

Doctors of London and  
cited Over

SOME VERY REMARKABLE

Thrusting a Scarf-Pin  
Without Causing

The doctors of London getting excited over the... The few believe... gain and a blessing to... quietly skeptical to the... behalf. It requires a... the cultivation of the... or gift, as will be seen... Dr. Charcot, the... clinique at the Hospice... Paris, is bold enough... fullest way the particu... must be has for a lo... So is Dr. Milne Bra... Goole, England, who... experiments to scienti... will relate my own ex... practiced in the presen... medical and other ex... following this with so... the two hypnotists co... give some of the fact... and the proportion... hypnotize and be hyp... a large limbed, Fr... comely and appear... class. She was of a... ment, dreamy eyed, a... would call a weak d... description correspond... called mediums of t... those I have found at... tion. The operator... person, a slim, wiry... phelan Frenchman... dressed in a white g... leaving her arms bare... der. When she took... come where I stood, a... more away from her... her to look into his... hers at the same tim... was fast asleep, wit... and her arms hanging... separately desired a... the patient to do ce... lift a hand or finger... her feet. Though no... though we were all a... the room, she obeyed... operator's silent wit... turn to test the ex... operator right back w... feet distant from t... there I whispered a... ear something like t... her right arm, com... fingers, and then tak... on her knee." The... his lips nor moved f... stared piercingly at... few seconds she per... I had requested, so... a failure in any poi... the patient to do ce... and her insubstitu... the operator borrow... spectator and throu... fleshy part of the... point stuck out an... made to extend her... us for close inspect... minutes by the we... strong men could d... arm drop, even wit... There was no blood... withdrawn and the... consciousness she told... though she had been... Dr. Charcot divid... tiam (which means... sleep) into three st... second, catalepsy, a... lim. On the recent... an investigation Dr... young woman of 24... bright and intelligen... highly hysterical s... sensible to pain on a... body." Dr. Charcot... ing her with a pin... hidden to gaze into... above her eyes, whe... into unconsciousnes... her eyelids. Now the... anywhere without a... touching certain m... were mechanically u... and fingers and mos... the doctor pressed... the leg, the result... the whole body; so... doctor could place h... a chair, and her he... the girl falling.

Professor Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, makes a  
Great Discovery—The Poison of Cholera  
Infantum and of Typhoid Fever Laid  
Bare—Dr. Jenner's Great Feat Rivalled.

Medical circles in this city were thrown into considerable elation yesterday over the news fresh from the working laboratory of Professor Victor C. Vaughn, of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, that he had extracted and studied in his test tube the poison that assails humanity in cholera infantum and diphtheria. It was this same noted man that found the poison in milk, cheese and milk products, which he named tyrotoxin.

The story came like a gift from Heaven to a community now savagely attacked by cholera, whose babes are dying at a terrible rate, while the learned world of doctors has been powerless to stay its course. This disease with cholera out a wide swath in the mortality of the city.

Dr. Vaughn alleges that these diseases are caused by albuminous poisons which he has discovered. He has discovered a large limbed, French comely and apparently of the upper class. She was of a dreamy eyed, a weak description corresponded to those I have found at the clinic. The operator was a person, a slim, wiry phelan Frenchman, dressed in a white gown, leaving her arms bare under. When she took her seat, she came where I stood, a few feet more away from her than I had expected her to look into his eyes and hers at the same time. She was fast asleep, with her arms hanging down and her arms hanging down separately desired a few moments to do something to lift a hand or finger of her feet. Though not though we were all at the room, she obeyed the operator's silent will, turn to test the experiment operator right back within feet distant from the there I whispered a word ear something like the her right arm, coming fingers, and then taking on her knee." The patient his lips nor moved for a few seconds she perceived I had requested, so that a failure in any point of the patient to do something and her insubstitution of the operator borrow a spectator and through fleshy part of the body point stuck out and made to extend her arm us for close inspection minutes by the weight of strong men could do an arm drop, even without There was no blood withdrawn and the consciousness she told through she had been Dr. Charcot divided tiam (which means sleep) into three stages second, catalepsy, a third. On the recent an investigation Dr. young woman of 24 bright and intelligent highly hysterical sensible to pain on a body." Dr. Charcot ing her with a pin hidden to gaze into above her eyes, when into unconsciousness her eyelids. Now the anywhere without a touching certain muscles were mechanically used and fingers and most the doctor pressed the leg, the result the whole body; so the doctor could place her a chair, and her head the girl falling.

Dr. Vaughn's discovery is a theory. It will be tested by other experts before it will be accepted. The fact that such poisons exist in the alimentary canal of persons suffering from the disease is not new. The only new thing is that Dr. Vaughn has found this poison and separated it from the germ which produced it.

Dr. Charcot's division of tiam (which means sleep) into three stages second, catalepsy, a third. On the recent an investigation Dr. young woman of 24 bright and intelligent highly hysterical sensible to pain on a body." Dr. Charcot ing her with a pin hidden to gaze into above her eyes, when into unconsciousness her eyelids. Now the anywhere without a touching certain muscles were mechanically used and fingers and most the doctor pressed the leg, the result the whole body; so the doctor could place her a chair, and her head the girl falling.

The natives of India are taking kindly to the higher education. Here are two notes received by a lady and gentleman in Calcutta from native servants:

Respecting Missus, I humbly beg Missus will excuse poor, sorry Maty not coming to-day sometimes Missus asking what for Maty not coming work, therefore I beg humbly and respectfully to state that Goordina Peon has run away with my wife. Oh Lord, how ungrateful you humble Maty.

To Master Esq., Sir, I cannot come working to-day I am very sick as per margin (submitting payee). Yours obediently, MICHAEL. —St. James' Gazette.

Four Little Birds. Lottie—Why, Victor, are you not ashamed to kill a poor little bird like that? Victor—Well, you see, cousin, I thought it would do to put on your hat. Lottie—Ah! so it would; it is the same shade of gray. How kind of you!

underneath her, a black mist was gathering before her eyes, but she smiled and waved her hand bravely. Gaspard looked back relieved, and when the omnibus turned the corner of the Vicar's Court, he saw her standing on the steps still watching him, while Cornelia had come forward, too, and was holding her hand.

The sound of the wheels died away in the quiet court, and Cornelia turned to Esperance, speaking gently. "My dear, you will come upstairs and rest."

But rest had already come to Esperance, and she sunk back senseless in Cornelia's arms. Every one came flocking out of the drawing-room at Cornelia's call, and gathered round the white, still figure, with exclamations of pity. The dean was greatly distressed, and bent over her with more anxiety and earnestness than he had ever shown before to a body that was not heavenly.

"Some one should go for a doctor, surely, my dears, she is very cold, poor child, poor child! I'm afraid this has been a grief to her."

"My dear father," said Mrs. Mortlake, impatiently, "she has only fainted. French people always do faint when they think it becoming, they like to make a scene."

The Misses Lowdell looked on wonderingly, Bertha made pitying remarks in an undertone to George Palgrave, Cornelia knelt on the ground supporting Esperance's head, and looking at the faces around her with angry impatience.

"Will no one do anything? Why do you all stand staring like this; can't you fetch some water?"

Just then Mrs. Lowdell came down stairs. "Some one fainting? Dear me? poor child!" and she began to chafe Esperance's hands in a capable sort of way, which relieved Cornelia.

"What ought we to do with her?" she asked, turning with confidence to the motherly old lady. "I should carry her up to bed," said Mrs. Lowdell, "she can't breathe with every one standing round her here."

Cornelia did not hesitate for a moment, but to the surprise of all, suddenly rose, took Esperance's inanimate form in her strong arms, and quietly walked upstairs. Mrs. Lowdell followed, bringing various restoratives, and together they did all in their power for the poor child; but it seemed as if nothing would bring her to life again, and Cornelia growing frightened, again, and Cornelia growing frightened, was just proposing to send for a doctor, when faint signs of returning consciousness began to show themselves.

The eyelids quivered at last and slowly opened, Esperance looked up with a swift pang then remembering all with a swift pang turned her face away and relapsed into semi-consciousness. But Mrs. Lowdell insisted on her taking some sal volatile, and then a terrible idea crossed her mind and roused her fully.

"Cornelia," she said, in a weak yet eager voice, "Gaspard did not see me faint, did he?"

"No; he was quite out of sight," said Cornelia, reassuringly. "You are quite certain?"

"Perfectly." And with that Esperance was satisfied; she had kept up to the last; for a moment he was quite soothed by the relief of her knowing it, then the reaction set in, her desolation broke upon her, and she burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

The tearless sobs which she had so alarmed Gaspard on the previous evening were even more alarming to Cornelia. Was it possible that her stern words had really checked Esperance's tears? Good Mrs. Lowdell's exhortations made her feel the more miserable. "Cry, my dear, have a more godly cry, and you will be better." But good cry, and were only those heart-rending sobs, and a gasping, quivering agony, terrible to witness.

CHAPTER XXV. The deanery was all in commotion the next day, for before long it was known that Esperance was ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. Mortlake was, as usual, sure that she could have helped it.

"I do think it is very inconsiderate of people to be ill in other people's houses," she grumbled; "just think of the expense it will be, and there's my father being persuaded by Mrs. Lowdell to have a trained nurse, who will eat dreadfully, those nurses are always regular cormorants."

"My dear Christabel, the money does not come out of your pocket," said Cornelia impatiently. "It's all very well to say so," replied Mrs. Mortlake. "But you know it comes to the same thing, it will be ours some day, and why should my poor little Bella be defrauded of her own rights? And besides, the it's very awkward to have illness in the house, and there's no knowing that it isn't infectious; perhaps the water is poisoned or something wrong with the drainage."

"Probably," said Cornelia, with much coolness. "We shall have everything looked to, and in any case you and Bella had better go away, for that child is unbearably noisy."

This was more true than polite and Mrs. Mortlake colored angrily. "It is all very well for you to talk, but I do feel being turned out of my own father's house by a foreigner. If you had been left a widow with one little child, I think you would have been rather more considerate, Cornelia."

ance sat down despairingly with her hands clasped over her forehead, half distractedly by the double noise of crying and singing. On and on it went like some frightful nightmare.

"But men must work and women must weep!"—from Miss Lowdell. "Roar, roar—from Bella. "Though storms be sudden and waters deep."

"Ooh, hoo! ooh, hoo I hate you!" from the orner. Why must people sing those frightful sea-songs—on this day, of all others? And oh! why would Bella scream so unmercifully? The physical and mental pain together was almost maddening.

Just as Miss Lowdell left the drawing-room, Mrs. Mortlake came back, vexed at hearing Bella's screams. "What is the matter? Things always go wrong if I leave the room for a minute. Come to me, my precious; what is it then?"

Bella could not speak for sobbing, but by degrees Mrs. Mortlake caught the words, "I hate her," and "chocolate," intermixed with the howling.

"You always do manage to irritate the poor child, Esperance; of course she may have some chocolate if she likes. You really are most provoking; she has been so good as possible with me, and now you have upset her. Why was she in the corner?"

"She was very inattentive and rude," said poor Esperance, looking down. "Rude, indeed! it is your ridiculous pride which is so ready to take offense; she is never rude to any one else, and I'm not going to have your French system of punishment brought in; so please remember, no one punishes Bella but myself. Nothing tends more to make a child deceitful than constant punishment; your national character is quite accounted for."

Then, as Esperance would have begun an indignant remonstrance: "No, no, I will not have arguing before Bella; you have wasted quite enough of my time already; the best thing you can do now is to leave the room. I wish, instead of sitting up at night burning other people's candles, you would learn to make yourself useful by day. You think so much of French manners; but for my part—"

Mrs. Mortlake broke off in dismay, for looking round she saw Gaspard standing in the doorway, and from the expression of his face, she knew he must have heard most of her angry speech. Esperance turned, too, and with a cry of relief ran to him. "Gaspard! Gaspard!" and she clung to him as if for protection. He put his arms around her holding her closely, deaf to all Mrs. Mortlake's greetings, and only growing more and more angry as he felt how Esperance was trembling. As soon as he could trust himself to speak he turned upon Mrs. Mortlake, but Christabel with an instinctive dread of what was coming, tried to intercept his speech.

"Good-morning; you are later than usual to-day; have you come to take Esperance for a walk?" Her cool, clear voice so angered him that he dared not speak to her. He just bowed an assent. Christabel fairly trembled before that calm, dignified anger, and she never forgot Gaspard's look—the clear, unfinching eyes, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the whole face rigid with repressed indignation. She gave a sigh of relief when he turned away, and led Esperance from the room.

Some Distance After Ten years.  
Half a bar, half a bar.  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch  
Choir and Procession  
Into a mass of pitch  
They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Believed and thundered.  
Oh, that Precentor's look  
When the soprano took  
Their own time and took  
From the Old Hundred  
Screamed all the tenors here  
Bogged the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,  
While his mind wandered;  
While not the reason why  
This psalm was pitched too high—  
Theirs but to rasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Believed and thundered,  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the parson's bell,  
While all the church wondered.  
Dire the Precentor's glare,  
Flashed his pitchfork in air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear  
Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached the pulpit from rack,  
Then from the screaming pack,  
Himself he sundered.  
Tenors to right of him,  
Trebles to left of him,  
Discords behind him,  
Believed and thundered,  
Oh, the wild howls they wrought  
Right to the end they fought!  
Some tune they sang, but not  
Not the Old Hundred.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.  
CHAPTER XXIV.

The days passed by with terrible swiftness, and when the Sunday was over, Esperance found it hard to make the most of her present happiness—her thoughts would turn to the wedding which was in store for her on the Wednesday. Gaspard had arranged to meet Dr. Seymour in town on Wednesday evening, and they were to travel down to Southampton together, their ship sailing the next day.

Unfortunately, Tuesday was the evening of the militia ball, and Esperance foresaw a time of hurry and bustle, when she would most have wished for quiet. Herow was making her very patient, however, and though she was being upon finishing Gaspard's attendances she bore her ceaseless interruptions patiently.

Never had Cornelia's room been invaded so ruthlessly. First, Bertha appeared, with cheeks flushed rosy red, and a happy light in her usually languid eyes. "Esperance, you must help me just for a moment. See! George has given me these beautiful pink azaleas for to-night, so I must wear my white net instead of the blue, and here is the killing all in ribbons."

Esperance looked in dismay at the torn skirt, which had been very roughly treated at some dance. "No one will mend it so beautifully as you," said Bertha, persuasively, "and, indeed, all the servants are so busy this morning; can you spare just half an hour for it?"

Esperance could not refuse; she put down Gaspard's sock with a stifled sigh, and submitted to being half smothered by the folds of white net. Her dainty little fingers soon matters right, and as she worked she could not help wondering when the very obvious attachment between George Palgrave and Bertha would be decided. Perhaps it might be that very night; Bertha would look very beautiful in the white dress and the azaleas, and there would be music, and bright lights, and excitement. Ah, well! it was a good thing that some people could enjoy such things, and the little French girl knew well enough that they were enjoyable, but she was too ill and sorrowful even to wish for "distraction" just now.

She had just finished Bertha's dress when Mrs. Mortlake came in. "You are always out of the way when you are wanted," she said, crossly. "The idea of shutting yourself up here when every one is so busy! I want you to come and see to Bella."

Esperance folded up her work with a heavy heart, and hastened away to the drawing-room, where she found Bella making herself a general nuisance. "There, just hear her reading, will you," said Mrs. Mortlake, handing over her troublesome charge willingly enough. "She must be here because the other rooms are engaged—keep her quiet."

This was more easily said than done, as Bella was in high spirits, and much more inclined to torment good-natured Mrs. Lowdell, with rough, teasing play, than to attend to her lessons. For at least half an hour such a battle as the following went on: "Now, Bella, c—s—t; you know quite well what spells!"