SLEEP.

Stretched on her bed in a bench of the poor
House,
Twelve's striking her motherly notice,
Yet not in her young mind is consciousness
What are the sounds that the bewildered ear
hears.

Hush, mother listeners are drifting, every other
Moment is strange, little children, Sleep, strange
Sleep! Hide your heads beneath my soft, flowing
bedcloth,
Lie close, take shelter, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Here in the meadows, all scattering with
Crowd,
Are thousands in excitement noisy,
Or rather as in the young lion in hunting—
That an entire body who won't go in about.

"There, come your mantles, you foolish young
people,
What's your delightful that deep tranquil
sleep?
Lie down, lie down in the warm manger-nestling,
Let crook and sword in the stormy world
sleep."

Silence here, in the wide open meadows,
Broken by shouting of shepherds, and
Hide the small head, scampering fever and
alarm—
For now presumed the baby will warm.

Come at last, not a cot to their Difficult
Many children in camp will hide
The is the position so often expected?
Ye all, where he lovely, God grant event
sleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

A TEST.

Although I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I now will that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sent so low as burglary. Without better remark I here relate the chief points of the remarkable career of this strange man.

"You," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a burglar. When Robert Schmidlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of our friends—Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner—I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived and we went to work with the greatest caution, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was toward 9 in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by sling through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story the left side of the house. In less time than minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmidlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the window we ventured to light a lantern and then discovered that we were in a kind of a lumber room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock we determined not to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept down stairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat, Schmidlein soon recovered himself and proposed that we should force our way into the room and and gag every occupant, and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light around, I noticed, about seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching and on pointing it out to my companion he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and, should we succeed in getting into, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it from which Schmidlein, cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor I seized the wire, while Schmidlein drew a pair of pincers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through my whole frame. I fell all of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, while Schmidlein—who, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely in the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, while the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang admirably.

"Regaining my senses I found myself bound and helpless, which after all did not surprise me, as I considered I had been caught where I had fell. It seemed, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on a cold slab of slate which was about the length of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked around, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating—or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Not some accident befallen me so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I experienced nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain. Nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table, gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an operating room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the postmortem examinations for the district, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt the situation, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon tired, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room. For I heard the rustling of paper, and then someone said in quiet, monotonous tones:

"'Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, tonight, I shall be able to prove the great truth of my theory.'

"'That would indeed be a high enough of human skill,' I heard a second person reply, in a deep, dull voice, 'if that man there were to expire under our hands—that there.'

"'Impossible!' was the quick reply. 'It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a painless death in the interests of scientific skills, if we were to let him go he would some or later fall into the hands of the hangman.'

"I could not close up the two tones, yet their conversation was doubtless intended for my ears. I, therefore, listened with the greatest attention. They were preparing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interests of medical science.

"At any rate, I thought, they won't undertake such a thing without my consent, and what, after all, was that operation? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, I heard the second:

"'It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life flow in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this. Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and that death is never only too often, while we were all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life and thus avoid a fatal result. We end of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other had lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable if some other noble hearted man had not offered his own blood in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this process has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.

"'Yes, I do not think that right either,' replied Dr. Langner. 'Moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood.'

"'That is very natural, as one lightly undertakes such a thing,' continued the other. 'So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again.'

"'That sir! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interest of science, we should prove to a practical manner the correctness of our theory.'

"'And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him, but just before the extinction of the last spark of life we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At the same time it is important to prevent the blood from still more and more, and then the rage of having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, who, in trying to give free scope to my indignation.

"'We had not exactly my right to undertake such an experiment with you,' he said, 'but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us, but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interest. I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered.'

"'Under the circumstances,' continued George Martin, 'I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so trouble me.

"'The future kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and introduced themselves about me in other ways so that since that time I have been a more particular and, I hope, a better man. Still I have never forgotten the hours when I lay on the dissecting table, where unexpectedly I was a terrible experiment—in the interest of science, as Dr. Engler explained.'

Such was the strange story of my friend. He came, while recently had place, released me from the promise of secrecy given to him about the events which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unalloyed horror.—Street Magazine.

A Remarkable Petition.

The keeper of the menagerie at Versailles during the reign of Louis XVI had orders to administer six bottles of diaphoretic every day to a dromedary which had become very feeble with age, and which the king was very anxious to keep alive. In spite of this ultra generous treatment the animal died to the great despair of his master, who petitioned the king with a view of obtaining the "corpse of the dromedary," that is to say, all the advantages attached to his person.—L'Evenement.

It Is Not Necessary to Teach Walking.

Do not teach your child to walk or even to crawl. As the child gains strength he will get about. Crawling is less dangerous than walking, for if the bones are weak, but a baby learns to commence it after an exhausting chase it does not walk before it is fifteen or sixteen months old. As it gets it will towards it is one thing it desires to reach.—Babyhood.

Washing Decorated China.

One writer gives a good suggestion regarding the washing of china articles with gold decorations. Such should never be put into strong soapsuds or water with washing compounds. They should be washed with a sponge in clear water and dried on soft linen cloths or with tissue paper. In this way the gold will never wear off.

When then is a young child in the family it is well to keep a bottle of sweetened lime for use in emergency, always remembering that dampness will render it safe for use.

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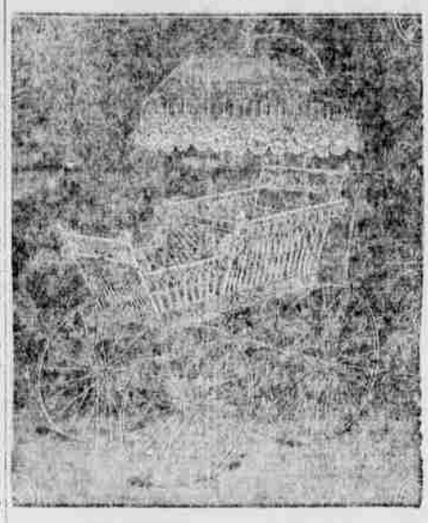

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