volunteers—30th, 37th and 47th Ohio and 4th W. Va.

The hands of the watches, which have all been regulated, sweep on to 10 o'clock. Not a Confederate is to be seen behind the intrenchments. The soldiers of the Confederacy are silent, motionless, biding their time. The volunteers, Ewing's, Giles Smith's and Kirby Smith's Brigades are sheltered in the ravine 600 feet distant from the intrenchments. Twenty-four Union cannon are planted to pour a concentrated fire upon the fort which is to be assaulted. Up from their shelter spring the 150 volunteers, rushing up the narrow road with poles and boards. Ewing's men are behind them. Suddenly the fort is ablaze. Gen. Hebert's Confederates are upon their feet delivering a terrific volley upon the volunteers, who fall headlong to the earth. Ewing's men press on. They reach the ditch, cross it, climb the parapet, plant their flag upon the upheaved embankment. The man who plants it falls. His comrades go down. The ground is thickly strewn with men in blue. Ewing is rolled back, but his men leave the flag still waving where they planted it. Confederate after Confederate attempts to seize it but is shot down by the Union men sheltered in the thicket. Through the day it floats securely in the Summer breeze riddled by bullets of friend and foe. Through the day Ewing's men lie in the woods within a stone's throw of it.

Going south along the Union lines we come to McPherson's Corps; Ransom's Brigade of McArthur's Division holding the right south of the Cemetery road, Logan's Division in the center and Quimby's on the left, between the Jackson and Baldwin roads.

Logan's Division leads the attack—J. E. Smith's Brigade, 20th, 31st, 45th, 124th Ill., 23d Ind., and Stevenson's—8th, 81st Ill., 7th Mo., 32d Ohio. Smith's Brigade is along the road; Stevenson's south of it. Both are to attack the strong fort which stands north of the road. So terrible the fire that bursts upon Smith that his men recoil, but Stevenson's men rush on, the 7th Mo. planting its colors on the parapet of the fort. The bearer falls. A second soldier seizes them. He, too, falls; the third, fourth, fifth, sixth all go down in as many minutes, their life blood staining the yellow earth. In vain the effort. The brigade, to save itself from utter annihilation, falls back to the shelter of the ravine.

Going down to McClernand's Corps we see Benton's and Lawler's Brigades selected to lead the attack. Benton has the 1st U. S., 8th, 18th Ind., 33d, 99th Ill.; Lawler, the 11th Wis., 21st, 22d, 23d Iowa. Burbridge's Brigade is in support of Benton and Landram's behind Lawler. The fort which they are to attack is on a hill a few rods south of the railroad. The 22d and 21st Iowa charge up the hill. They reach the ditch outside the fort. Serg't Jos. Griffith with a squad of men clears the ditch, scales the parapet, leaps into the fort, but nearly all except the Sergeant are killed. The Confederates flee to a second embankment 300 feet in rear of the first. The 22d Iowa takes possession, plants its colors upon the parapet; but the men are obliged to shelter themselves from the fire rained upon them from the second intrenchment. Landram's men join them, and the 77th Ill. also plants its colors upon the parapet. Through the day the Union men hold the outside of a portion of the intrenchment, the Confederates the inside. Equally brave are Benton's and Burbridge's men—reaching the ditch, planting their colors, holding the outside.

Half past 10. The three divisions have attacked at the same moment; each has reached the parapet, each planted its flag.

THE AFTERNOON.

Gen. Grant had seen the attacks. From his position, just behind Blair's Division, he could look down the line and see the brigades one after another rush up the steep slope. He could see the struggle to gain possession of the forts, the flags waving upon the parapets, the brave men in blue lying upon the ground, their life work ended. He saw that the attacks had failed. It was 11:30 when he received a message from McClernand, who said that he was hotly engaged; that the enemy was massing on his right and left; that if McPherson would strike a vigorous blow it would aid him. A little later came another message:

"We are hotly engaged with the enemy. We have possession of two forts, and the Stars and Stripes are floating over them. A vigorous push ought to be made all along the line."

A third message from McClernand, 1 o'clock:

"We have gained the enemy's intrenchments at several points, but are brought to a stand. I have sent word to McArthur to re-enforce me if he can. Would it not be best to concentrate the whole as a part of his command at this point? My troops are all engaged, and I cannot withdraw any to re-enforce them."

A commander in battle must act upon information from his subordinates. He can see personally very little of what is going on. To Grant's own mind, judging from what he could see, the attack had failed; but McClernand, according to the dispatches, was in possession of the Confederate works. If so, would not a vigorous attack by Sherman and McPherson complete the victory? He shows the dispatches to those officers, and directs them to renew the assault.

We see Quimby's Division hastening to support McClernand. Tuttle's Division moves up to support Blair. Giles Smith's and Ransom's Brigades unite to rush upon the intrenchments between the cemetery and the little stream west of it. Steele's Division works its way amid the ravines and knolls farther west. Logan's Division, on the Jackson road, rushes once more upon the intrenchments.

The uproar begins. Again cannons thundering, muskets flashing, solid shot plowing up the mellow earth, hurling clouds of dust into the air; shells bursting; Union soldiers falling thick and fast; the lines halting, wavering, rolled back at last, leaving the ground thickly strewn with dead and dying.

The sun goes down with nothing gained on the part of Grant. Of the 35,000 troops nearly 30,000 have been engaged, and more than 4,000 have been killed or wounded.

Had it not been for the misleading dispatches the assault in the afternoon would not have been ordered. The Confederates, sheltered by their breastworks, suffered little less comparatively. No one will ever know how many were killed or disabled on that afternoon, but Pemberton's loss was probably not more than five or six hundred.

Night comes, and the Union troops weary, exhausted, broken-down by constant marching and scant supply of food, are withdrawn. The attempt to capture Vicksburg by direct attack has failed. The Union troops have suffered heavy loss. They have received their first check and are in a measure discouraged. The Confederate troops have suffered little and are greatly elated. Their enthusiasm is kept alive by the hope and confident expectation that Gen. Johnston will soon be falling upon Grant with a great army. They do not take into account the fact that the resources of the Confederacy are failing; that men are not to be had to repair locomotives, build cars, relay track, restore destroyed material.

There is one way by which Vicksburg might be possibly saved to the Confederacy: the quick transportation of the army under Gen. Bragg, near Chattanooga, to the rear of Vicksburg; attack Grant before re-enforcements can reach him. It is not done. There are divided councils at Richmond. Jefferson Davis has a personal quarrel with Gen. Johnston and pays little heed to his requests. Gen. Johnston is lacking in essential qualities needful in a great emergency. Time flies, and before he can collect an army from scattered remnants of troops the great opportunity for recovering what has been lost goes by never to return.

[To be continued.]

Man or Woman can make big pay—Hale M'f'g Co., Detroit, Mich. See adv., Oct. 16.

MEDEA FORTUNE.

A Tragedy in High Life---A Girl's Sacrifice.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

I.

Charles.—The handsomest women in the room are those Americans—Mrs. Fortune and her daughter—your friends, you know.

James.—Yes, you are about right. And of the two the mother, with her snow-white, curling hair and pale, unworn face, is really almost the handsomer, lovely as the girl is.

Charles.—She is too cold for my taste. But that calm, strong, resolute face seems to express an enormous amount of character. I could fancy her capable of ordering an execution and witnessing it.

James.—With as little mercy or misgiving as her namesake.

Charles.—Who was her namesake?

James.—Don't you know? Medea—who killed her children.

Charles.—What a heathenish name for a Christian woman! It makes me shiver. What is her daughter's name?

James.—Oh! she is of a softer sort altogether—name, face and character. She is Eve—the mother of life and love. And I should say her Adam would be more to be envied than most men when they barter away their freedom for the sake of a pretty face and trim waist. And yet, she is too soft, perhaps! She looks out of sorts somehow to-night. I wonder what her Adam has been up to. No good, I'll be sworn. They never are.

Charles.—What a cynic you are, old fellow.

James.—Think so? You see I know the world, and I believe in Schopenhauer.

II.

Mrs. Waters.—You look ill to-day, dear Evy. Is anything the matter? Why! there are tears in your eyes. What is it, dearie? Can I help you in any way? You know I will if I can.

Eve.—I know how kind and good you are, Mrs. Waters (she hesitates).

Mrs. Waters (smiling).—If you think so, prove it, and tell me what I can do for you. I see you want something.

Eve.—Yes, I do want some one to help me; oh, terribly! Some one who will be my friend, and will stand between me and my mother—my poor mother!

Mrs. Waters.—Dear child you are trembling like a leaf. And how pale you are! Tell me without fear what it is. It makes me so sad to see you like this.

Eve.—How dare I tell you!

Mrs. Waters.—Why should you not? Do you think I have come to my age without understanding something of the sorrows of life? If we elders cannot sympathize with and help the younger, who should?

Eve.—I will—I will trust you. (She whispers.)

Mrs. Waters (clasps her hands as if in pain).—My God! This is worse than I imagined.

Eve (weeping and despairing).—And now—have I lost you?

Mrs. Waters (drawing the girl's head to her bosom and kissing her forehead tenderly, almost solemnly).—No, you have not lost me, Eve. The bruised reed shall not be broken by me! But you must not weep like this. You must not! You have it to bear, and you must be strong for your trial. Do not doubt me, I will do all I can to save you; and your mother shall not know.

III.

Doctor.—How is Number Fourteen, nurse?

Nurse.—The fever is very high, sir. It looks bad for her, poor young creature. I do not think she'll get over to-night.

Doctor.—And the child?

Nurse.—The child is dead.

Doctor.—Ah! I did not expect it could be saved. But it was a nice little thing. Has the mother said anything of her own people?—expressed any desire to see any one?

Nurse.—She has rambled a good deal about her mother and her cousin in New York, but she has given no clue to her real name and place; and she has not asked for any one. Of course she is something different from what she says. She is not Jane Smith, and she is not a servant out of place. The lady who brought her knows all about her, and she [illegible] just come.

Doctor.—Is she with her now?

Nurse.—Yes, sir; but I see her coming out of the room. And here she is.

Doctor (to lady).—Can I speak to you, madam, for a moment?

Lady.—Certainly.

Doctor.—You are interested in that young person you have just left?

Lady.—Yes, deeply.

Doctor.—She is in a grave condition; indeed, I may say in imminent danger.

Lady (sorrowfully). I see that for myself, and understand her state only too well.

Doctor.—Has she no friend—no relation—whom it would be well for her to see? You say that you are only her friend; has she no others nearer, who should be communicated with? If she has, it would be as well to bring them here without much delay.

Lady.—She has asked for her mother.

Doctor.—Good. Will you undertake the charge of sending her?

Lady (in tears).—I will.

Doctor.—Without much delay. It is already evening. By midnight.

IV.

A woman (of about forty, with snow-white hair and a dead-white face, dressed as a servant, but with the air of a lady. She speaks with a slight American accent).—I have come to see (looks at a paper) Jane Smith.

Porter at the hospital.—Yes, madam. (To attendant.) Take this lady to B Ward.

Nurse.—You have come for Jane Smith—Number Fourteen? This way, if you please, ma'am. Jane! here is a visitor for you.

No. 14.—Mother! Mother! Can you forgive me? Tell me you forgive me before I die!

Woman.—Forgive you? No! You have disgraced your father's memory, dishonored your family, degraded yourself, and sullied the name of America. Forgive you? Never! I have come to see you, as you wished, but not to pretend to forgive the infamy which has burned itself into my very heart.

No. 14 (wildly).—This is too terrible! It is more than I can bear. Oh, mother, have pity—have mercy!

Woman.—It is by your own act that you are punished. Think of the months of deception in which you have lived, sleeping and waking, by my side. Think of the atmosphere of falsehood that you have woven round you, and of the shameful comedy you have played; think of the mockery of your pretended love for me, hiding this infernal secret from me—and then ask me to forgive you! I should be faithless to the Lord if I did. To pardon you would be to want pardon for myself.

No. 14.—Has God no mercy? has heaven no forgiveness? Mother! will you be harsher than the Lord?

Woman.—On one condition only I will forgive you. Tell me the name. Who is he?

No. 14 (hiding her face).—No, I cannot; I will not add treachery to my infamy.

Woman (rising).—You will not? Then all is over between us. My heart is turned to stone against you. You, the daughter of so splendid a man as your father, to have kept his name so badly—and now to shield your betrayer—his dishonor! For the first time and for the last I am glad that God took his noble life before he knew the burning shame that has ruined mine.

No. 14 (feebly).—If it could do good, yes. But it cannot. It would be only one sin the more.

Woman.—No, it would be justice—justice and retribution. He should be shot like the dog he is.

No. 14.—I have lost all—mother, child, name, myself, God's mercy, too—but I will not betray this!

Woman.—Then farewell. God's mercy may be given you, poor wretched sinner—He knows best—but mine cannot.

No. 14.—Kiss me, mother. My head is all on fire. Kiss me as you used when I was a little child. It will heal me.

Woman kisses her.

No. 14.—Your lips are cold as marble, mother. It is like kissing death.

Woman.—It is as I feel. Death is in my heart, too.

No. 14.—My punishment is greater than I can bear. Surely now God will let me die!

Doctor enters.

Doctor.—Madam, I must end this interview. It is too much for my patient. It is, indeed, as much as her life is worth to agitate her so fearfully.

Woman.—I am willing to go. I leave her in your hands.

No. 14.—Mother! before you go, say that you forgive me.

Woman.—I will see you to-morrow.

Doctor (sotto voce).—To-morrow—she will be gone.

No. 14 (with a wild cry).—Mother!

Woman.—I will see you to-morrow—Jane. Good-night. Good-bye.

V.

Charles.—Whose is this magnificent funeral?

James.—Don't you know? Poor little Eve Fortune's. Her mother has done it well. A midnight Anglican mass, choral service, tapers, catafalque, all in the most correct style. The pomps and vanities to the last hour; and the worm imbedded in velvet and silver.

Charles.—That pretty little creature dead? What a terrible thing! And she looked so full of life, so lovely, when we saw her only so short a time ago. And now she is dead!

James.—Yes, she died a day or two ago. I saw it in a paper. And this is the mass before interment. Very fine, is it not?

Charles.—If it is a measure of the mother's love, she must be broken-hearted indeed!

James.—At all events it is a measure of her pride. Do you see her there, kneeling by Mrs. Waters? How Mrs. Waters weeps! Of the two one would say she was the mother. See how white and stern and stony Mrs. Fortune looks! Her hair and face are of one color. She looks like something carved out of marble; like some one whose life has received a check, and whose blood no longer flows, but stagnates in her veins.

Charles.—You told me her name was Medea? She is Medea! She looks capable of the last expression of cruelty, and in the very presence of death would neither bend nor falter. There is something truly awful about her. She makes my blood freeze.

James.—To me she is a study. I wish I knew her secret! Then I should understand her.

Charles.—What secret?

James.—That is just it. Who knows? But she has one. And no one will ever find it out.

VI.

Edward Fortune (New York).—A letter from Aunt M. with a black-edged envelope. (Tears it open in an agitated manner, reads rapidly, and keeps silent.)

Gertrude.—What is it, Edward? My dear! what has happened? Edward! It frightens me to see you look like this! What is it?

Edward (in a broken voice).—Poor little Cousin Evy is dead. Read that. (Throws over a newspaper cutting and Mrs. Fortune's letter.)

Gertrude (reads).—"Died suddenly of fever in London, Eve, the only child of the late Gen. Laurence L. Fortune; deeply lamented by her sorrowing mother and a large circle of mourning friends." Poor little Evy! How dreadful, how terrible!

Edward.—Dead! Cousin Evy dead! Sweet child! My poor Evy!

Gertrude.—My poor husband! I know how fond you were of her. So was she of you. She was like your little sister.

Edward (covers his face in his hands. After a pause he says in a strange, unreal way).—Yes, like my little sister.

Gertrude (wiping her eyes, and still fingering the letter).—I see Aunt M. has sent a drawing of the monument she is going to put up. How beautiful it is; how all those flowers stand out! But look, Edward—how strange! Here is a snake's head among the flowers. This is a eucharis, and the snake lies hidden behind, just peeping out from the petals. Why has she had this snake, this hideous reptile, in dear little Evy's monument? What an extraordinary idea! What does it mean? Can you guess, Edward?

Edward (excitedly and harshly).—How should I know, Gertrude? Why do you agonize me with such questions? What should I know of snakes and flowers and Aunt M.'s mad fancies?

Gertrude (soothingly).—Dear husband, did I vex you? I did not mean to do so. But it is a strange device for Evy's monument; and I do not understand why Aunt M. has chosen it.

Edward (with an effort).—Probably she had no meaning at all; or, if any, she wished to emblemize the fever, the sudden death, which took her away so soon.

Gertrude.—Oh, yes, that must be it! Aunt M. has always such a delicate fancy; and poor little Evy was indeed a very eucharis among girls. Don't you think so, husband? But I know you do! You were always so good to her—and she was so like your little sister.

—Home Journal.

Don't Blame the Mothers.

[Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.]

"He ruined himself fully and forever by the way he rebuked a mother for her child's crying," said a country pastor, in telling of the complete failure of a prominent minister who had come to help him in a protracted meeting. One ought never to show the least worry, even though a dozen babies may be crying. If the preacher is calm and serene and shows that he is not worried, he can hold the attention of the congregation; but to turn upon the poor, distressed mother with a savage thrust is a crime which country people will be slow to forgive. In the present state of affairs in the country, mothers must often take their children with them or remain at home.

Meteorological Item.

[Texas Siftings.]

It was in the smoking room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you vat it is. You petter dond take no stock in dem vetter predictions. Dose beobles dond know noding. Dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person near by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton, "but I tell vat it is. Dat storm vould haf come yust de same if it had not been predicted."

A Serious Matter.

[Texas Siftings.]

"I heerd yer ole mudder was dead," said Sam Johnsing to Gabe Snodgrass, a colored citizen of Austin.

"Jess so. She died 'las' week."

"Was she sick long?"

"No; she jess tuk sick one day an' died de nex'."

"Only sick one day! de Lor', why dat was hardly wuff while."

"Huh, if you had ter pay de Doctor's bill you would change yer mind," responded Gabe.

He Knew How to Swim.

[Texas Siftings.]

A gentleman of our acquaintance tells us the following good story, which goes to show that the average Austin boy has what Mrs. Partington would call a "judicious" mind. He—the boy—wanted to go in swimming.

"But, my son," rejoined the anxious parent, "swimming is unhealthy. It was only this morning that you were complaining of a pain in your stomach."

"That's so, pa; but I know how to swim on my back."

A Tobacco Problem.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Minks: "There it is again. Tobacco, always tobacco. What will you do when you get to heaven, where there are no spittoons?"

Mr. Minks: "Perhaps there will be some there."

Mrs. Minks: "Indeed there won't. The idea! What will you do then, Mr. Minks? Just answer that."

Mr. Minks: "I really don't know, my dear, unless we can get seats near the edge."

Uses of a Doctor.

[Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.]

A rich Georgia landowner sent for a neighbor and proposed that if he would support him while alive, furnish him medical attendance, and bury him decently he would make him a deed to his land. The trade was closed, the papers drawn, and a doctor at once sent for. The result was that the fortunate neighbor of the rich man was in possession of his estate within a week. Doctors are indispensable in some emergencies.

Alas, How True!

[New Orleans Picayune.]

The man who has nothing to say is unfortunately the man who is always talking.

Is It Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing. It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

A BOGUS SHELL

That Scared the Occupants of a Bar-Room Out of Their Wits.

[New York Times.]

The other evening, when a number of actors and other people connected in various ways with the theatrical profession were ranged along the bar of an up-town saloon, the door opened and a tall, pale-faced young man entered. An air of profound melancholy, which started in the expression upon his countenance and ended in the sedate suit of black which covered him, pervaded the entire atmosphere. Under his arm he carried a small wooden box. The crowd of theatrical people welcomed him with great cordiality, and he joined them at the barrier between the visitors and the bottles against the wall. The box under his arm appeared to be quite heavy, for after holding it a moment he deposited it with ostentatious care on the bar, and then turned to join the conversation with friends. The talk which ensued was spirited and apparently entertaining, for everybody in the party burst into frequent roars of laughter as the conversation and the drinks went round. The melancholy young man in black, however, did not appear to enter into the prevailing spirit with that enthusiasm which marked his companions. There seemed to be something on his mind. He would stop in the middle of a sentence, turn himself about, and move his little box away from whomsoever happened to be nearest it. When the barkeeper set a tumbler down violently beside the small package the melancholy young man made a motion as if to deprecate the movement and pass his box a little further along the bar. Whatever the mysterious receptacle contained, it was apparently the cause of much annoyance to the white-faced and sedately dressed young gentleman who had it in charge. Finally, after the conversation, with these frequent breaks, had been going on for 20 minutes or so, the attention of the entire party became gradually abstracted from the affairs of the moment and directed itself toward the little wooden box, and some member of the company asked what it contained. The melancholy young man finished what he was telling about and then turned and lifted the cover which concealed the article of universal interest. There was brought to view a large bombshell, out of which protruded a fuse of considerable length. When the cover was lifted the fuse twisted out of the box and hung over the edge. One of the humorists of the party said:

"So you have turned dynamiter, have you?"

The melancholy young man seemed injured by the attempt to convey any such inference concerning himself. A look of profound sorrow passed over his face.

"No," he said. "This shell is connected with many painful memories. In the battle of Gettysburg it was thrown from a rebel gun into the Northern lines and fell near my father, who occupied a position on the commanding officer's staff. It did not explode, however, and my father, who was shortly afterwards removed from the field with a bullet in his leg, took the shell with him as a token. The wound proved fatal. After he had lingered for months in the hospital [here a furtive tear made its appearance in the corner of the melancholy young man's eye] my father passed peacefully to his tomb. One of his brother officers who was much attached to him sent this shell home to us as a memento of that fatal occasion. It has been in the house ever since, and this morning, in looking over some old things in the garret, my mother found this missile of death and destruction. She naturally desires to preserve it, but she knows that its contents, if they become ignited, will of course explode, with what results no one can tell; so she gave me the shell and told me to have the powder taken out of it, and then to cause an inscription to be engraved upon it alluding to the occasion on which it was found. I have been carrying it about all day, not having had time to take it to the proper place. Naturally I have to be pretty careful of it, because, if I drop it, or if a spark of fire should come into contact with the fuse, there is no knowing what might happen."

By this time everybody was thoroughly interested in the contents of the box on the bar. Even the bartender viewed it with an anxious solicitude, and some further conversation passed as to the construction of bomshells. The melancholy young man shut down the lid of his box, and nobody noticed that the long edge of the fuse was left projecting under the cover. Gradually the talk drifted back to other subjects, and the melancholy young man became after a time quite vivacious. He told stories and related experiences with a degree of humorous spirit quite unusual, and it was apparent that he had forgotten all about his family bombshell. While he was in the midst of one of his most stirring anecdotes the door of the saloon unsteadily opened and a stranger entered. His hat was pulled over his eyes, his coat was buttoned with a reckless disregard for the instructions of the tailor. His hair was disheveled, and his gait was loose and somewhat uncertain. From the corner of his mouth there protruded a long cirgar with an exceedingly bright light on the end of it. The stranger was obviously under the influence of liquor, but he succeeded in circling the crowd standing at the bar without in any way attracting their attention. Men in a greater or less condition of inebriation are perhaps of too frequent presence in that part of the city to allow the appearance of one of them to excite remark. The intoxicated visitor passed around to the other side of the crowd at the bar and leaned heavily upon the rail. An affable young gentleman in a white apron, employed in the establishment to dispense such fluids as may be required, went through the customary formula of saying, "Wattleyave?" the inebriated stranger looked up with an expression of half helplessness and seriously responded, "Gimme sh beer."

The affable young man proceeded to produce the required article, and the inebriated stranger undertook to assume a nonchalant attitude while he waited. He learned with heaviness upon his left elbow, carved one foot over the other, and removed from his mouth with his right hand the long cigar with the bright light at the end. The right hand, containing his cigar, fell upon the bar, and the bright light came in momentary contact with the tip of the fuse projecting from the shell picked up on the field of Gettysburg. This incident was followed by a startling series of incidents. There was a loud whizzing sound, a yell from the melancholy young man, and a wild rush for the door on the part of the entire company. The affable young gentleman in a white apron behind the bar hastily drooped his glass of beer and sprang out into the middle of the floor, where he joined in the hurried chase for the outside world. The other gentlemen, of whom there must have been 15 or 20 in the company, all undertook to get through the narrow exit simultaneously, and there was a lively struggle in consequence. Meantime, the whizzing sound continued from the fuse in the box. The inebriated stranger was viewing this and the other curious phenomena of the moment with an expression of the utmost astonishment. The melancholy young man stood in the middle of the floor with a look of subdued amusement passing over his pale features. The struggle at the doorway continued until the last of the frantic crowd had succeeded in throwing himself out of the building. Then the whizzing sound in the box died away, and the melancholy young man and the inebriated stranger joyously shook hands. Half an hour afterward, when the affable young gentleman who had been behind the bar ventured cautiously to return, the melancholy youth and the inebriated stranger sat soberly at a table drinking their third bottle of champagne at the expense of the establishment. The melancholy young man was Mr. Henry E. Dixey. The inebriated stranger was Mr. John A. Mackay. The shell from Gettysburg was made from papier-mache in the property room of the Bijou Opera House.

Expensive Funerals.

A funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral is not only a rare event, but it is also an exceedingly costly honor. The fees paid by the Corporation of London for burying the late Lord Mayor in the Cathedral were about $5,000. When a royal funeral takes place at Windsor, the preliminary fee to the Dean and Chapter "for breaking the ground" is $10,000. This item is the more unreasonable inasmuch as the royal vault is not under St. George's Chapel, and no ground is broken, the only disturbance being the temporary removal of a certain slab on the floor of the choir in order that the coffin may be lowered into the vault beneath, where it is wheeled along a passage to the royal tombhouse, underneath the Albert Memorial Chapel.

Puts on Airs.

[Chicago Ledger.]

"But I tell you he's a good man."

"I don't care if he is, I sha'n't vote for him."

"Why?"

"He tries to put on airs."

"In what way?"

"Why, b'gosh, he wears two suspenders 'an carries his terbacker in a box, an' he never thought o' chuckin' his pants into his boots till he wanted the nomination.

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur.

Will the Fifth and Final Act be a Tragedy.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

"Dr. Lincoln, who was at the funeral of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, says ex-President Arthur looked very unwell. He is suffering from Bright's disease. During the past year it has assumed a very aggravated form."

That telegram is Act IV of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In Act I, he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In Act II, he represented a tired man, worn down walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls for Act III, upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from bright's disease, while Act IV discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely, (which is unusual,) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of bright's disease, of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits,—lawyers, clergymen, Congressmen,—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if, indeed, they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives way gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old, and, as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable." But ere long, maybe, they "tap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died of heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to-day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

Deceased Wife's Sister.

[Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.]

The Southern branch of the Presbyterian Church has not yet quite placed itself in condition to marry its deceased wife's sister. Forty-eight Presbyteries took the deceased wife's husband's view of the case, seven were opposed, and 14 failed to be moved by sentiments of regard for deceased wives' sisters. To alter the confession of faith requires three-fourths. Meantime as many Presbyterian gentlemen as want to will go on marrying their deceased wives' sisters just as they have always done in those very rare cases where they have wanted to.

[Contributed.]

The Experimenting Servant Girl.

[Germantown Herald.]

It is surprising to how many different uses a simple laundry article may be put if directed by Yankee wit. When we began housekeeping we had as our first housemain a German girl, who was an A 1 cook, laundress and chambermaid. She introduced some excellent dishes and soups, and brought Pearline into the laundry and dust-covers into the chambers. Of course she had to get married, and in her place came a bright American girl, to whom I imparted information of Barbara's ways and arts. Abbie was no raw hand, but she soon developed a big bump of destructiveness and revolution. Spoiling Barbara's cakes with too many eggs, putting lard on the gridiron, and making gravy for soup, were her failings. Soft soap she preferred to any laundry compound, and the dust was dust in the sleeping-rooms. She only stopped a month, but in that time she fitted us out with dyspepsia, yellow linen, and untidy rooms. Her successor's name was Madelaide, and she was Yankee too. She was green enough, and awkward enough; but she was willing to learn, and again I introduced Barbara's recipes and ideas, and told her to go ahead. As for dust, she never permitted any to be seen in her dominions. As for her cookery, she came in ahead of Barbara, and was just equal to any Miss Parlos of the time. As to her washing,—there she excelled. She was "goin' ter see" what Pearline would do, and aside from actual bleaching every week she accomplished some surprising things. That article, now in such common use in the laundry, she made effectually effective in ways that no housewife ever dreamed of. She would wash the furniture with it; put it in water and sprinkle carpets before sweeping; mix the solution and shampoo the dog; dampen a cloth with it and rub up the book-covers; always had it in her dish-water; washed the blinds and woodwork with it; in short, used it almost everywhere throughout the house to promote cleanliness. The traditional Molly's broom was nowhere, and my husband is wont to say, "Give us an experimenting Yankee girl and plenty of Pearline, and we'll stand no chance for cholera!" W. H. M.

New Jersey.

General Grant

Uses the Extract Of Red Clover Blossoms prepared by D. Needham's Sons, Chicago. Address them for particulars.

She Liked Bad Company.

[Altoona (Pa.) Tribune.]

A Marklesburg mother, having occasion to reprove her little seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received for a reply: "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

Difference Between the Sexes.

[Ogdensburg Journal.]

A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman will just stand before the glass and see for herself.

The Only Rebellion.

[Savannah (Ga.) Times.]

The only "war of the rebellion" this country has ever seen was when the Colonies rebelled against Great Britain.

For G.A.R., Masonic, and all other society goods send for catalogue to E. A. Armstrong, Detroit, Mich.

SCIENTIFIC CHAT.

—Cremation is becoming rapidly popularized in Italy, according to late accounts. The Milan crematory makes very clean work of incineration, and leaves only a couple of handfuls of dust and ashes to be taken care of. The system is such as to make the process rather attractive than otherwise, and nothing ghastly meets the eye. It is so cheap, too, that it recommends itself to cremation societies everywhere. The cost of everything, including the mural tablet, is only 94 francs—not $20. The time required is only two hours, and an improvement has just been adopted which reduces the time to 50 minutes.

—People live longer than formerly. The decline in the death rate shows a gain of two years in the average duration of life among males, and of three and a half years among females. The tables show an enormous increase in the consumption of food per head since 1840.

—Dr. Zintgraff, of Bonn, has taken a phonograph with him to Africa. He intends to bring home phonograms of the savage dialects which he will hire the natives to speak into the machine.

—In a lecture on physical culture, Dr. J. W. White, of the Pennsylvania University, said that "students at Harvard take about the same rank in required gymnastics that they do in their regular studies. Brain and nerve substance are behind every well-controlled muscular movement." The lecturer attributed the circumstance of breaking down from what is called overtraining to an attempt to reach the desired bodily development within a few weeks. The enlargement of the chest and legs, the strengthening of the muscles, and the expansion of the veins cannot be safely accomplished in a short period.

—The wheatfields of the Pacific Coast have heretofore been free from the ravages of the Hessian fly; but Prof. Riley pronounces some insects forwarded from California to be the genuine old pest, which has crossed the Rocky Mountains at last.

—Some French greengrocers have just been convicted and fined for using a dye called cosine to make their stock of tomatoes a deep red, and, therefore, more salable.

—Well-diggers in Dakota hunt for ant hills. The wise insects always locate over a vein of water.

—Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent physician, says, concerning the middle classes of people, that three-fourths of the nutrient matters they eat are from the animal kingdom, and that a reversal of these proportions—*i. e.*, one-fourth only from this source and three-fourths from vegetable sources—would "tend to maintain a cleaner palate, a lighter and more active brain, and a better state of health for most people not engaged in the most laborious employments of active life."

—A Salt Lake jeweller has invented a novel timepiece in the shape of a steel wire stretched across his show-window on which a stuffed canary hops from left to right, indicating as it goes the hours of the day by pointing with its beak at a dial stretched beneath the wire and having the figures from 1 to 24. When it reaches the latter figure it glides across the window to 1 again. There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it all being inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

—"Bath bags" are coming into use in Paris. They consist of a bag containing half a pound of bran, some meal and a little powdered soap. On wetting and pressing the bag a lather is produced, and at the same time a soft pad for rubbing purposes.

—The art of making paper from wood originated long before man ever dreamed of it. On a drowsy Summer's day the wasp alights on somebody's front fence and stows away in his hind leg all the loose fiber he can gather. This he mixes with saliva and forms into a substantial paper covering for his nest. The male wasps usually die in the Winter, and the females, hibernating in some warm, sheltered nook, come out with the sunshine and become the mothers of new broods. Wasps secrete themselves in leaves, pounce upon the young bees that come out to gather honey, kill them, and carry them home to feed their larvæ. The wasp also kills for the same purpose spiders and caterpillars.

—One-seventh part of the land surface of the earth, and one twenty-eighth part of its whole area constitute the dominion of the Czar of all the Russias. More than 100,000,000 people call him father, and are under his absolute Government. In Russia a child is born on an average every eight seconds throughout the year, and a death occurs every 11 seconds. At the present rate of increase the population will double in about 60 years. But Russia is very far behind most civilized nations in the care of children and in the preservation of life. Statistics show that 60 per cent. of all the children die under the age of five years. The average duration of life in Russia is only 26 years, which is much below the average in the Western countries of Europe and in the United States.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—A clock company at Thomaston, Conn., after making up $30,000 worth of stock, began putting the movements together only to discover that all of them turned their hands or pointers backwards, and were, therefore, worthless.

—Rev. Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage carries $60,000 of insurance on his life; Lawrence Barrett carries $120,000, and Edwin Booth $85,000.

—Ordnance Sergeant Charles Lange, now on duty at San Francisco, has been in the U. S. Army in continuous service for 38 years, and probably is known on the pay-roll as Auld Lang Syne.

—One of the parties announced as a juryman in a pending trial in San Francisco defined his sent