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OUR POETS.

[Original.]

Why do you sing of Grecian myths,
Oh, gifted, noble poets?
Our land is full of earnest deeds
In war or peace; of human needs,
Of sunny skies, of verdant trees,
Of gardens like Hesperides.

As fair as Phryne are our fair;
Our men are brave as Ajax are;
Naught to Penelope is due
More than our women, tried and true.

Antietam's blood as Troy's is red;
Art, with great Phidias, is not dead;
And Plato's state may live again,
Portrayed by just as brilliant pen.

Delve not, great singers, in the past,
The present needs you; in these last
Great cycles of a Christian age
You have a royal heritage;

To teach that knowledge is for all,
The peasant in the meanest stall
As for the king; that highest place
Is open to the lowest race

If it be worthy; speech be free,
And thought be boundless as the sea;
That force is brutish; peace and love
Shall in the future richly prove

Man to be Godlike in his birth;
Labor be honored in the earth;
Who works with either hand or pen
Wins homage from his fellow men.

Pleasure in killing beast or bird
Be counted savage, and unheard
In humble cot or princely hall,
Woman be honored; equal all

Before the law, and God; that sin
Shall not set open door to win
Our loved ones; purity is best,
And pays its wage with interest.

Oh, gifted noble singers, write
For us who are the living;
Be prophets, harbingers of light,
Your highest talents giving.

To lead man to his best estate;
To study and aspire;
For he is poet truly great
Who helps his brother higher.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

CLEVELAND July 29.

The Decorative Mania.

[Chicago Rambler.]

Put away the little coal-hod that our darling wants to paint,
For she fain would decorate it with devices queer and quaint.
Hide the dishpan and the wash tubs, and likewise the garden hose,
Or Matilda will adorn them with the lily and the rose.

When our Bridget in the morning gets the wooden chopping bowl,
To concoct the morning corned beef hash, it vexes of her soul
To uphold a wreath of pansies where she most must cut and slash,
So she scrapes it off because the paint might permeate the hash.

On the household rolling-pin is tied a pretty yellow bow,
And its lilies of the valley oft commingle with the dough.
While the new potato-masher and the kitchen pans and pots
Are magnificent with butterflies and sweet forget-me-nots.

All our articles of furniture, the ancient and the new,
Are resplendent quite with drapery and bows of brightest hue.
In the house we look about with mingled sorrow and amaze,
For Matilda is afflicted with the decorative craze.

No Knot in the End of the Thread.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Of all the vexations and worries—
The small ones, I mean, that life brings
To a woman—just half of them coming
From impish, inanimate things.
Such as, presto! away flies a button,
Or off goes an only pin's head,
I think that the worst is the finding
No knot in the end of the thread.

Still, there's a way to get rid of this bother,
A way that is pleasant and light,
And 'twill serve as a rule for your life-work—
Be sure when you start to start right.
And then, as you go on, you'll find that
Bright smiles will await you instead
Of the frownings and frettings that come with
No knot on the end of the thread.

The Ingredients Satisfactory.

[New York Sun.]

George (after the theatre)—Do you know what this ice cream is made of?

Clara (scraping her dish)—No, George.

George—It's made of skim milk, oleomargarine, corn starch, gelatine, and glucose.

Clara (enthusiastically)—Indeed? What a delightful mixture it is!

A Way We Editors Have.

[Peabody Press.]

We have received one ticket to the reception by the graduating class at the rink tomorrow evening. As only one was sent it was probably intended for the office boy. The editors take their wives when attending a reception of this kind.

On His Own Account.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—You've been a bad lot (hic) from the beginning. Women first (hic) tempted man (hic) to eat.

Mrs. Jones—Well, may be she did. But he took to drinking on his own account.

REST AT RIVERSIDE.

GEN. GRANT'S MARCH TO "ETERNAL HEADQUARTERS."

Pictures of the Funeral—Lying in State at New York—North and South Clasp Hands Above His Coffin,

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The mortal remains of Ulysses S. Grant rest at last in the spot selected by his wife, Riverside park, on the Hudson. Our readers have had this lovely and picturesque place fully described. The funeral services, which have been proceeding step by step in solemn pageant for nearly a week, ended to-day at Riverside.

Fully 75,000 people viewed the general's remains at Albany. A committee of 100 citizens of New York met the body at the capital city and escorted it to the metropolis. Minute guns were fired all the morning at Albany, and continued while the train moved out through the suburbs. Bells tolled from a dozen church steeples. This feature of tolling bells attended the progress of the funeral throughout. At New York the weird and mournful sound was heard at intervals from Wednesday till Saturday.

THE OLD BELL.

One of the New York bells has a history that is worth mentioning. The corporation of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch church has three places of worship in the city. In all these the bells were tolled at sunrise, noon and sunset, daily while Grant's body lay in state at city hall, and while the funeral pageant was passing to Riverside. One of the churches is at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street. The bell in its tower was cast in Amsterdam in 1731, and presented to the church corporation by Col. Abraham De Peyster, for the use of the Old Middle Dutch church, which stood at Nassau and Cedar streets, on the ground now occupied by the Mutual Life Insurance company's building. The bell rang on July 9, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of Washington's army, then stationed in this city, and on July 4, 1776, the day of reopening of the church for divine service after its desecration during the revolutionary war. It was tolled at Lincoln's funeral.

FUNERAL TRAIN PASSING WEST POINT.

West Point was perhaps the spot of the world the general loved most in his lifetime. A curious incident happened here. As the train bearing his dead body came in sight of the well known hill a straight bolt of lightning shot down to the earth out of the dark cloud in the background, and seemed to plunge into the topmost point of a dim hill in the distance. The train had now slacked up to a pace of not more than three or four miles an hour. All eyes were turned upon the spot Gen. Grant loved so well, and on which he had so recently looked for the last time. The white dresses of groups of ladies could be seen through the dark foliage of the academy grounds, and a moving to and fro which indicated an unusual stir, but no sound or hint of a gun was heard. Suddenly, when the train had got within its own length of Garrison's station, a puff of white smoke came from the landing at the foot of the road leading up to the grounds, and in two or three seconds there came the heavy boom of a gun, followed quickly by another and another, until in all the Federal salute of thirteen had been fired. Long before this was over, however, the train had reached the station, and there, drawn up in a line that was straight to a hair's breadth, stood the corps of cadets in their gray coats and white trousers, holding their guns at present, their eyes looking straight before them, and their erect, athletic forms as motionless as the ground on which they stood. In the center of their line the color-bearer stood with the colors drooped and wrapped in crape. At their left, drawn up in another line, stood all the officers of the post in full uniform. The last of the thirteen guns sent a parting echo after the train as it rounded a curve out of sight, and then almost instantly the storm that had been apparently following the train on all its journey down broke with such fury as to shut out at once from sight the opposite shore of the river.

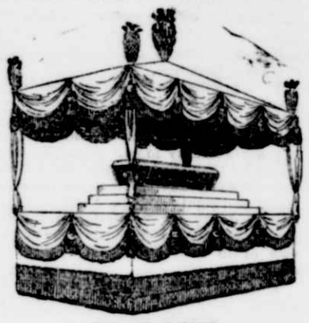
The train came over the New York Central road. It was consequently on the opposite side of the Hudson river from West Point, which is on the west bank. At a rural point above Poughkeepsie a simple, touching picture presented itself. A grizzled veteran was working alone in a field. He looked like an old soldier. Not a creature was in sight except a great black Newfoundland dog that lay on the grass beside him. As the train passed the old soldier knelt on one knee, holding his hat reverently above his head, and in this position he remained motionless as a statue until the train rounded a curve.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

During the journey from Albany to New York not a bell or whistle sounded on the train.

The reception of the body at the Central station at Forty-second street, and the subsequent march down to city hall, constituted as imposing a spectacle as is often seen. It was attended with all the splendid insignia and ceremonial of a military funeral. The final procession itself on Saturday was not more magnificent. A tremendous rainstorm burst just as the parade began, but none regarded it. The steady regular troops and the dainty National Guard alike stood under the terrific flood of water as if it had not been.

A line of mounted police cleared the way down Fifth avenue. Then, riding alone in a hollow half-square, came the commander of the military department of New York, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, the handsomest man in America. He was in magnificent uniform, and mounted upon a beautiful horse. Involuntarily one thought of his famous rile down the lines at the battle of Gettysburg.



THE CATAFALQUE.

Then came his staff, mounted, noble looking men. After them followed some companies of United States artillery, with six field pieces. Then came United States marines. After these were a brigade of regiments of the New York National Guard. Then was what all were looking for, the funeral car itself. It was so tall that the top of the waving plumes interfered with the telegraph wires. To prevent this, men carrying a long black pole walked beside the car, and raised the wires while it passed under. Upon its top, in open sight, was the coffin. It was covered with blue silk velvet, and had silver handles.

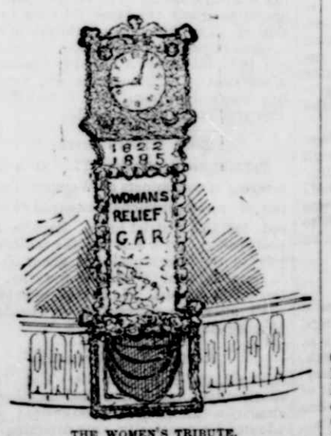
The car was drawn by twelve black horses. They were covered with a web-like black stuff that draped them in mourning. Walking at the head of each was a colored groom in black. The faithful veterans of the G. A. R. guarded their beloved dead commander as they had guarded the last hours of his life. Just in front of the catafalque was a carriage. Those who have read our illustrated letters would have had no difficulty in recognizing its occupants to be Dr. Douglas and the doughty Parson Newman. Behind the car were carriages in which the same readers would have discovered Col. Fred Grant, the colored attendant, Harrison, and others. Col. Fred Grant is a very fine looking man. After them came yet other New York National Guard regiments. They wore fancy uniforms of red coats and white trousers, white coats and colored trousers, etc., with spiked helmets. Among them was the New York Seventh. Its uniform is gray coat, white trousers and white helmet. These regiments are among the flower of American militiamen. Their drill, uniforms and fine physique attracted general attention. Regimental bands played solemn music all along the line.

DECORATIONS AT CITY HALL.

The coffin rested upon the same support that had upheld it at Mt. McGregor. At the head was a magnificent floral piece. It was seven feet wide, and nearly ten feet high. In the center was an immense broken column, composed of asters, hollyhocks, pond lilies, gladiolas and white and Marechal Niel roses. Upon it were perched three white doves, just fluttering as if to begin a winged flight. Hanging from the column

A FLORAL PIECE.

was a large shield of red, white and blue immortelles, flanked on either side by an American flag of the same flowers. Beneath the shield was a scroll of purple immortelles, bearing the letters "U. S. G." immediately above a sheaf of wheat and a sickle. At the left of the base stood an urn, about four feet high, made of asters, with handles of purple immortelles. It was filled with lilies. Just at the foot of the urn was a broken sword of Marechal Niel roses, and a pen of white roses. At the right of the base was a large anchor of hollyhocks, and in the center of the base, near the bottom, was the coat-of-arms of the city worked in various flowers. This tribute was



THE WOMEN'S TRIBUTE.

In the center of the balcony, above the grand staircase, was a floral piece, modeled in imitation of an old-fashioned clock. Beneath the dial, worked in immortelles, was the date "1822," the year Gen. Grant was born, and the dial hands were stopped at 7:08. On the pendulum box was worked in purple and white flowers "Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. R." The hands were stopped at the hour and moment of Gen. Grant's death, July 23. Beneath the clock was the beautiful bronze bust of Grant that was modeled by Rupert Schmid, of Munich, last April. At the foot of the coffin was another fine floral piece presented by the Loyal Legion.

THE BODY.

You have seen in the news dispatches repeated allusions to the "naturalness" of the dead general's appearance. Do not believe it. The terrible wasting illness had reduced him to a skeleton. His face was painfully pinched and discolored. It was livid. Something of the piteous look it had worn in those weary last days was still upon it. The ghastly look of decay was rendered still more frightfully apparent by the marble dust which from time to time the undertaker sprinkled upon the face and hands to destroy that very effect. To gaze upon the dead face of the soldier beloved of the Union was a recollection which, with some, will perhaps last a century. But it was a painful sight.

The general was clad in plain black civilian's dress. Upon his breast he wore the G. A. R. badge and the badge of the Loyal Legion. Those were his only decorations.

THE CROWDS.

Never before have such numbers been gathered in New York. Nine o'clock Wednesday evening the gates were opened to the public in city hall. They were closed only from 1 o'clock in the morning till six, from that time until the burial on Saturday. Friday night at 1:10 they were closed for the last time. The purple plush-lined coffin lid was screwed down finally then over the dead face. Unless his own family request it, the coffin of Gen. Grant will never be reopened. And from Wednesday evening, Aug. 5, till Saturday morning at 1:10 257,000 persons had viewed the remains. At least they caught a glimpse of a blue velvet coffin. The police hustled them with indecent haste. I suppose it could not be helped, but the throng simply whizzed past on a dog-trot. If one paused while you could draw a breath, a policeman seized his arm and ordered him to move on. This may have been necessary, but there was no satisfaction at all about it. The line that waited, even passing at this lightning express rate, was almost unbelievable. It

LYING IN STATE AT CITY HALL.

was four deep, and at times extended over a mile in length. Shrewd speculators turned a dishonest penny by smuggling people up through the basement doors in city hall.

"Well," says one scaly-looking customer with a sigh of satisfaction, "biz ain't been bad to-day."

He didn't know a newspaper man heard him.

"I stood in with the police," said he, "and gave written orders to have people passed up ahead of the line. I charged them a dollar apiece. I let a few through for fifty cents."

"And how many did you pass?"

"Ninety-seven. But I had to whack up with two or three policemen, and so I only got $40 for my day's work."

Each midnight the police went along the upper end of the line dispersing the throng, telling them it was no use, that they could not get within squares of the city hall before 1 o'clock. And every morning, when the gates were opened at 6, the vast line was already formed and waiting. The motliest crowd, too, it was that was gathered. Every degree met every other here in the dead presence of America's greatest and best. Little Italian gammins from the slums, with their bristling black heads, tattered shirts and pantaloons hanging by one suspender, jostled the dainty, perfumed dude. There were the aged, the crippled, and women with babies in their arms. Grand Army veterans were shot past with the rest, with not even a glance at the face of their dead commander, and moved down the steps and outside, wiping the tears from their cheeks. The people entered by the south, or front door, and passed straight through the hall and out at the north door.

The death of the beloved, lamented soldier will be one more link that draws together in amity and kindliness the northern and southern sections of this Union. They were not all hypocritical, those demonstrations of regret and sympathy in the south, from Texas to Georgia. You know that by the names of the high-minded, brave men who sent their condolences from the south to Mrs. Grant. You know it by those who were pall bearers at Gen. Grant's funeral.

THE PALL BEARERS.

They were: Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, Lieut. Gen. Phil Sheridan, Admiral D. D. Porter, Rear Admiral J. T. Worden, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Virginia; A. J. Drexel, Philadelphia; George S. Boutwell, Massachusetts; George W. Childs, Philadelphia; John A. Logan; George Jones, Oliver Hoyt, Gen. Simon B. Buckner.

Joseph E. Johnston and S. B. Buckner clasped hands across the blue-covered coffin with Tecumseh Sherman and Phil Sheridan, and together they looked down upon the dead face of the soldier of the Union, him who was the first of all to say:

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

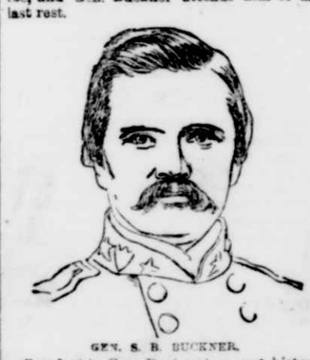
Here were Sherman and Johnston, the two great enemies who closed the war. What a scene this must have been to them!

Fifty ex-Confederate soldiers took part in the Grant funeral procession and ceremonies at Chicago.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

Only three of the old war governors are left in the north now. More than half the generals on both sides are gone over to the majority. Joseph E. Johnston, the ex-Confederate general, is now nearly 80 years of age. He was born in 1807. He was an aide on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott forty years ago. He is a native of Virginia, but since the war he has lived at Savannah, Ga.

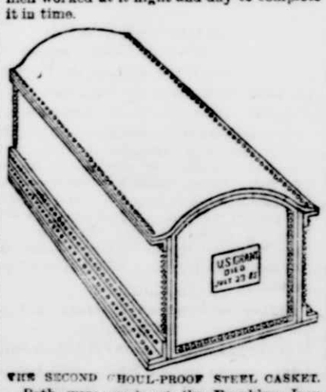
Johnston surrendered to Sherman, and they met as pall bearers to Gen. Grant. But there is a circumstance that is still more remarkable in connection with this funeral pageant. At Fort Donelson Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner surrendered to Gen. Grant under the famous terms of "Unconditional Surrender." One of the floral emblems worked in immortelles in city hall bore this very motto. Now Grant himself has surrendered to the last great foe, and Gen. Buckner attends him to his last rest.



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

One fact in Gen. Buckner's recent history is not widely known. During Grant's recent financial disasters he received a letter from Gen. Buckner sending him a loan of $10,000. The money was sent in the most delicate manner, with an intimation that it need not be returned except quite at the general's convenience, and that the matter was wholly private. It was not known till Gen. Grant's death.

Last week we gave a picture of the steel casket which was to protect the sacred remains from body snatchers, with a description of it. The description was accurate at the time. But three days before the funeral, for some reason, the casket already nearly completed was suddenly cast aside and another one started to be made. Fifty men worked at it night and day to complete it in time.



THE SECOND GHOUL-PROOF STEEL CASKET.

Both were made at the Franklyn Iron works, Troy, N. Y. The new casket was made of chilled steel, one-half inch thick, from Danville, Pa., with warranted strength to resist a strain of 60,000 pounds.

THE PROCESSION.

From city hall to Riverside the procession marched—nine and a half miles. It was a terribly wearisome march to the footmen. About 41,500 had place. Undoubtedly it was the most imposing funeral that ever took place in America.

Many in the crowd were inquiring for Gen. Sherman. "Where is he? Is he not on horseback?" people asked one another in whispers. Exactly this question was asked of a general of the army by a friend a day or two before. "On horseback!" retorted the general, laughing, "you don't know Sherman. He is much more likely to put on a linen duster and straw hat and sit bunched up in a hack." So it proved, or almost so, for the grim and Democratic old fighter did ride in a carriage along with the other pall bearers, though not in a linen duster. He was ablaze with gold, and no man's uniform was worn with more grace or better effect than he wore his.

At intervals, after the procession started, the men-of-war anchored along the Hudson fired salutes. Minute guns boomed over the waters.

Governors of twelve states were in the procession.

FIRING THE LAST SALUTE.

At 4:30 o'clock the funeral car reached the tomb. Bishop Harris, the oldest bishop of the Methodist church, read the burial service of his denomination. But the solemn ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic was first read. As the bishop's voice died away two little girls, Gen. Grant's grandchildren, laid flowers upon the coffin. Then the undertaker's men lifted the double coffin into the great ghoul-proof steel casket within the vault. They staggered beneath its weight. When this was done Col. Grant and wife led the family procession down into the vault, where they remained for several moments alone. When they emerged the iron gates were closed and locked by one of the undertaker's assistants, who delivered the key over to Gen. Hancock. Turning to Mayor Grace Gen. Hancock formally tendered it to him, who in turn handed it to Commissioner Crimmins. It will remain in his keeping till the removal of the body to the permanent tomb.

The moment after the vault was locked. The New York Seventh regiment fired three volleys over the grave. As the echoes rolled and rumbled another regiment, the New York Twenty-second, caught up the sound and fired salutes, and another and another, till there was a roar of earthquake in the air. While the echoes died away the great throng began to disperse.

Such was Gen. Grant's march at the head of his army to eternal headquarters.

A. J. ROTHWELL.

SUMMER RESORTS FOR PETS.

A Vexed Question in Domestic Economy—Dog Doctoring.

[New York Tribune.]

"Ah, that's just the place that I've been looking for," exclaimed a perspiring citizen as his eye fell on the sign "Birds boarded" while he was working his way down-town a day or two ago. "Now I won't have to cart that confounded canary of Maria's round to half a dozen summer resorts this year," and he heaved a sigh of relief as he disappeared around the corner.

The question of the proper care of pets during the summer is one of the most vexed of all in the domestic economy. The average summer resort host will not allow them on the premises, they can't be left behind shut up in the town house, and some costly middle course has to be adopted. Nearly all the retail bird-dealers will take birds for the season at 25 cents a week at the owner's risk. Business is dull with them during the summer, and they have plenty of vacant space. In the dark, musty rooms which these dealers seem to prefer, the canaries, parrots, and mocking birds whistle and chatter the hot days away.

With dogs and cats the problem becomes a still more difficult one. Some dealer will take a few dogs for the summer, but the candidate has to confirm closely to certain requirements as to size and condition. The charge is $3 a week. In the words of one of the dealers: "We take our pick. If the dog is small and sound, we'll take it if we ain't full already. But we don't want any watch-dogs or high-bred setters on our hands. We can't take many because then we create a nuisance, the neighbors complain of us, and we have to shut up or get out."

Cats find no welcome anywhere, and the only way is to get some ancient dame to take them to her heart and home at so much per week, and the charge is rarely a small one. In view of the great demand for accommodations of this kind, it would be a good investment for some enterprising fancier to hire a spacious place in the suburbs, fit it up for a canine summer resort, and go into the business wholesale. A little advertising would probably bring a large trade, and the introduction of a proper system ought to leave a good margin for profit.

The amount of money that people are willing to spend on their dogs is shown in the doctors' bills which many of them run up. Fashionable physicians charging $5 a visit are often employed to cure ugly little pugs of their attack of stomach-ache or malaria, and there is a man in upper Broadway who makes a business of dog doctoring. He is a graduate of Hamilton college, and values his services as physician and surgeon to all dogdom at $2 a visit. His office is crammed with bottles of patent medicine of his own decoction, warranted to cure all the ills to which dog flesh is heir, and he claims to number the leading members of canine society among his patients, including such high-toned doggies as those of the Astors, Lorillards and Vanderbilts. His professional income often reaches $100 a week.

Destruction of the Redwoods.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

The redwood, unlike all other conifers, propagates itself principally by suckers from the parent stem. When a patriarch dies, a thousand young trees, so to speak, spring from his loins, the most vigorous surviving. Nearly every cluster of trees is arranged in a circle, the diameter being sometimes as much as forty feet, indicating the former existence of much larger trees than the present, perhaps equal to the sequoia of the Sierra Nevada. It will readily be perceived that this form of propagation is vastly slower than in the case of the forests of the Sierra Nevada, where millions of young pines succeeded the scattering trees destroyed by the miners, often numbering hundreds to the square rod.

If any care was exercised in the preservation of the redwoods not large enough for lumber, the present quantity of growing timber might be maintained, but the lumbermen make it a point to "work that class out," cutting the timber all away in one season, as the skid road is usually destroyed by the winter rains. Fire is called upon to finish the destruction, as the brush and small timber are much in the way of the loggers, and the ground is often left bare, with only the blasted and blackened stumps to indicate the former sylvan growth.

The evils of this destruction are many, among which are the want of timber by the future generations; the exposure of the unprotected soil to the wash of winter rains, producing slides and a gradual removal of the productive soil to the valleys below; inability of the naked soil to retain the necessary moisture for the growth of trees and the supply for perennial springs and the consequent destruction to farms on the plains below by the sudden rise of streams, followed by a corresponding decrease in the summer flow, leaving a dry bed where once flowed a perennial brook, and, finally, by causing that terrible and destructive phenomenon, a "cloud-burst," unknown in a well-wooded country.

A Malevolent Conspiracy.

[Buffalo Express.]

"Oh! was it I, or was it you?" asks the golden-haired poet, Nora Perry. If Nora will refrain from making a noise, perhaps between us we can shove it on the proof-reader.

Fall River Advance: Nothing bothers a modest but hungry old hen so much as when she has made a hearty breakfast off an old shoe lace and finds the unfortunate shoe still at the end of it.

CLOUDBURSTS AND THEIR CAUSE.

Result of the Destruction of Timber—A Dangerous Downpouring.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

There remains to be considered one of the most disastrous of the phenomena attending the destruction of the timber, though happily not the most frequent, else the country would become uninhabitable. The extraordinary rainfalls, to which the people gave the name of cloudbursts, began to be noticed 100 years ago. The common opinion was that the cloud was rent by the sharp angle of the mountain, letting out millions of tons of water.

One of these phenomenal rainfalls occurred about 1843, in Lyme, N. H. The country generally had been denuded of timber. A lofty hill, inaccessible to the loggers' team, had been spared, leaving perhaps a mile square covered so thickly with timber that the sunlight scarcely penetrated the thick foliage. The moss on the ground was three feet thick, and even in midsummer was moist and cool. This afforded the requisite conditions for a cloudburst. One day there was a violent commotion up there. Thunder, lightning and charging clouds seemed to have chosen the top of the mountain for a grand tournament. The rains that should have been drawn from the clouds by miles of woodland were precipitated in one tremendous effort. The timber on the top of the mountain was prostrated as if by a cyclone. A torrent, many times too large for the ordinary channels, poured down the mountain side, carrying destruction in its course. Mills were swept away, or left useless some distance from the new channels, which were formed. Mill dams were piled ten feet high with bowlders and gravel.

The phenomenon of cloudbursts is becoming more or less common in all the treeless parts of the country. Denver was once swept away by such a rainfall. Eureka, Nev., has twice been inundated in that way. The streams running down the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada are noted for such aberrations. Some years ago a stage coach, passengers, driver, horses, all were overtaken by a solid perpendicular wall of water and destroyed. Several times similar torrents have poured into the Mojave deserts. In 1878 a cloudburst near Jackson, in this state, sent a torrent through the town, destroying many lives. Several times they have occurred in Santa Barbara county, accompanied with loss of life. In one instance the wall of water moving down the channel was estimated to be ten feet high. One or two small ones have occurred at the head of Los Gatos creek, in Santa Clare county, raising the water twenty feet high.

There are evidences of numerous cloudbursts in times past, where millions of cubic feet of earth are swept out of the mountains in one hour. The pile of debris reminds one of the tailings left by hydraulic mining. Such a pile in the lower Ojai valley, in Ventura county, covers four square miles and measures 100,000,000 cubic yards. A well sank to the depth of 100 feet penetrated fresh alluvial soil, proving the recent date of the affair. In the canyons above bowlders as large as churches are piled on each other, showing the terrific power of the torrent. Such an outpour as the above mentioned may not occur in 100 years, but the liability is constantly increasing as the timber is cut away.

Lynchings for Six Months.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Since the 1st of January the number of scoundrels lynched in various parts of the country is 99, of whom 96 were males and 3 females, 58 white and 41 colored. The south takes more than three-fourths of the lot, having 75, against 24 credited to the north. In detail the states are represented as follows: Alabama, 3; Arkansas, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 2; Iowa, 5; Kansas, 3; Kentucky, 3; Maryland, 1; Mississippi, 6; Missouri, 6; North Carolina, 2; Nebraska, 2; Ohio, 3; Oregon 2; Tennessee, 7; Texas, 31; Virginia, 2; West Virginia, 2. In the territories: New Mexico, 2; Indian territory, 7; Dakota, 1; Montana, 3; Washington, 1. It may also be of interest to know that of these 99 departed citizens, 44 were lynched for murder, 31 for horse and other stealing, 14 for rape, 3 for incendiarism, 2 for train wrecking, 2 for murderous assault, 2 for unknown reasons, and 1 for burglary.

These returns, it will be observed, are for six months, and their significance will be apparent when it is stated that the number of lynchings last year was 193, which was an increase of nearly 100 over 1883. The number of lynchings thus far in this year has steadily increased, month by month, so that at this ratio the total for this year will considerably exceed 250. Hanging does not keep anything like an even pace with lynching, though the volume of crime for the first six months of this year is far in excess of what it was last year during the same period. Last year there were 133 criminals hanged, but this year thus far there have been but forty-two. At this ratio the number of executions will be much smaller than in any year since 1875.

Texas takes the lead in lynchings, as it does in crime. Take it all around, it is an unhealthy year for criminals. The legal hangman may not keep pace with them, owing to the obstacles which stand in his way, but Judge Lynch is doing well in his efforts to keep up something like a due relation between crime and its punishment.

Trying to Improve the Watermelon.

[The Cook.]

Good watermelons are now abundant and cheap enough to be within the reach of almost everybody. To enjoy this delightful fruit properly, select a dark green, fat one with a yellowish spot where it has hugged mother earth. Put it on ice for twenty-four hours, cut a hole in one end of it, and pour a bottle of claret into the hole, plug it up, and put it on ice some more. Cut it in longitudinal slices, bring it on the table surrounded by wild flowers and other fancy fixings, and you have a dish fit for the gods.

Some luxurious palates, happily accompanied by means enough to gratify their gustatory whims, find one or two bottles of champagne emptied into the almost frozen melon in place of claret, a decided improvement. But the man who cannot like a good, ripe, sweet watermelon, without wine, is deserving of much pity.

Cure for Dyspepsia.

[Philadelphia Press.]

During the season of 100 days last year one Saratoga hotel paid a market bill of $125,000. Among the items were 90,000 pounds of beef, 18,000 pounds of mutton, 20,000 pounds of lamb, 7,000 pounds of veal, 1,500 pounds of pork, 60,000 pounds of chicken, 35,000 pounds of game, 900 dozen squabs, 26,000 pounds of fish, 6,000 pounds of salmon, 22,000 pounds of butter, 24,000 dozen eggs, 65,000 quarts of milk and 10,000 quarts of cream. Of Saratoga hotel guests it has long been said that eating occupies the lion's share of their attention.