
the blow at the point of the jaw or on the
chin. His knock-out blow is the heart
blow, which will kill a man if he fights
long enough. That was the famous blow
of the great Welsh black who generations
ago made such an awe-inspiring reputation
that he was called the 'Dead Boxer.'
Jim Smith, Godfrey, Joe McLaughlin and
Patsy Cardiff have all been induced by the
tremendous force of his blows to throw up
one hand in surrender and to go away
with the other to the ropes in dumb agony.
Let his opponent foul him or get in a blow
on him that hurts him, and the expression
of Jackson's face becomes so savage as to
be startling. Then, and then only for a
moment, does the innate ferocity, the an-
imal brutality which no one would think
him capable of, comes to the surface. As
if ashamed himself of such an exhibition,
no sooner has he reduced his antagonist
to helplessness than he asks, in the politest
manner possible, 'Have you got enough
sir?' He is the polished gentleman
again."

"How do you know that she is a fine
lady?" questioned Charles.
"Because Marian says she plays on the
zither and paints panels and makes antique
lace on a spindle, and—"

"That would only argue that she is ac-
complished,"
"But I want someone who won't be
above helping me about the housework—
who will be really a companion to me!"
persisted Mrs. Conkey.

"O!," laughed Charles, "laughed the young
man. 'If I really do marry this Cherry
Hill cousin—and it's more than likely, you
know, that she wouldn't accept me, even
if I went on my knees to her—I'll promise
to hire some one to do the housework for
both of us.'"

Bessie fled into the kitchen here, on
pretense of looking for some more biscuits—
but at the same moment there was a sound
on the front door-step, as if something
heavy was being "ended" over and over.
It was the expressman.

"It's the new girl's trunk," said Mrs.
Conkey. "Go out, Charles, and see
after it."

And presently they heard an exclamation
of words and arguments in the hall.
"Hallo!" shouted Charles, "here is the
trunk from Cherry Hill, with Bessie
Falkner's name on it!"

"The trunk!" echoed Mrs. Conkey.
"Then where is the girl herself? Oh!
Charles! I'm afraid something has hap-
pened to her!"

But at this stage of affairs Bessie her-
self came forward to explain the matter.
"Nothing has happened," said she, with
downcast eyes. "It is my trunk. I am
Bessie Falkner, from Cherry Hill!"

"But you said you were Betty Nolan,
the new girl?" almost screamed Mrs.
Conkey.

"I beg your pardon," gently protested
Bessie, "you said so—not I. You took it
for granted from the very first that I was
Betty, and I had not the courage to con-
tradict you. Do not look so appalled,
Cousin Charles, with a 'bewildered
smile' (I'm not going to lay siege to
your heart. And I'll help you all you
like with the housework, Mrs. Conkey, if
I do paint plaques and play on the zither!
Were not my biscuits good? And didn't
you have a second helping of the scalloped
oysters?"

Mrs. Conkey kissed Bessie cordially, and
confessed herself outgeneralized. As for
Cousin Charles, he kissed her too.

"Am I not your cousin also?" he pleaded.
The new girl arrived that same night—a
stolid, stupid young woman, who was dis-
charged at the end of the first week.

"We don't need anyone but Bessie," said
Mrs. Conkey.

And it extremely doubtful whether "the
little country cousin" will ever be allowed
to return home. Mrs. Conkey loves her,
and Charles hopes one day to call her his
wife; while Marian, who is now at
home, declares that she has always fore-
seen this state of affairs.

"For," says Marian, "she is the dearest
little thing."

PACKED IN SNOW.

How the Ancient Romans Preserved
Oysters and Fish Without Ice.

We are apt to think of the use of ice, or
of the obtaining of a freezing temperature in
order to preserve meat and other
perishable articles, as a practice of quite re-
cent origin. Our grandfathers, and even
in many cases, our fathers did not cut
ice in winter, and accordingly had no store of
it to draw upon in summer. The natural
coolness of an underground cellar had to
serve the preservation of such articles
of food as would be spoiled by heat, and
the butter was kept hard by dangling it in
a pail in a deep well.

The Romans understood and practiced
many centuries ago, the art of maintaining
an artificial temperature. They were
able to do this by means of a contrivance
inland by the use of snow. Each oyster
was packed in close compressed snow,
which was surrounded by a layer of straw
and that in turn by a wrapping of woolen
cloth.

This method succeeded so well that
Apollonius was able to send oysters from
Brindisi to the Emperor Trajan in Ar-
menia. These oysters, by the way, were
from Lake Lucrinus in Italy, which was
famous throughout the ancient times for
the excellence of its oysters. They were
the "Blue Points" of antiquity; and the
Emperor Augustus thought so highly of
the lake which produced them that he
provided it with a constant supply of
water from the sea by cutting an artificial
channel at a considerable expense.

It would be interesting to compare the
quality of these ancient oysters with those
of our own day, as might possibly be done
if the Emperor Trajan were still in existence.
But the spot where Apollonius gathered his
oysters for the Emperor Trajan is now
covered by a mountain about four hundred
feet high, which was raised during an
earthquake and volcanic eruption in the
year 1583.

The emperor Augustus, Emperor, Heliogab-
lus, undoubtedly understood the art of snow-
packing, as described by Apollonius, for it
is related that he would never eat sea fish
except at a great distance from the sea.
He would then bring from the salt water,
at an immense expense, great quantities
of the choicest kinds of fish, and distribute
them among the persons of the inland
country.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice,
had a large stock of pills in his hands by an
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manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis,
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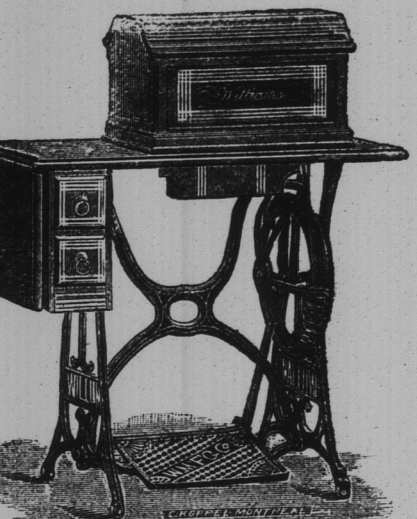
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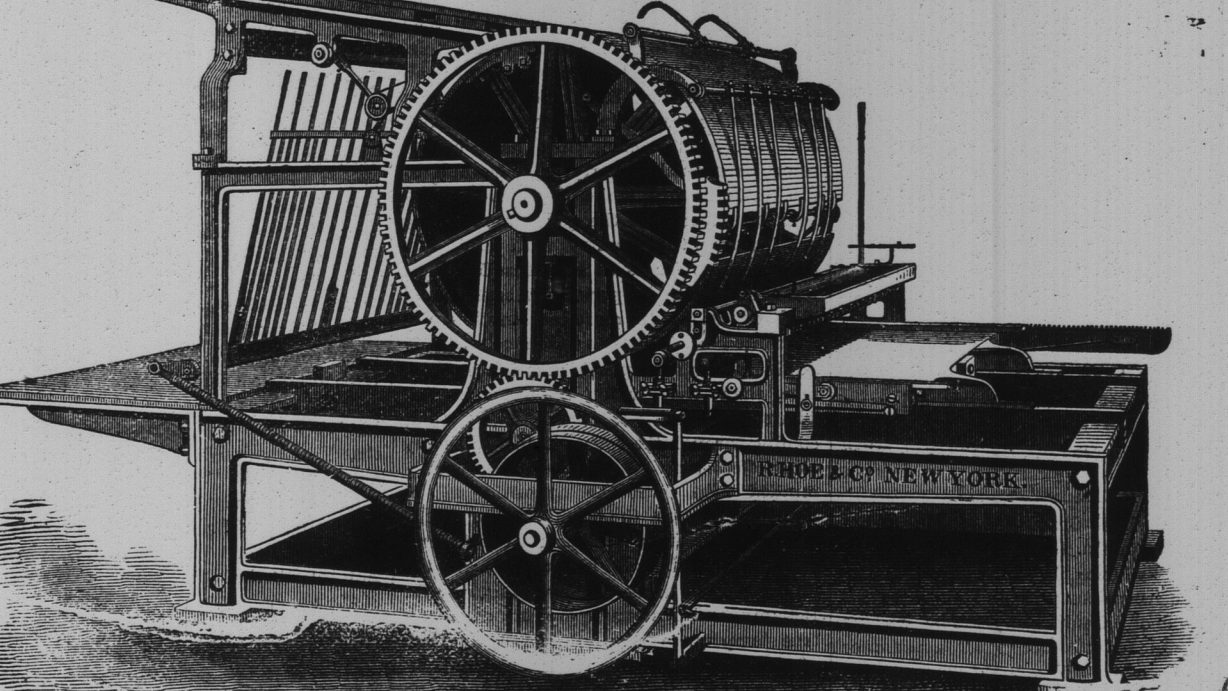


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