[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

RANF DEDICATES HIS DIARY TO EVANGELINE.

"I address these concluding lines to you, Evangeline, child of my heart.

"Thus far I have related all that is necessary of my life beyond these silver seas, and all that I knew of yours. One day it may be of importance to you to be acquainted with the particulars, for, as Harold truly observed, 'Life is full of surprises.'

"Something yet remains to be told. Harold, I learned, was a sculptor, and was poor. Mauvain was at once his friend and patron. Harold might have achieved distinction, had he cared to win it, but his indolent nature stopped the way. Whatever may have been Mauvain's true feeling for Harold, I became convinced that Harold estimated his patron's character at its proper worth. Had I cared to speak in terms of disparagement of his wealthier patron he would have resented it; none the less did he hold him in despisal.

"I have taken some pains to delineate the characters of these gentlemen; I wish you to understand them.

"I read Mauvain's last letter to me over and over again. It was extraordinary that he should choose for you a name you already bore. He could not have been aware that beneath his name and mine in the Bible I had found in my mother's hut was written the name of Evangeline, which I naturally supposed to be yours. Was, then, the circumstance of his desiring me to introduce you to the inhabitants of the Silver Isle by that name merely a coincidence, or was it a part of a chain yet to be unwound?

"I determined to sound Harold upon the point. Between the young sculptor and myself no feeling of confidence existed. He looked upon me as a creature so immeasurably beneath him, and was so painstaking, in his insolent way, of impressing it upon me, that a man with less control over himself than I possess would not have tamely submitted to it. But I have learned life's lessons, and only upon rare occasions do my passions succeed in overpowering my reason.

"Harold evinced a desire to amuse himself with me, but it was not in my nature to truckle to any man, and I was as free with my words as he of his; so after a time we came to a tacit understanding to have little to say to each other.

"For a long time I could not find a suitable opportunity to speak to him on the subject of Mauvain's letter, and it was not until we were within a few days' sail of the Silver Isle that it presented itself. We had not addressed each other for days; he was master of the situation, for he never betrayed the slightest impatience towards me. It was different with me; when I am stung by a nettle I cannot help showing feeling.

"I must be just to him. He took a sentimental pleasure in your society, but I do not believe he ever uttered a word against me in your presence. This was so loyal that I could not help admiring him for it; few men would have refrained from stabbing one whom they disliked as cordially as he disliked me. At other times, when you were not near, he did not spare me.

"He was lying on the deck with a book of poetry in his hand, which he was idly reading, when I approached and stood before him. He did not raise his eyes, but, with matchless insolence, murmured, as though he had just come to the line:

"'And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders! The quotation is pat, for one stands before me. Thrust for thrust, hunchback; I am ready.'

"'I am above those taunts,' I said; 'they no longer wound me.'

"I lied when I made that boast, and he knew that I lied.

"'At least you have courage,' he remarked.

"'I need it,' I replied. 'But it is not of myself I care to speak. I wish to have a word with you about that little maid.'

"'Evangeline?'

"'Yes.'

"'It is cruel of you. This is the dreaming time of day.' (The sun was shining full upon him). 'The effort of thinking, much less of speaking, is exhausting.'

"'It is almost a pity that the trouble of living should have been thrust upon you.'

"He laughed quietly. 'I thought you would not be able to resist. It is, indeed, a pity. We should be consulted—it is an injustice.'

"'There is an easy way out of it,' I said, glancing at the calm and beautiful sea.

"He looked at the water with peaceful eyes, and said, 'No, hunchback, I will wait. Proceed with your business.'

"'We are near the end of our voyage.'

"'I am happy in the reflection that we shall soon part company.'

"'On the day I first set foot on this vessel you gave me a letter from Mauvain.'

"'Did I? Ah, yes; I remember.'

"'In that letter he desired me to call my little maid by the name of Evangeline. Are you acquainted with his reason for doing so?'

"He did not reply immediately, but sat looking out in silence upon the sea. Presently he brushed his hand across his eyes, and murmured:

"'Visions! Have you Mauvain's letter about you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Will you let me read it?'

"I gave it to him, and he read it aloud, repeating the opening words, 'I know not what name you have given your child.' Then he returned the letter to me, and said: 'In the isle for which we are bound there was once a maiden named Evangeline, whom the islanders hold in tender remembrance. Mauvain has told me the story. That may have been his reason.'

"'I thank you. It is a sufficient reason.'

"I was about to leave him when he called to me to stay.

"'It is my turn now,' he said. 'When you take up your residence on this wonderful isle—which might almost be supposed to be one of Mauvain's fanciful creations—it will not be of advantage to Evangeline that she shall be supposed to be your child. Even if I admit, for the sake of argument, that she is yours, which I do not believe,' (he paused here, and looked at me steadily for a moment or two in silence)—'which I do not believe,' he repeated languidly, 'it will be best to represent Evangeline as an orphan. You have your secrets, hunchback, I do not doubt, and I do not seek to penetrate them. A man's mind is like a prison-house; there are cells in it whose doors we keep tightly sealed until some momentous event forces them open, and lets in the light we dread. You will understand me, although I speak in enigmas. Do not trouble yourself to ask me another question, for I should not answer it. Rest content in this knowledge; leaving you and Evangeline on the Silver Isle, I shall return to Mauvain, with no definite idea of meeting you or our little maid again. But it may happen. I hold to the belief that a man is not a responsible being—responsible neither for villainy nor virtue. If it is in me to be virtuous, I must be so, will I nill I—no credit to me for it. If it is in me to be a knave, a knave I must be, will I nill I—no blame to me for it. The question of responsibility is either ridiculously misunderstood or willfully ignored—the latter most likely, because of its awkwardness. We do not create or form our own emotions, passions, feelings. I am born with a jealous nature; I love a woman passionately; another man steps in between us, and makes me suffer. The woman, a coquette, as all women are naturally, plays with both of us with exquisite delicacy and finesse, and one hour I am in heaven, the next in hell. In a moment of fury, opportunity serving, I kill my rival. I am really not accountable, and if you choose to call it murder and punish me for it, you are punishing me for having been born with certain moral forces which direct and control every action of my being. What is, is. No man knows what is before him; and though I shall part from you and our little maid with no definite idea of ever meeting you again, it may happen, as I have said, that our lines of life may strangely cross in the future. I really believe, hunchback, that this is the longest speech I ever made. Pardon me for it, I beg; I will not offend again.'

"With that he closed his eyes, and appeared to sleep; and during the remainder of our voyage all that passed between us was expressive of a desire to see as little of each other as possible. Whatever may have been his motive in speaking to me as he did, I recognized that he was right with respect to you. Were it supposed that you were my child, it would be a distinct disadvantage to you. Therefore, when the islanders asked me if you were an orphan, I told them to accept you as such. As such you are regarded; and as far as I know you are one.

"So for the night I bring my labor to an end, and lay aside my pen. Leontine is asleep; my white doves are at rest. And in the valley below, you, my fair dove, Evangeline, are also at rest. Good night. I sleep, dreaming of you."

CHAPTER XX.

RANF'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"Unexpectedly to myself, I continue my diary.

"The night has passed, and the day. I am able to move more freely, and to-morrow I hope to make my way slowly to my hut below, to look after my goats, and dogs, and birds. In a little while I shall be quite well.

"The night has been a strange one, and may lead to important results.

"Whether it was that the recalling of certain incidents caused me to dwell upon details which had not made much impression upon me, or because I was in a state of nervousness produced by my narrow escape when endeavoring to pluck the flower on the mountain's top, I cannot say; but contrary to my usual habit, I could not sleep for longer than a few minutes, or perhaps moments, at a time. All through the night I was in a condition of wakefulness—now dozing with a hundred confused pictures in my mind, now awake and striving to pierce the darkness, which seemed to be thronged with moving figures. Now and then the confused tangle of pictures and faces assumed some kind of order from which a distinct impression could be gained, and of these the most distinct was the recurrence of two faces—the face of Margaret Sylvester and that of the lady who had sought the shelter of my hut the night before Mauvain visited me. At first I saw no meaning in this conjunction, but gradually it dawned upon me that there was a likeness between these two faces, although one was fair and the other dark, and I beguiled myself into studying the shadowy presentments. The longer I dwelt upon them the stronger grew the likeness, until I began to believe that there was really a meaning in the resemblance. I determined not to let the matter slip, but to make some quiet inquiry into it. Margaret Sylvester has already told me that she is not a native of the Silver Isle, and from the few chance words that have reached me with reference to her I have learned that she and her husband and her husband's father led for some years a life of adventure in places not unfamiliar to me. I have already described in these pages that the lady to whom I had given shelter appeared to me to be friendless; and at one time in the night I was startled by the memory of her expression of grief when she was lamenting that father, sister, child had been torn from her.

"It would be difficult for me to explain here why I determined to probe this matter; sufficient to say that in some undefinable way the lady to whom I had given shelter, Harold, Mauvain, and Evangeline, appear to be connected by invisible links—and now this likeness between the lady and Margaret Sylvester adds another to the chain. It is because within this chain of circumstance surrounds Evangeline, whose future happiness is my only care in life, that I am anxious to arrive at some understanding of it.

"Accident has already placed me in possession of a wonderful piece of evidence, and this is why, after I had finished my recital of those events affecting Evangeline, which I deemed proper she should be made acquainted with when she is a woman, I continue the recital with the words 'Unexpectedly to myself I continue my diary.' It will be as well for me at once to resolve to note down in this way anything of importance that occurs, so that the story may be complete as far as lies in my power. Then I can place the record in Evangeline's hands and say, 'All that is here written relates to you and myself.'

"The dreams which haunted me in the night would not have been in themselves sufficient to warrant me to resume my pen; but what occurred this evening determined me.

"Prosaic people who believe in nothing but what they see and touch might, if they had the opportunity, ask, 'What can occur to a man living alone in a hut on a deserted range thousands of feet above the level of the sea?' It would be waste of breath to answer them. Men may live for the hour, but they live not only in the hour. What is done leaves its mark. We can bury bodies, but we cannot bury ghosts.

"The door of my hut was open; the balmy air floated in; the evening was calm and peaceful. The white dove that rapped at my door last night has flown backwards and forwards, from hut to hut, all the day. An hour ago it flew in, panting and dashing its wings against the wall, fell to the ground in an agony of fear. After it flew a wild hawk, one of a brood I thought I had destroyed. An eye for an eye with these destroyers of my innocent birds; I will drive them from the mountain. As the hawk swooped down upon my dove, Leontine leapt upon it, seized it, and carried it, mangled and bloody, from the hut. I picked up my dove and held it close to me, its fluttering heart beating against my own. Presently I released it, and the bird flew into the dove-cote. Then I notice that a shelf in the hut had been thrown down by Leontine; the articles it held were strewn upon the ground. I picked them up, and among them was the Bible, with silver clasps, in which Mauvain's name and mine and Evangeline's were written by my mother. The clasp had been loosened and the leaves disordered by the shock. I sat at my table with the intention of arranging the leaves and fixing the clasps.

"I have mentioned that when I first found the Bible in my mother's hut, I noticed that some of the leaves stuck together, as I supposed from damp. My idea was not correct; the leaves had been purposely gummed together, and I now discovered that this had been done for the purpose of concealing sheets of thin paper covered with small fine writing. This must have escaped my mother's notice, and might never have been discovered by me but for the murderous flight of the hawk after my innocent white dove.

"What was I about to discover?

"I carefully examined every page of the Bible, and succeeded in extracting ten of these sheets, covered on both sides with fine writing. It was not difficult to judge that the writer had written in secrecy, and at intervals of time, for there were occasionally sudden breaks in the manuscript, as though she had been interrupted suddenly and unexpected, and was fearful of being discovered. I transcribe here what I read in those pages so strangely discovered.

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"'I can endure this suspense no longer; it is fourteen days since I saw Marguerite. How often have I counted them, day after day! How often have I counted the hours which make up each day! To-morrow she will come, I am told, and I wait and wait, and watch the clock, and to-morrow comes, but does not bring Marguerite. Again I am told Marguerite will come to-morrow, and again I wait and watch and count the minutes, and bless the sunlight that brings to-morrow, and run to the door a hundred times, thinking I hear Marguerite's footsteps—only to be disappointed. Why does she keep away from me? I loved her always—she is sister, mother, all in the world to me! Why does she not come? O, why does she not come? I am so afraid of not being able to remember all that passes that I think to myself I will write it down, and then Marguerite can read it, and as she reads I can interrupt her and tell her things I have forgotten. And she will kiss me and hold me in her arms, and I shall be happy once more. If she would come now, this minute calling outside, "Clarice! Clarice!" Hark! Do I really hear her? No, it is fancy.

"'I do not want any person to see this but Marguerite, and if she were here this minute I would tear it up, as I have torn up letters written to her which were never sent. What was the use of writing letters when Marguerite was coming? But she does not come, and I am in despair. What has happened to her? Is she dead? And our cruel master—where is he? Ah, I hope not with Marguerite, tormenting her, torturing her, as he has done to both of us since our dear father's death. Father! why did you deliver us over to this hard man, whose only aim has been to make us wretched? But you did not know—no, you could not have known.

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"'Another week has gone by, and I have not seen Marguerite. I get no opportunity to write. Again and again have I commenced, and been interrupted. What am I writing? I am asked. Nothing I reply; and then the gentleman who begs me call him Harold asks to look at the paper, and I tear it into a thousand pieces and will not let him see. Child, he says with a smile, you have no need to tear it up; if you gave me an open letter, telling me to keep it for a year and not look at it, I should obey you. I do not believe him! Why? No one could treat me with greater respect. He speaks to me as if I were a princess. But I am not a princess. I am only a poor dancing-girl, and I want my sister Marguerite! I am obliged to keep my writing secret. Not because of this gentleman or his friends, but because of the woman who attends me, and who watches me, as I have discovered, when she supposes I am not on my guard. What have you there, my dear! she asks. I tell her an old letter, and she nods and smiles. Are people who are always smiling when you are in trouble deceitful? This woman is, I know, for I have detected her searching my clothes in the middle of the night, when she believed I was asleep. This makes me all the more anxious to write and keep it from her. I have gone to sleep with the paper in my hand tight, and in the morning, when I woke, I have not been able to read a word. So I have discovered a way. My dear old testament, with the silver clasps, that my beloved father gave me; I will write what I care to write and conceal it between the pages. She will never find it there.

(*To be continued.*)

WHERE THE COLD WAVES COME FROM. Meteorological observations have now become so extended that evidence is rapidly accumulating to enable us to determine positively the source of the cold ærial waves which sweep across our country during the winter season. The indications are that we owe them to the great area of high barometer in northeastern Siberia, where the pressure sometimes exceeds 31.80 inches, and the temperature falls as low as 76 degrees below zero. The pole of greatest cold is in the neighborhood of Yokutsk, on the Lena, where the average thermometric reading in January is 41 degrees below zero, and where the severest cold exceeds by 10 degrees that experienced by explorers in high Arctic regions. This is also the region of the highest barometric pressure known in winter; and from it, doubtless, proceed the waves of intense cold which play so large a part in our winter experience.—[Scientific Canadian.

A PAUL PRY asked a certain lady how old she was. She replied with an air of calculating, "Wait, till I count!—I was married at eighteen; my husband was then thirty. Now he is twice as old—that leaves me then—thirty-six!" The other, looking at the lady and confused by this peculiarly feminine arithmetic, said, "Really, but you don't look that age."

M. E. CHURCH.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AT CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, May 20, 1880.

Notwithstanding that the principal elections are disposed of, the interest in the proceedings of this body still continues, every train that arrives in the city bringing a large number of visitors, and every session finding the Opera House crowded to the utmost capacity with a brilliant audience. The assemblages which gathered on memorial day and on the day appointed for the ordination of the new Bishops were especially large and distinguished; and not much smaller, nor much less brilliant, was that which gathered on Thursday morning to witness the discussion, slaughter and burial of the proposition to adorn the Bench of Bishops with a gentleman of color.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

Of the General Conference officers who had died during the quadrennium were very impressive. Those whose memories were honored on this occasion were Bishops Janes, Ames and Haven, Drs. Ruben Nelson, late Book Agent at New York, and Robert L. Dashiell, late Secretary of the Missionary Society. The memoirs of these honored and lamented servants of the Church were presented severally by Drs. Foss, Fowler, Mallilien, Curry and Reid, the order in these names corresponding with that in which the names of those commemorated are given above. Of these sketches that which created the deepest impression was Dr. Mallilien's eulogy of Gil. Haven, as he is familiarly called. The Doctor had a good subject, and being one of the deceased Bishop's most intimate friends, what he wrote came from his heart and was read with deep feeling. This memoir was especially effective in the impression it produced upon the colored delegates, a fact which, considering how bravely Bishop Haven had championed the cause of the African race, was not at all surprising, and only went to show that the colored people are not ungrateful. Dr. Fowler's memoir of Bishop Ames would have been more effective had it been read instead of recited, for funeral and memorial services are among the few occasions when dignity and impressiveness are given to what is said by the use of a manuscript in the saying of it.

The ordination of the four Bishops-elect occurred on Wednesday, and, in violation of the consciences of some of the over-scrupulous, it took place in the Opera House. The Conference at one time voted by a large majority to have this solemn service held in St. Paul's Church, but somehow a change of feeling occurred, so that when it was suggested by Bishop Simpson that if the services were held in the church the stupendous operation of erecting a platform would be necessitated, the vote on this subject was reconsidered and the ordination ceremonies appointed for the Opera House. This, too, notwithstanding that some perverse brother suggested that if a Sunday-school entertainment were in prospect the erection of a platform would not be considered an insurmountable barrier to the holding of it in the church, and regardless also of Dr. Buckley's generous proposition to pay the expense of erecting a platform out of his own pocket. What wrought the change in the feelings of the brethren on this subject it is impossible to surmise with certainty, though there are many who attribute it to the influence of the ladies, who, as the entertainers of the delegates, have reserved seats in the Opera House, a privilege which they could not have enjoyed in the church, and the loss of which on a day when such a large crowd was expected would have put them to great inconvenience.

THE ORDINATION SERVICE

Was very impressive. It was presided over by the venerable senior Bishop of the Church, Bishop Scott. To Bishop Simpson, the second in point of seniority, the Bishops-elect were presented, the elder making the presentation saying as he did so, "I present to you this holy man to be consecrated a Bishop." After the prayers had been read, and the other requirements of the discipline complied with, the candidates assumed a kneeling posture, and, with the assistance of three others, who, with the officiating Bishop, placed their hands on the candidates' heads, were severally ordained as follows: Bishop-elect Warren, by Bishop Simpson; Bishop-elect Foss, by Bishop Harris; Bishop-elect Hurst, by Bishop Wiley; and Bishop-elect Haven, by Bishop Andrews. Following this ceremony the ordination charge was read, and the new Bishops presented with their parchments. Then, when the doxology had been sung, Bishop Scott pronounced the benediction, and thus ended one of the most impressive religious services ever held in this city—certainly one of the most impressive ever held in an opera house in the city.

The subject of subjects this week has been the colored Bishop question. From the colored Conferences of the South have come no end of petitions and memorials, setting forth that the salvation of this particular part of the Church's work could only be secured by the election to the episcopacy of some man of color. The dusky delegates from these Conferences came to the General Conference imbued with the same idea, and determined to make a strong fight in the premises. In the Conference they found powerful allies in such men as Drs. Curry of New York, and Smart of Michigan. The first tussle took place in the Committee on Episcopacy, and resulted in a victory for the colored people and their champions. The committee decided to recommend the Conference to elect a Bishop of African descent, and appointed a committee of nine, vulgarly termed a "smelling" committee, to hunt up a suitable candidate. This sub-committee was not very successful in its search, and the battle was renewed in the Committee on Episcopacy by motions to reconsider, etc. Still, however, the proposition to elect a colored Bishop prevailed. On Tuesday the report of this committee was presented to the Conference, and accompanying it a motion to make its consideration the order of the day for Thursday. This motion carried without a dissenting voice, and not until the afternoon of that day did the friends of the colored Bishop movement find that they had in this matter fallen victims to the strategy of their enemies. Such, however, was the fact, for on the day preceding that appointed for the discussion of this subject of electing an additional Bishop, the four Bishops already elected were to be ordained, a fact which it was now foreseen would give the anti-colored men the advantage of being able to say, when the matter came up, "We have now elected our Bishops not only, but they have been ordained, and hence what folly to talk of adding to their number." All too late this

STRATEGY

Was discovered, and you can imagine how chagrined those were who had so quietly been led captive by it. But there was no help for these victims of misplaced confidence, and so matters took their appointed course. Finally the memorable Thursday morning arrived. This day had been looked forward to as the color day of the Conference. It will be known in history by that name. The color question was sprung just as soon as the minutes had been read, by the presentation of a report from the Committee on Freedman's Aid, which recommended that the Freedman's Aid Society should in future extend what aid it could to the educational work being carried on among the white people of the South. Several speeches were made pro and con, the most notable being that of a colored delegate from Tennessee, who took the ground that the white people should be required to attend the colored colleges and schools, and thus avoid the expense that is incurred in educating the races separately. This subject was still under discussion when the time for taking up the order of the day arrived. The majority report of the Committee on Episcopacy being before the body, a minority report was at once presented. This report had thirty-two names attached and was ably advocated by Dr. A. Wheeler and others. The principal speech in favor of electing a colored Bishop, as recommended by the majority report of the Committee on Episcopacy, was made by Dr. James S. Smart of Michigan. To the surprise of all, the minority report, which disfavored this proposition, found a supporter among the colored delegates, the individual who thus immortalized himself being a Bro. Lewis of Alabama. Bro. Lewis' course is bitterly censured by his brethren of color, some of them calling him in open Conference a traitor and a "son of perdition." We pity this gentleman when he returns home.

Bro. Lewis was replied to by a Bro. Bell, of Louisiana, and the debate was getting warm, when up jumped Dr. Lanahan, of Washington City. Now, when Dr. Lanahan rises, everybody expects the pending debate to come to an end, for the Doctor has an irrepressible habit of getting rid of

LONG-WINDED TALKS

On subjects on which every delegate has already formed an opinion by moving either the previous question or indefinite postponement. He has so often made the first-named motion that he is now commonly spoken of among the reporters as Previous Question Lanahan. In this case, however, he moved, not the previous question, but indefinite postponement, and the Doctor, I regret to say, had the bad taste to preface his motion with a speech. His proposition to bring debate on this subject to an untimely end was looked upon with disfavor, and was voted against by some who were as much opposed to a colored Bishop as was Dr. Lanahan, but the motion to indefinitely postpone prevailed nevertheless, the vote taken by the call of the roll for the ayes and nays standing 229 in favor of postponing to 139 against. Thus was slaughtered and buried for at least four years to come the proposition to promote a man of color to the Episcopacy of the M. E. Church.

An effort was made on Monday to have Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, address the Conference in a ten-minute speech. This was stoutly opposed by many on the ground that it would be an infringement on the valuable time of the body. After two hours of discussion and filibustering, the motion to invite her to speak was carried by over a hundred majority, but the Conference immediately adjourned, and the next morning received a note from Miss Willard declining the privilege.

The Committee on Itinerary are prepared to report unfavorably to the extension of the pastoral term. The Committee on Lay Representation have already reported in favor of introducing lay representation into the annual Conferences. The Committee on Book Concern have advised the suspension of the *National Depository* and *Golden Hours*.

Dr. Kynett has been re-elected Secretary of the Extension Society, and Dr. Rust of the Freedman's Aid Society.

The following editors of Church papers have also been elected: James M. Buckley, *Christian Advocate*; D. D. Whedon, *Methodist Quarterly*; F. S. Hoyt, *Western Advocate*; B. St. J. Fry, *Central Advocate*; A. Edwards, *Northwestern Advocate*; O. H. Warren, *Northern Advocate*; J. H. Vincent, Sunday-school and tract publications; A. Wheeler, Pittsburg *Advocate*, and Wm. Nast, *Christian Apologist*.

H. T.

THE ELVES.

With the noiseless beat of fairy feet,
Merrily race, without a trace,
The fays athwart the green;
While overhead the moon rose-red,
Showers the light of noonlike night
The charmed boughs between.

The bird may sleep in slumber deep
Upon its spray when fairies play,
Nor wake before the dawn,
For Zephyrs' sigh were tempest high
Amid the trance of elfish dance
Across the moonlit lawn.

Now in and out the joyous rout
Their mazes weave at shut of eve,
When pipes the nightingale;
Or hollow note from the owl's pied throat
May music be for their wild glee,
When softer tunings fail.

Their drink the dew, a merry crew!
From acorn cup they drink it up,
And wild with that draught made,
They dance amain till all are fain
Their play to close, in soft repose,
On beds of clover laid.

But Chanticleer, the morn now near,
Preludes the song of feathered throng
Through all the country side;
Away they go!—like falling snow
Upon a stream, or winged dream,
They vanish unespied.

LUNG CULTURE BY SINGING.

Some interesting researches by Prof. Monassein, as cited in the *Medical Wochenschrift* of St. Petersburg, show that the practice of singing, merely as a physical exercise, is one of the most healthful in which a person of any age can employ himself. He examined two hundred and twenty-two singers from nine to fifty-three years of age, with reference to the pneumatometric and spirometric condition of the singers, and proved that the circumference of the chest is greater, relatively and absolutely, among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the age and growth of the singer. This fact is corroborated by the experience of skilful trainers of the voice, who combine with tone-building a physical training based upon thorough anatomical and hygienic science. It is asserted by some of these that many of the ills which afflict human kind, and particularly the female portion, arise from faulty breathing, by which the lungs are but partially inflated, and, as a consequence, the poisons which should be thrown off by the breath are absorbed into the system, causing all manner of mysterious diseases. In fact, many cases can be cited, in which diseases, not only of the pulmonary organs, but of others remote from them, have been cured, apparently by the improved respiration which singing enforces. One cannot sing without breathing deeply. The muscles of the chest and abdomen must have full play, the body must be erect, and every facility must be given for the ingress and egress of the air to the lungs. A fine voice is of little consequence, if the singer cannot breathe freely and to the very bottom of the lungs. Everybody knows the comfortable and stimulating effect of a long-drawn breath after sitting in a cramped position. This stimulating effect, reproduced by frequent practice in singing, strengthens the lungs, enlarges the chest, and by admitting large accessions of oxygen to the lungs, purifies the blood, and sends its healing and strengthening streams to every part of the body.—[Springfield Union.

ROASTED TO DEATH BY THE SUN.

Dr. Schweinfurth, in a lecture which he recently delivered at the Berlin Geographical Society on the subject of his latest explorations in Central Africa, gave his hearers a thrilling account of the mode in which capital punishment is inflicted upon criminals by the Al Quadjis, a small tributary off-shoot of the great and powerful Djour people. The malefactor condemned to die is bound to a post firmly driven into the ground in some open place where no trees afford a shade, and is there slowly roasted to death—not by any artificial means involving a waste of fuel, but by the natural heat of the sun's rays as they reach our earth in its equatorial regions. To protract his sufferings and to avert his too speedy end by sunstroke, the ingenious Al-Quadjis cover their erring compatriot's head with fresh green leaves, which effectually shield his brain from Phœbus' darts. No such protection is, however, accorded to his body, which gradually dries up, shrinks together, and ultimately becomes carbolized. One chance of salvation is open to the roasting man, while as yet he is not completely "done to death." If a cloud pass between the sun and his place of torment he is at once cast loose from his post and becomes the object of popular reverence, as a mighty magician in whose behalf the supernatural powers have deigned directly to intervene. But clouds seldom interfere with the administration of justice on the days chosen for public executions by the Al Quadji authorities; at least, that appears to be Dr. Schweinfurth's experience of African weather as far as it bears upon the judicial roasting of malefactors.—[London Telegraph, March 13th.

"WANT any spices or cloves?" asked a peddler of a saloon-keeper on Atlantic avenue one day last week. "Vat fur I want 'um?" asked the proprietor. "To take away the smell of beer from the breath, of course," exclaimed the peddler. "Dake avay dot schmell ov peer!" exclaimed the man behind the counter; "mein Gott! you got somedings vat makes der sehmell stay on, I buys him!"

MANHATTANISMS.

HOUSE-FINDING STILL A GREAT TASK IN GOTHAM.

Refined Homes in Hotels—Dog Worship as a Fashionable Religion—A Scholarly Adventurer—Etc.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1880.

While it is not nearly so hard as it was a few years ago, to find a decent place to live here, the task is far from easy. New Yorkers dependent on salaries are not obliged to hire large houses at twice the amount of their earnings, and trust to getting lodgers in order to meet their rent, as was long their custom and necessity. The building of many small residences above Seventieth and Eightieth streets, now accessible by the elevated railways, and the erection of a goodly number of apartment-houses, has been of marked benefit to this densely populated island. People of moderate means can now secure a roof to shelter them without depending on extraneous sources to satisfy their landlord, which is surely a great gain. But they must not be in the least fastidious; they must not demand convenience or genuine comfort. If they do they will be as bad off as ever. There are places for small families in the upper wards; but they are not such as would be accounted desirable. This continues to be a city for the accommodation of the rich and for the discouragement of people of ordinary incomes, and is likely to continue so for many years.

WHERE CAN WE LIVE?

If a man, with three or four mature persons dependent upon him, wants to reside in a respectable quarter—respectability and fashion have here the same meaning, architecturally—he will be obliged to pay for one apartment fully $1,000, and he cannot find a whole house for less than $2,000 a year. This is out of all proportion certainly, because the bulk of educated Americans, those who are clerks, salesmen, accountants and the like, do not, and cannot earn on an average more than $1,500 annually. Of course there are bookkeepers, salesmen, journalists, commercial travelers and others who can command $2,500, $3,000 and upwards, but they are exceptions. How this class continue to make both ends meet passes conjecture. They have sensibility, culture, taste, and for a man of this order to live in New York with a family on fifteen hundred a year must be more than hard—it must be painful. I wonder how they do it. It is generally estimated that a man with a wife and two or three children—quite as many as most Manhattanese can afford to have—needs five thousand dollars a year to enable him to get on respectably in this city. No wonder that young men are afraid to marry—their fear is born of prudence—and that the doctrines of Malthus are practically followed. The New Yorker who depends on an ordinary salary, and chooses wedlock, is intrepid to the verge of rashness.

FAMILY HOTELS.

But the metropolis steadily grows pleasanter for those blessed with abundant means, or those even in easy circumstances. They can live as they like, since there are many ways to select from. A very agreeable method of living is in a family hotel, which has grown quite common within two or three years. The family hotel has all the advantages of the large and best houses, without the noise and publicity. It receives no transient guests, consequently there is none of the confusion and uproar incident to continual arrivals and departures. The rooms are in suites, sometimes furnished, sometimes unfurnished, and must generally be engaged for a year. A restaurant is connected with the house, and the patrons take their meals in a large hall or ordinary, at small tables, always reserved, paying a fixed price, usually $14 a week, for each person. The house is elegant in its appointments; the service is excellent; everything moves easily and smoothly. It has many of the attractions of a refined home, without its responsibilities, and for maidens, bachelors and childless couples it is much sought, although small families are often found there. These hotels are admirably managed, and are so delightfully placid and orderly that it is not strange that they are rapidly growing in favor. They are in this respect in such marked contrast to the Metropolitan, Fifth Avenue, Hoffman or Windsor, through which the whole town appears to be surging from morning to midnight, that for lovers of quiet there can be no comparison between the two. Most of these houses are in the best quarters of the town. Fifth avenue is dotted with them, and they are generally so full, except in summer, that it is hard to secure rooms unless you have made arrangements long beforehand. Very often people have their names down a year or more in advance. The family hotel is assuredly a marked advance on the old plan of living in one of our colossal American caravansaries.

CUR-ADORERS.

The bench show, just opened at the ill-fated Madison Square Garden, is not only drawing very well, but is drawing people of fashion, many of them women. It has become the mode either to admire, or pretend to admire, dogs of fine or fancy breeds, and the present exhibition, under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, is the best by far that has been held here. Almost any large-natured man is fond of a good dog; but the worship that many of our women pay to miserable little beasts is more than irrational, it is unnatural and repulsive. To see women, young, middle-aged and old, on the promenade and in carriages, carrying, cuddling and caressing tiny terriers, poodles, pugs and St. Charleses, as we see them every hour of the day, is revolting. Why will women make such fools of themselves (or has nature anticipated the making), and why will they exhibit their folly in public? Many, nay, most of these canine worshipers are, doubtless, ancient maidens or childless wives, who give to their pets what should belong to their offspring. It is the maternal instinct and feeling perverted, and while it is abhorred as a spectacle, it is capable of exciting commiseration for those who have been deprived of their parental rights. Some of the cur-adorers are, however,

WOMEN OF FAMILY,

Who have entered into their adoration because they have seen others do it, because it is, they think, the fashion. In them it is contemptible and incapable of evoking charity even from the most charitable. A few years since hardly a reputable woman could be seen here fondling a dog, but now it is disgustingly common even among woman who claim to be of the most refined society. Any day you may see scores of such women in the Avenue or the Park carrying poodles on their bosoms, actually kissing them, allowing them to lick their faces, even their lips. Bah! What well-regulated gorge does not rise at it! How delightful it must be to the men who come after the dogs! What manly man would be willing to be the rival, and a less favored rival, of a cur? This odious thing seems unnatural to American women. They have borrowed it from abroad, especially from the English, who make terriers and pugs their constant companions night and day, and who regard it as eminently proper to demean themselves toward dogs as they would not toward their own flesh and blood. This growing disposition to dog-worship is extremely regretable. True, the best women are not guilty of it, but the best women are in a fearful minority everywhere.

SAM WARD.

One of the passengers last Saturday for San Francisco, by the new and beautiful steamer Columbia, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, was the noted and notorious Sam Ward of the Washington lobby, who has been dubbed its king. He is going to revisit California, where he lived in the Argonaut days, and is reputed to have made much money by eccentric pursuits, as so many of the Argonauts did. Sam Ward has a history, and a peculiar one, which nobody knows, and which he is not likely to tell. But enough of it has been made public to be curious and interesting. He is a thorough, strictly first-class adventurer; and yet no man of his time has been better born, better raised, or better educated. The one thing he lacked and lacks is principle; but he has, in all probability, enjoyed himself more without it than he would have done with it. You know Sam Ward, of course. Everybody knows him. He is the son of Samuel Ward, of the once renowned banking firm of Prime, Ward & King, and the brother of Julia Ward Howe; he was bred in luxury, most carefully educated, had every advantage of travel and the best society. He married the sister of the present John Jacob Astor, and inherited an ample fortune from her at her death. His next

MATRIMONIAL PARTNERSHIP

Was contracted with a Miss Grimes, daughter of Dr. Grimes of New Orleans. They went abroad to live; but finding one another incompatible, they separated, and the husband has since enjoyed a sybaritic sort of singleness. He has spent money prodigally, and after divers fortunes and misfortunes he got financially stranded. He was then in Washington, and being acquainted with any number of public men, he gradually gravitated to the lobby, and has lived by it. In his anomalous calling he is an artist. He talks brilliantly; he gives Apician dinners; he entertains superbly. He is intimate with the world, its shams and weaknesses, and profits thereby. He is said to be in independent circumstances now, and he ought to be, for in his old age—he must be 65 at least—he has learned some monetary prudence. You might mistake him for a foreign diplomat. He is stout, rather short, bald, with a fringe of white hair about his crown; has a full round face, bright eyes; a sensuous mouth and a half-jolly, half-sagacious expression, and for an hour or two he is a delightful companion provided you be not strenuous on the subject of high ethics. Sam Ward is not malicious, nor mean, nor very wicked. He is a gay, cheery, pleasant fellow, who is not handicapped by a pennyweight of principle.

VARIETIES.

Notwithstanding the general prosperity not less than twenty-five publications of various kinds have died here in the last twelve months. Such enterprises prove mortal at all times in New York.

Last Tuesday has been mentioned as the heaviest day for stock operations since the founding of the Exchange. It is not so. The 12th of last November was heavier. Then over 700,000 shares were sold—Tuesday only 638,000.

Central Park has again become a favorite place for suicides. Every day or two some poor fellow is found there who has ended his woes with pistol, rope or poison. Self-destruction has grown so common in the Park that very nervous folks, generally women, are afraid to go there, lest they witness something horrible.

Just now there appears to be a craze for establishing fancy groceries. One or two may be found in nearly every block up town. They are continually failing; but the supply is steadily increasing nevertheless. The trade must be lucrative.

Rich people—they who have made their fortunes elsewhere—are constantly coming here to live, and are thus augmenting the capital and the expensiveness of Manhattan. Every year this class of citizens increases by importation.

Sanguine people express the hope that the Brooklyn bridge will yet be finished. They dare to mention the date of its completion as early as 1980. How credulous some natures are!

CHAUBERT.

WHEN?

When vanished is the vapor we call life,
And all the storms that vex us disappear—
Sorrow's sharp thorn, the weary wheel of strife,
And all the miseries we feel or fear—
When of the "day far spent" a night is born,
Before there dawns a day that knows no night,
Shall we who see the glory of such morn—
Shall we recall, upon that dazzling hight,
One touch of this wild warfare of the earth,
The wounds that scarred us, or the tears we wept,
The sin that so beset us from our birth,
The woes, the wrongs, the cares that never slept?
Or will there be a gap betwixt that Time
And this Eternity which numbs the sense,
As after sudden ceasing of some chime
A lengthened pause makes rest the more intense?
Forbear to question, O mine idle thought;
Where were our faith if all were come to sight!
"Avoid vain babblings"—thus much are we taught.
'Twere vain to breathe them, *yet I long for light.*

A BOON TO MARRIED MEN.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Miraculous inventions are the order of the day. Even Edison has been surpassed by a genius who has invented what is called a "Married Man's Indicator." It is a wonderfully sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer, in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks, which show the exact state of the atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say at midnight. He takes out his "indicator," thrusts it in the keyhole and leaves it there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gleaming. If it marks "S.A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses his night key with bated breath, gives the door a quick shove to keep it from creaking, steals trembling to bed, and when his dear little wifey wakes up about two seconds afterwards and wants to know how long he has been home he is so sound asleep that Gabriel's trumpet couldn't wake him. If the indicator scores "A. A. C. B. D. K. W. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is), the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth; opens the door boldly; walks in with a slam-bang air; hits his foot intentionally against a chair; wants to know why the devil the chairs ain't kept out of the way; gets desperately mad on general principles; scares his wife clear out of her crossness and intended curtain lecture; refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night, nohow; remarks gruffy in a response to a timid query "that it's about 25 minutes after 10," and then turns into bed in such an apparently awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him—at which he is very sad, of course. There are numerous other marks on the indicator showing just where it will do to "play the lodge dodge," or the "sick friend;" or "been standing on the corner talking to so-and-so for more than an hour;" or "General or honorable this or that from you know where, was in town, and had to go away on the 2 o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed to see him off, although it was a great bore; we did it through courtesy." But the most awfully awful of all the cabalistic signs on the dial is the one at the top, about two marks above the boiling point. When the weary husband comes home about 4 A. M., from the direction of the butcher shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air, so that everybody he passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the "indicator" in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on end, he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him from the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out on his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts, as he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed smack up against "R. H. S. H. W. F. Y. J. I. T." (red hot and still a heating and waiting for you just inside the door). The inventor of this instrument says that when this terrible misfortune overtakes a man he feels that there is nothing left in this life worth living for, and appreciates the full force of those beautiful lines:

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given.

He slings the meat out in the yard and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. Be he ever so gifted a liar his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the General off, no swearing that he will never do it again; in fact, nothing will avail. It is an absolutely indefensible case. He is caught in *flagrante delicto*. Even the ghastly gaiety with which, two hours previous, he had said to the boys that he "guessed he'd see it out now—might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb"—had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact situation of things, he knows what to do, and that is nothing, but get into bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband's mind of part of its load.

Two heads are better than one—except in a sermon.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

H.C.Kirk & Co., Sacramento, Cal., Agent.

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HEWES'

OLEA BALSAMIC INHALANT.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. Hewes, Sacramento, Cal.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE NASAL CAVITIES, THROAT AND LUNGS,

Viz.: Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Diphtheria and Croup. Will also cure Miasmal Fever, and any disease which arises from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

The vapor of the Inhalant being volatile, fills all cavities of the lungs, thus permeating and cleansing the blood. This vapor, through the circulation reaches all parts of the system, thus removing diseases of organs with which it does not come in immediate contact. In many cases, it has removed diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

CURES GRAVEL.

The inhaling exercise is invigorating; increasing the force of circulation, while the medicinal properties of the Inhalant are freely absorbed throughout the system.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

Can in no way be treated with such success as by applying the remedy directly to the parts diseased, viz., BY INHALATION.

NAMES OF SACRAMENTANS CURED OF the Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Miasmal Fever, Diphtheria and Pneumonia, by the use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant:

A.S. Hopkins, Fifteenth and M streets, bronchitis; Grace Hopkins, catarrh and diphtheria; S. F. Hopkins, gravel and diphtheria; E. C. Hopkins (salesman in Houghton's book store, 75 and 77 J street), diphtheria; Mrs. Frazer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years' standing, cured in two months); J. Hatch, Third street, between L and M, pneumonia; A. Conner, alley, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber, merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, intermittent fever; Robert Hornbach, corner Fourth and M catarrh; Miss L. Kerr, Sixth street, between L and M, miasmal fever; Mrs. S. Emory, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. L. Blitch, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh (a chronic case of nine years).

TO THE PUBLIC.

After a faithful trial, and upon a full investigation, I state with confidence that I have used the Inhaler of Mr. Hewes, and find it a sure and speedy remedy for any throat troubles, and I believe it is valuable in many of the complaints of humanity. Let all sufferers try it.

J. L. BLITCH, Sacramento, Cal.

I had a severe attack of Miasmal fever, which was broken up in twenty-four hours, by the free use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant.

MISS L. KERR, Sixth street.

My right lung had been badly affected for a year—had become ulcerated, when by the use of Hewes Inhalant two months I was entirely cured.

MRS. E. M. HAVEN, Washington.

Having had the catarrh for three years I made use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant. In two months had become much better; in four months I find myself effectually cured.

ROBERT HORNBACH, Fourth street, near M, Sacramento.

HEWES' ECLECTIC EYE SALVE

GIVES INSTANT RELIEF!

For Sale by Sacramento Druggists.

Inhalant and Eye Salve manufactured by J. HEWES, Fifteenth and M streets, Sacramento. Country residence, Ophir, Placer county, Cal.

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STOMACH

BITTERS

Fortify the System

And you are armed against disease. The finest tonic for this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion easy and complete, counteracts biliousness, and keeps the bowels in order, and so genial and beneficent are its effects, that not only is the body invigorated and regulated by its use, but despondency banished from the mind. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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MATHEY CAYLUS'

Used for over 25 years with great success by the physicians of Paris, New York and London, and superior to all others for the prompt cure of all cases, recent or of long standing.

Prepared by CLIN & CIE, Paris. Sold Everywhere.

CAPSULES.

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