HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamuga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to day!"
(The reddest day in history).

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up her banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
The mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—*"An ex-Confederate" in the Century.*

TWO SUMMER BOARDERS.

The house might have been a very pleasant one when it was opened, but in summer-time it was virtually closed because of the flies and heat and dust and sun, Mrs. Fries said. In the morning the bed in the summer boarders' room was nicely made, the furniture all dusted and put back against the wall and the furniture was solid mahogany; the blinds were shut and indeed the windows too, and coming in out of the sunlight one had to grope one's way all over the house. So Miss Hetherington went out upon the veranda immediately after breakfast, and remained there, if she remained near the house at all, till bedtime.

She had just left the breakfast table, but by the little watch that hung from her girdle it was already 9 o'clock. All through the meal there had been a pleasant clickety music from the neighboring field. John had told Miss Hetherington the night before that he would about reach the middle of the field with his mowing machine when she left the breakfast table the next morning, and sure enough there he was. What a Hercules was this young farmer Fries! and a handsome, stalwart fellow, and a fine, frank, excellent nature, and a gentleman withal.

The Fries had always sent their sons to a sort of college for a few years, to polish them up; then, if they chose to go on with a profession, the money was found for it. In fact, several of John's cousins were students of divinity, of medicine, of law; but John chose to be a farmer, of his own free will, his mother said. She was a nice, quaint, wholesome little women, whom Miss Hetherington liked very much, and Mrs. Fries seemed to return this affection, until John——

But that was a matter of course. Miss Hetherington felt sorry that these little hobbies of mothers always interfered with their happiness. She had begun by liking Mrs. Fries better than her son. She amused her and interested her; the old lady had all that native ingenuity, vigor, simplicity, and honesty of expression which the few years at college had cured for John. But of late Mrs. Fries had been very busy. It was haying-time, and she went to bed early, but not Miss Hetherington, who disliked going to bed more than anything in the world, unless it might be getting out of bed after she had once gone to it. As for John, he liked the moon.

The verandah faced the road, running the whole length of the house. Some fine old horse-chestnuts shaded the lawn, then across the fence was the field of hay where John was mowing. Miss Hetherington put up her glass. Without her glass, John and the mower looked one. All at once the music of the mower ceased, and the fine figure at the helm, or whatever the governing power of a mower is called, took off its wide-brimmed straw hat and waved it in the sweet summer air; and Miss Hetherington, not to be outdone, took from her belt a little trifle of lace and linen, and also waved it. And heaven knows how long this little pantomime might have gone on if Miss Hetherington had not heard behind her a peculiar cough. It came from Mrs. Fries, who was looking at Miss Hetherington, but not like John or the many well-known ways of looking at a pretty woman. There was something in the gaze of Mrs. Fries that went to Miss Hetherington's heart without elating it.

"Good morning," said Miss Hetherington. "You tell me without speaking that I must not interfere with the shining hours of haying-time, and you see that it is just as if I went within-doors—not a bit of me is to be seen, and I promise you won't be till the tedious sun goes down."

Miss Hetherington had put herself and her draperies quite behind a huge Japanese honeysuckle, and now sank into one of the big red easy-chairs, and reached a book from a convenient and sheltered nook which was crammed with paper literature. She yawned slightly. The compact mass of summer reading took a somewhat wearisome shape.

"And how long does this troublesome haying-time last?" she said.

Miss Hetherington looked up, and was surprised to see that Mrs. Fries had turned into an old woman. From a comfortable middle age she had shrunk and faded into something quite pitiable. The red in her cheek, which had hitherto bloomed like that in a winter apple, had suddenly fled, and her eyes, which had always held the snap of virility, were sunken and dull.

"It's too late to tell you not to interfere with John," she said; "it's too late; the mischief's done."

Miss Hetherington was touched and interested. She suddenly put up her soft white hands, and catching the trembling, wrinkled hands of Mrs. Fries within her own, she drew her gently into a chair by her side behind the honeysuckle.

"Dear madam, dear Mrs. Fries," she said, in that low, caressing voice which was a valuable accessory of Miss Hetherington's, "don't, please, worry! I assure you there's nothing to worry about."

"Begging your pardon, miss, I think there is," said Mrs. Fries; "If you ain't in earnest my John is; and that's what I want to talk to you about this morning. I don't say you're all to blame. It's perhaps just as natural for you to go round trappin' foolish boys like John as it is for that nasty black and yellow spider to lie in wait for flies."

"Madam!" Miss Hetherington drew herself up haughtily.

"Begging your pardon again—perhaps I'm wrong; perhaps it may be as John hopes, though I sorely distrust it. You ain't the kind of a girl to take kindly to farm life; and there may be a way to leave the farm behind—the farm and me too, and everything that might be a trouble to you—if you only love John. Ah! you draw back. I thought you would. I told John so last night. 'John,' says I, 'she's fooling you; that's only her summer sport;' and he tried to laugh me off. But I talked on and on, trying to show him the pitfall he was tumbling into, when all at once he turned on me with a white face, and 'Mother, hush!' says he; 'there's only this to say, in that case, what's fun for her is death to me!' And I don't say you can help it, any more than yonder spider can help catching flies. The Lord made you both, and sent you, but I wished it had pleased Him to send you somewhere else, and spare my John."

"I'll go—I'll go now!" beginning, in fact, to gather up her draperies.

"It's too late now. The mischief's done." And it seemed that more mischief was at hand, for a cry arose from the opposite field, and a bad sight could be seen from the veranda; nothing less than a stalwart man dethroned from his proud perch on the mower, and trampled under the hoofs that had always seemed to move only at his bidding.

Miss Hetherington stood as if turned to stone. Mrs. Fries had disappeared, and in the meanwhile they brought the poor young farmer to the house on a rough litter. I approached Miss Hetherington, "I think we had better go," I ventured to say, for I was the only other summer boarder. "Come, let us go and pack up and get away, Kate."

She turned on me fiercely.

"You, a woman," she said, "talk of going at a time like this!"

"I spoke as a boarder, Kate, not as a woman. You know we have no right to intrude any further; we were not wanted in the beginning; we forced ourselves upon these worthy people."

"We didn't know that there was a man within miles," said poor Kate; "that is a young man—I mean a—gentleman—"

"Of course we didn't" I said encouragingly; "but we know now, to our, to their, and to everybody's cost. Let's get away, Kate; it's the refinement of cruelty to stay any longer."

She stood there quite dazed, and I led her quietly up-stairs into her darkened room. The whole house seemed kept in readiness for any sort of catastrophe. I confess I was dying to get rid of it, and threw open the shutters the better to see to pack our trunks. Upon which, Kate ran over and closed them again. "How can you let the sun come in on her carpet in that way?" said Kate; "and the flies. Haven't we done her enough injury already?"

"Speak for yourself, my dear," I said; and at that moment the poor little old lady ran in crying and wringing her hands.

"He isn't—isn't—" I stammered, while Kate became white as the wall she leaned against. The old lady went up to her and grasped her dress. "Packing your trunk? Going? she said, in a hollow whisper.

"She don't want to go," I said, coming to the rescue. "She'd rather stay, but I don't think it's best. I—

The old lady turned to me, keeping her hold on poor Kate's black and yellow trimming. "I don't care whether you go or not," she said to me; "but if you've a soul in your body, you won't take her with you. He's asking for her now; she may save his life. Let her save him first; for God's sake, let her try to save him!"

There was more force than politeness in the old lady's appeal, but this was no time for platitudes.

"Mrs. Fries," said I, "there's one thing about it—if she stays now, she must stay forever."

Kate uttered a soft little cry and put her arms about the old lady. She looked over at me, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and a sudden softening of her whole being.

"O, is that it?" I said. "Well, stay, then, dear, in heaven's name, and so will I till the worst is over. You won't be incongruous here, Kate; you're wonderfully adaptable—"

But she had gone away to John with the old lady.

It was a terrible risk. I waited in great suspense, placing what hope I could in trepanned skulls and the modern improvements in artificial limbs, for I knew from the first he wouldn't die—young men like John hold on to life, especially with a temptation like Kate by the side of them.

I am writing upon the same veranda a year after the accident in the hayfield. The honeysuckle is in full bloom, and Kate's pet mocking bird is shrieking in a flood of light that radiates the dining-room. Young Mrs. Flies has substituted nets for the Cimmerian gloom that used to develop the house. Now anyone with half an eye can see to the farthest end of any corridor, and the bedrooms have a sunbath every day. The old lady don't mind. She's all the way of tweny years younger, and the best of company. John didn't lose his leg, let alone his life; and the funniest part of the whole thing is that Kate has made quite a match. John happened to be ever so much richer than any of the marriageable men we knew.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

How Simonides Managed to Arrange Things with Aliantha.

"Simonides, you are a sneak!"

It was the young man's father who spoke.

"When I was of your age, Simonides," he continued, "I had too good sense and too much spunk to dance attendance on a young woman for three or four years without coming to the point and saying what I meant by my attentions. If I had not, Simonides, you would still have been in the future tense, as it were, sir."

The youth cowered under the searching gaze of his father. The rebuke was deserved. Simonides Whacker could not deny it. He spoke submissively:

"What would you have me do, sir?"

"Act like a man. Go straight to the girl and tell her you want her. Don't beat about the bush any longer. If she accepts you I'll set you up in business. If she does not, you will be free to see some one else."

"Aliantha," began the young man, somewhat huskily, "are the folks all well?"

"Quite well, Mr. Whacker, thank you."

"I have come this evening, Aliantha," he resumed, heroically, "to—to—to bring back the volume of Dante I got of you last evening——"

"Why, you haven't finished it already, Mr. Whacker?"

"And to say that I—that I—like—that I like Dante first-rate."

"Dante is so soulful," said Aliantha softly.

"He's immense," assented Simonides, heartily; "and speaking of Dante, I—er——"

"Yes."

"There isn't a poet of modern times, in my opinion, that is knee-high to Dante."

"Except Tennyson," murmured the beautiful girl.

"Of course, I except Tennyson. And speaking of Tennyson, Aliantha, I—er—"

"Yes?"

"Will you let me make you a present of a volume some time, with the inscription on the fly-leaf, 'To my——'"

"Well?"

"To my wife, Aliantha?"

"Father," exclaimed Simonides, with the feverishly commercial eagerness of a young man who feels that he has lost about three good years, "I shall be ready to go into business week after next."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Soil For Grapes.

Do not be afraid of rich soil for grape vines. They are gross feeders, and we have found that a liberal top-dressing of well-rotted chip dirt, on naturally strong, rich prairie soil, has grown our finest crop of grapes. Grape vines are especially fond of animal refuse. If bones, heads, or other butchers' offal, are buried two, three or four feet from a vine, which has been planted two or more years, and is in good condition, the roots will soon take possession. We have always put this advice in practice by burying all small animals which die (and of which, farmers have more or less every year), in our vineyard, and our neighbors have always expressed surprise at the luxuriant growth of our vines, and crops of fruit.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

TIPPECANOE AND MORTON, TOO.

[Written for the New York *Press* by M. H. Rosenfield, and set to music by Charles E. Pratt.]

Haul down the red bandana, the man from Indiana
Will trail it in the mire of defeat.
From Maine to Minnesota, from Texas to Dakota,
Our candidates are very hard to beat.
Go tell dear Brother Grover his office days are over,
We've got the Roman howlers on a run.
We'll foster honest labor, so toiler with your neighbor,
Come fall in line with Indiana's son.
Then haul down the red bandana, our flag it bears no stain,
With Tippecanoe and Morton, too, we'll win the great campaign.

CHORUS.

Tippecanoe and Morton, too, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
That's the team to pull us through; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Go tell old Brother Grover that his office days are over;
Tippecanoe and Morton, too, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

The tariff's cranks are yelling, Protection's ranks are swelling,
We're coming with a rush for Uncle Ben;
With victory smiling o'er us, we'll sweep the foe before us,
With votes of naught but free and honest men,
The glory of our sires, the nation's heart inspires,
To triumph as it did in long ago.
Chicago's choice, we greet you, no Cleveland can defeat you.
The Free-trade boodle party now must go.
Then haul down the red bandana, our flag it bears no stain,
With Tippecanoe and Morton, too, we'll win the great campaign.

CHORUS.

Tippecanoe and Morton, too, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
That's the team to pull us through; hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Go tell old Brother Grover that his office days are over;
Tippecanoe and Morton, too, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

Toilers of the Deep Who Are Governed by Queer Lore.

"Next Sunday will be wet."

"How can you tell?"

"Wet Friday, wet Sunday," replied an old fisherman, who was smoking a well-colored meerschaum pipe, and discussing a cup of strong, black coffee in a dining-saloon. He was a typical fisherman. He had large, clear blue eyes, a bushy head of hair, and a hand as hard as a marlinspike. He stoutly denied that fishermen were superstitious, and maintained that their reasonings were founded on fact and not fiction. No book for him. In spite of his denial, however, fisherman are probably the most superstitious class of people on earth.

"Just tell me something about a fisherman's life and his superstitions," asked the reporter of the veteran.

"Fishermen don't have any superstitions, sir, and if they have they are far below those you land-lubbers are a prey to."

"You just now mentioned one: 'Wet Friday, wet Sunday.'"

"That's no superstition; that's a fact, and one you can't alter. I've grown old in the business, and as long as I can remember I've never seen a wet Friday that was not followed by a wet Sunday."

"Don't you think it superstitious not to go fishing on Friday? Why should you select that as being an unlucky day?"

"No, I don't. Just so long as fish have lived in the water and men have taken them out, Friday has been an unlucky day for our trade. You just try it, and you'll find that I'm right."

"Why is it that you nevers allow whistling on board a fishing boat?"

"Because, my boy, it's calling on Old Nick to make his appearance, and he always brings wind with him."

"Fishermen don't like to begin any undertaking on Monday. What is the reason of that superstition?"

"I told you a minute ago that it was not a superstition. The meaning of it is, bad Monday, bad week."

"Now, if one of your shipmates should smash a looking-glass on board ship you give up all hope of getting a good haul?"

"Yes, sir; I never saw it fail yet, and I have seen a good many broken in my time, and just as sure as it occurred a gale came on and blew great guns, and we were compelled to run for shelter. If that failed, then we caught no fish. I've known men that have had to go out of the business because they were always smashing things, and no one would sail with them. I dare say you would laugh at me if I told you that I got a good drubbing from a skipper under whom I once sailed because I shoved the dory off from the side of the ship with her head pointing to the sun."

"What did that signify?"

"It means simply defying the elements, and whenever you do that, take my word that nothing good comes from it."

"How is it that you are so certain of your storm prediction?"

"Oh that is simple. Year in and year out we study the signs of the heavens, which are very accurate. Certain stars, bright or dull, mean certain things. The wind from a given certain quarter in a certain month is almost sure to bring stormy, fair, dry or wet weather, as the case may be. The moon gives us a good deal of information; if she is on her back, then look out for storm; if her horns are well pointed, then you may expect cool or cold weather, according to the season of the year. If there is a large hazy circle around the moon, then you may look out for a good rain-storm or a steady rainfall. Then the Big and Little Bears give us some useful knowledge, according to the different positions they assume."

"When going on a fishing trip—I mean, of course, deep-sea fishing—how is it that you can tell exactly where to set your net or cast your line?"

"That's as easy as smoking your pipe. You see, a rock or a bank is situated exactly by the compass in a certain bearing of locality. Well, we can tell just as well without a compass, and it is very simple. Suppose the fishing ground is ten, twenty or thirty miles from the land. We sail in the direction of it until we get two headlands in one, as it were. Then we can tell to a dot how far we are out, and consequently we know where the fishing bank is, but we sail on until only one of the headlands or banks is visible. That gives us so many miles, just as exactly as if you measured it with a tape, so that we know where we are. A high church steeple or a lighthouse of a land bluff shows the accustomed eye of a fisherman where he is."

"Then it isn't true that you can tell by the water?"

"In some cases we can, but as a general rule our land bearings are the most reliable."

"There is no emergency that would compel a fisherman to make any repairs on Sunday, either in the sail department, rigging or hull of the vessel?"

"Experience has taught us that Sunday must be kept. If you drive a nail in the piece of the wood of your vessel on Sunday look out, for that is what we call nailing the trip. Should you mend your sails the first wind rips them again, and if you fix or mend your rigging it will come down about your head and ears the moment you go out. I have myself had sail-needles break in my hand when I attempted to sew on Sunday. That was when I was a youngster and thought it would be a big thing to defy the rules.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

The Great St. Louis Bridge.

The beautiful bridge built by Captain Eads over the Mississippi river at St. Louis, bold in its design and excellent in its execution, is an object of admiration to all who visit it, but the impression of its importance would be greatly magnified if the part below the surface of the water, which bears the massive towers, and which extends to a depth twice as great as the hight of the pier above the water could be visible.

There are three steel arches, the center one having a span of 520 feet, and each side arch a span of 502 feet. Each span has four parallel arches or ribs, and each arch is composed of two cylindrical tubes, 18 inches in exterior diameter, one acting as the upper, and the other as the lower chord of the arch. The tubes are in section, each about 12 feet long, and connected by screw joints. The thickness of the steel forming the tubes runs from 1 3-16 to 2¼ inches. The upper and lower tubes are parallel and are 12 inches apart, connected by a single system of diagonal bracing. The double tracks of the railroad run through the bridge adjacent to the side arches at the elevation of the highest point of the lower tube. The carriage roads and foot paths extend the full width of the bridge and are carried, by braced vertical posts, at an elevation of twenty-three feet above the railroad. The clear headway is fifty-five feet above ordinary high water. The approaches on each side are masonry viaducts, and the railway connects with the city station by a tunnel nearly a mile in length. The great tubular ribs were built out from each side of a pier, the weight on one side acting as a counterpoise for the construction on the other side of the pier. They were thus gradually and systematically projected over the river, without support from below, till they meet at the middle of the span, when the last central connecting tube was put in place by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, and the arch became self-supporting.—John Bogart, in Scribners' Magazine for July.

Is Spiritualism Insanity?

A mere belief in spiritism does not affect the ability to make a last testament or contract, any more than the acceptance of the miracle of the Immaculate Conception as a truth, or others of a disputed nature. It is only when a man's delusion is an insane one, and when it is clearly associated with intellectual perversion of a morbid type, and is what is known to alienists as insane, that the Court must take cognizance and protect the individual and society. If a believer is commanded by the spirits to do some act of violence—to "remove," as Guiteau expressed it, certain persons he believes obnoxious; to commit some unjust action; or if he is so weak-minded as to become the prey of designing persons—then his mental state is certainly one requiring attention. The tolerance of the Courts in regard to popular delusions is, however, to say the least, remarkable. Some years ago a well-to-do Frenchman named Bonnard died in the city of New York. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, and when his will was opened it was found that he had left a very large sum to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A contest naturally followed, but the will was admitted to probate, the Surrogate holding that the act of the dead man was consistent, inasmuch as he believed his soul would find a tenement after his demise in the body, possibly, of some canine waif who might receive the protection of the society in question. While savoring of the wisdom of Solomon—and in a legal sense this decision was undoubtedly a logical one—it probably would have been found, on careful examination, that the testator's delusion was associated with others of an insane character.—*American Magazine.*

General Harrison's Military Record.

In 1862, when the Union armies had met with reverses in the South and volunteers had in in a measure ceased to offer themselves, General Harrison abandoned the quiet and lucrative occupation of his office to another and, leaving a young wife and infant children, he obtained a Lieutenant's commission, went into camp with Company A of the 70th Indiana Regiment, and in less than thirty days led to the front a regiment of 1,010 fighting men. The regiment served in Kentucky and Tennessee with the Army of the Cumberland. During the Atlanta campaign it was attached to the Twentieth Army Corps, "Fighting Joe" Hooker's command, General Harrison taking the place of General Butterfield, as brigade commander. The reports of his superiors bear record of his courage and fighting qualities at the battles of Resaca and Peach Tree Creek. General Hooker rode the lines the day after Peach Tree Creek and, as he shook hands with the young commander said: "Harrison, by —— I'll make you a Brigadier-General for this fight," and his word of mouth on the battlefield was supplemented by a hearty letter of commendation written to the Secretary of War a few months latter. The fact that he has always been highly esteemed by the officers and men who served under him is high testimony to General Harrison's character as a soldier and commander. While on temporary leave to visit his family, General Harrison was cut off from immediate return to Atlanta by the rebel invasion of Tennessee and Northern Georgia. He took command of a brigade at Nashville, however, and led in the bloody battles about that place, and under General George H. Thomas—one of the finest figures of the war—aided in defeating Hood and putting his army to flight. Called home to the bedside of his two children, who were stricken with scarlet fever, General Harrison was attacked by the disease in a malignant form. After barely escaping a fatal termination of the fever he rejoined his regiment in North Carolina and remained with Sherman's army until the close of the war, returning to his home a a brevet Brigadier-General.—*New York Tribune.*

Wine for Temperance.

It is such an old controversy whether wine-drinking is compatible with temperance, and it has been so fiercely fought over and turned inside out, that no new thing remains to be said of it. But some good things and true things that have been said about it will bear bringing out and saying again. Indeed, if we must say only that which is new and never before said, we may as well stop the making of pens and cast no more type, the present supply being more than enough to exhaust the expression of all remaining originality. For wine in immoderation we have no good word, any more than for over-eating or over-fasting, over-riding or over-working—or any other of the numberless excesses going on about us now as they have always been, and doubtless always will be; but for wine, pure fermented grape wine in moderation, we believe that a good temperance argument can be made. Wine to restore the failing appetite and arrest the intemperate waste of the body's strength; wine to soothe the wrung and shattered nerves, and bring calm repose to the intemperately wrought up temper; wine to check the sinking of heart, the failing muscles, the dimming of sight, and reeling of brain, proceeding from intemperate overwork; wine to bring cheer to the soul, to drive off the black phantasms of despair, to put good will into the heart beseiged by hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, and turn the cynic and hater into the friend and lover of his kind, is there nothing of temperance in this? Or is it temperate only to spurn this gift of God, to turn away this strengthener, soother, comforter and friend (if we use it as a friend), and seek the refreshment which nature demands we shall have, or die, in nerve-maddening tea, brain and liver destroying coffee, or the seductive bitters called by the name of temperance? Or steering between the two, is it only temperance to insist that the poor human body needs only nature's providings, and deny that if left to its own powers it must sooner or later have something of tonic and stimulus, or drift into dyspepsia or atrophy?—*Cal. Fruit Grower.*

Mislaid Eyes.

Little Winnifred, in the kindergarten, was "running on" to her teacher the other day, in the confidential way which small children often employ with their teachers in talking about the people at home.

"My Aunt Clara," said she, "has been awful sick."

"What was the matter?"

"Caught her eyes in her spine."

"Her eyes in her spine! Why, my child, what do you mean? That is impossible."

"Well, she has. I heard them telling about it."

The teacher was somewhat puzzled, and the next time she met an elder sister of the little girl she took occasion to seek an explanation of the mystery.

"Why, did Winnifred say that?" said her sister, laughing. "The fact is, Aunt Clara has had a severe spinal trouble, and the doctor found it necessary to cauterize her spine. And that's where Winnifred got her strange idea."—*Sel.*

Just commence to persecute a man, woman, or anything else, and you heroize or lionize him, her or it. In St. Catharines some members of the Free Library Board objected to a certain book, and within twenty-fours seventy-five people were after that book. The bookstores were cleaned out in short order and large new lots sent for. This is a sample of folly that is not unfrequently seen in this day and generation.—*Berlin (Ontario) News.*

ENGLAND'S CANDIDATE.

The Interest Taken Across the Atlantic in Free Trade.

The *Irish World* of New York has the following:

The English press is rejoicing over the way American politics are shaping themselves. Grover Cleveland has been nominated and James G. Blaine has not been nominated. This fills John Bull with delight. He is glad that Mr. Blaine is not at the head of the Republican hosts because, as the London *Times* puts it, "he is no friend to England." Cleveland has proved by his acts that he is all that England could reasonably wish him to be. His re-election would be hailed throughout the length and breadth of that country as a distinctively English victory—and justly so. Four years more of Grover Cleveland in the White House means four years of an Administration that will leave nothing undone to force upon the country the pro-English policy of free trade.

There is not a British manufacturer who doee not know and thoroughly appreciate what that means. He knows that it means that England will capture the richest market in the world. He knows that it means that England will be saved from the financial disasters that threaten her if she does not find a sale for her cheap-made goods.

The English press is therefore justified in rejoicing over the candidacy of a man who has been so stanch a friend to England. It has been quick to see that he is in many senses an English candidate. The course he has pursued in regard to free trade, the fisheries treaty and the extradition treaty has proved that he is under strong pro-British influence. It would be difficult—we perhaps ought to say impossible—to find among public men in America one who, if elected President, would dare to adopt so pronounced a pro-British policy as that which has been in operation ever since Grover Cleveland entered the White House. It is no wonder, then, that Englishmen of all parties are united in wishing our pro-British administration to receive another four years' lease of power. They know that it means the safety of England at the expense of the United States. There is, therefore, good and sufficient reason why Englishmen should rejoice.

A Snake Charmer's Faith in Himself.

India has just lost a snake charmer, one Kondajee Mupoojee, who fell a martyr to his belief in his own powers. A lad 6 years old, named Vittoo Heorree, was bitten by a cobra at Mazagon, Bombay, and, as usual, a snake charmer was at once sent for. Kondajee arrived at the spot in half an hour, but the boy was already dead.

The snake charmer inquired where the cobra had taken refuge, and, on a wood-pile being pointed out, he removed the wood, found and seized the snake, and endeavored to make it bite the dead boy, declaring that if it did so the child would at once be restored to life. For two hours he persevered, but the snake refused to strike the body, and at last, irritated beyond endurance, turned and bit Kondajee in the hand. The snake charmer calmly placed the snake in a copper vessel and then sat down. A vehicle was sent for and the man placed inside, but by the time he reached home he was dead. The story testifies strongly to the belief of snake charmers of India in their power over the snakes, and to the existence of a superstition that the second bite of a snake will restore the life that the first has taken away.

The apathy of the Hindoo is evident by the fact that the snake-charmer used no effort whatever to save his own life. Whether he thought he was proof against its ill effects was not stated in the evidence given at the inquest held on the body of the child; but it is clear that he had no belief in the virtues of any antidote or mode of treatment. It is most probable that he was confident in the powers of the drugs, ointments or charms he had previously used to protect him, for the evidence of the spectators showed that upon finding the snake in the wood-pile he had seized it without a moment's hesitation. It is certainly singular that a man accustomed to handling snakes should have been so convinced that their bite had power to restore life as well as to cause death.—*London Standard.*

The City of Quito.

If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it now is. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles, who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and the results are so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the State.—*American Magazine for July.*

The Olive in California.

The extensive cultivation of the olive in California promises to make the State as noted for its productions as the countries along the Mediterranean. Thousands of trees are already in bearing, and every year sees the number augmented. The making of oil is already a considerable industry, and the local product has almost entirely usurped the place of the imported pickled olive in California markets. In a few years California olives and olive oil will excite as much attention in the East as our raisins and wines do at present.—*Oceanside Journal.*

FOR throat diseases and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches," like all other really good things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article, prepared by John I. Brown & Sons.

Inherited Diseases.

In the realm of disease the facts of inheritance are most numerous and are daily accumulating. Here, alas, they become terrible, fateful and overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralyzing his art and filling him with dismay. The legend of the ancient Greeks pictures the Furies as pursuing families from generation to generation, rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death, but they are not now clothed in the garb of superstition, but appear in the more intelligible but no less awful form of hereditary disease.

Modern science, which has illuminated so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new light on the ominous words of the Scriptures, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Instances of hereditary disease abound. Fifty per cent. of cases of consumption, that fearful destroyer of families, of cancer and scrofula, run in families through inheritance. Insanity is hereditary in a marked degree, but, fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. A distinguished scientist truly says: "No organ or texture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease." Probably more chronic diseases, which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body, are more or less liable to be inherited. The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts—affecting so powerfully the happiness of individuals and families and the collective welfare of the nation—are obvious to reflecting minds, and the best means for preventing or curing these diseases is a subject of intense interest to all. Fortunately nature has provided a remedy, which experience has attested as infallible, and the remedy is the world-famous Swift's Specific, a pure vegetable compound—nature's antidote for all blood poisons. To the afflicted it is a blessing of inestimable value. An interesting treatise on "Blood and Skin Diseases" will be mailed free by addressing

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RECEIVER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and pursuant to a judgment and decree of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, in the State of California, made and entered on the 31st day of May, A. D. 1888, in a certain action therein pending wherein KATE M. MORFORD is plaintiff and GEORGE LANDON, ITHIEL P. ELDRED and GEORGE MURRAY are defendants, I will, as Receiver of said Court, in said action, on

Monday the 23d day of July, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M.,

At the front door of the Court-house in Sacramento City, California, sell at public auction for CASH IN GOLD COIN, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real property, to wit: The north one-half (N½) of lot eight (8), in the block bounded by F and G and Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento and State of California, together with the improvements thereon.

Dated Sacramento, June 30, A. D. 1888.
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SUMMONS—STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNty of Sacramento, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The people of the State of California to ELLEN ROBINSON, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by the filing of a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 18th day of APRIL, 1888, in which action A. C. SWEETSER is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree that you set forth your claims of title to the real property described as the east quarter of Lot Number Two, in the block bounded by H and I, Sixth and Seventh streets, of the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, and that it be adjudged that you defendant have no interest, title or estate therein, and that plaintiff's title thereto is good and valid, and that defendant be enjoined from asserting any claim thereto. And for cause of action it is alleged in the complaint that plaintiff is the owner of and in possession of said real property, and that defendant claims an estate and interest therein adverse to plaintiff, which claim of defendant is without right; all of which fully appears from the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff take default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 18th day of APRIL, A. D. 1888.

[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.
By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
je23-9tS