

## Matutinal Soliloquies of a Young Man.

### SOLILQUY THE FIRST.

Heigho! So this is London, and a smoky, foggy, dismal metropolis it is, to say the least of it.

Reminds me of young Simpkins, of our class, who undertook to write an apostrophe to the ocean—a la Byron—and completed one line: "Oh, thou prodigious dampness!" Simpkins stuck there and couldn't get any farther; but there is no such limit to London dampness.

By the great ponds of Michigan, the air here seems to hold water in solution! One runs a risk of being drowned in breathing!

I suppose this is what Mr. Guppy called a "London particular," but with all due respect, I don't think London is particular, or she wouldn't have such an atmosphere.

Fine showing, this, for an April morning! Ho, hum! I really must get up and commence my pilgrimage.

I can't understand why I should have started on this European tour, and condemned myself to wandering about looking at things I don't want to see, climbing mountains I don't want to climb, rummaging around through nasty streets where I don't want to rummage, and inhaling odors that I decidedly object to. What is the use now of my "doing" London, and subjecting myself to fatigue, odors, and "ackney coaches, when I accomplish it all so much more pleasantly with one of Dickens' novels at home in a hammock, or drifting down the Chesapeake? I can't understand why I should want to see the Tower because the princes were murdered there, nor the Avon because Shakespeare was born there, nor a hundred and one other places because something was done or wasn't done there! If a man tells me that his father was hanged, I am quite satisfied to believe him without rushing off immediately to see the place and bringing away a piece of the gallows or a shred of the rope.

Thank heaven, when I'm through with London my occupation's gone, and I can go home in peace. Constantinople, Venice, Rome, Switzerland, Paris—I've done them all, and pretty thoroughly, I hope, though my people at home will be sure to think of some confounded place that I ought to have seen but didn't see. Something that I have omitted which they have been dying to see for goodness knows how long.

Think I'd better coach up on the guide book, and—that reminds me I gave mine to the pretty girl whom I rescued in Venice from the gondoliers—those fellows are as bad as London "ackney-coachmen—and who was so charmingly grateful. Said she hoped we might meet again, and she was ever and ever so much obliged to me, and it was so nice to meet a countryman, for she was American. I would have known that if she had stopped after "nice"—and a great deal more to the same effect, all in the sweetest voice and with the cordial, confiding way which belongs alone to our girls. Bless 'em! Shook hands with me, smiled more in her soft gray eyes than with her lips, and left me standing there with my hat off, a spectacle for those rascally boatmen!

Made a memorandum on a blank leaf of my guide-book to this effect:

Prettiest picture in Venice. Study in gray. Gray eyes, gray robe, name Gray. Worth a fortune, but by the right person to be had for the asking.

N. B.—Would that I dared to ask.

Then I gave the nearest gondolier a twenty franc piece to overtake her and retrieve to Mademoiselle the book she did neglect. And that's all.

By Jove, I must get up!

### SOLILQUY THE SECOND.

Three weeks in London! Well, London isn't so bad after all, and I am really interested in hunting up queer places.

I'd give a farm just to find Mrs. Todgers' lodging-house, and Miss Gray is constantly looking for a Curiosity Shop. That I should meet her again, and especially in this human labyrinth, is a piece of good fortune little short of fatality. Her mother and 14-year-old brother constituted the party, and the old lady says she really doesn't know how they would have managed to see so much of London but for my valuable aid. I'm a disinterested party, I am! Hanged if I don't believe I'm getting too much absorbed in the flesh tints, and the perspective, and the freshortening, and the coloring of my study in Gray. She has not said a word about my guide-book, not even whether she received it or not; but she seemed glad to see me, and I—pshaw! I'm too old to lie abed and day-dream like a school-boy! I think I'll go home. I've seen enough yellow fog and black smoke. Mrs. Gray says they are going to Scotland, and the Hebrides, and all those moist dem'd unpleasant places that William Black rejoices in—and, indeed, when one can sit by a warm fire and read about rain and wind, leaden sky and dewy heather, it isn't bad; but excuse from participating, as the man said when he was going to be hanged. Yet I can be with her by going. She said her mamma wanted me to go so much. I wonder whether she speaks to me with mamma's lips? Girls do, I know, particularly when they are afraid to let a fellow see that they take any interest. For example, if her mother

wanted me to go as an escort, and she herself didn't care a straw whether I went or not, she would have said: "I want you to go so much." It's a good sign when mother comes to the front. Bah! I'm trying to construe nothing into something—a practice I thought I had abandoned ever since the days when I persuaded myself that a certain school-girl returned my youthful passion; because she permitted me to carry her bookstrap to school, a dream that was dispelled by her subsequently conferring that privilege on another young gentleman in knickerbockers.

But still I should like to see Scotland and the places so "clustered around with historical associations"—I believe that's the phrase—which one reads about in—Sir Walter and—other historians. At home they'll be sure to ask me about Auld Reekie, St. Ronan's Well, Corrie Nan Shian, and Coilan Togle, and what shall I say? It is clearly my duty to go to Scotland, because—Harry Olden, you are pulling the wool over your own eyes! You don't care a jot more for ordinary places with extraordinary names than you do for extraordinary places with ordinary names! Now acknowledge it's the girl. Well, confound your impertinence, suppose it is the girl!

I am going to Scotland.

### SOLILQUY THE THIRD.

Ah—grrr—krrr—gnooch! By Jove, how I must have been snoring! I never felt so little like getting up in my life, though the sun is pouring in at the window, and the whistle of the partidge comes from the hillside like a morning matin.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed.

I'm glad I came to Scotland—glad we left the beaten track of tourists and took up our quarters at this Highland hostelry. I don't think I ever enjoyed rambling through woods, and picking ferns, or sketching hill-tops, half so much, even on the banks of the old Susquehanna—my benison on her broad bosom!

I'm sure there must be something about these Highland braes that nourishes rhyme, romance and all that sort of thing, for a fellow seems to drop into poetry as naturally as Mr. Silas Wegg. Laurel—I beg pardon, Miss Laurel—my study in Gray—says she knows I am of a poetic temperament, and I am so foolish as to go hammering up verses to prove it! Ah, well! When it's happiness to be foolish, 'tis foolishness not to be happy!

Seems to me I've heard some quotation like that, only briefer. Heigho! Yesterday was a red-letter day in my existence. To be sole guide, assistance, counselor and protector of the dearest girl in the world for a whole day of rambling through forest and glen, is what I call a blessed privilege! We explored Ben Voirlich—all the mountains in this country seem to be afflicted with Christian name of Benjamin—spoke our little piece over Monan's Hill, and ate our luncheon in "Lone Glenarty's hazel shade." I think I must have spouted a whole canto of "The Lady of the Lake" at different times, and how spirited she was over the defiant stag—how her beautiful eyes fill up at the death of "my gallant gray."

Well, it's a blessing I know Scott by heart! It is precious little else I know besides poetry and novels, but she defers to me as if I were an emporium of information. Said she:

"Mr. Olden, you seem to feel poetry, while other people, just say it. You give it a ring of reality that is more affecting than finished declamation."

I—"It must be because you are my auditor then. Generally I regard poetry as a combination of fantastically elevated words and ideas—a hyperbolic expression of ultra-human sentiments in ultra-human language. With you for a listener, it seems almost appropriate, so high a rank do I give you."

She (archly)—"I wonder if I have anything to do with the feelings which prompt you to wind up an impassioned poem with some absurd parody or burlesque."

I—"Oh, that is done for the purpose of taking the edge off what you might otherwise consider sentimentality—and partly to convince myself that I am not growing sentimental in reality."

She—"Is sentiment such a crime in your eyes?"

I—"Not a crime, but a source for ridicule. Promise me not to laugh—not to think me absurd—and I'll play at romance like the veriest lover of them all. I have a mighty leaning to it!"

She—"Some day you'll play at it in earnest, and be the veriest lover of them all, or I am no prophetess."

I—"Methinks the day has come—the hour and the woman! Can you not see that since I have known you—since that happy day in Venice—"

She (naively)—"When you returned my book?"

I—"Ah! You did get the book? Then it has told you that from the first I have set up your picture in my heart, and fallen down before it—"

She—"All on a Summer's day! Are you not getting dangerously near the brink, Mr. Olden—of the lake, I mean? You might wet your feet."

I—"Do you think I say this in a vein which justifies flippant interruptions, Miss Gray?"

She—"Do you think I treat you in a way which justifies flippant gallantry, Mr. Olden?"

I—"You wrong me when you treat as gallantry the homage of a man—"

She—"Is quite as serious as he usually permits himself to be, or as he has been during any summer vacation for the past half a dozen years. Who parodies Rosalind and says, 'Come, I'll

woo thee, for I'm in a holiday humor, and like enough to be ensnared?'"

I—"You regard me as a trifer, I see." She (regretfully)—"And only think what you might have been! Let us go home."

Now, what does all this mean? Am I in love? And is there a chance for me? As to the first, yes; and the second—Well, she scorned the manner and not the matter of my wooing. There's some comfort in that. If you can convince a woman that you were a trifer until you succumbed to her, she is prepared to forgive the first, and to regard the last as very natural.

"Only to think what you might have been." She said it almost mournfully. Now, I don't think I might have been anything in particular; but I shall try to be it from this time forth, and she shall be the judge. How beautiful she is! I'd give a king's ransom to hear her say—

There's the breakfast bell!

### SOLILQUY THE FOURTH.

Jangle, jangle, jangle! Confound the church bells! A fellow can never sleep on Sunday mornings with their clamor!

Back to Edinburgh from the Hebrides—back from the land of mist, and clouds, and romance, with a full determination to read about, but not visit it henceforward. Too much fish and Gaelic to suit me. Three months gone and the ground covered with Autumn leaves since I've been dangling in her train; and—ah! I fear I've been making a fool of myself! Does she care for me at all? Well, I'm a sanguine, self-possessive man; but putting all that aside, I think I am gaining ground a little.

Why am I not ecstatically happy then? I expected to be, and—by Jove, I will be! I have lived a quarter of a century without having seen any woman so beautiful, so lovable; and I know she's far too good for me. What a conceited idiot I am! I dare say it's all my egotism, and she really never gives me a second thought. And yet when I pulled that reckless young scapegrace brother of hers out of Loch Mayle, she put both her cold little hands in mine, and whispered some incoherent words, of which I could only catch, "Forgive me—I know you better now." Pshaw! that was only gratitude. And yet, when I held her hands, and tried to tell her how gladly I would take far greater risks for her sake, she did not take them away, but raised her eyes to my face so bravely and trustingly that I trod on air for days afterward.

She keeps my book, too. I saw the leaf on which I wrote that absurd crotchet thrust into her little silk purse. She had torn it out and was making a relic of it. That might be because of its oddity, and probably means nothing. There never was a girl so proof to flattery as not to preserve such a spontaneous tribute. She treats me just the same as ever—is friendly and cordial—no more. Uncertainty, then, is all I arrive at—uncertainty as to her feelings, uneasiness as to mine.

Pretty much the same way I felt at Long Branch, three years ago, when I spent a fortnight trying to determine whether I was in love with Lucy Romer, and, if so, whether she would be pleased to hear it; at the end of which time she married young Landless, and, to my surprise, I was pleased to hear it!

Suppose this was to result similarly? I think I'd better go home. And yet there will be something lost out of life when I leave her. I should be wretched, I am afraid; but not so wretched as I would be should she refuse me. Perhaps not so wretched as I might be eventually if she accepted me.

"Where shall I find the concord of this discord?" Apparently, not in this bed, for it looks like what Mrs. Partington calls a "corruption of Mount Vociferous." Hello, Boobs! Bring me some hot water!

Mr. Henry Olden, get these home on the next steamer.

### SOLILQUY THE FIFTH.

O Lord! O Lord! I feel as if I had just parted with my immortal soul, not to mention everything I have eaten for the past twenty-four hours. Seasickness! The man who called it one of the comic diseases was surely never seasick! A myriad of curses on the reeling, rocking old tub. I could almost wish she'd go to the bottom!

I wonder how Miss Gray and her mother are standing it! I hope to heaven I shall not see her again until she recovers, or else I'm done with romance forever! The old lady would insist on taking this steamer, and I think it was a dispensation of Providence to cure my malady. How can a man worship when his divinity is white around the lips, and red around the eyes, with a drawn, pinched look, as if anxiously expecting a catastrophe.

How could I have been such a simpleton as to dabble sentimentally through a whole Summer, and start home during the equinoctial storms? A proper termination this for love's young dream, and all its attendant follies! Sweet reveries and murmured vows, forthwith! Moonshine all of it, and, as for poetry—it is a mockery, a grinning skeleton! O Lord, I'll never be a fool again!

I suppose Miss Gray loathes the very remembrance of all that midsummer madness, and I recall it with the same unbounded satisfaction I derive from recollecting a meal of cold pork and potatoes. Pork! Ugh! I'll never eat again! They say this steamer will reach New York to-morrow, and I here register a vow that I'll go back home and stay there—be a misanthrope,

philosopher, cynic, hermit—anything but a sentimental fool! Amen.

### SOLILQUY THE SIXTH.

Will the day never break? Those swallows outside of my window have been chattering for an hour as if it were their wedding day. The 24th of April—just a year to-day since I landed in Venice—just a year since I began studying the light and shade of my beautiful picture in Gray, and to-day I place it in my father's hall! Ah, there comes the sun! How the clouds gather golden fringes! The birds are singing as if they knew my happiness! The dew is sparkling on the grass. It is springtime, and my wedding day.—Sheldon Borden in The Argonaut.

### Eunice's Twins.

"No, I can't say that I've had a prosperous season," observed one passenger to another. "Last spring me and my old woman thought we'd keep summer boarders and make some money. We have a big house, able to accommodate eighteen people beside our own folks, so we write to our sons and darters in the city, tellin' 'em what we had decided on, an' askin' 'em to say a good word for us to their friends. Well, we fixed the old house up in fine shape and waited for our boarders. Purty soon our darter Mary came down from town with her three children, and said she had spoken to all her friends about us. In about a week Darter Er came with her four children. She said the same thing, an' though they wasn't profitable boarders we hoped for a new kind, and felt much encouraged from what they told us. The next arrival was my wife's sister Sal and her two nearly grown-up children. I was a good deal discouraged then, but my old woman braced me up by sayin' some payin' boarders was comin' and we could 'commode six more anyway. The next arrival was my darter Eunice with her husband and two children. They all settled down as if they 'lowed to stay all summer, an' I was purty badly broken up about it. I told my old woman things were getting down to a fine point an' not much left of the garden truck. She encouraged me by sayin' we still had room for two boarders, an' we'd charge them enough to run the whole house. Two days afterward I saw a strange man stop and go in, an' I thought he'd turned at last, and killed two chickens before I got to the house. When I did get there I discovered he was my brother, Jim, who I hadn't seen for twelve years, come to spend the summer with me. That settled me on the summer boarder business, though the old woman said we still had room for one boarder, and by making the hired man sleep in the barn we could take in two, an' that would clear the house. When I come in from work the next night my darter Em met me on the porch, and said smilingly, 'Father, says she, 'we've got two new boarders. They came this afternoon. Come up stairs and see them.' 'Wait till I dress up a bit,' says I. So I washed, put on a collar, and, feeling a good deal encouraged, went up stairs. There was all the girls and my old woman. 'Pap,' says she with tears in her eyes, 'the house is full at last. Eunice has got twins.'

### Leaves From a Western House-keeper's Journal.

#### Rural New Yorker.

"There is not anything in the house but salt pork," I heard the cook say to Aunt Dorcas. "Oh, that is all right," and she gave a jolly little laugh, and said, "I've lived too long away from markets and fresh meat not to know how to make a meal, or a dozen, out of salt pork. Once on a time I cut it in thick chunks, and fried it in its own grease over a hot fire after parboiling; but now I cut it as thin as possible take off the rind, and steep it first in clean, soft water, about milk-warm. It requires rather slow cooking, and, when done, can be set in the oven to keep warm." And all this time Aunt Dorcas was working while she talked, and then prepared a gravy of milk and flour and some of the grease from the meat, in a clean frying-pan. She toasted some stale bread, and dipped it in the gravy, using it as a garnish for the meat, frying a few eggs to lay between. "In this way a little pork goes a long way," said she. "Children prefer the toast, egg and gravy to the meat." Then she cut up some apples and fried them as we do Saratoga potatoes, removing the cores, but not peeling the apples. It made altogether a palatable dinner, and, as she predicted, the children liked the toast and gravy with their baked potatoes better than the meat.

One day she cooked what she called "furnity" in the place of barley or rice. It was made by steeping wheat for 24 hours, then boiling it gently in soft water for six hours. It is then set away for future use, and when wanted is covered with milk upon the stove and allowed to simmer. Half an hour before it is wanted, stir in a couple of well-beaten eggs, a little allspice and sugar to taste. "It's a nice dish," said Aunt Dorcas, "and where we grow so much wheat it is handy to keep it boiled and ready for use. One can't always be running to the store for rice, and the children always liked furnity the best."

"Did you ever steam eggs?" she asked one morning before breakfast, and she took up a pie plate, buttered it, and broke some eggs on it, then seasoned them with salt and pepper and a little butter. Then she set the plate in a steamer, and cooked till set. They were done to a turn, and would be a good dish for a delicate appetite. "Eggs and chickens are plentiful out West, dearie," she said, "and we try and cook them with as much variety as possible."

### A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

#### Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves, if we do not say it before our readers, even though its length would ordinarily preclude its admission to our limited space.

TO THE EDITOR ROCHESTER (N. Y.) DEMOCRAT:

SIR.—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach got out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluid I was passing—also that there were large quantities of one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for indeed seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in the head, and that I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation, by means of a remedy, which he urged me to try. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being of the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is Bright's disease of the kidney. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is really as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms, it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly; faint convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and probable death will be the sure result of such neglect and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statement based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HEXTON, M. D.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.