

HO! WINTER.

Ha! winter, ho! winter, King of the northern blast!

But ha! winter, ho! winter, What about the poor!

JEAN.

"Ah, how pretty she is!" he said. "Was there ever such a pretty lass, I'd think, Jean?"

"Perhaps not," said Jean; and she took her milking pails, and followed Hulda going on before with a light step and a gay song toward the meadow where the cows browsed.

Certainly she was not pretty; and what there was in her face the man on the stile would have been the last to see.

The house in which she dwelt was old, and near the sea; far from all human aid too; and its occupants very two very old people and two girls.

The girls slept together in an upper room of the house, and on her wedding eve Hulda spread out gown and shoes and cheap white veil, and dancing about them, boasted that when the morrow's sun set she should be mistress of the house, and Jean her servant.

The thoughts grew so, and were so horrible, that she could not be sure of

relief. Hulda, watching her, saw only a deadly whiteness creep over her lips, and with the first touch of pity in her heart, folded her veil away, and said, unwisely enough, but meaning it kindly.

"No doubt, the next wedding will be yours, Jean." Then Jean, without a look, turned from her and left the room. She sought to be safe from herself, for fiendish thoughts possessed her; and longing for solitude and quiet, she climbed a ladder that led to the tiled roof, and seeking the shelter of the great chimney, sat down in its shadow and looked up at the sky. It was calm and full of stars. Its peacefulness had an instant influence on her.

At last she began to dream. They were going to church—Hulda and Ned—and she heard the wedding bells; but going in at the door she saw, instead of gaily dressed guests, mourners all in black and a coffin before the altar, and gave a scream and wakened. Bells were ringing, but not wedding bells—the bells that tolled if there were any need of the men of the place—if fire broke out, or robbers were heard of, or there were any rioting in the town. What could it mean?

Jean listened. A strange sobbing, surging sound fell upon her ears. Lights gleamed in all the houses of the town. The truth flashed upon her. Years before, her old grandmother had told her how the old sea wall had been washed away, and a tide had risen and swept in upon them on that wild coast of Lincolnshire, carrying with it, as it went out, kine and flocks and little dwellings, and even land itself; and how there was mourning throughout the land for those that it had done to death—men and women and children, young and old—so that many a household long remembered it with woe.

The house in which she dwelt was old, and near the sea; far from all human aid too; and its occupants very two very old people and two girls. The only one who could have aided them was far away. But for this Jean could have thanked Heaven, for he was safe, and the waters were rising even now above the windows of the lower rooms. She could see the starlight reflected in it in gleams and sparkles, and she knew that the old people must be drowned in their beds if she did not waken them. She went down into the room where they slept, and cried out, as she shook them, "The tide has risen again! The tide has risen again! Hear the bells!"

Then she led them, trembling and weeping in their helpless old-age, to the roof, and found Hulda already crouched there. She was crying also, and she turned to Jean and clutched her arm.

"Will the water rise so far?" she asked. "Will I be drowned? I who was to be married to-morrow? Oh, it can't be, Jean!"

"Others will go with you, if you are," said Jean. "There are four of us."

"But no other besides I would have been so happy and so proud to-morrow," said Hulda, and bemoaned herself. The old people shook and prayed, and cried softly.

Jean, calm and silent, kept watch. The lights floating about told that boats were out. Help might come even yet, but the water was creeping up. It filled the house. It lapped the very eaves. Still it rose, higher and higher and higher. Those upon the roof climbed to the very apex of its slope, and clung there, but the water reached their feet, and Hulda was quite mad with terror, when a light glimmered close before them, and a voice cried:

"Good folks, there's room for some here. How many of you are there?"

"Four," said Jean.

"We've room for three," said the voice. "Is it Welton's folk?"

"Yes," said Jean.

Then a stout fellow strode over the roof and carried away the old woman, and then the old man, and came back.

"We'll return for the other as soon as we can," said he; "keep up courage;" and seized Jean's arm. "In with you, he cried, "There's little time to spare."

And Hulda gave a scream, and cried, "Don't leave me! don't leave me!"

Then Jean, in whose heart jealousy had lighted the fires of hell but an hour or so before, felt that the angels had quenched it with the waters of love. She wrenched her strong, white arm from the grasp of the man who held it.

"Leave me, and take her," she said, "I'm not afraid. I'm able to bear more. And she is to be Ned Welton's wife to-morrow. Save her for his sake."

She commanded; she did not implore, or seem to speak from duty.

The man who listened hardly thought of her sacrifice. He obeyed. Hulda was in the boat.

"Keep courage until we come back," he shouted, and rowed away. Jean clung to the chimney side, and kept her feet firm on the roof; but they were ankle deep now.

The water was rising still. She knew that there was little hope, but she was very happy.

"O, dear old fellow—dear, dear Ned," she said aloud, for there were none to hear her, "there'll be no blight, for you know you'll have your love safe and sound to-morrow. What's plain Jean to any one? Who'll miss her but a poor old woman who'll follow her soon? But she, Hulda, is half your life, Ned. Oh, God, be thanked that I can give myself for Hulda, for your sake!"

And in the starlight her face shown calm and sweet and happy, with more than martyr's happiness, as the water arose toward it.

And at last her feet lost their hold, and her strength was gone. She was lifted and whirled away; the long brown hair, unloosened, swept behind her; the marble face gleamed through rings of water that the starlight made a halo of. A voice sobbing through it, said: "Ned! Ned! darling Ned, good-bye!" and there was nothing to be seen but the flood still rising, and the sky spread out above it.

On the morrow Jean Abbot's body was found lying close to the old church, whence by that time the water had retreated. And Ned and Hulda, among others, came to see it. Hulda wept. Ned stood quiet, but with a strange regret in his blue eyes. The story of her sacrifice had thrilled his heart. He looked down at her face, on which the beauty of her beautiful love and unselfishness had rested in her dying moments, leaving an angelic smile upon the marble lips, and said in a dreamy way:

"Hulda, she was pretty. I never knew Jean Abbott was pretty before." And then he kissed her.

The Lop-Sidedness of Genius.

It is an unfortunate truth that genius is not domestic, nor, as a rule, amiable. Men who are great in intellect are small in emotions; like a Russian sunflower, they all run to head, and what is not flower is litter. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Bulwer and Carlyle. Brain and heart always in inverse ratio; eyes always gazing out at the misery of the world to the neglect of the misery at their own hearthstones. From Socrates, with his aggressive nose in every stew pot but his own, to Goethe, with sympathy for every suffering but that caused by himself, the history of genius is the history of woman's suffering, the husband's triumph and the wife's grief—the apotheosis of brains and the degradation of heart. Where talent flies, love creeps; and genius, with its head in the sky, has its feet in the desolation of its own home. It would seem as if great talents were destructive of the domestic virtues; that with man, a perfectly rounded life were impossible; that what feeds talent is robbed from the emotions, while symmetry is lost in lop-sidedness. Hero worshippers rather admire this lop-sidedness in their heroes, and the philosophic Germans, for example, have written many erudite treatises to prove that the development of Goethe's genius was due to Goethe's immorality; but to simple people who are not philosophers, and who have no theory to defend, the vices of genius are the most inexcusable of all vices.

It is a sad fact, that the world's heroes are anything but heroic; and if they are angelic as to thought they are coarsely clay as to flesh; and it is only what is left after the grave closes over them that is deserving of admiration. Had biography been an art in Elizabeth's reign, Shakespeare would doubtless have been a sufferer; were biography not an art in Victoria's reign, posterity would be grateful.

Liquor in the Army.

Gen. McClellan found it difficult to prevent the sale of liquor to soldiers, and finally gave orders that the stock of any one violating the regulations should be, summarily destroyed. The next night the provost guard visited Springman's hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue, and destroyed nearly \$2,000 worth of liquors of various kinds. The guard went into the cellar of the establishment, where most of the liquor was stored, and stove in the heads of the casks and barrels, pouring their contents upon the floor, forming a pool deep enough to float a bateau. The Columbia restaurant, kept by Joseph Platz, situated on the square below, was next overhauled by the guard, and the liquor found on the premises served in the same manner. The atmosphere in the neighborhood of the Springman house was fragrant with the odor of whisky, brandy, gin, and cordials, and was sniffed up by the several old toppers standing near with peculiar satisfaction.—Ben: Perley Poore.

A Texas Doctor.

Dr. Blister is one of those physicians who do not take any nonsense from their patients. One day he presented his bill to Mose Schaumburg.

"One hundred and fifty tollars!" exclaimed Mose. "Vy, mine Gott, twc funerals in dot family would not hal cost me so much as dot."

"It's not too late to have a funeral in the house yet," replied Dr. Blister, drawing an army-size revolver. Dr. Blister heels himself whenever a patient feels indisposed to settle.—Texas Siftings

GENERAL GRANT'S CONDITION.

Two Leading Medical Journals Give Reports and Comments upon the General's Condition.

New York, March 19.—After his visit to Gen. Grant to-night Dr. Douglas said:

The general slept seven hours continuously last night. He was very well through the day. He asked for roast mutton, and ate it during the afternoon and evening. The general revised enough of his books to keep the printers busy three days. When I left him to-night he was inclined to sleep. The patient's throat looks better this evening. It has not the angry appearance it has had. There was a catarrhal difficulty in the morning that caused gagging, but no bad results. Cocaine is not now being used, and there is no pain. There is mental occupation that renders the general wakeful.

MORE MEDICAL LORE.

The following will appear in the Medical Record on Saturday: During the past week the local disease of Gen. Grant has shown no marked tendency toward progressing ulceration. At the recent weekly consultation Dr. Fordyce Barker was unavoidably absent. Drs. J. H. Douglas, Henry B. Sands and George F. Shrady, who were present, made a thorough examination of the general's throat with a view of discussing the expediency of a surgical operation for the removal of the growth. Such a measure would involve the division of the lower jaw in the median line, the extirpation of the entire tongue and the greater part of the soft palate, together with the removal of the ulcerated and infiltrated fauces and indurated glandular structures under the right angle of the lower jaw. This was considered mechanically possible, despite the close proximity and probable involvement of tissues adjoining the large arteries and veins in the neighborhood of the ulceration; but in the best interests of the distinguished patient the surgeons did not feel inclined to recommend the procedure. Even by such means there could be no guarantee, in view of the extensive surrounding infiltration, that the limits of the disease would be reached without immediate risk to the life by a severe shock to the constitution already such a great extent of vital power is so low that for the present, at least, no kind of operation will be undertaken. The ulceration on the side of the tongue has not progressed far enough to produce the usual intolerable pain reported with that condition; but should the latter symptoms appear it may be advised to divide the gustatory nerve. The general tone of the patient's system remains about the same as at last reports, notwithstanding he has suffered much from insomnia. The latter, within the last day or two, has been kept under control by suitable anodynes. There is no pain in swallowing, and sufficient food is taken with reasonable relish.

A PHILADELPHIA CONTRIBUTION.

The Philadelphia Medical News this week will say editorially, concerning the disease from which Gen. Grant is suffering:

Lingual epithelioma, as a rule, rapidly progresses toward fatal termination when left to itself. The life of the patient, from the first appearance of the disease, varies in accordance with the estimates of different observers from five to thirteen months, the average being seven months. Death ensues first from generalization of the disease; secondly, from the inhalation of putrid emanations, which result from decomposition of the products of the ulcerated surface; third, from starvation through the pressure of infiltrated lymphatic glands and surrounding parts upon the oesophagus, thereby interfering with deglutition; and lastly from hemorrhage proceeding from ulcerated lingual arteries or veins of the neck. The duration of the life of those who survive an operation averages nineteen months. Not only does operative interference prolong life and relieve suffering, but it effects a cure in 14 per cent. of all cases. In obtaining these results it must be remembered that the incision of the tongue is attended with a mortality of 23 per cent., the principal dangers being hemorrhage, pneumonia, oedema of the glottis, septic lymphadenitis, pyæmia, or erysipelas—some of which risks can be avoided by taking careful precautions during the operation and by perfecting antiseptic measures during and after the procedure. When in addition to disease of the tongue itself, the palate and tonsils are involved, and prognosis is far more grave, whether the dissection shall be permitted to pursue an unaided course or whether it shall be subjected to the knife. In the latter event not only will the tongue have to be extirpated, but disease of the palate and tonsils have to be reached. So far as we can learn, there is no example of the performance of a double operation on record, and it is, in our opinion, not justifiable.

A Double Tragedy in St. Paul.

On the afternoon of the 18th inst., Harvey W. Kellogg, late proprietor of the Buckeye restaurant, No. 151 East Seventh street St. Paul (an establishment that failed two weeks before), left his family in their rooms over the restaurant, ostensibly to go to Minneapolis to get work. This was the last seen of him by his family. His dead body was found lying by the dead body of Mrs. D. B. Barrette, in the latter's apartments at No. 314 East Seventh street, over Anderson and Co.'s saloon. The theory formulated is that Kellogg killed the woman and then made way with himself.

Years ago H. W. Kellogg was a merchant in Knapp, Wis. He came to St. Paul frequently, and on one of his trips here met an old Wisconsin friend, Mrs. D. B. Barrette, the wife of a noted gambler—Dave Barrette—from whom she had separated. Mrs. Barrette was in needy circumstances, and Kellogg befriended her.

Something over a year ago Kellogg came to St. Paul with his family, opened the Buckeye restaurant, made some money, lost it all, and a short time ago failed in business. He was infatuated with Mrs. Barrette, and would haunt her rooms continually. Recently she called on Dr. Westlake and told him that Kellogg had threatened to kill her and then shoot himself. Mrs. Barrette was shot in the right temple, and so was Mr. Kellogg, there not being over an inch difference in the relative location of the wounds upon each. Death must have been instantaneous. Mrs. Barrette was dressed in a loose Mother Hubbard gown and Kellogg clothed just as he came in from off the street. Kellogg was forty-five years old, and had a family consisting of a wife and five children—one a son, twenty-one years old, living at Knapp, Wis.

He was not exactly sound in mind, was troubled with insomnia and melancholia, and had a noted gambler—his name is not recalled—made threats to kill this woman. As yet, no one knows if he was ever criminally intimate with her. Mrs. Barrette came to St. Paul from La Crosse. She was about forty years old, and her mother is at Neillsville, Wis. Her husband was a painter by trade, but has been living away from St. Paul for some time.

Miss Susan Warner, a novelist, died at Newburgh, N. Y. Miss Warner was born in New York in 1817, being the daughter of Henry W. Warner, lawyer and author. For many years she has lived on Constitution island in the Hudson river, opposite West Point. Her first essay in literature was a novel, "The Wide, Wide World," published in 1850 under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell," and which gained wide popularity. It was succeeded by "Queechy," in 1852, which also had a wide circulation and many other works.

The trunk railroad have fixed the fare from Chicago to Boston at \$20.50; to New York \$18.50; Philadelphia \$18; Washington \$13.50

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