A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—[Exchange.

PRETTY MRS. GRAHAM.

That is what I always call her to this day, and in spite of all that's come and gone, it's her true title, for I do believe she was the prettiest creature I ever laid eyes on.

And she was dressed with such exquisite taste, too, it set off her dark, bright beauty so well, and she was a dainty, childlike little thing—why, even Dick couldn't help acknowledging her beauty, though he didn't take to her from the first.

But I thought him wrong in that, much as I trusted to his judgment, for you see, Dick—well, Dick Fraser and my humble self have been betrothed for several years, and next spring, after Bessie marries, why, I am going to keep house with Dick.

But that isn't my story.

When our dear parents died they left Bessie and me this fine old-fashioned home, a good supply of solid old-fashioned furniture and silver and household linen, a good old-fashioned servant who had lived with us since Bess was a baby, eighteen years ago, and very little ready money.

So, as we could not give up our home, or be parted, we looked about us for two or three good, old-fashioned boarders, who would stay with us all the year round and be able to pay well for a good home.

Well, we found two, just what we wanted; Miss Burton, an elderly maiden lady, and Mrs. Wootton, a widow lady, who were glad to escape from the dust and noise of the city, and who were able to pay good prices for our best rooms.

And this they did, only stipulating that we should not take other boarders, but all have a quiet home together.

So we were just a houseful of women, you see—not a man on the place, unless we except Tom, the half-grown boy who milked the cow and tended the garden and drove our little carriage for us.

We had plenty of applications from summer boarders, but we never took any until pretty Mrs. Graham came. It was a melting hot day when a carriage brought her to my front door, with a lively, black-eyed little maid, and she begged so hard to be taken for just a month or two of the hottest weather, saying we looked so cool and delightful out there, and she dreaded the hotel so much, that it was hard to resist her.

Miss Burton was in the parlor when she called, and she was so fascinated by the little widow's loveliness and liveliness that she gave consent to her coming at once.

So then we consulted Mrs. Wootton—you remember our agreement with them made it necessary—and she, too, was quite won over, and so the result was that we made pretty Mrs. Graham an exception, and took her and her lively maid, Jeannette, into our charmed household.

She took possession that very day, coming down with three large trunks from town. She professed herself delighted with our fine old home and plentiful country fare, and she certainly delighted us with her beauty, and her bewitching ways, and her lovely toilets, and her wonderful music. For she made the keys of Bessie's piano almost talk, and as Bessie herself was the only player among us, and she but an indifferent one, such a musician was a great treat.

Dick came down to take tea on Sunday, as he generally did, and then he met our new boarder.

After supper I asked him if he did not think her lovely.

"Yes, she is pretty—that can't be denied," he said, slowly.

"Well, what fault can you find?" I said, seeing he kept something back.

"None, perhaps; but I don't like her, and I wish you hadn't taken her. Mary, I believe she is a little adventuress, that's all."

"Why, Dick, her references were unexceptionable, and she is a member of St. John's Church, and a teacher in the Sabbath-school."

"Is she? Well, I hope she is a good one," said Dick, dryly, and there the subject dropped.

She had been with us about six weeks, when one Saturday afternoon I received from our business agent $800, the proceeds of the interest in a coal mine belonging to Bessie and me.

It was too late to take it to the bank, where our cash was deposited, and I, being half unwilling to keep so much money two nights in a lonely house full of women, felt strongly inclined to go over to the village and deposit it there till Monday morning.

But, on second thoughts, I made up my mind that was nonsense—the afternoon was warm, I was busy, and the money would be safe enough in my own drawer.

So I counted the notes to be sure they were right, locked them in a little casket, and locked them in my desk. As I opened the door of my room to go down stairs, I met Jeannette, who said she was just going to knock. Mrs. Graham was going to walk over to the village—could she serve me in any way? I thanked her, said I would be glad if she would call at the Postoffice, and went my way to see about tea.

The next morning we all went to church except our servant Emma, who remained at home to have the dinner ready.

In the afternoon Emma wished to go out, and as I did not like the house to remain quite alone I remained at home myself. Having a slight headache I lay down upon the sofa in the cool parlor and took a quiet nap. I sprang up as soon as I was awakened, and went up stairs to arrange my hair, meeting pretty Mrs. Graham coming down.

"I did not know you were home," said I.

"I have this moment come in and taken off my hat," she said with a sweet smile, "and I was coming down for a drink of ice-water."

I heard her go into the parlor where she sat for a long time playing grand, old, church music, and singing softly in tones so sweet that it made me think of heaven and angels' music.

Next morning as we were gathering at the breakfast table, Miss Burton came in, pale and frightened, saying her room had been entered during the night by a burglar, and her watch and chain and all her valuable jewelry taken.

We all sprang up in consternation, and went to her room, where we found the window, which opened upon the roof of a veranda, partly raised and the shutters pushed open as if surely indicating the way the burglar had entered.

Miss Burton had slept soundly, and heard nothing, she said, but had noticed her window when she first awoke, and upon searching, found all her jewels gone.

"We might all have been murdered in our beds!" cried Mrs. Wootton, pale and trembling, while pretty Mrs. Graham fell to crying like a child, declaring she would not dare to stay another night under a roof where there was no man in the house.

"Did any of the rest lose anything?" asked Bessie.

"I haven't noticed in my room," said Mrs. Wootton; "let us all go and look."

And to our rooms we went, I opening my bureau drawer with a sinking heart. It was as I feared—my casket, which had only contained the money, was really gone.

Some unaccountable impulse prompted me to conceal my loss from the rest when I joined them again, and I hardly noticed that Mrs. Graham stopped crying and looked queerly at me when I reported that my things were all right.

And then she fell to crying again, saying hers were all right, too, but she never doubted that it would be her turn next, and that she dared not stay there another night.

Mrs. Wootton reported that every article of jewelry and all the money she had in her purse were gone, and Bessie said the same.

This was a serious case, and we were at a loss what to do. I said I should inform the village inspector and then go up to town and consult Mr. Fraser and a lawyer, and I begged them to do nothing till I came back.

They all promised, but pretty Mrs. Graham said I must come back before night, for she knew she was a dreadful little coward, but she must go over to the village and stay at the hotel for a few nights. She would only take a little satchel, and when we got all quiet once again she would come back.

I was not willing she should go, but I thought she would get over her fright by evening and stay, so I asked her if I could do any errands in the city for her.

She said no—then yes, if I would be so kind, I might stop at Welling's and match a piece of lace for her—she wanted five yards more, and she gave me the money to pay for it.

It seemed to me that the trains went at snails' paces that morning, but at last I was in Dick's office.

"Um—um—yes, to be sure!" said Dick, stroking his moustache with a thoughtful air. "Very bad, Mary! Very bad, indeed! And your pretty little widow is the only person who wants to leave, you say?"

"Yes. And I don't want any one to leave with such a stain on our house, Dick."

"You must by all means keep your pretty little widow till I come down with an officer and search her trunks."

I sprang to my feet.

"Why, Dick, are you mad?" I cried.

"Neither mad nor deluded, my dear little woman," said Dick, coolly; "but I have a little theory about this thing, Mary, and if you will let me work it out I may help you. Got errands to do this morning?"

I was too worried to attend to any shopping for myself, but I remembered Mrs. Graham's lace and answered—

"Yes—one."

"Well, go and do it, and then come back here, will you? I think I'll have a plan perfected by that time."

I went to Welling's, stopped at the lace counter, and held out the scrap pretty Mrs. Graham had given me.

"Can you match this?" I asked of the polite shopman who stepped up. "I wish to purchase some more of it."

He took the bit of lace, and I noticed a queer look come over his face. I also saw two or three of the young men draw near and eye me curiously, and I began to feel embarrassed.

"I don't know," said the shopman, slowly. "Mr. Jones, ask Mr. Welling to step this way."

The young man addressed hurried away, and in a moment the gentleman named came up, which was a relief to me, for I saw something was wrong, and I knew him well, as he was an old friend of my father's.

"This is a bad business, and requires explanation, Miss Mary," he said. "A week ago a lady exactly answering the description you give of Mrs. Graham, came here and bought twenty yards of this same lace. After she was gone it was discovered that the money she paid was bad. We have been trying to trace this lady ever since, but had not the least clew till now. What do you think?"

"I think," I trembingly said, "that I must tell you the bad business at our house last night, which brought me to town to-day."

So I told him my story, and then he went with me to Dick's office. And when I went home I knew all I had to do.

I told Mrs. Graham that I could not find her any more of the lace, and returned her money.

As I had planned, Dick came by the 6 o'clock train, and we were all at tea when Emma came in with the quiet announcement—

Mr. Fraser is in the parlor, ma'am."

"I excused myself a moment, and hastening to the parlor found Dick and a detective.

We hurried quietly up stairs—I was so glad Jeannette was out of the way—and into pretty Mrs. Graham's room. One of her trunks was gone, but her hat and shawl lay upon the bed, and under the pillow we found her Russian-leather handbag.

Mr. Detective made short work of opening that bag, and lo! he had no need to look farther! There we found all Miss Burton's jewelry, all that belonged to Bessie and Mrs. Wooton, and my lost money, besides a bunch of skeleton keys. And then his course was plain, and before I hardly knew what happened, we had astonished the group at the supper table, and pretty Mrs. Graham was a prisoner.

Afterwards we found proof enough that her work was done on Sunday afternoon, while I lay asleep in the parlor, and the window opened at night by her lively maid Jeannette, to throw suspicion aside.

But we never heard any more either of pretty Mrs. Graham or Jeannette.

Both, no doubt, got their just deserts, for Mr. Welling prosecuted, though I refused to do so.

Law in Relation to Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If the subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has subscribed for it or not, is held in law a subscriber.

7. The Postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

TREES AND RAINFALL.—In the official report of the geological survey of Wisconsin is an account of the determinations made by Dr. J. M. Anders, of the amount of water pumped from the earth by trees. He finds that the average exhalation from soft thin-leaved plants in clear weather amounts to about one and a quarter ounces troy, per day of twelve hours, for every square foot of surface. Hence a moderate-sized elm raises and throws off seven and three-quarters tons of water per day. In the report the facts are applied to what is going on in America, where certain inland fertile districts are becoming converted into deserts by wholesale clearings, and in other places, such as the plains of Colorado, where five or six years of irrigation and planting have already produced a measurable increase of rainfall. It is maintained that the deserts of Syria and Africa are the results of cutting down trees, and that original luxuriance may be restored by skillful replanting.—[Chicago Times.

To Consumptives.

Or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these diseases. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WAIT!

When a thought comes to your brain
That would place on life a stain,
Crush it out from heart and mind;
For a purer thought to find,
Wait!

When your lips in haste would speak
Words that show a judgment weak,
Through a passion that would blind,
Or an impulse yet unkind,
Wait!

When a deed you fain would do,
That you might have cause to rue,
Till the shadows flee your mind,
Hands withhold; to calm your mind,
Wait!

Wait to passion all subdue;
Wait for loving thoughts and true;
Wait till lips breathe tender word,
For deeds by gentle impulse stirred,
Wait!

[Ward Steele in The Pansy.

GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS.

Glaciers are rivers of ice; not streams of water frozen over, but solid from top to bottom. A load of ice and snow, sliding off from a roof on a warm day, is, on a small scale, exactly what a glacier is on a large one. On the tops of high mountains it is never warm enough to melt the snow, but in the summer it softens, and begins to slide down the steep slope on which it lies. In the daytime it thaws a little, and at night freezes again, until, by and by, it comes to be ice. Then it is called a glacier. There are 400 such streams in the Alps alone. In Iceland they are so numerous that the island is named for them. In one portion of it there are more than 3,000 miles of mountain covered with ice and snow. Their thickness ranges from 100 to 600 feet. Sometimes they move as fast as four feet in a day; at others, not more than fourteen in a year.

Of course, so slow a motion cannot be seen by the eye, but that it really exists has been proved in many curious ways. For instance, a traveler fastens a stake in the ice, notices that it is opposite a certain rock, and goes away. Coming back a year or two afterward, he finds that it is several feet lower down on the mountain. As it was firmly planted in the ice, the glacier must have moved that distance.

Slow as their progress is, glaciers act with enormous power, on account of their great weight. A small lump of ice makes a pound, and here are often masses a mile or two wide, several hundred feet thick, and ten, fifteen or even twenty miles long. Everything that obstructs their path is torn up, and they soon become loaded with dirt and stones. On either side are piles of rubbish, forced up by their pressure. These are lateral morains, or side walls. At the lower end there is often a similar pile, which is known as a terminal morain, or end wall.

The surface of glaciers is broken up into all sorts of odd shapes—in appearance not unlike water roughened by a storm. Large fissures, or cracks, are common, and make walking dangerous. Persons who venture far, without being familiar with the ice, are apt to find themselves in a network of seams, that cross each other in different directions, like fences. Some of these cracks are many feet wide, and as deep as the eye can see, very likely extending to the bottom of the glacier. Sometimes they are crossed by narrow bridges of snow, that must be carefully pressed upon and packed with the foot to enable them to bear the weight of a man. Parties going to any great distance upon the ice provide themselves with ladders, ropes, grappling irons, and like apparatus, to help them across these cavities.

The Alps, in Switzerland, are among the greatest wonders of the world. Every traveler in Europe feels that he must make at least one visit to them. Now and then a hardy man attempts the ascent of one of the mountains. A few have been up Mont Blanc, the highest of all—a three days' journey of such terrible exposure that it often happens that persons lose the use of one or more of their limbs from the cold. Recently a party of eleven, who made the ascent, were overtaken by a snow-storm when returning down the mountain, were lost, and all perished. Three only of their bodies have as yet been recovered.

Often a glacier comes in its course to a precipice, over the edge of which it presses, and falling, in huge masses, crushes all beneath. Whole villages have been destroyed by these avalanches. The mass is sometimes sufficient to choke up the narrow gorge into which it falls, thus shutting in the water formed by the melting of the lower end of the glacier. If the barrier is strong enough to bear the pressure upon it, the landscape is enriched by a lake, which often finds an outlet in a beautiful cascade. More frequently, however, the dam gives way, and the torrent rushes down upon the cultivated land, sweeping everything before it. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in the Val de Bagnes about fifty years ago. The river Dranse became entirely stopped by avalanches where it passed through a narrow gorge near the upper end of the valley. It soon became evident that the flood must burst the icy barrier, and desolate the entire valley, which was in many places thickly settled. A bold engineer proposed to cut a tunnel, and let the water off gradually. The workmen were busy at it for more than a month, in constant danger of their lives from falling ice or stones. The gallery, when finished, was sixty-eight feet long. At first the plan succeeded well. In three days the lake, which contained eight hundred cubic feet of water, was reduced a third. Then it was discovered that the water was mining the wall. It fell with a fearful crash. In half an hour the lake was empty. The flood rushed down, acquiring new force as it burst from one narrow gorge to another, and carrying with it forests, rocks, houses, barns and cultivated lands. For the first four miles it swept along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, or as fast as an ordinary train of rail cars. In six hours and a half it reached Lake Geneva, a distance of forty-five miles. Whole villages were destroyed. The entire lower end of the valley was covered with a layer of new soil, brought by the torrent. In parts it was so deep that it was necessary to cut roads through it. In places every landmark was effaced.

Where glaciers shall end is pretty evenly decided by the warmth of the air. They cannot long exist where the ice is melting. There have been cases, however, where they have pushed themselves into cultivated fields. Men have picked and eaten ripe cherries with one foot upon the ice and the other upon the tree. The glacier of Brenva, having reached the foot of the mountain, and being still crowded on by the weight of snow above, not only crossed the valley, but plowed its way for a considerable distance up the opposite slope. Green fields peeped from beneath it on either side. The remains of walls and fences showed where large villages were buried. The valley was divided by a wall of ice.

In Greenland, and other very cold countries, the glaciers often descend to the water's edge, and discharge themselves upon the ocean in immense floes, or bergs. It is not uncommon for a vessel to fasten to one of these great fields of ice, and the crew to travel for days along its surface, without discovering but what they are upon the mainland. Sometimes their size is equal to a hundred square miles. They are raised above the water from two to eight feet. These bodies of ice are the cause of much danger to shipping; for a vessel caught between two of them is almost certain to be crushed. The stoutest ribs cannot stand their pressure.

Ice fields and floes are often salt-water formations, unconnected with glaciers, but icebergs are always fresh. They are comparatively small, but rise two or three hundred feet above the water, in very different and queer figures. Every foot above water shows that there are eight beneath, so they must sometimes be more than two thousand feet thick. They are loaded with rocks and other substances, which, as the ice melts, fall to the bottom of the sea. Winds and tides bring these bergs so far south that they are often met by vessels crossing from New York to Liverpool, and are sometimes stranded on the coast of Newfoundland.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Having used an artificial gastric juice prepared with hydrochloric acid and pepsin Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins obtained the following figures for the digestibility of certain substances, that of beef being assumed as 100: Veal 95, mutton 92, chicken (light meat) 87, chicken (dark meat) 84, salmon 92, mackerel 86, haddock 82, trout 87, lobster (young) 88, lobster (large female) 79, lobster (large male) 69, fresh cod 72. Generally the white flesh is more digestible than the dark and raw meat than cooked.

Writing on the production of photographs to scale, a correspondent of the *Field* says if a man wants a carriage or implement photographed so as to make a working copy to scale all that is necessary is, when a plate is being taken, that a clear and distinct three-foot rule be placed on the carriage or implement. The rule is photographed with the other object, and, no matter what the size of the print or negative may be, will always give a true scale. Within certain limits such a procedure should prove very useful.

A simple but infallible test for alum in flour: If a portion of adulterated flour is placed in a small quantity of chloroform the flour floats, while the alum or other mineral matter sinks to the bottom. In a similar way alum in bread may be instantly detected by placing a small piece of the suspected loaf in a solution of logwood and carbonate of ammonia; if alum be present the bread will turn blue.

We extract from a foreign journal the following formula for a cement, which is very nearly colorless: Seventy parts fine cut, pure India rubber, which has not been vulcanized, dissolved in 100 parts of chloroform; when the rubber is thoroughly dissolved add fifteen parts gum mastic. It will require several days to dissolve, and it must be kept in stoppered bottles out of the reach of heat.

By means of a horizontal pendulum seismograph some interesting facts concerning the Japanese earthquake of October 15, 1884, were obtained. The movement of the ground from one side to the other was 4.3 centimeters. The most violent motions were over in about ten seconds.

A concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and glue makes a cement for articles to broken glass which will resist boiling water. It is carefully applied to the surface, and when the broken parts are brought together the whole is exposed to the action of the sun.

Dr. E. von Lendenfeld found traces of glacial action on the highest peaks of the Australian mountains. No evidence of ice action was found at less than 5,800 feet above the sea.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

An architect thus recommends the use of copper as a roof-covering in place of tin: We always specify the use of copper for covering roofs when we can induce owners to allow us to do so, on account of its durability, although its cost is about $14 per 100 square feet over the price of tin roofing. When we reflect that a tin roof requires constant repairs, and painting at least every two years at a cost of two or three cents a foot, varying as to the number of coats the cost of repairs for six years, together with the cost of tin roof, equals the cost of copper.

A substitute for leather is prepared as follows by E. Bauer, of Vienna: The white of an egg, to which dextrine, gum, etc, may be added, is mixed with glycerine, fatty vegetable oil and a concentrated solution of caoutchouc into a mass; and this mass, which may be colored by the addition of a suitable coloring matter, is then spread over plates and left until it solidifies. It is then left to dry at a low temperature, and tanned like leather by being taken through tannine solutions.

To write on steel: Clean the steel with some oil and cover its surface with a layer of molten beeswax. A sharp-pointed stick is used to write on the wax, so as to lay bare the parts of the metal which have to retain the writing. The parts thus exposed are covered by means of a brush with a mixture of six parts nitric acid and one part muriatic acid. After five minutes the metal is placed in water in order to stop the further action of the acid mixture.

There are 3½ pounds of cotton seed to every pound of fiber. More than 4,000,000 tons are produced annually, but only 10 per cent. of the seed is crushed, the rest being thrown away. A ton of seed yields thirty-five gallons of oil, twenty-two pounds of cotton and 750 pounds of cake used for fattening cattle. The oil is largely used for making fine soaps, and when refined properly can hardly be distinguished from olive oil.

Many soft timbers, especially walnut, are more destructive to the cutting edge of planes than harder wood, such as oak. The reason is the presence of extremely minute crystals of silica in these soft woods. These particles are of uniform size and evenly distributed through the tissue of the wood.

The Kind of a Man Grant Was.

The first time General Grant left Culpepper Court-house, where his headquarters then were, for Washington, the Quartermaster made up a special train to accommodate the sick and such as might have leave of absence. One passenger car in the train was reserved for General Grant and the two or three other officers with him, and they did not attract any special attention as they passed into the car. The General was always the plainest and least ostentatious man in the army. All the cars of the train, except the one reserved for General Grant, were soon crowded, and many soldiers were standing on the platform of the station. General Grant was sitting alone on the side of the car next to the platform and near to the door, when a soldier came to the door and was told by the guard that he could not come into that car. General Grant asked the guard what the man wanted, and was told he wanted to go to Washington. The General then asked why the man was not permitted to come into the car, and was answered that "This car is a special car for General Grant and his staff." The General replied quickly, "Let him come in. I only occupy one seat in this car." This was the first intimation the guard had that General Grant and his staff were in the car. The General then asked what the other men were doing who were standing out on the platform, and being told that they wanted to go to Washington he said, "Let all who can crowd in get in." The car was soon filled, one private soldier taking a seat beside the General and engaging him in conversation nearly all the way to Alexandria, not knowing with whom he was talking.—[Cleveland Herald.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.—In a recent libel suit in Rhode Island a Chief Justice, in his charge to the jury, laid down the law on the rights of the press as follows: I think that a public newspaper has a right to comment upon and criticise in the discharge of public duties. I think that if the publishers discover what they consider to be defects they have a right to point them out. If there are facts which suggest fault I think that the public press has a right to criticise and to censure. If in the exercise of this freedom of comment they act fairly and honestly, and meaning to do what is right, they cannot be held accountable. It is of great importance to the public that the newspapers should have this liberty. If there should be none to censure or to criticise, frauds would grow more and more intolerable, to the manifest peril of the public welfare, and therefore you can see that the public have a great interest in maintaining unshackled the right of the public press to freely and fairly criticise.—[Pacific Printer.

MOUND BUILDING AND RELIGIOUS BELIEF. Among the earliest of religious beliefs is that of Animism, or nature worship. Next to this in the rising scale is animal worship, and following it is sun worship. Animism is the religion of the savage and hunter races, who are generally wanderers. Animal worship is the religion of the sedentary tribes, and is peculiar to a condition where agriculture and permanent village life appear. Sun worship is the religion of village tribes and is peculiar to the stage which borders upon the civilized. It is a religion which belongs to the status of barbarism, but often passes over into the civilized state. Now, judging from all circumstances and signs, we should say that the emblematic mound builders were in a transition state, between the conditions of savagery and barbarism, and that they had reached the point where animal worship is very prevalent.—[American Antiquarian.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, one of the best tonics. Dr. A. Atkinson, Professor Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of the best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

At Port Townsend, W. T., thirty canoes full of Indians from Barclay Sound have arrived to pick hops.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

GOD'S WITNESSES.

If all that worship Thee to-day
Should suddenly be swept away,
And not a Muezzin left to cry,
Through the silence of the sky—
"God is great!"—there still would be
Clouds of witnesses for Thee
On the land and in the sea.
Aye! and if these, too, were fled,
And the earth itself were dead,
Greater would remain on high;
For all the planets in the sky,
Suns that burn till day is flown,
Stars that are with night restored,
Are thy dervishes, O Lord,
Wheeling round Thy golden Throne!

—[Edwin Arnold.

The things without us have naturally a voice, if we only had not lost the power to hear that voice. To the old Greek and Roman mind there was a holy mystery about the earth and sky, which we are in danger of missing in these days of cold intellectuality. We name processes of nature and then seem to think we have got to the end of them. Analysis is fatal to mystery, as it is to love. Our scientific knowledge is hardly more than ignorance reduced to classification. We are in danger of making what we know a throne instead of a footstool for the attainment of what is beyond. There is more for the spirit in a presentiment of a far-off truth than in the knowledge of a close one. Stand where we may, we stand on holy ground. We shall still find God in nature when we kneel in nature.—[Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.

What is God? The telescope, by which we hold converse with the stars, the microscope which unvails the secrets of nature, the crucible of the chemist, the knife of the anatomist, the reflective faculties of the philosopher, all the common instruments of science, avail not here. On the threshold of that impenetrable mystery a voice arrests our steps. From out the clouds and darkness that are round about God's throne the question comes, "Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?"—[Thomas Guthrie.

When we are told that God is the redeemer of the world, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the most high; but if we want to know that God feels for us individually and separately, we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "My redeemer." Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself.—[F. W. Robertson.

You cannot stay the shell in its flight; after it has left the mortar it goes on to its mark, and there it explodes, dealing destruction all around. Just as little can you stay the consequences of a sin after it has been committed. You may repent of it, you may even be forgiven for it, but still it goes on its deadly and desolating way. It has passed entirely beyond your reach; once done it cannot be undone.—[Wm. M. Taylor.

Ah, my friends, we must look out and around to see what God is like. It is when we persist in turning our eyes inward, and prying curiously over our own imperfections, that we learn to make God after our own image, and fancy that our own darkness and hardness of heart are the patterns of His light and love.—[Charles Kingsley.

What is our death but a night's sleep? For, as through sleep, all weariness and faintness pass away and cease, and the power of the Spirit comes back again, so that in the morning we arise fresh and joyous—so at the last day we shall rise again as if we had only slept at night, and shall be fresh and strong.—[Martin Luther.

Character is so largely affected by associations that we cannot afford to be indifferent as to who and what our friends are. They write their names in our albums, but they do more, they help make us what we are. Be, therefore, careful in selecting them; and when wisely selected, never sacrifice them.—[M. Hulburd.

Christ left his grave clothes behind him in the sepulcher because he rose to die no more; death was to have no more dominion over him. Lazarus came out with his grave clothes on, for he was to use them again; but Christ, rising to an immortal life, came out free from those incumbrances.—[Matthew Henry.

Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—[Leighton.

After reading the doctrines of Plato, Socrates or Aristotle, we feel that the specific difference between their words and Christ's is the difference between an inquiry and a revelation.—[Dr. Joseph Parker.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.—[Franklin.

The heart has always the pardoning power.—[Madame Swetchine.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.—[Bovee.

Ancient Reservoirs.

The reservoirs of the ancients were not inferior to those of the present time. The expertness of the ancient engineers is attested by the remains extant; they certainly are not buried in the waters of the Lethe. The Pools of Solomon still continue to furnish water to Jerusalem. They are three in number. The upper is 160 feet above the middle one, the latter 248 feet above the lower. The first was supplied by pipes from springs, and, when full, emptied into the second, and that into the lower one. The water was used for irrigating Solomon's gardens and supplying his temple. The lower pool held about 31,442,425 gallons, the middle about 12,289,912, and the upper one 13,778,772—a grand total of 58,511,109 gallons, or nearly six times as much as the Kansas City reservoir, which is estimated at 10,000,000 gallons. These pools were solid rock and masonry, lined with cement, and had steps leading to the bottom. One historian says that Nebuchadnezzar, wishing to brick the bottom of the Euphrates, which flowed through the center of Babylon, caused a reservoir forty miles square to be dug, so as to allow his masons a dry river bed. Another historian writes that Nitocris, a daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, is said to have dug a reservoir 420 stadia in circumference, lined with stone, for the waters of the Euphrates, in order that the river bed at Babylon should be dry, so that she could build piers for a bridge. A stadium being 625 feet, it would make this circumference forty miles. These two reservoirs may be the same, and this shows what discrepancies there are among writers.—[Building and Engineering Times.

A TALLOW TREE.—This remarkable tree is a native of China. In the island of Chusan quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered when the tree has lost its leaves. The twigs bearing the fruit are cut down and carried to a farm-house, where the seed is stripped off and put into a cylindrical box open at one end and pierced with holes at the opposite one. The box is then suspended in a cylindrical kettle containing water, and the diameter of which differs but little from that of the box. This soon softens the seeds and facilitates the separation of the tallow. After about a quarter of an hour's exposure to steam the seeds are poured into a steam mortar, where they are stirred about until all the tallow has been separated in a semi-liquid state. It is afterward poured into a cylinder with a hole at the bottom, through which it is driven by the action of a press. It comes out perfectly free from all impurities, and soon becomes solid.

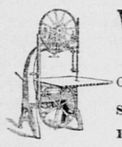
Riverside, Los Angeles county, occupies a stretch of country two miles wide by seventeen in length.

VERY WELL PUT.

Why do we defer until to-morrow what we should do to-day? Why do we neglect a cough until it throws us into Consumption, and Consumption brings us to the grave? DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM is sure to cure if taken in season. It has never been known to fail. Use it thoroughly, according to directions. Persevere until the disease is conquered, as it is certain to be, even if should require a dozen bottles. There is no better medicine for pulmonary disorders. fe24-is1y&w1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache.
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & Co.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Wood-working
MACHINERY
Of all kinds, of Best Make, and LOWEST PRICE.
SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY,
Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, etc.

ENGINE GOVERNORS
Iron-Working Tools,
Crosby Steam Gauges
ENGINES and BOILERS
OF ANY CAPACITY, ETC
TATUM & BOWEN,
25 to 31 Main street, San Francisco
ap19-2ptfS Manufacturers and Agents.

SACRAMENTO BANK,
THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE CITY,
Corner J and Fifth streets, Sacramento.
GUARANTEED CAPITAL, $500,000.—PAID up Capital, $250,000. Loans on Real Estate, July 1, 1885, $2,044,813. Term and Ordinary Deposits, July 1, 1885, $1,965,521. Term and Ordinary Deposits received, and Dividends paid in January and July. Money Loaned upon Real Estate only. This Bank does exclusively a Savings Bank business. Information furnished on application to W. P. COLEMAN, President.
ED. R. HAMILTON, Cashier. jy24-1s6m

THE "HOME SEEKER."

The Immigration Association of Northern California is now preparing to issue the August number of the "HOME SEEKER." It is to be enlarged, and fully illustrated with lithographic views of Northern California. It will contain practical information of the resources and advantages of the Northern Counties. All the proceeds of this publication will be devoted to the carrying on of immigration work. We appeal to the business men of the Northern part of the State to give it their advertising support. By so doing, the work of bringing an increase of population to the State will be carried on. At Ogden a copy will be put in the hands of each incoming passenger. In addition to this, several thousand copies will be distributed on the trains leaving Chicago, in order to attract the settler intending to settle in other States and Territories. Give the "HOME SEEKER" your support. ap7-tf

READ THIS!
We have a sure and painless system for the cure of
Rectal Diseases!
Piles, Fissure, Fistula in Ano, Rectal Ulcers, Pruritus, Polypus-recti
SUCCESSFULLY TREATED!
Female and Chronic Diseases a Specialty.
PILES Cured without Cutting, Burning, Ligating, or detention from business. Over 50,000 operations for PILES, and not one death.
RECTAL ULCERS!
Thousands die annually from CONSUMPTION, HEART, LIVER, KIDNEY DISEASES, etc., and the cause never suspected. With DR. A. W. BRINKERHOFF'S system of Examining and Treating Rectal Diseases, we find RECTAL ULCERATION the cause of all Chronic Affections. Charges reasonable.
Consultation and Examination free.
J. J. PECKHAM, M. D.,
Office, Odd Fellows' Temple, corner o Ninth and K streets, Rooms 1 and 3 Sacramento, Cal. jy14-3ptf

RUPTURE!
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous *Electro-Magnetic Current*. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective in curing Rupture. Price reduced. 500 cured in '83. Send stamp for pamphlet.
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO.,
702 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.
The Original. Beware of Imitations.
Paris Medal on Every Bottle.
Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878.

s30-1yTuThS

Eagle Winery,
Sacramento.....Cal.
THE BEST QUALITIES OF CALIFORNIA Wines—Port, Sherry, Reisling, White Wine, Angelica, Claret, Zinfandel, etc. Also, Grape Brandy constantly on hand and sold at the lowest cash prices. Goods delivered at the depot, steamer or any part of the city without extra charge. M. S. NEVIS, Proprietor.
jy30-tf4pTuThS

McMUNN'S ELIXIR OF
OPIUM
Is the pure extract from the drug from which all the hurtful properties are removed and the medical ones retained. No headache, costiveness or sickness of the stomach attend its use. Price, 50 cents. All druggists. s23-1yTuThS

Manhood Restored
REMEDY FREE.—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.
s9-1yTuThS

ODORLESS EXCAVATOR.
CESSPOOLS AND VAULTS CLEANED cheap and free from all offensive odors. Orders left