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STORY OF DR. HOFF

About forty years ago, before the Great Western railway, now the Grand Trunk, was completed, while workmen were busy raising the rails, driving and piling the virgin soil to receive the iron rails and their supporting sleepers, whereon the noisy steam monster which were to supersede the slow going stage-coaches were to travel their noisy way, there lived on the confines of a steep and picturesque gorge over which surveyors' plans designed the railway to pass, a certain individual whom we will call Dr. Hoff.

It was a beautiful spot, the home of this medico of long acts. Perched on the hillside, surrounded by forest trees, over where the hand of man had made a clearing, backed by moss covered boulders, relics of a day when a noble lake, which might be seen from an eminence, had surged and toured its uneasy, foam flecked breast far beyond its present boundaries in stormy weather, lay nestled in patched acres restfulness under summer suns. The home of Dr. Hoff was indeed a spot calculated to draw forth man's best feelings to a great Creator. Far below, at the foot of the lone hand gorge, a brook trickled and murmured over its stony bed to the dense shade of the forest limbs, here and there breaking from their leafy shadows to revel in the sunlight which found its way where some great monarch had fallen either through old age or the fury of the storm, for the air of the woodman had not then violated that exquisite corner of creation.

Trees in the leafy shade the brook rippled along, vent and summer sporting unmolested. Wild birds quenched their thirst and bathed in its shady depths, while the timid deer stole through the forest as dread of the axe was not. Peace and silence reigned in the beautiful gorge, on the edge of which dwelt the object of this simple sketch; peace among God's creatures, silence, save for the song of birds, the murmuring of the breezes through the fir at times. But peace and harmony do not seem to have reigned in the home of the dweller on the verge of that gorge, so beautiful, so bloodless by nature.

It was a stormy spirit which had taken up abode in the dwelling on the summit. Dr. Hoff was passionate and quarrelsome. People shook their heads and spoke with pity of the quarrels of his life, the delicate young bride he had brought from far over the sea to bear the loneliness and hardship of a life in a new country. She was fair to see, this young English lady of gentlebirth and rearing, ill fitted to remain in company with the passionate, high tempered man in whose hands she had placed her life. To be sure the settlers in the vicinity were glad to obtain Dr. Hoff's professional advice and attendance. Doctors were not as frequently met with in those days as in the present ones. In sparsely settled country districts a doctor was a real godsend; his life was no sinecure either. There were long distances to go over untaken, rough roads. Fees were very small, often used to collect professional services were very frequently paid in kind, not in money.

Those facts frequently angered Dr. Hoff and raised up his passionate temper.

If he worked he wanted his fees, that was quite natural. He did not wait with patience, like so many of his professional contemporaries learned to wait, until harvest—it might be more than one harvest—was in; until Tom Jones cold was sold or John Smith's shoes were a yoke of oxen—until the trouble cow's calf was a heifer of predictable age to sell. No, he fretted and fumed, threatened Tom Jones and cursed John Smith, demanding payment for his services in no moderate language, making himself disliked and mistrusted, although a honored by throughout the surrounding country.

Only one child had come to cheer the lonely lot of the doctor's wife, only one, and it had not come to stay. The dearest spot on earth in the great wide new country to the lonely little English wife of Dr. Hoff was the quiet corner in the clearing where her darling slept. Those who took her loneliness, her grief, her trouble to the grave of her baby, where they face had rested on her breast, whose helplessness had appealed to her love and care. Many a night, driven from the house by the furious, jealous temper of one who should have shielded and cared the poor girl, for she was but a girl, passed long, lonely hours by her child's grave exposed to the dew of the starry night, the rain of the stormy one, an unwary victim of passionate remorse.

Now a certain hardwanting farmer, in whose family sickness had caused to run out for a long period, her heavily under the ban of debt and the doctor's displeasure.

In vain the man—we will call him Silas Beaver—for he is said to have been an industrious hard working man, though unfortunate—promised the doctor to pay at least a part of the account owing. Time went on, but no money was forthcoming. In vain the doctor fumed and fussed, raged and demanded his dues; then he threatened, wildly, passionately, to the presence of others.

The Satan was known to require money badly. Every one knew every one's business in the neighborhood; it was common talk that payments on certain mortgages were due on a certain date, the dower being one of the powers chiefly concerned.

Then came a day—a peaceful, cloudless summer day—at the close of which Silas Beaver announced his intention of visiting the dower and paying a small—a very small—sum on account.

So Beaver went his way up the hill to the cozy homestead that overlooked the gorge just as the setting sun cast its ruby and golden rays over the spot so beautiful and bloodless by nature glorifying that already exquisite corner of creation as only dreamy sunbeams can adorly nature's own handiwork.

Up the hill went Silas Beaver, but never again to the knowledge of men did he retrace his steps.

Were there high words? No one knows. Perhaps the great eagle whose nest was perched far over the lagoon of rocks on the opposite side of the gorge could have told, or the crows or fair winged their dusky flight past the lonely homestead. No man but those two was near to hear what passed between debtor and creditor that summer's day as long passed by.

Inquiries caused as a matter of course. Search parties were organized. Inspection of the doctor's premises brought to light that his gig was stained with blood. He bore bearing the appearance of having been hardly driven the night before, but Dr. Hoff accounted for those suspicious facts with complete coolness. A long drive, an amputation after a severe accident. Further inquiry elicited that there had been an accident at a distance, that the doctor had been there, that he had performed just the operation that he claimed to have performed.

No evidence to Silas Beaver's disappearance remains to this day a mystery.

It may be that the iron tracks of the great railway, rolled on their sleepers above the sundered man's hidden remains, for what so easy as to hide the likely victim of passion under the great banks of upraised soil? It may be that small some tangle of wood and wiry vines and ferns, the missing man was hid away, hidden forever from earthly eyes.

Time went on, surprise slept, watchfulness abated, but never again did the foot of Silas Beaver cross the threshold of his own door.

Then one night there was a hard pine fighting the iron ways of the gorge. A farmhouse, barns and all their contents were one great pitiful bonfire. On, for the toil of weeks of months, the wise gathering of harvest, the packing and saving to obtain cash! Only a blackened ruin, a hopeless prospect!

The victim had been so easily won Dr. Hoff. It was he who had been found in the search for the missing man Beaver. The doctor had been heard to threaten him repeatedly. So Dr. Hoff was arrested and lodged in jail, ere before the day of trial came he escaped, and the neighborhood knew him no more.

Silent and deserted stood the house on the edge of the gorge, until one night, when the storm raged and the lightning flashed and glittered in the broken skies, the house of the dead man's foe was fired and red with the flames of its kindler, the electric bolt. When morning came the one rose over a heap of charred ruins, and forest birds piped a requiem over the scorched trees and flowers.

He who lived in the homestead on the verge of the gorge had been stormy and passionate, ill ending to his dwelling to perish by the fury and the passion of the storm.

Over the gorge now, by the hand of the artman chors of its pristine beauty, on its banks of steel, supported by their mighty trestles, hour by hour pass the trains with thickened speed and pending breath of those to spell.

Down below, deprived of the grateful shade of its verdant friends, the forest trees, the little brook ripples and gurgles bravely in the garish sunlight. Also so many years ago, in the quiet, cool, dark depths. No timid deer bend their graceful heads to drink of its waters, but few birds quench their thirst in its now lukewarm shallow ripples. The beautiful gorge, the cool, deep brook are things of the past. Like that homestead which once overlooked them and its passionate tempered dweller, like the great eagle which built its nest on the crags near by, like the deer and the myriad forest birds, it remains but a memory, a vague memory of long ago, told in the language of retrospection by the "oldest inhabitant."

Does any one ask what held the poor young wife of Dr. Hoff? This is what the "oldest inhabitant" had to satisfy the visitor's curiosity on that point. It was supposed by many people that it was Mrs. Hoff who acted the doctor in his escape from jail; however that may be, she disappeared at the same time he did. The lonely little grave in the corner of the clearing no longer had a mourner, never again did posies of fern and flower deck its tiny upraised mound. Then there came a day when sorrow and indignation mingled in the hearts of those who had known and loved the gentle English lady who had led such a sad life in the homestead by the gorge. A certain Dr. Hoff, who had lived for some years in Canada, but who had lately returned to England, was on trial for his life for the murder of his wife, near London, as the papers recorded. Later on was sent the news far across the water that Dr. Hoff had expiated his abominable crime on the scaffold.—Pierre H. Holland in Toronto Globe.

How Tin Plates Are Made.

The following particulars of the Merwood process of tinning plates, now in use in the United States, may be of interest. The plates are rolled in the ordinary manner into black sheets, eight of these sheets being rolled at one time, and after being sheared to size are put in the black pickle bath of sulphuric acid, where all oxidation is removed. They are then placed in an annealing furnace for twenty-four hours, after which they are passed through the cold rolls receiving a smoothly polished surface. They are annealed again and put into the white pickle, where they are thoroughly cleansed from any oxidation. They are then ready for the tinning process.

The mode of putting on the coating of tin is very simple. The plates are first submerged in a bath of palm oil until all the water disappears, the oil forming a flux for the tin, the first coat of which is received in the tin pot; the plates are next dipped in the "wash pot," and when taken out the tin is spread over the surface with a brush by hand. The final set in the tin coating process consists in passing the plates through rolls running in palm oil, whereby the tin is evenly distributed and a smooth surface obtained.

There are five of these rolls and, three running on top of two, and the plates make two passes through them, in the first place being let down through the first and second of the upper set, and by a simple arrangement being returned through the second and third. This completes the tinning operation proper, and the polish is obtained by rapid movements of the plates through bran and middlings, respectively, and then polishing with sheepskin. The result obtained is a very excellent article of bright tin plate.—Iron.

What Vertigo Comes From.

One of the principal causes of the more serious forms of vertigo, or dizziness, is a diseased condition of the internal portion of the ear, the labyrinth. Vertigo of greater or less severity may result from whatever disturbs the blood pressure, either within the labyrinth or in the middle ear. Similar effects are also produced by false impressions received through the eye, or through the sense of touch, and by disease of the spinal cord.

Since the great nerve which goes to the stomach is at its central source intimately associated with the auditory nerve, disturbance of the stomach may cause the vertigo, and on the other hand, a disturbance of the auditory nerve may cause nausea or vomiting. Vertigo is sometimes brought on by paralysis of a single muscle of the eye, or even by the temporary weakness of an overtaxed ocular muscle.

The form of vertigo now known as "Meniere's disease" is that from which the famous Dean Swift suffered, and under which he often appeared like a staggering drunkard. The patient on rising in the morning feels as if the room were whirling round, or as if he were floating or sinking. Sometimes he falls when attacked, but he never loses consciousness. There are noises—sometimes quite loud—in the ear and more or less deafness. There may be also faintness and vomiting. The attacks incline to be repeated with increasing frequency. In the intervals, however, the patient remains well.—Tenth's Companion.

New Sugar Process.

It is claimed that a new process for recently been made in the manufacture of sorghum sugar by which guar gum stances may be eliminated from the machine molten, and which will make the cane yield from fifty to seventy pounds more sugar to the ton than it has been doing. Professor Wiley, who has been experimenting in this, says that sorghum sugar will bring about three cents a pound and possibly four cents. This will give the farmer more for his product than anything else he can produce, and still leave a good profit to the manufacturer.—New York Journal.

Making Use of Her Husband.

An old lady in a Mississippi river town was a practically polygamist and and was satisfied with things as they stood. Her old man was drowned in the river, and a body was not recovered for a long while, when it was discovered by some boatmen. One of them went to her and said: "Madam, we've found the body of your husband and have it out of the river, and it's chock full of eels. What shall we do with it?"

"Well," said the old lady, "I reckon you had be'ter scrape the eels and set it again."—Chicago Herald.

It is possible we shall not hear so much about the third party in the northwest from this on. The farmers in Dakota and adjoining states have called in men who can tell them what they need, and have time to raise politics. The Dakotas have produced the best wheat crop in five years.

Factory inspection has worked well in New York. The inspectors report that they find employers willing in nearly every case to comply with the law regarding the health and safety of their employes, which is an excellent sign of progress. Furthermore, the factories only employ half as many children as they used to. New York law forbids any minor under fourteen to work in shops, and those between fourteen and sixteen must bring certificates from parents or guardians or references to the necessity for their work.

Experiments show that an electric current will invent over a good conductor at the rate of 800 miles a minute, or around the earth in three seconds. Light moves at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a minute.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Boston Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it, and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Every Man.

Vomit

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Is not a cosmetic, but the cause by which that lady is so perfectly adapted for preserving fresh, clear, healthy skin, soft, smooth, white hands, arms, neck and shoulders, making the skin of a child, and preventing the ravages of time. It is a perfect toilet article, and should be used by every lady who desires to look her best. It is the best thing for sunburn, tan, freckles, pimples, and roughness of the skin. It is the best thing for gentlemen who shave, as it will prevent razor rash and soothe the skin after the most severe shaving. It is the best thing for ladies who use powder, as it will prevent the disagreable effect of wiping off the powder. It is the best thing for those who ride or drive, as it will prevent the skin from chapping, roughness, redness, etc. It is the best thing for those who have to be in the glare of the sun, as it will prevent the skin from blistering and peeling. It is the best thing for those who have to be in the cold winds, as it will prevent chapping and roughness. It is the best thing for those who have to be in the dust, as it will prevent the skin from being injured by the dust. It is the best thing for those who have to be in the heat, as it will prevent the skin from being injured by the heat. It is the best thing for those who have to be in the cold, as it will prevent the skin from being injured by the cold