TABLEAUX.

BY DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

The sun of Austerlitz had set
Behind the pantry door;
Napoleon sheathed his gleaming blade
And laid it on the floor;
The Iron Mask took off his wig—
It hurt his ear, he said;
And Queen Elizabeth removed
Three-quarters of her head.

The next thing was Iniquitous,
Which seemed to please them all;
And then we played The Prodigal,
And then fatlean'd The Fall;
But Snipes, who took The Serpent's part,
Got hungry, probably;
At least he ate The Apple up
And quarreled with The Tree.

A larky spirit was abroad,
Which spoiled the serious things,
And led the girls to giggle at
Apollyon's awful wings;
And when the final scene was set
Of Mary Stuart's death,
Poor Mary was in such a gale
She couldn't catch her breath.

A gloomy court, a headsman's block
All hung with weeds of woe,
An executioner in black,
And tapers burning low;
A weird, funereal, solemn scene,
Impressive, gloomy, dark;
With all the tragic retinue
Just bursting for a lark.

Too bad! but Mary looked so sweet,
And had such pretty hair,
The headsman leaned upon his ax
And kissed her plump and square;
Then Perky Jones, the cowled monk,
So grim, and stern, and slow,
Turned somersaults across the block
And spoiled the whole tableau.

Then buzz of talk, and change of seats,
And laughter's merry peal,
Broke up the show, and all the boys
Took partners for a reel.
And we at Jones' Corners think
That trying to be jolly
Is better, thirteen months a year,
Than limp, æsthetic folly.

—*The Century.*

DEAD NED.

A Tale of the Yorkshire Wolds.

Fifty years ago the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds. Few of the busy dwellers in populous London have any idea of their grandeur in a winter snowstorm, or of their beauty when an August sun pours down its rays upon stretches of waving corn, that lie like sheets of gold along the ridges, fringed above with dark plantations. During the great exhibition of 1851, a few friends and I took a real holiday for once in our lives, and went for a week to see the wonderful things in London which the papers were so full of. We saw all that could be seen in that time, and we did not lose a moment, I assure you. But, after all, I saw nothing like our grand old hills. It was the first time that most of us had been so far away from home.

My tale?—O yes, that was what I started to tell you; but that was twenty-five years before our London visit, when I was a young man, farming a hundred and sixty acres of land. I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children. The farm buildings consisted of a barn, which went by the name of the Red Barn, it being built of red bricks; an old six-horse stable, thatched with whins; a fold-yard, paled around, and two or three wood-sheds. A good-sized house and better out-buildings were being built, but none of them were far enough advanced to be habitable for man or beast. A plantation of ash and spruce trees sheltered the farmstead from wind and storm, as it was situated high up on the hill-side.

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse that an accident had happened that afternoon.

"What's the matter, David?" I asked.

"Roger has run a fork into his foot," was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks, used for stacking in harvest time, had been carelessly laid upon the stable floor, and Roger, a farm horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought it was a serious wound.

"What have you done to it?" was my next question.

"Sent off for Coats." Coats was the veterinary surgeon for the district.

"Has he come?"

"No, sir; he had gone to Melby."

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles away across the country from Coats' home; and, after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at 11 o'clock, on a cold winter night, to start again for another sixteen miles.

Turning my horse's head, I told David to go to bed, and I would ride up to the Red Barn.

"Shall I sit up for your horse?" he asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm.

"No; no one need wait for me;" and I started off.

Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable-door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable. Surprised, as not a man lived at the steading, I tried the door. It was fastened from the inside. I knocked, still holding my horse by the bridle, the thought coming across my mind that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my first summons, so I knocked and called again more loudly.

"What d'ye want?" demanded a gruff voice from the inside.

"Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know? Open the door at once!"

"Likely!" was grunted back again, "when we are warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp."

Now I knew who my uninvited guests were. It is not every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed among us "Wold Rangers," a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them was above poaching; and most of them had been to prison in some time or another. A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door. We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely traveled alone, but were generally accompanied by a numerous following of women and children, a horse and cart or two, often a donkey, and two or three dogs.

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud snores were most irritating to hear from the outside. Again I vigorously pummeled the door with an ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy. It was no use, as a growl was all the reply I got. As determined to be inside as they were to keep me out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot.

The moonlight just shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, right through the thick of them. I ordered them one and all to "turn out." An Irishman, who went by the nickname of "Dead Ned," lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

"But my horse," I reasoned; "I must see to him."

But reason was drowned in the opposition of a dozen hoarse voices.

I was young then, and reckless of danger; more so than I am now, on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across the flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant. She bounded into the stable door, and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold than every creature inside leaped up, startled men, women and children rushing out pell-mell.

I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow her own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

"Coats will never come to-night," I thought, "and something must be done:" and to foment the swollen foot was the only thing that I could think of.

I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to the straw; but requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to help me to heat some water. We drove three thick stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, crammed plenty of sticks under the iron pot, and soon had a blazing fire. When the water was hot enough for our purpose, we carried it into the stable, and fomented the wounded foot. The process eased the pain, and, after half an hour's fomentation, I wrapped it up in cloths saturated with some healing oils which were kept in the stable. One of the men held the flickering candle, stuck on the top of a lantern; while other eight or ten more were grouped around, watching the proceedings, and giving occasional assistance. As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion or sign not intended for me to see. It was a signal from Dead Ned—who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron gavelock that we had used to hammer the stakes into the ground—to another of his fraternity. Like a flash it came over me; how could I have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as to trust myself alone and unarmed among this ruffianly crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast pocket £160. It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not my own. That year I held the office of Income Tax Collector, and had taken the money with me to market to pay the Government Commissioners. I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently, I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday. The occurrence had passed out of my mind before reaching home, then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught the gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye. It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be contented with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body, and what would become of my wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost Government taxes? Why, they would be turned out into the wide world homeless and unprotected. The bare thought made me tremble. I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals. Oh! the agony of that moment.

Making one venture for home, wife and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's feet, telling them in a loud voice to keep the candle still until I fetched some more string, and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up. She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the door. "Jess, Jess, good lass!" I cried, softly, and very gently approaching her, as I knew that if she bolted, it was good by to life for me.

Fortunately, she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces as I dashed off proved that they were full of rage at thus being baffled. The village church clock struck 1 as I entered my home in safety.

I paid a second visit next morning at 4 to the wounded animal, but leaving my pocketbook at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown. If the ashes of the stick fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was nothing more than a disturbing dream, a bad attack of nightmare; but these evidences were there, and it had been real.

Two years afterward, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a midnight scuffle.

Tricycling vs. Smoking.

A correspondent writes to the London *Spectator:* "I was led to give up smoking by reading an article in *Knowledge*, by Dr. Muir Brown, on the 'Effect of Smoking.' One of the observations particularly struck me. Replying to the argument that smoking is good, because it checks waste of tissue, he observed that this is precisely the reason why smoking is bad, and that the only possession which it is a man's duty to waste is his body, new tissue being in every respect better than old. The tricycle made in this direction. It wasted tissue. You can get more exercise by an hour's tricycling, and with less fatigue, than by three hours' walking. There is an exhilaration about it, too, that a pedestrian never knows, and which can only be compared to that enjoyed by riding a good horse. As for perspiring, you perspire enough, especially if the day be warm, to satisfy Dr. Jaeger's most rigid requirements, and make your flesh as hard as the hide of a German soldier after two years' gymnastics.

"When I gave up my cigars and took to tricycling I had no idea of curing my headaches. But they are cured. I have hardly had a headache since, and I eat almost twice as much as I used to eat. I sleep well, and my general health could not easily be better. In conclusion let me recommend all my literary brethren who are conscious of not taking sufficient exercise, all of whose muscles are flabby, livers torpid, and nights restless, to try tricycling and drop smoking and any other habit which may tend to check waste of tissue and retard that rapid renewal of the body which is the condition of physical soundness."

Under the Rose.

This expression took its origin from the wars between the British houses of York and Lancaster. The parties respectively swore by the red or the white rose, and these opposite emblems were displayed as the signs of the two taverns, one of which was by the side of, and the other opposite to, the Parliament House in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. Here the retainers and servants of the noblemen attached to the Duke of York and Henry VI. used to meet. Here, also, as disturbances were frequent, measures, either of defense or annoyance, were taken, and every transaction was said to be done "under the rose," by which expression the most profound secrecy was implied. According to others this term originated in the fable of Cupid giving the rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which, what was intended to be kept secret was said to be held "under the rose." Roses were consecrated as presents from the Pope. In 1526 they were placed over confessionals as the symbols of secrecy. Hence, according to some, the origin of the phrase.

THE average yield of wheat per acre in 1881 was only 10¼ bushels, against 13¼ for 1880. This of itself would be equivalent to a falling off of 100,000,000 bushels in the total wheat crop of 1881.

THE SCALPEL'S SECRETS.

Condition of Guiteau's Remains as Disclosed by the Autopsy—Dr. Lamb's Special Report of the Case.

The *Medical News*, of Philadelphia, prints the official report of the post-mortem examination of the body of Charles J. Guiteau. The report is signed by "Dr. Lamb," and is dated Army Medical Museum, Washington, July 4:

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

By reason of the delay, for which neither I nor my assistants were responsible, the examination was not begun until 2.30 o'clock p. m., one hour and a half after death, in consequence of which the photographing was less successfull and a cast was impracticable. The body, which was of a faint, yellowish tint, was that of a man about five feet seven inches in height and weighed 140 pounds. The eyes were examined by Dr. Loring, who reported the pupils slightly and equally dilated. The vitreous was cloudy and the fundus undistinguishable; the conjunctiva of the left eye was congested. He repeated the examination two hours later, and noticed an appearance as of a transverse fracture of the lenses. A small white scar, directed obliquely downward, forward, and to the left, and confined to the scalp, was observed midway between the top of the left ear and the median line of the head.

The right parietal bone was slightly flattened over a space of about two inches square, just back of the fronto parietal suture, and to the right of the inter-parietal there was a slightly flattened elevation on the corresponding internal surface of the calvaria. The fronto parietal suture was obliterated, but the others were quite distinct. A number of pacchionian depressions were observed near the groove for the longitudinal sinus.

In thickness the skull presented nothing remarkable.

The dura mater was firmly adherent to the anterior portion of the calvaria in the vicinity of the longitudinal sinus. There were adhesions of the dura also to the base of the skull; they were quite firm, and situated in the several fassae, and most marked in the deeper parts of the fassae, where also there were small patches, abruptly limited, of immovable arborescent congestions, with, however, no attendant thickening or pigmentation. This stagnation was again marked in the left, anterior and middle fassae. There was no congestion of the dura, except at the points just noted. The dura and piamater were adherent to each other, and to the brain on both sides along a limited portion of the longitudinal fissure, in the vicinity of the pacchionian granulations. The dura was slightly thickened along the longitudinal sinus. It was also slightly thickened and opaque along the portion of the line of the middle meningeal artery on each side.

The arachnoid of the upper convexity of the brain presented in many places, where it covered the sulci, small patches of thickening and opacity, elsewhere it was normal. The piameter was anæmic anteriorly; posteriorly there was slight hypastasis. The cerebral vessels appeared to be normal in all respects. The orbital plates were well arched, and presented many conical eminences of large size. There was no roughening anywhere of the inner surface of the skull.

The brain was firm. Its weight, including the cerebrum, cerebellum, pons and medulla, and a portion of the dura, was 49½ ounces. It was slightly flattened in the region corresponding to the flattening of the parietal bone above mentioned. On a section of the cerebrum there was the appearance of a slight thinning of the gray cartex. The measurements taken, however, gave depths of 1-16 to ⅛ inch in close proximity to each other. The white substance was almost absolutely anæmic. The cerebellum and island of Reil were both covered on each side.

The fissures generally presented considerable depth; in many places, as in the right fissure of Rolando, amounting to seven-eighths of an inch.

The right fissure of Sylvius was typical; the left was separated from the first temporal fissure by a slight bridge deeply situated.

The right fissure of Rolando did not connect with the fissure of Sylvius; the left was separated only by a small bridge deeply situated; both were separated from the longitudinal fissure.

The first frontal fissure on the right side was not connected with that of Rolando, but the posterior part was crossed by a secondary fissure. The same was the case on the left side, except that the fissure was crossed by a small bridge near its center.

The second and third frontal fissures presented nothing remarkable. There were numerous secondary fissures.

The precentral and retrocentral fissures, on each side, were well defined, and were unconnected with the other fissures.

The inter-parietal fissure on each side terminated in the transverse occipital, separated only by a slight bridge. The parieto-occipital fissure was well marked on each side. The transverse occipital fissure on the right side was ill-defined; it began on the median surface and extended well outward.

The first temporal fissure was well developed on the right side; on the left it was not of the usual length.

Wernicke's fissure was well marked on the left side, but was not confluent.

The calloso marginal fissure was double on each side, the upper of the two being probably the true one. On the right, the upper one extended back to the anterior margin of the paracentral lobule; on left, not quite so far. The lower one extended on the right side to a line about half an inch in front of the parieto-occipital fissure, from which it was separated by a small bridge; on the left side, also, by a bridge of larger size.

On the right side were seven fissures radiating from the circular fissure surrounding a small isolated convolution. On the left side were five fissures radiating from a small, shallow depression. The left collateral fissure was well defined, extending to the anterior extremity of the temporal lobe. The right was also well marked, but did not extend so far back as the other, and there was an attempt at confluence anteriorly with the temporo-occipital, a small bridge intervening. The left temporo-occipital fissure was well defined.

The following alone call for remark: The ascending frontal convolution was well defined on each side. The ascending parietal on the right side was well developed in its lower three-fourths, but narrowed in the upper fourth. On the left side the narrowing was less marked. The island of Reil presented on the right side five fissures, and six straight gyri; on the left side seven fissures and eight straight gyri. The paracentral lobule was well marked on the right side, small on the left.

The usual median incision was made, and the abdomen opened. There was an extravasation of blood into the right pectoralis major muscle near the second rib. The adipose layer of the abdominal section was one inch in thickness. The dome of the diaphragm extended up to the fourth rib on each side. There were old pleuritic adhesions at the apex of the right lung. The upper and middle lobes were congenitally united by a connective tissue. The lung was normal throughout. There were also old pleuritic adhesions of the left lung to the diaphragm and between its lobes; three small, tubercle-like, pigmented patches were observed in the upper lobe.

The heart weighed ten and three-quarters ounces. Its muscular substance was apparently normal. There was an abundance of fat upon its anterior surface, and a villose patch of old pericarditis near the apex of the left ventricle. The right ventricle contained a little blood, just forming a clot. The valves were normal. The aorta was slightly atheromatous for a short distance above the valves.

All of the abdominal viscera presented large accumulations of fat. They were normally situated.

The liver was congested. The gall bladder contained a little bile. The spleen was lobulated and enlarged. It weighed eighteen ounces. The capsule was bluish; substance brown. The malpighian bodies were hypertrophied. The pancreas was normal. The stomach contained food. The intestines appeared normal, and were not opened. The kidneys were congested. There was a small superficial serous cyst on the right one.

1. A considerable quantity of dark blood ran out of the heart in the separation of the heart and lungs.

2. Dr. Young states that the man was subject to malarial attacks while in jail.

3. He had eaten dinner about an hour and a half before execution.

A Boarding House for Birds.

A card in a window, bearing the words, "Birds Taken to Board," attracts the attention of the passer-by at a certain point on Broadway. A reporter saw the card and stepped inside. A hundred canary birds were singing in different keys. Gorgeous parrots were chattering and swearing. The owner of the place was induced to talk of his business. In the warm weather, when the owners of valuable birds go to the country and Europe, they find it unsafe to leave their pets to the care of servants. It would not do to leave them shut up in a house alone. For these reasons, the man went on, the birds were brought to him and he saw that they had all the comforts and luxuries that the most exacting canary could desire. The charges are moderate, only 20 cents a week for canaries. This allows a small profit of 75 per cent.

"What is your price for boarding parrots?" "Forty cents a week."

"What do you feed them on?" "Well, they will eat anything from carpet tacks to boot heels, but I am very careful and keep such food away from them."

"Who bears the loss if the birds die?" "Why, the owners, of course. I take the best of care of them, but if they don't live it ain't my fault." He said that it was a common thing for the boarding birds to die, especially parrots. He related a sad case. A beautiful girl left her parrot for the summer, and when she returned in the fall the bird had died, having choked himself with a piece of hard tack. The young girl would not be comforted, and went into a convent. There were tears in the dealer's eyes as he told this story. "Is that monkey a boarder?" asked the reporter. "Yes," was the answer. "He belongs to an actress, who insists that her pet shall have marbles to play with. I get $2 a week for boarding him, which includes the price of his toys."—*New York Mail.*

RIVER HORROR.

Sinking of an Excursion Steamer on the Ohio River—Heartrending Loss of Life.

From Pittsburgh papers we glean the following particulars of the terrible disaster at Mingo Junction, on the Ohio river, on the 4th of July: The Scioto, a sidewheel steamer running between Wheeling and Matamoras, has been on an excursion to Moundsville, under the auspices of the Wellsville Cornet Band, and had left East Liverpool about 7 o'clock a. m., taking 200 passengers aboard there. At Wellsville about 300 or 400 more got aboard, with a band, loading the boat to the guards with a mass of men, women and children. The steamer landed at Steubenville between 9 and 10 o'clock, and refused to take any passengers there, although several men and boys managed to clamber over the guards. She went on to Moundsville, and, returning in the evening, had reached a point just above Cross creek, on the West Virginia side of the river, when she met the John Lomas coming down in the middle of the stream. The latter is a small stern-wheel boat, which plies between Wheeling and Martin's Ferry, and had been to Steubenville with an excursion of about 200 people from the latter place. It was about 8:30 o'clock when she came in sight of the Scioto. The clouds had mostly blown away and it was quite light on the river. The Lomas appears to have signaled first, according to regulations, with one blast, to pass on the left. In a few minutes the Scioto responded with two, and made for the middle of the river. The Lomas then gave two whistles, but the boats kept coming closer and closer together. Orders were given to back the engines, but it was too late to do any good. The boats came together with a tremendous crash, the Lomas striking the Scioto on the larboard, or left-hand side, just about the ash-box, tearing into her guards and making a large hole in the hull, through which she began taking water at a rapid rate.

As may be imagined, the confusion our board was terrible. The number of women and children on board was especially large, and as the boat began to settle at once the scene was heartrending—parents looking for their children and vice versa, husbands for their wives and wives for their husbands, and prayers and cries filled the air. The officers, to their credit, tried to keep the people cool, with the usual result in such cases—nobody paid much attention to them. The boat began going down at once, and in three minutes there was five feet of water in the cabin. Those on the lower deck (not less than fifty in number) began jumping into the river, and the example was contagious. Many followed them like a flock of sheep, while others more cool made their way to the hurricane roof, where there was safety as long as it would hold up under the weight. There were a dozen or fifteen men lying drunk on the lower deck, and all were doubtless hurried into eternity without warning. The river seemed black with human beings and debris of all kinds, and it will be days at least before the full extent of the disaster is known. There were three boats on the Scioto, and they were at once lowered. In the excitement the first was overcrowded and swamped, but it is believed that none of the inmates were lost. The other two boats were managed better, and did good work in rescuing passengers. The Lomas was not much damaged by the accident, and, after landing her crowd on the West Virginia shore, returned to the help of those on the hurricane deck of the Scioto. It required the greatest care in doing this work, first to avoid turning over the Scioto, and second, to avoid a rush from the Scioto to the Lomas, which might have been fatal. Four trips were made, and those on the boat were finally landed on the Ohio shore.

The loss of life cannot yet be ascertained. There was no registry of the passengers, and the loss can only be determined by the failure of the missing to come home. Fourteen bodies have been recovered up to this writing, and thirty-three are known to be missing. The total loss will exceed 100. The crowd in the boat was certainly not less than 500, and probably numbered 600 or 700.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Independence day was celebrated almost universally this year. Throughout the country the people were unusually profuse in their demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm, and in the Old World, wherever a colony or knot of Americans was found, there was some observance of the great day. At Chicago the principal objects of interest were the races, which drew out 16,000 people, the championship ball games, attended by 20,000, and the parade and picnic of the workingmen, in which about 12,000 participated. At Indianapolis an infantry drill attracted spectators estimated at 30,000. The Bain Zouaves, of St. Louis, were given the honors in the contest with the Lackey Zouaves, of Chicago. Veteran soldiers of Vermont, to the number of 10,000, held a reunion at Burlington, and were reviewed by Gov. Farnham and ex-Govs. Proctor and Barstow. There was a notable celebration at Woodstock, Ct., under the auspices of Henry C. Bowen. Senator Miller, of New York, was the chief orator. The New York Seventh regiment participated in the celebration at Buffalo. George W. Childs gave a dinner in Fairmount Park to 800 Philadelphia newsboys. Senator Logan addressed an assemblage of 3,500 people at Lake Bluff, Ill. At Williams College, Dr. Mark Hopkins delivered a memorial address upon President Garfield. The assemblage contributed $3,000 to the Garfield professorship fund, and the memorial window was formally presented. At New York and Washington the day was a quiet one, both cities being almost deserted. A grand reception in commemoration of the day was given at Westminster Palace Hotel, London, under the auspices of the American Exchange. Over a thousand persons were present. Marie Roze, Emma Thursby, and Minnie Hauk sang national songs, and dancing was kept up all night. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland were among the guests, as also Edwin Booth. Consul Packard gave a banquet to American ship masters at Liverpool, and toasted President Arthur. There was a celebration at Carlsbad, in which thirty Chicagoans participated.

The day was attended, as usual, by a number of accidents in different parts of the country, the most serious of which occurred on the Ohio river. The steamer Scioto, loaded with excursionists from Wellsville, W. Va., collided with the towboat John Lomas, opposite Mingo Junction, owing to a misunderstanding as to signals. Within three minutes the steamer sank in fifteen feet of water, only the pilot house being visible. At first the loss of life was estimated as high as 250, but the later reports make it probable that not over twenty persons were drowned. The officers of the Lomas went instantly to the rescue, and rescued many of the imperiled. The explosion of a cannon at Ripon, Wis., killed George Page and injured Jack Kingsbury. A temporary stand for fireworks at Pekin, Ill., was crushed by the weight of some reckless men and boys, and several persons beneath it were badly injured. At Leadville, Col., Louis Poznancks was killed by the bursting of a gun. One child was burned to death in Chicago by an explosion of fireworks. Madame Adele made a a balloon ascension from Oswego, N. Y., and came down in Lake Ontario, seven miles from shore, being rescued by a tug.

Poultry—Food and Feeding.

There is some little art, if we may so style it, in feeding young chicks to make a healthful and vigorous growth while young. Fully nine-tenths of the mortality among poultry, from sickness or disease, occurs while the chicks are still in the "downy" state, and the majority of this loss occurs from improper food and careless or ignorant feeding. Corn meal, which is far too generally used, is unfit for young chicks, being too heating for their tender and immature digestive organs. Corn meal has killed more young chicks than rats. The best food we have ever found for young birds is stale bread, either crumbled up and fed dry, scalded and fed when cool or else merely moistened in fresh milk. Where milk is abundant, it should always be used, and if the young birds get plenty of milk, in some form, they will grow so rapidly as to astonish those who have never given milk liberally to their poultry. We know of one breeder, a large dairyman in Chester county, Pa., who feeds the principal part of his refuse milk to his poultry, old and young, and his birds are not only singularly free from disease, but large, and finely developed in body and feathering. This breeder gives milk the credit for it all, but it may be due in part to excellent care.—*D. Z. Evans, Jr., in American Agriculturist.*

SUCH who profess to disbelieve in a future state are not always satisfied with their own reasoning.

THE IMPENDING FATE.

An Interesting Chapter from the Life of a Prominent Bostonian.

[From the Boston Globe.]

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee, of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you can see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious and I allowed the illness to run along until on the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and did not go out of the house until the middle of December. I then went down town and attempted to attend to my business until the 13th of last January, when I was taken with a very severe relapse. My symptoms were terrible. I was fearfully bloated; I suffered severe pains in all parts of my body and it was almost impossible to get my breath. For six days I never laid down and never slept. I was constantly attended by my regular physician, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Bowditch also came to see me nearly every day. There was no doubt that I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form and last stages, accompanied by other troubles in my liver and heart. In spite, however, of the skill of the physicians, I kept growing worse, and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctor gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than twenty-four hours and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was on the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading the paper to me, began an article which described my disease and sufferings exactly. It told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it described. So I sent my man to the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine, unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at 10 o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous, power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. There are a number of very remarkable cases in Lynn and Salem, as well as in this city, that it has cured. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians as well as others have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he were seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Chicago for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see the physician of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did he say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I went to see Dr. D. A. Johnson, at 20 Worcester street. He was absent when I called, and so I stepped into the Commonwealth Hotel, where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugh & Carter are proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said, 'Why, for weeks and weeks, every time that bell rang I said: That means the death of Mr. Larrabee. No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover, and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle.'

"I then called on Dr. Johnson, who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks, and never called to see him during that time but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with albumen or any kidney troubles he should certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think, and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are specially subject to albuminous troubles, which require prompt attention.

"Well, I then came down and called on Dr. H. Ingersoll Bowditch, on Boylston street. The old doctor was inclined to be reticent, but fully confirmed all I had previously learned. He had attended Mr. Larrabee, and supposed him beyond all hope, and he was afterward restored, as he said, by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

"I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in this matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman, and he said:

"'I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a life insurance company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. He had albumen and casts in the urine, and a terribly diseased liver and spleen. Indeed, he was so bad that he threw himself upon the floor, and with his head upon a hassock, struggled for breath. It was on the night when he was so bad and when all his medical advisers had long given him up that he began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The next morning at 10 o'clock he was able to breathe freely, and has been ever since. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, after his recovery, and 'I can't find out about him.' His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy.'"

The conclusions from the statements above made which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First, that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden complaint. Its beginnings are slight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. This fact was manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character, and so out-spoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have been flooded. "The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought to death's door, must unquestionably be certain in all minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

Longfellow's View of Death.

Death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being, any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. * * * Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual. * * * The far country toward which we journey seems nearer to us, and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before, passing so quietly to thy rest that day itself dies not more calmly.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

"WITH GRATEFUL FEELINGS,"

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of Scrofulous Swellings and Open Sores about the neck, and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife, who had been bed-fast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am, with grateful feelings, yours truly,

T. H. LONG, Galveston, Texas.

THEY were courting: "What makes the stars so dim to-night?" she said, softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph-poles it would take to reach the stars from here?" she said, musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

"FAIR GIRL GRADUATES,"

whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

MR. LARROW, of Lamar, Mo., has a beard that reaches below his knees, and his mustache is twelve inches long. The latter he keeps tied up and packed away under his collar. Mr. Larrow is entitled to the hair pins.—*Courier-Journal.*

"GOLDEN Medical Discovery" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvelous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on Skin Diseases. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE remarkable growth of the Australasian colonies since the discovery of gold, which occurred in 1851, is attested by recent statistics. The population increased in the period 1851-'81 from 214,000 to 2,000,000. The wool clip has more than doubled in the past ten years. There were over $2,000,000 head of live stock on the pastures, and nearly 7,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, last year. Since 1851, gold to the amount of $1,460,000,000 has been produced in the colonies. In 1861, 8,500,000 tons of shipping entered at and cleared from the ports.

Physical Perfection.

You can be made strong in all your parts. You can strengthen the digestive organs, cure dyspepsia and prevent those varying attacks of constipation and diarrhea. You can strengthen the urinary system and cure all such symptoms of weakness as bad dreams, urinary sediment, etc. You can strengthen the nervous system and rid yourself of that extreme feeling of debility. You can strengthen your mental faculties and improve your memory. You can strengthen your muscular system and increase your power of endurance. In a word, you can be an example of physical perfection if you desire, by using a scientific combination of Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Buchu, Iron, Celery and Calissaya, all of which ingredients enter into the composition of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, and make it nature's best assistant in curing all forms of organic diseases, entitling it to be called the queen of all health renewers, and a perfect blood purifier. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

THERE is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have a headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape.—*Emerson.*

A MINISTER writes: "From hard studies and close application to the duties of a protracted revival, my health suffered severely. I took a vacation and tried to win back health and strength, but I seemed to sink in sinking into a state of general weakness and prostration. A friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its effect has been wonderful, and although I decline having my