

BIRCHBROOK MILL.

A noiseless stream the Birchbrook runs
Beneath its leafy trees;
That low, soft murmur is its own,
That dull tone is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
The distant church-spire's tip,
And ghost-like, on a blank of gray,
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires;
His doctress, are the stones that ground
The harvest of his sires.

The harvest of his sires,
Men trespassed here; but nature loosed
No right of her domain;
She waded, and she brought the old,
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its moist, green sod,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings.

A DOCTOR'S RUSE.

Dr. Paul Ventnor sat alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, the light from the side-jet falling upon his worn, anxious face.

The room was barely comfortable. The floor was covered with matting. The wall paper was shabby, but was cheerfully relieved by a few cheap, yet brightly colored chromes, and his heavily-gilt frame which enclosed his diploma. A desk somewhat littered with a book case but partially filled with old-fashioned chairs, were all the furniture visible. We say visible, because within a small, curtained alcove, were a low, narrow bedstead, and a dingy toilet stand, in keeping with the cracked wash-bowl and pitcher which surrounded it, and with the rickety towel-rack which stood beside it.

The doctor was quite a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and positive in his manner—his grave thoughtful face indicating character and a fair degree of reserved strength. His clothes had a seedy look; they were entire, but much worn, frayed around the button holes, the faded binding rendered less noticeable by the application of ink.

In fact the doctor was very poor, and the outlook for the future was in no wise encouraging. He had been located in that quarter of the city for three months, and yet had not received a single professional call. He had spent his means, and had been compelled to pawn his surgical instruments and a few of his books; he was in arrears for boarding, while the landlord had given him notice to vacate the room.

The doctor was not to blame for his straitened circumstances. He had had practiced rigid economy; he had nailed up his sign and distributed his circulars; he was at least theoretically well up in his profession; his address was in his favor; he had patiently waited. There was not much sickness in the neighborhood, and what little patronage there was went into the hands of the older practitioners. No wonder that the young doctor's attitude was a forlorn one, and the expression on his face almost devoid of hope.

Suddenly his countenance brightened. Some one had pulled the bell. Who else, if not a patient? He opened the door, and a lady entered. She was closely veiled, and yet he knew that she was young, because of the elasticity in her movements.

"You are Dr. Ventnor?" she asked, her voice sweet and distinct, though slightly tremulous.

"At your service, madam," he answered, with a polite bow. "Pray, be seated."

She took the chair which he placed for her, and removed her veil: and as she did so, he noticed that her hand was small, white, shapely and bejeweled. Her face was exceedingly fair, though it wore a troubled look. Her eyes were black and lustrous. They made a rapid survey of the room, and then rested upon the doctor's face in such a steady, calculating, estimating way that he felt the blood filling his cheeks.

"I wish you to call upon my father," she said.

"To-night?" asked the doctor.

"Well—no," she debatably answered.

"To-morrow will do. I tell you before-hand, it's an odd case, and a bad one. If you succeed in relieving him you have only to name your fee."

"What is his malady?" asked the doctor.

"He's a hypochondriac," she slowly, half unwillingly admitted, the color coming and going in her face. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not lifted out of it it will end in his death."

The doctor was becoming fascinated with the sweet voice, the graceful features, the black eyes, which grew more lustrous because anxiety had filled them with tears. He drew his chair nearer to her own.

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Quite a number," she replied, a little hurriedly. "Some of the best in the city."

"Without success?"

"Oh, of course," and she spoke with impatience. "They had no—no—intentions. They argued, and—hooped."

There was something charming about those pauses in the choice of words.

"You think they should have humored him?" the doctor asked.

"Yes!" she answered, her face brightening wondrously. "You have caught the idea. Oh, sir, I believe that you can cure him."

In her excited eagerness, she unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, and the touch thrilled him.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked, "I am young—inexperienced—unknown."

"Why?" she inquired, with a searching look. "I do not know. Why do we do foolish things?" and she smiled a little oddly. "They come to us like a—s revelation."

It was an ambiguous explanation, and yet he understood her.

"Perhaps the other physicians were

too old, and knew too much," she added, the odd smile again stirring her lips.

"I will do what I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is the character of the hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she slowly replied, the piquancy dying out of her face. "Or, to be precise, it concerns what is given him to drink. For days at a time nothing liquid passes his lips. Oh, it is just dreadful!"

"There are rational intervals?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, thank God!" she exclaimed, with sweet fervor, "otherwise he would be in his grave."

"He fancies the water to be poisoned, eh?"

"Oh, worse!" cried the lovely visitor. "Filled with the finest needles."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dr. Ventnor. He was thoughtful for a minute—then added—"Give me your address. I'll call to-morrow."

She handed him a card upon which was printed: G. B. Branson, No. Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The doctor knew the gentleman by reputation; he felt sure there was a heavy fee in prospect.

"You will be sure to come?" his visitor asked, with a delightful tremor in her voice.

She arose and dropped her veil over her face, her diamond rings catching a thousand sparkles of light.

"Without fail," was the doctor's answer, as he accompanied her to the door. Is your father in distress now?"

"Very much so, sir."

They had reached the doorstep. It was so early in the evening yet, that she was not in need of an escort.

"One thing more, Miss Branson," he said. "It may be best for me not to call as a physician."

"Why not?" asked she in quiet surprise.

"He may be prejudiced," replied the doctor. "Probably you have not caught my meaning. A great deal will depend upon adroitness. Could I not come upon some pretended business? Of a kind in which he takes an interest?"

She bent her head, and he noticed how finely poised it was.

"He has houses to rent on Brandywine street," she said, after a pause. "To rent and to sell."

"Very good," rejoined the doctor, "that will serve me. Now, Miss Branson, you must not be surprised if I cut up some queer antics." He laughed as he said that. "Watch me closely for a clew to what I would have you do or say."

He felt that she was keenly regarding him, in the dimness, through her veil.

"I think I understand," she simply said. "Good evening, sir."

The next morning Doctor Paul Ventnor took from a drawer a strong horseshoe magnet. He rubbed steadily upon the blades of his pocket-knife with one of the poles of the magnet, thoroughly electrifying it. He purchased a paper of very fine needles at an adjoining store; then set out for the residence of his patient.

He found the latter to be a man well advanced in life, intelligent and genial—a genial, in fact, that the doctor wondered at there being so much of the suspectful in his nature.

The room was magnificently furnished, yet without a violation of harmony or taste. The owner was evidently a man of wealth, disposed to consult his ease.

The doctor at once opened a conversation about the houses on Brandywine street, in which Mr. Branson earnestly joined, and vividly explained points in the speculation.

"Sir, could I trouble you for a drink of water?" the doctor suddenly asked.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Kate please bring Mr. —?"

"Ventnor," supplied the doctor.

"A glass of water," completed Mr. Branson.

He was addressing his daughter, who had called upon the doctor the evening before, and she was seated in one of the bay windows. She put aside her book left the room, and returned with a glass of water, which the doctor accepted with a bow.

He was more impressed with her loveliness than ever, now that he had a better view of her. Her hair was black and abundant, her air dignified, her manner royal; she was undoubtedly an intelligent, refined, sensible, pure-minded young woman.

No glance of recognition passed between them—at least her father did not notice any; but the doctor saw a waiting, wistful, trustful, anticipating look in her eyes, which made his pulses throb faster.

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a well-feigned look of astonishment crossed his face. He ejected some of the water, plucked at his moustache, then strode to the window, where he seemed absorbed in an examination of the contents of the glass.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Branson.

"Matter?" sharply repeated the doctor, as he turned from the window.

"Sir, who is this girl," he sternly asked.

"Gh!" exclaimed Mr. Branson with a frown. "She is my daughter."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" humbly rejoined the doctor, seeming quite flustered. "This is remarkable! Very remarkable!" and he stared into the glass.

"What is remarkable?" asked Mr. Branson with a gasp.

"There are needles swimming in the water!" announced the doctor, the nonplussed look still on his face. "Hundreds of them sir. How did they get in? Why did she give me such stuff as this?"

"Needles!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, becoming very much excited. "There, Kate," he added, with an air of triumph. "What have I always told you?"

Miss Branson stared into the tumbler, her face comically demure.

"I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you don't see?" sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "What do you say, Mr. Branson?" and he handed the old gentleman the glass.

"You are right, sir," declared he; "I see them with the naked eye, and my sight is none of the best, for I am almost seventy. But you cannot convince her."

"May be I can," objected the doctor.

He took out his knife, thrust into the glass the magnetized blade, and when he withdrew it a number of needles were adhering to it, for he had adroitly dropped them into the water.

"What have you to say now?" he asked, his eyes upon Kate.

"I am convinced," she said. "Why, it is just horrible."

The doctor turned to Mr. Branson, and said:

"You do not seem greatly surprised?"

"Well, no," replied the old gentleman, with a grin. "It is no new experience to me. For months I have found needles in the water, milk, tea, coffee—in everything that comes up to me to drink. I cannot begin to tell you what I have suffered. I called in several physicians, but they laughed at me, and treated it as the fancy of a disordered mind. You are the only person who ever detected the needles, and I know you have no hint of the matter from me or anybody else. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, if for no other reason than because you have convinced my daughter. She will believe, with me, that a diabolical and systematic attempt has been made upon my life."

"On mine, sir in this instance," grimly rejoined the doctor. "It is an outrageous affair, and must be looked into. Who fills this glass?"

"Richard," replied Miss Branson.

"Who is Richard," replied the doctor.

"A domestic."

"Send him here at once," peremptorily ordered the doctor.

Mr. Branson stared with admiration at his visitor; he was a man of nerve, of purpose and promptness; he would certainly unravel the mystery.

"This man Richard," the doctor asked, "is he a colored man?"

"A mulatto."

"Compos-mentis?"

"A trifle simple minded, I suspect."

"How long has he been with you?"

"Three years."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor. "He must be sent away at once."

The servant came into the room, preceded by Miss Branson.

"Did you fill this glass with water?" the doctor sharply asked.

"Yes, sah," answered the mulatto, a cheek-bone and watery eyes.

"Did you drop any needles into it?" asked the doctor.

"Golly, no!" exclaimed the man.

"Dar's no needles in it. It's an old cranky notion of Mr. Branson's. He keeps us all on an edge about it."

"Oh, he does?" frowned the doctor.

"Dar's no needles in the water," declared the man.

"We'll see," said the doctor, as he thrust the magnetized knife-blade into the glass. "What are these, pray?" indicating a number of dangling needles.

There was something comical in the way the man's eyes dilated.

"Day is needles, sah, sure as you live!" he exclaimed. "Day must just be in the cooler. I didn't put 'em in; I swear I didn't sah!"

"Your services here end with to-day!" the doctor sternly said. "If there is any money due you Mr. Branson will pay it."

A dumb-founded look settled upon the servant's face, and he was about to protest with vehemence when Mr. Branson sternly seconded the doctor's order.

"I owe you a week's wages, which Kate will pay you at once," he said.

"Now go and be thankful I didn't have you up before a magistrate."

The man bestowed a fierce, angry glance upon the doctor, and then slowly and sullenly left the room.

Mr. Branson and the doctor conversed for an hour upon various topics. The old gentleman was wonderfully pleased with him, and cordial in his invitation to him to call again.

Miss Branson accompanied the doctor to the door.

"Your father is cured," he said.

"Do you think so?" she asked, her handsome eyes on his face. "We will wait a week. That was an admirable ruse. Take this, please; it is simply a remembrance."

A roll of something was placed in his hand.

"Thank you!" he gratefully said.

"You were rather hard on Richard," reminded Miss Branson, with a smile.

"I wronged him," admitted the doctor. "But I had to assail some one. Can you explain the matter to him, and procure him a situation elsewhere?"

"I will try," she replied.

The doctor bowed, and then hurried back to his office. He paid the debts that annoyed him most, and felt like another man. At the end of the week he received a second voluntary fee from his fair friend.

The tide turned; patients called on him or sent for him; his practice became assured; he was soon on the high road to competency.

He became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Branson, and finally married the fair, dark-eyed young girl who had brought him his first case.

Without a River.

New Orleans is in danger of being left without a river. The Atchafalaya, which is in fact a mouth of the great river, is enlarging very fast, and at a constantly increasing rate. It was at some very distant day the mouth of the Red river, and now leaves the Mississippi just below where the Red tributary comes in. It runs southwesterly to the Gulf by a route hundreds of miles shorter than that of the Mississippi itself, and of course through the same spongy soil. It runs much faster than the main stream, and as it cuts out the channel gets more and more water. Already it takes the whole of the Red River current, with a considerable part of the Mississippi, and in its course is cutting away levees and plantations and causing a great deal of loss. The mischief began in 1840, when an old protesting raft was taken away, but was comparatively slow until within the last few years. There is no reason why the whole Mississippi should not take the Atchafalaya unless the washing out is artificially stopped.

It is a fact that the Mississippi is slowly but surely losing its main stream, and as it cuts out the channel gets more and more water. Already it takes the whole of the Red River current, with a considerable part of the Mississippi, and in its course is cutting away levees and plantations and causing a great deal of loss. The mischief began in 1840, when an old protesting raft was taken away, but was comparatively slow until within the last few years. There is no reason why the whole Mississippi should not take the Atchafalaya unless the washing out is artificially stopped.

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Scenes in the Yosemite.

Descending into the Yosemite Valley last June was a scene ever to be remembered. In canyon after canyon roared mountain torrents from the melting of the snows, coming from elevations of 2,000 or 3,000 feet overhead, tearing in enormous volumes of white foam down the ravines and over sheer precipices from 300 to 500 feet high, crossing the road in streams from ten to thirty feet, wide and mid-leg deep, plunging over the road wall only to lose themselves to the sight and hearing in the Merced River, far below.

Never in the history of Yosemite since its occupancy by white people has the water been higher than during the past June, and at no time has the flood lasted so long. Coming into the valley by the Mariposa road, generally the first fall of any note seen is the Bridal Veil, but this year there are several that deserved the title and dignity of waterfall, notably the first one, known as the Inspiration Fall, sometimes joyously termed the Virgin's Tears, also as an old stage-driver very dryly remarked: "Because it dries up inside of two months." This fall the past season was of an unusually large volume, suggesting a double dose of grief—and snow. Other falls and cascades, varying in length from 2,000 to 3,300 feet, were to be seen before arriving in the vicinity of the Bridal Veil. This was by far the grandest mass of water in the valley in June. It was fully eight feet wide at the top, and appeared to the eye to stand up at its outside edges fully eight to ten feet above the lip of the fall. It was of a muddy color for some three hundred feet and the remainder of the wall was of the most dazzling white. It struck the rocks below with a reverboration like thunder and in so solid a mass as to utterly defy the power of the wind to break or blow its volume to either side. At the foot the spray was projected out in a vast jet for some four hundred feet, resembling a gigantic stream from a fire engine. Over and enveloping all was a dense mist and steam-like cloud, rising sometimes nearly to the top of the fall. Persons passing by this fall on the road which goes by its base at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, were instantly saluted by a shower of rain, varying with any of our winter storms, for a distance of 800 yards, and unless one was inside of the coach or well wrapped up on the outside, he was speedily wet through.

It is seldom the Bridal Veil attains such majestic proportions, being fully as large as the Nevada or Yerm. Fall ever gets to be. Its width the past season was so great that it no longer appeared high, and instead of appearing to be 600 feet high, it was seemingly not over 400 feet. Approaching the Sentinel Rock, the Sentinel Fall, or Loya, made its presence manifest by its deafening clatter and hiss. This cascade, being a series of falls for 3,700 feet, it was of great volume, its last plunge of 500 feet being extremely beautiful, the wind in the afternoon blowing the jet so as to display the "rocket" forms in great beauty. A little above this point, or further up the valley, could be seen eight waterfalls at once, and, as the valley represents an area of view at this place of one and one-half miles in width and some four miles long, it will readily be understood that they must have been of considerable magnitude to be seen at all. The great Yosemite was a giant, thundering mass, falling in great spurts of foam, overlapping each other and piling up in great volumes of snowlike vapor at the base of each of the three falls. The canyon of the Yosemite was, in fact, almost hidden with vapor and steam for nearly a fortnight. It was next to impossible to get up the ladders at the Vernal Falls or to descend that way, one being in some danger of suffocation from the vast mass of mist at the foot of the Nevada Fall, and at Snow's at the foot of Nevada Fall, all of the doors and windows on the front and east sides of the hotel were kept tightly closed for nearly three weeks on account of the beating of the spray of the Nevada Fall. The water dripped from every eave in a perpetual rain stream, and the whole vicinity was constantly deluged, as in a heavy shower, although the house is over a quarter of a mile from the foot of the falls.

Heralds.

In 1066 William the Conqueror bestowed on all his captains the title baronet, or little baron, meaning a brave officer, King James I. created two hundred Englishmen baronets, as a means of revenue. Each man agreed to maintain thirty soldiers for three years at eight pence a day to quell insurrection in Ireland. The cost of maintaining this quota of men and the fees attached amounted to £1,200, which was afterwards the stated price of obtaining from the King the grant of a coat of arms. When the Knight had won the right to a device upon his shield he could take what he chose, provided that he did not take a device that was already appropriated. As in those days there was little communication from place to place, it sometime happened that several individuals had the same device. From this arose disputes that were settled by single combat, where might made right.

In 1483 the Heraldic College was founded by a charter from Richard III. The college had fourteen officers, whose business it was to examine heraldic signs of those who used them, and once in thirty years they made heraldic visitations to confirm or condemn the use of arms. The Heraldic Court after a time found it difficult to enforce these laws and penalties, and the visitations were abandoned in the reign of James II, but their records are considered the best authority and are often referred to. The chief officer in the Heraldic College in Scotland is called the Lord Lyon of Scotland. He is empowered by statute to assign arms to all virtuous and well-deserving persons on their application, whether they belong to families already possessing them or not. This is the tone of the law at one time, at another the statute says the chief officer of Heraldic College is empowered to imprison during his pleasure such as assume arms improperly, and those who have assumed the arms of another must

pay £100 to the Lord Lyon and his officers or be prosecuted for felony, while all goods upon which are found arms not their own are confiscated to the King.

The signets of the ancients suggested the armorial bearings. The seal was issued when men could not write their names, and now we call the writer's name the signature. The seal was attached to royal deeds until the time of Richard II. In those days the common people affixed their mark or a cross, which they regarded as sacred. The commercial class used a signet having two hands united, the emblem of faith, for the goddess of faith was supposed to preside over bargains and promises where the two parties shook hands as a conclusion. And how came the hand-shake into fashion? In days when no man knew who was friend or foe, the open hand extended showed it did not hold concealed a dagger.

When the heavy military armor went out of date it became the fashion to ornament the finest household furniture with the coat of arms. It was put on the outside of the palace, on plate, on carriages, on courts of justice, on coins, on seals and on monuments, on the latter first in 1144. The funeral escutcheon was displayed at the death of the head of a family. Around the sides of the shield were arranged sixteen arms of the families from which the deceased was descended—if all these bore arms his gentility was complete—on the four corners of the shield were more heads, the initials of his name or titles, and the black interstices were powdered with tears.

The heralds used to attend the funerals of nobility and gentry, until about 1688, now they attend only those of the royal family, or of illustrious men, whose funerals are conducted at public expense.

The plumes and feathers in the funeral pageants of to-day are in place of helmets of former times. The United States is indebted for the stars and stripes to the arms of George Washington.

Horace says it is a pleasant thing to be pointed at in a crowd and hear people ask, who is he? Since the days of heraldry other titles and honors have arisen. In France it honors to be a member of the Academy; this is to have a right, equal to a seat in the House of Peers, says Jules Janin. It seems to the Frenchman admirable to see a class of those who live by their highest intelligence and to proclaim them honorable!

It has been said of us Americans that every man had a military title; he was captain, major, general, commodore; or in the professions, doctor, professor, bishop, president. These accusations we do not hear so often, but to-day we are accused of a leaning toward coats of arms. The Englishman says: "It shows how deeply the passion for outward distinction is implanted in human nature, when we find people in countries like the United States, where all differences in rank are theoretically given up, assuming heraldic devices, each man at his own hand. In many families the old silver, embossed with coat of arms, has been melted over and manufactured into modern articles. The seals have been lost, the carved furniture broken and destroyed, but as every year adds to our age and dignity we come to have a past and to value it, we hunt up the old coats of arms, and every man who chooses to do so assumes the one that belonged to the ancestor of his name, no matter how far removed; in this he pays respect to his ancestry and dignifies himself."

Midnight in Marseilles Cemetery.

Late at night, says a traveler, I drove with my courier outside the city to the cemetery, St. Pierre, to see the burial of three cholera patients whom I had observed in the Pharo Hospital in the afternoon. The route led through the poor quarter, and at every corner bonfires were blazing to purify the air. The whole population was sitting out on the steps of tenements or on church porches enjoying the fires and the currents of air created by them. The country road beyond the barriers brought us to the gates of the cemetery, when the polite concierge, who was porter still for 5f., led us walking down a spacious road, lighted here and there by lanterns lying on the ground, to a place just back from where we had been and where the night's burials were to take place. Soon the first of the hearse appeared; then followed the others. After a brief burial service, intoned by a pale young priest, who looked badly scared, three boxes were hurriedly lowered into a trench eight feet deep by twenty feet long, and a goodly quantity of lime shovelled on top. It was a ghastly thing, and there was plenty of room for more coffins. It was a weird and saddening sight. There stood the black-faced priest, intent on his holy calling, surrounded by a gang of swart, bare-chested, brigand-looking laborers, who bore the somber coffins. For a background there stood the tall white houses. The dead still wore their lady trinkets, and the whole was lighted up as in a picture by Rembrandt by the filial glare of three lanterns. Those gaping trenches were big enough to hold their thousands. A concierge showed me a burial permit. Across the face of the document was written "Cholera—urgent," and there was a requisition for some disinfectant. I went back to the central part of the city, and it was gay enough. Bands were playing and cafe lamps were gleaming. People in throngs were walking in the streets laughing merrily and many heads were poked out of the windows of the houses. It was hard for me to believe that I had just visited the hospitals, and had witnessed death, or that the terrible scenes at the cemetery were realities and not mere phantasms of my imagination.

According to Mr. Graham, recounting his experiences of moonshining in the Himalayas to the Royal Geographical Society, especially with reference to his ascent of a peak 23,700 feet above the sea, neither in that nor any other ascent did he feel any inconvenience in breathing, or experience any nausea, or bleeding at the nose, or temporary loss of sight and hearing, but the motion of the heart was perceptibly affected, as its beating became audible and its rate was decidedly increased.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.
A man may love his house, and yet not ride on its ridge.

Almost the best rule of life is to be worthy of one's self.
The most magnificent sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all ideas of good breeding.
He getteth a great deal of credit who payeth but a small debt.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.
It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

It is not when we are most pleased with ourselves that we please God the most.
Earnestness is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

We find many things to which the prohibition of them constitutes the only temptation.
Every morning let a reasonable day's work be contrived, and when it is accomplished, stop.

Let no man complain of the shortness of life until he has measured the full capacity of a day.
Don't think you know everything; don't forget that other people have rights as well as you.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.
A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the heart and the head are stuffed with goods.
He who climbs above the cares of this world, and turns his face to God, has found the sunny side of life.

Keep your temper, keep your purse, and keep thy tongue, if thou wouldst be healthy, wealthy and wise.
Men can by no possibility become female clerks, but there is nothing to prevent women becoming mail clerks.

The reason why bankers are so apt to prosper is because they always take so much "interest" in their business.
Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender—these are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

A subscriber advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hung if he cooked a pretty girl.
Value no man for his opinion; but esteem him according as his life's correspondents with the rules of piety and justice.

We may read, and read and read again, and still find something new, something to please and something to instruct.
Do not philosophize over the contradictions which beset you; do not dwell upon them, but strive to see good in all things.

Genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquisitions.
When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice, his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.
Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly earned those only knew who have wrestled for great prizes.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them, in pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.
Method in everything is incalculably valuable. It promotes comfort. It saves a large expenditure of time. It avoids numberless inconveniences.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.
Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This is it which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts.

There are many and various ways of becoming a man of mark; but the easiest and most effectual way is to lean up against some newly-painted railings.
Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be strength of will power or self-denial, persevering effort.

Good resolutions are often like loosely-tied cords—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should certainly be tied in a hard knot of prayer.
Heaven is your proper home. Point your course to that glorious and happy world; and let every step which you take here advance you towards immortal life.

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life which is the essence of human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.
The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a