LL HOLMES.

OF HIS BOYHOOD TOLD IN GRAPHIC STYLE.

The Early Career of One of the Kindliest of Men and One of the Greatest Litterateurs That This Century Has Produced—His Touching Poetry.

William H. Riding in August St. Nicholas.

There is a pleasant little house in Beacon street, Boston, which is occupied by a gentleman who has written some books which have made his name famous wherever the English language is spoken, and also many other countries into the language of which they have been translated. As he goes along the streets of the town, with a friendly, observant eye, which has a bird-like quickness, people sometimes whisper—those who are unmannered point at him—and say, "See the autocrat!"

He is probably referred to thus as often as by his proper name, and this is because one of his books is called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a volume full of wisdom and humor, which on one page moves us to tears, and in the next sets us shaking with laughter. He is a rather slender gentleman, with white hair, though no one would guess him to be seventy-five years old, and the wavy white hair on his head is matched by white side-whiskers of an English cut. He is not distinctly a writer for the young; writing of any kind has not been the business of his life, indeed; and aside from it he has made himself famous in the medical profession. But there are few boys or girls who, though they may not have read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" all through, do not know by heart "The Chambered Nautilus," and the story of deacon's "One-hoss Shay."

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you heard of that, I say?"

It is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes I am speaking about, one of the two survivors of that splendid period of American literature which gave us Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, and Lowell.

The doctor's study in the house in Beacon street looks out over the Charles River, and it is a question whether the view from the electric lights on the bridge cast their reflections on the water like javelins of glittering silver, or in the day, when the gray stream flowing to the sea, and the spires and towers of Cambridge, with the green hills of Arlington and Belmont beyond, are visible. It is at all times a view of which Boston people are very proud; and, aside from its beauty, it has the added interest to the doctor encompassing nearly all the scenes of his youth and of his manhood, too.

He was born at Cambridge, and went to school at Cambridgeport, and both of those places are in sight from his windows; all his past is unfolded there, and when he turns from the book or manuscript on his desk, —near which hangs the portrait of his renowned ancestress, "Dorothy Q.,"—he can see the paths his feet have followed since the beginning of his life.

He can see himself at various ages: the urchin straggling to school, through fields which are green only in the memory now; the Harvard student; and then, in one person, the college professor and the famous author. No doubt he finds it hard to believe that the urchin was not another fellow altogether, instead of the self-same sapling that he himself once was; but, though the identity is confusing, he can remember the boy well, and all his queer fancies, amusements, and chums.

A moderately studious boy he was, fond of reading stories, especially "The Arabian Nights;" fond of whispering and whittling, as his desk showed; a little mischievous; sound in mind and in body, but more than usually imaginative. "No Roman soothsayer," he says in one of his books, "ever had such a catalogue of omens as I found in the Sibylline leaves of my childhood. That trick of throwing a stone at a tree and attaching some mighty issue to hitting or missing which you will find mentioned in one or more biographies, I well remember. Stepping on or over certain particular things—Dr. Johnson's especial weakness—I got the habit of at a very early age.

"With these follies mingled sweet delusions, which I loved so well I would not outgrow them, even when it required a voluntary effort to put a momentary trust in them. Here is one I can not help telling you:

"The firing of the great guns at the navy yard is easily heard at the place where I was born and lived. 'There is a ship-of-war come in,' they used when they heard them. Of course, I supposed that such vessels came in unexpectedly, after indefinite years of absence—suddenly as fallen stones—and that the great guns roared in their astonishment and delight at the sight of the old war-ship splitting the bay with her cutwater. Now the sloop-of-war, the Wasp, Captain Blakely, after gloriously capturing the Reindeer and the Avon, had disappeared from the face of the ocean, and was supposed to be lost. But there was no proof of it, and, of course, for a time, hopes were entertained that she might be heard from. Long after the last chance had utterly vanished, I pleased myself with the fond illusion that somewhere on the waste of waters she was still floating, and there were *years* during which I never heard the sound of the great guns booming inland from the navy yard without saying to myself, 'The Wasp has come!' and almost thinking I could see her, as she rolled in, crumpling the water before her, weather-beaten, barnacled, with shattered spars and thread-bare canvas, welcomed by the shouts and tears of thousands.

"This was one of the dreams that I nursed and never told. Let me make a clean breast of it now, and say, that so late as to have outgrown childhood perhaps to have got far on to manhood, when the roar of the cannon has struck suddenly on my ear, I have started with a thrill of vague expectation and tremulous delight, and the long unspoken words have articulated themselves in the mind's dumb whisper, 'The Wasp has come!'"

Dr. Holmes was born on the 29th of August, 1809, and one of the earliest things he can remember is giving three cheers for the close of the war of 1812. Until about two years ago, when it was pulled down, his birthplace stood on the edge of the college grounds at Cambridge, and the old "gambrel-roofed" house was one of the sights of the town which visitors seldom missed.

"'Gambrel! Gambrel!'—Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
First great angle above the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.'

It had been the headquarters of the American army during the siege of Boston, and when Oliver Wendell was born it was the parsonage of his father, who was pastor of the First Church. A rambling, roomy old house it was, with untenanted upper chambers that were always locked, and a garret where strange noises could be heard,—the very place, in the imagination of a little boy, for ghosts and creatures from fairy-land. Then there was a dark store-room, and peeping through the keyhole he could see heaps of chairs and tables, and climbed upon one another's backs for protection. Sometimes he thought he could hear the swords and spurs of soldiers clanking in the passages; and the floor of his father's study was covered with dents left by the butts of the muskets of the armed men who had used it as a council chamber.

Upstairs there was the portrait of a lady with sword-thrust through it,—marks of the British officers' rapiers,—and this is the same picture that now hangs on the wall of the library in Beacon street.

"On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene;
Hold up the canvas full in view—
Look, there's a rent the light shines through
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,
That was a Redcoat's rapier thrust."

Who has not heard of that picture of Dorothy Quincy, or, as she is familiarly called, Dorothy Q., the autocrat's great-grandmother? His musical verses have engraved it in the minds of thousands who never saw the picture, or even a reproduction of it.

Cambridge was then a country village, and it was a pleasant walk through fields and lanes to the school in Cambridgeport, to which Oliver Wendell was sent when he was scarcely out of his infancy,—pleasant when he had more than his share of childish fancies, and on his way there was a great wooden hand—a glove-maker's sign—which used to swing and crack, and fill him with terror.

"Oh, the dreadful hand!" he says in one of his essays, "always hanging there ready to catch up a little boy who would come home to supper no more, nor get to bed—whose porringer would be laid away empty thenceforth, and his half-worn shoes wait until his smaller brother grew to fit them!"

Then there were encounters with the "Portchucks," as the Cambridge boys called the boys of Cambridgeport, and any new article of dress was sure to be criticised by these young Philistines. One morning Oliver Wendell had a new hat of Leghorn straw.

"Hullo, you-sir"; said a "Portchuck," "you know th' was go'n'-to-be a race to-morrah?"

"No," replied Oliver, innocently, "Who's go'n-to-run, 'n' where's 't go'n'-to be?"

"Squire Micc 'n' Doctor Williams, 'round the brim o' your hat.

The "Portchuck" put his tongue into his cheek, and Oliver saw that he had been trifled with.

The school was kept by a stout old lady, called Dame Prentiss, who ruled the children with a long willow rod, which reached across the room. It was used for reminding rather than for chastising, however, and when one rod gave out, the scholars had no hesitation in providing her with a new one, for which they themselves went into the fields. Now and then a ferule was the instrument of punishment, and on one occasion, when Oliver had been caught whittling his desk, the dame brought it down across his hand with startling results; it fell into pieces as it touched his palm, though this was probably due to a flaw in the material of the ferule rather than to the toughness of the boy.

When he had outgrown petticoats, he went to other schools in Cambridgeport, and he had among his schoolmates Alfred Lee, who afterward became Bishop of Delaware, Margaret Fuller, and Richard Henry Dana, the author of that fascinating sea story, "Two Years Before the Mast."

So far he had always lived in the old home with the gambrel-roof, which had been growing dearer and dearer to him; but at the age of fifteen he entered the Phillips academy, at Andover, and then for the first time he felt the pangs of home-sickness. His year there was not very happy.

"The clock was dreadfully slow in striking the hour when recess began, and the professors looked as if they were always thinking of death," he said to the writer of this sketch not long ago.

But he had pleasant memories of Andover, too, and in 1878, when the academy was a century old, he went back and read a beautiful poem describing the sensations with which he entered it:

"The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me staring from the wall;
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME: so the clock-face said.
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed—
Sowed—their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.

"How all comes back! the upward slanting floor—
The masters' thrones that flank the central door—
The long outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side—
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

"Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, fruits of worrying cares;
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law."

After a year at Andover, Oliver Wendell entered Harvard University, and while he was there he maintained a fair rank for scholarship. Then he studied law for a year, and after that he chose what was to be the occupation of his life,—the study and practice of medicine.

His literary gifts were already known. When he was about twenty-one, the old frigate Constitution, or the "Old Ironsides" as she was called, lay in the Charlestown navy yard, and the government proposed to break her up. Some stirring lines protesting against her destruction appeared in *The Boston Advertiser*, from which they were copied by other newspapers, and then circulated on printed slips. They aroused such enthusiasm in favor of the old ship, that the government consented to her preservation, and the author found his name on every lip; it was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Other verses came from the same pen, which were no less popular, and the young poet had encouragement enough to leave the laboratory, and devote himself to the quill. But he remembered, no doubt, what a wise man once said about literature as a profession: it is a very great staff, but a very sorry crutch. He continued to be a physician, and rose to eminence as a professor in the Harvard Medical school; but in his spare hours, he cultivated the genius which is as radiant as a star in his books.

Vegetable Cheese.

From the London Globe.

This is the age of missing links. We intend no sly political reference to Sir George Trevelyan's attempts to reconcile irreconcilables. We only refer to the fact, which becomes everywhere more apparent, that a final classification of species is becoming more and more impossible. As people nowadays cannot be bothered with grasping an abstract proposition, let us descend to particulars, and seize upon vegetable cheese to illustrate our statement. There was once a popular belief—it was a long time, perhaps 20 years, ago—that an animal was one thing and a vegetable another. The sea anemone certainly was a difficulty; for the poets called it "the flower of ocean," and yet it obviously had an appetite. And there were tales told by ancient travelers about sheep in Tartary which grew like mushrooms from one leg, and were shorn annually without any bleating. But even these prodigies are less perplexing than vegetable cheese. This delicacy, called by the Japanese "Tofu," is prepared from beans; but it "approaches more nearly in its composition to animal food than another vegetable known." One-fifth of the weight is fat, and nearly two-fifths are nitrogenous matter—twice as much nitrogenous matter as in a beefsteak! Horrors! And it is for this men become vegetarians—to find themselves deluded into the consumption of a sort of *entrecote double* by a Japanese bean! Well did Pythagoras warn his disciples to beware of beans.

A MOUNTAIN OF SUGAR.

What it Costs Every Year to Keep American Society From Turning Sour.

Americans ought to be the sweetest people on earth if, as has been asserted, food goes to make the race. Perhaps they are when not electing a president or discussing fisheries. The quantity of sweets landed at this port during a year would amaze any one who has not given the subject special attention. It would appear that Americans are preserved in sugar, afloat on rivers of saccharine. From West Indies black strap to golden syrup, from dainty lady fingers to solid pound cake, from molasses candy to the most delicious bonbons, Americans beat all other peoples as absorbers of saccharine, the French not excepted. No adequate idea of the enormous quantity of sugar consumed in this country can be conveyed by a statement in pounds. The figures, however, indicate that Uncle Sam has a tremendous sweet tooth.

The total sugar importations for the year 1886 amounted to 2,498,192,000 pounds, or about 1,000,000 tons, valued at $71,604,698. To this tremendous aggregate Cuba alone contributed 1,201,503,000 pounds; Brazil sent 223,062,000 pounds; Germany (beet sugar), 203,288,000 pounds, and the Sandwich Islands (free sugar), 191,623,000 pounds. Smaller quantities were imported from the West Indies and other countries. To the aggregate of imports must be added the domestic product to find the total consumption of sugar in the United States.

The best imported sugar is the centrifugal, in form of course of crystalline particles, varying in size according to the grade or quality of the article. The lowest form of the product is called milado, a thick syrup, of which comparatively little is now imported.

A Risky Speculation.

From the Omaha World.

Enterprising Agent—I am the agent of the Anti-Matrimonial society, Miss. Our object is to discourage hasty marriages.

Omaha Girl—That's real good of you.

"Yes, you see you pay us $5 a month as long as you remain single, and if you live to be sixty without marrying, we give you $20,000, enough to live on."

"Dear me! $20,000."

"But if you marry you lose everything."

"Well, here is the first five. If I should marry I would lose all I paid in and the $20,000 too, wouldn't I?"

"Every cent of it."

"Mercy me! I hope nobody will ask me."

SUNDAY MORNING LAZINESS.

What would we do, pray, without a good sleep,
Without a good sleep, without a good sleep,
How would our strength and our spirits we keep,
Without a good sleep Sunday morning?

After six days of hard labor and strife,
Hard labor and strife, hard labor and strife,
What is there that adds so much joy to this life
As a good sleep Sunday morning?

Tell us not that is wasting good time,
Wasting good time, wasting good time,
And that it thus is somewhat of a crime
To take a good sleep Sunday morning.

Sleep is a gift from our Father above,
Our Father above, our Father above;
And he'll not blame the tired man who may love
To take a good sleep Sunday morning.

DURING THE HOT TERM.

Some Suggestions for Keeping in a Good State of Physical Health.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

While the hot term lasts people do not need so much food as at ordinary times. The results of excessive heat are felt in more or less exhaustion rather than a loss of physical strength. The body is languid, but the bodily machinery may be perfect; all the same, it is the spark of energy that falls short; the force that keeps the machine to its work is slackened, with feeble current. Manifestly there is little use in pouring in heavy food supplies, beyond the small quantity which habit requires. A waft of pure air, a dash of cold water is real restorative which is most grateful. Fortunately we are not left without a witness, even in this hot city, that the stimulating breezes blow. There has scarcely been a night this July when it has been too hot to sleep in Philadelphia, and the same cannot be said of seaside places and some country places, either, this week. If the same house has fronted either south or north, it has been possible to get a breeze to sweep through it, and where there has been one layer of champers between bed-rooms and roof, the movement of air, not noticeable at the street level, has been refreshing. That the body loses its fluids largely by perspiration in such days is something to be grateful for. The burning hot skin of those unfortunates who do not "perspire," is witness how much others are cooled off by the loss. The porous earthen jars of the Orientals that keep their contents cool because their outsides are moist and cold with the evaporation from within is an ancient application of this fact. Nevertheless it is a mistake to supply this bodily vapors by enormous draughts of fluids. Sipping slowly either of cold or hot drink, and retaining it for a long time at the back of the mouth, will be much more effective against thirst than drinking off a pint of ice-water or hot tea. The stomach is not parched; it is the tongue and the upper part of the throat. These are the parts that you wish to irrigate, not by pouring a volume of fluid past them, but by retaining a spoonful of any beverage against the back of the throat as long as you can. Some persons find grateful relief in swallowing, slowly, cracked ice in fine pieces; they say, and with truth, that it does not chill the stomach in anything like the same measure as the impact of iced water. Washing of the wrists in cold water is refreshing. Also, if in an undress that permits it, to plunge one foot and then the other into a pail or tub of cold water, quickly withdrawing one before putting the other in, has hygienic results that are useful; and tends to give freer action of the functions.

Invention keeps pace with necessity. For those who find feather or down pillows to hot and hair pillows too hard the woven wire pillow is a welcome thing. Since it has only air underneath the case and covers it ought to bring balmy sleep. A wet towel, either crash or the Turkish cotton make, which retains moisture a long time, wrapped about the loins or placed upon the hot furnace of the stomach, is a favorite remedy against sleeplessness, and much suffering from the heat at night by stout and plethoric persons. It produces sufficient of evaporating surface to create the grateful coolness.

And imagine how the babies, who cannot complain except by crying, suffer. They cannot go over to get the drink of water they crave, they cannot say how hot the pillow is under their little heads. What a sensible mother that was who gave her teething child each night a basin of cold water to "daddle in," watching it and helping to make the cooling water trickle over its hot little arms and wrists until it finally dropped off into a refreshing sleep. A good nurse will treat a peritonitis case in the same way for an adult person. When a child's feet are kept comfortably warm you need not be afraid to give it cold by letting it play with cold water, or even by cool, wet bandages over the hottest portions of the body. Since we have to live in tropical heat during two or three months in the year, it is as well to study and practice all the simpler devices for cooling off the skin. This same skin is a great source of luxury to those who keep it in perfect tone and good order by exquisite cleanliness. And the stimulus to nervous strength that comes of a well braced skin is not to be despised at any time, least of all during a Philadelphia July.

A SEA-GRAVE.

Yea, reck him gently in thine arms, O deep!
No nobler heart was ever hushed to rest
Upon the chill, soft pillow of thy breast—
No truer eyes didst thou e'er kiss to sleep.
While o'er his couch the wrathful billows leap,
And mighty winds roar from the darkened west,
Still may his head on thy cool weeds be pressed,
Far down where thou dost endless silence keep.
On, when, slow moving through thy spaces dim,
Some scaly monster seeks its coral cave,
And pausing o'er the sleeper, stares with grim,
Dull eyes a moment downward through the wave
Then let thy pale, green shadows curtain him,
And swaying sea-flowers hide his lonely grave.

—*By James B. Kenyon.*

MADE FROM COAL TAR.

Some of the Commercial Products From the Commonest of Carbons.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

"So you eat coal, do you?" said a smart high school girl in Hagan's a few nights ago to the beardless young man with a high collar who was buying the ice cream.

"Aw, eat coal?" What do you mean, Miss Ethel?" replied the unsophisticated youth with astonishment.

"Why, I see you take vanilla flavoring," replied the H. S. girl with a smile.

"Weally, Miss Ethel, I don't aw, exactly understand you," the young man with the high collar responded.

"Why, vanilla flavoring is made almost entirely from coal tar," said the smart H. S. girl, and she was just starting with, "Why we learned all that in our chemistry class last—" when the fire bell commenced ringing, and she stopped for some reason or other, and an inventory of all she knew was lost. The vanilla idea was a good one, and a reporter asked Dr. F. L. Slocum, the chemist, about it.

"Is vanilla extract a product of coal tar?" said Dr. Slocum. "Why, of course it is, and a better article is furnished from coal tar than from the bean itself. Vanilla is made from tolulo, one of the products of coal tar. It is used for flavoring ice cream and confectionery, and is a chemically pure product, which vegetable vanilla is not.

"There are a good many products from coal that the majority of people know nothing of," continued Dr. Slocum. "Their number will go into the thousands, and research in this particular branch of inorganic chemistry is bringing new and rich rewards to scientists every year. One of the hydrocarbons distinctly produced from coal tar is benzole. This is the base of majenta, red and blue coloring matters and of the oil of bitter almonds. This oil formerly came entirely from the vegetable product from which it takes its name; but now it is to a large extent made from benzole, and a chemically pure product is secured. The vegetable oil of bitter almonds contains a certain amount of prussic acid, which is a poisonous substance.

"Toluene or tolulo, is another product from coal tar, which is the base of a great many chemicals. Benzoic acid, which used to be made almost entirely from plants, is now really made from toluene. Carbolic acid is another product of tolulo. The latter is a colorless fluid with a smell very much like crude petroleum, while carbolic acid and salicylic acid, two of its products, are far from being sweet-smelling compounds. Yet this same tolulo is the basis of a number of very fragrant products. Wintergreen oil, much purer than from the plant, and generally preferred by confectioners, and others who use it, is one; oil of cinnamon, cinnamic acid, oil of cloves are among the middle products which are in great demand."

As yet the products of coal tar have not been made use of for medicines to any great extent, except as disinfectants, but from experiments now going on, it is hoped to produce pure quinine from chinolene, one of the coal tar products, and scientists say that it is only a question of time when all alkaloids known, and probably others not known, will be made from coal tar.

It would take a good-sized book to even begin to give an idea of the commercial products alone of coal tar. Nearly every known color, except cochineal, red and indigo blue, are made, and the latter was produced after nine years of experiment by the eminent German scientist Bayer, of Munich, but the manufacture was so expensive that it has never been done except for scientific purposes. The logwood and madder dyes of our grandmothers' days are rarely seen in the market now, owing to the cheapness with which they are manufactured. Red ink, which formerly was made almost exclusively from carmine, is now made from eosine, one of the numerous coal tar progeny.

THE FIRST NUGGET.

The Relic of California's Gold Discovery Jealously Guarded in a Woman's Bosom For Over Twenty Years.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

In one of the glass cases of the State Mineralogical bureau is a small gilded cast representing a gold nugget. A card underneath designates it as a model of the first gold nugget found in California.

The eye of the strolling reporter was caught by this announcement, as he hastened to make inquiry of Secretary Durden as to the possible truthfulness of the statement and the genuineness of the relic. Mr. Durden stated that he had every reason to be convinced the cast was from the original nugget now in possession of this city.

Mr. Allen, when called upon said: "Yes, I have in my possession what I have no doubt is the original gold nugget found in 1848 by Marshall and Wemmer in the tailrace of the Coloma sawmill. I have held the valuable relic in trust for the Wemmers since 1877.

"In that year I was engaged by some settlers upon some disputed lands in the southern portion of Los Angeles county to contest their claims. One afternoon while in their colony I ran across a very old man, named Peter Wemmer, bent almost double with age, but withal a very intelligent fellow, whose mind and memory were singularly clear. Our conversation drifted from law to generalities, and I found him an exceedingly interesting character, with a memory stored with many reminiscences. He told me he was one of the oldest pioneers, and also that he was with Marshall when he picked up the famous gold nugget. He added casually that his wife still had the nugget in her possession.

"A few days later my wife and I drove out to his place. When I requested to see the nugget Mrs. Wemmer became somewhat excited, and finally, upon my pressing my request, she unbuttoned the bosom of her dress and drew out a bundle of cloth, wrapped tight, and perhaps larger than my fist, it being suspended by a string around her neck. The old woman, trembling with excitement, proceeded to take out the numberless pins and unwrap the bundle. Roll after roll was unwound, and finally she reached a tightly folded stocking. This she slowly unwound from a hard substance, which finally she laid in the palm of my hand.

"It was the nugget.

"'Wife has carried that ball around her neck day and night for twenty years,' said Mr. Wemmer. 'I guess you are the first she has ever let touch it for many years.'

"It is the same that I now show you," said Mr. Allen, passing to the reporter the lump of gold.

It was small, almost flat and a rather rough piece of gold, just one inch across its longest way. It was quite thin around the outer flange, with considerable depression on one side. It weighs between a third and a quarter of an ounce, and contains $5 05 worth of gold.

"When we left these old people," continued Mr. Allen, "Mrs. Wemmer placed the nugget in my hand and begged me to take it with me and put it in some safe place—a bank or safe. She said she was almost afraid to keep so valuable a relic longer herself. So I took it, and it has been with me ever since.

The Wemmers crossed the plains to California, in 1846. While living at Sutter's Fort they made the acquaintance of James Marshall. He came to their cabin sick and was taken in and cared for by Mrs. Wemmer. Afterwards Colonel Sutter suggested to Wemmer and Marshall the project of building the sawmill on the American river. They accepted, and with a gang of men went up to the designated spot. Wemmer was millwright of the expedition and Marshall was foreman of the work.

Mrs. Wemmer was cook, and all the men employed boarded with her. They first built a dam across the river, and from this a sluice was run. In digging out the river bed for the mill dam would be closed and the dirt would be shoveled into the sluice. At night the water would be turned on and the earth washed away. It was not long before numbers of bright specks were noticed sticking in the crevices of the sluice in the morning when the water was turned off, and a discussion arose among the people of the camp as to what those bright spects were. Mrs. Wemmer had lived some time in the Georgia gold mines, and she pronounced them gold. This theory was pooh-poohed by the men, including Marshall. One morning Marshall and Wemmer went out early to shut off the water of the sluice. They were walking down the tailrace, when Marshall suddenly stooped and picked up something from the box.

"There Wemmer," he said, "what do you call that?"

Wemmer took the piece of metal, glanced at it and said:

"That certainly is gold."

"Well, it looks like it, I confess," rejoined Marshall. "It looks much more like the real stuff than anything we have seen yet."

Wemmer's boy, a lad of ten or twelve, had come up just at that moment, and Wemmer gave him the nugget, saying: "Take this to your mother, and tell her to boil it in the soap kettle."

Mrs. Wemmer was at that time making soft soap, which, you know, is done by boiling old bones and grease with ashes and forming a strong alkaline solution. She threw the nugget into the boiling mixture. The next morning at breakfast conversation recurred to the incident of the finding of the nugget, and Mrs. Wemmer was asked what she had done with it.

"I'll fetch it," she said. She ran out back to the log which had been hollowed out, and into which she had poured the soap. From the bottom of this she drew out the nugget. She carried it to the breakfast table and it was examined by the men. It was not blackened, but more burnished by the test. Even then Marshall had doubts. Wemmer, however, insisted that some one should take the nugget to the fort at Sacramento, about sixty miles distant, and have it tested.

"Go yourself," said Marshall.

Wemmer went out to catch his horse, but the animal had strayed. He, however, found Marshall's horse and brought it back to camp. He did not want to ride Marshall's animal, and urged that Marshall himself should go. Marshall finally consented and went. You know the rest. The whole world knows it. Marshall returned with the startling tidings. The place became a mining camp. Marshall placed the nugget in Mrs. Wemmer's keeping. Colonel Sutter insisted that as the men were mining on his ground, and he was their employer, half the profits should go to him. Marshall and Wemmer worked together for some time, but later they quarrelled about a division of some sort, and separated. Wemmer gave up mining,, and started a store at Coloma."

At 1207 Lyon street lives another pioneer, Henry Bell, who knows something of the nugget. He was found at his house by the reporter, to whom he related that in 1847 he was engaged in buying hides from the Indians. At the time of the building of the mill he was making his headquarters at Mrs. Wemmer's where he took his meals and slept, trading with Indians in the daytime.

"I remember quite all, he said, of seeing the nugget at the time, and of examining it closely. It was passed around one evening at the supper table. I guess it must have been a night or so after Mrs. Wemmer boiled it in the soap kettle. I remember we were all discussing it—Marshall Wemmer and the rest. I went away shortly afterward, and a week or so later heard that gold was discovered. I did not see the nugget again until about 1871, I think. I was then working in the mint. One day I was sent for by Colonel Gift to go to the office. Colonel Gift was there and Mrs. Wemmer. She said she had come up from San Bernardino and wanted to sell the nugget. She carried a big bundle which she undid, and after unwinding a long time took out the nugget from the corner where she had it hid. She gave it into Colonel Gift's hand and told him to hold it and let no one touch it. They were wanting to show it to Tom Shannon, then collector of the port; she seemed awfully afraid she would lose it. I got a glimpse of it and thought it was the same I had seen at Coloma. It was rather a flat piece, not very big. I should know it if I saw it again."

"LANG SYNE."

O sweet first love, when all the world is young,
And all the bright blood bounds and dances through
The self-same veins that in a little while
Will guide it slowly and of dimmer hue.

O sweet hours past! How useless 't is to weep
And wish them back from e'er so short a space.
No days are like the days when we were young,
No Present has the rosy Past's sweet grace.

Perchance we longed for then, with eager wish,
Some trifle which the years between have brought,
And, holding it within our hands to-day,
It mocks us, like a dancing shadow sought.

The wish was sweeter than fulfilment—far;
The prelude sweeter than the song we sung;
And yet, if we were asked the why,
How simple is the answer: "We were young."

BEAUTY WEIGHT.

Detailed Directions for Becoming "Plump." Potatoes not to be Sneezed at."

Henry T. Fink in the Epoch.

No doubt excessive corpulence is more inconvenient to the victim, and more in the nature of disease, than leanness; and this is perhaps the reason why one constantly sees articles in the papers on the Banting system and other methods of reducing one's weight, where the lean are left to shift for themselves and to pick up a pound of flesh wherever they can. Nevertheless, in these regions, leanness is much more common than corpulence, and if the remedies for it were more widely known and adopted, there would be a perceptible increase in the number of beautiful women and handsome men.

It cannot be denied that there is plenty of room for further improvement. New York, with its large foreign population, is not a fair place to judge from; but regarding the more purely American cities, like Philadelphia and Boston, it may be safely asserted that seven, if not eight, of every ten young ladies would be improved in face and figure by the addition of ten or fifteen pounds to their weight. Now in most cases where the want of plumpness is not the result of positive disease calling for medical treatment, these extra pounds—beauty pounds they might be called, because they add the finishing touch to beauty—may be easily acquired in a few months by cutting out the following hints and pasting them on the mirror where they may be daily seen and heeded:

(1.) Eating and drinking. "Every woman who is thin would like to be stouter," says Brilliat-Savarrh in his fragmentary chapter "On Leanness," from which, however, the following sentence is worth citing: "Men fatten sheep, calves, oxen, poultry, carp, crayfish, oysters; and hence I derive the general maxim: Whatever eats can be fattened, provided the food is well and suitably chosen."

The famous Mr. Banting, who reduced his weight by more than fifty pounds in one year, found that sugar was the most fattening thing he could eat. Hence, to increase your weight eat cakes, pudding, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible, for indigestible food is a chief cause for leanness. New England pie crust is probably responsible for the appearance of the typical gaunt Yankee. Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn, bread and butter, and those vegetables which grow underground, and of which sugar is made—beets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked potatoes, mashed on the plate and seasoned with salt and fresh butter, make a delicious dish, rapidly fattening. Eat often and very slowly, for it is not the quantity that is eaten but the amount that is thoroughly digested that nourishes the system and rounds the bodily contour.

Bismarck's private physician, Dr. Schwenninger, owes his international reputation to his success in diminishing the chancellor's weight. The secret of his method is never to allow his patient to drink with his meals, or if he does drink to do so very sparingly. Hence follows the converse rule, that if you covet stoutness you should drink freely with your meals, always, however, in such a way as not to interfere with the digestive processes. That is, you should never drink while you have food in the mouth, for the food ought to be moistened by the saliva alone. Ice water, too, should be always avoided. It chills the stomach and is the cause of three-fourths of the indigestion and consequent leanness prevalent in this country.

Mountain tourists know that ice water never quenches the thirst. Yet we constantly spoil our water by putting in ice. The ice should never be allowed to come in contact with the water we drink, but only with the outside of the pitcher. In this way we avoid also the dangers from microbes hidden in the impure ice.

(2.) Breathing and bathing. Air is food as much as beef, the only difference being that beef is assimilated in the stomach, air in the lungs. Hence if you wish to be plump, become an air-glutton. Breathe all the fresh air you can get, and avoid foul, stuffy air, especially at night, as you would putrid meat. Always breathe through the nose, and cultivate the habit of slowly filling your lungs with twice as much air as you commonly inhale, exhaling it again as slowly. This purifies the blood and stimulates the appetite. Frequent warm baths before retiring, or cold sponge baths in the morning followed by brisk friction with a coarse towel, have the same effect.

(3). Rest. Exercise is commonly prescribed as a method of reducing one's weight and brisk and long-continued exercise does have this effect. But moderate exercise is an antidote against leanness, because it stimulates the appetite, and thus more than atones for the loss following muscular movement. Besides, if exercise is altogether avoided, there is danger of losing grace and symmetry.

Brain-rest is especially indicated in the case of those who object to leanness. Moderate brain exercise is, indeed, essential to perfect health, but excess should be carefully avoided. Emotional excitement and worry are fatal to the chances of becoming plump and pretty. If an annoying thought haunts you, forcibly fix your attention on something else. Above all, never allow such thoughts to torment you after retiring, and thus to pass disagreeably into your dreams. Eight hours of dreamless sleep in a well-ventilated room, form the most potent cosmetic known to man or woman—the straightest road to plumpness and beauty.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever can regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet.

The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key
The Master's hand resolveth
In richest harmony.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

The New Education.

From the Omaha Herald.

Smith—I here your daughter is a very bright young lady.

Jones—Yes, we congratulate ourselves that she can shine a little.

Smith—Been abroad I suppose?

Jones—No. Educated at home strictly.

Smith—Oh. Bakes bread does she, and makes sponge cake?

Jones—Couldn't cook an egg.

Smith—Music, then; painting, and all that sort of thing?

Jones—Wrong again. She spent a year in Chicago, and no one can beat her on keeping a base ball score.

Smith—You don't tell me? Well, well. How the rising generation of women is coming to the front.

His Distant Relative.

From Yonkers Statesman.

Citizen—Haven't you got any relatives at all?

Tramp—Yes, sir; I have one, but he is a distant relative. "Who is that?" "It's a brother, sir." "Well, you don't call a brother a distant relative, do you?" "Why, yes, sir; you see he's dead, sir."

A LULLABY.

Sleep, little babe, upon thy mother's breast,
Let the white curtains of thy lids unroll
O'er the blue windows of thy stainless soul;
Sleep, little babe, thou canst not always rest.
The little wren must weave itself a nest,
The little chipmunk learn to carve its hole,
The little seed be severed from the bole,
And thou must make thy way—for it is best,
Then sleep, my blessed baby, whilst thou can.

DR. W. A. JOHNSON says: "I am prescribing 'Digestylin' for Dyspepsia and Indigestion with excellent success."
Sold by all Druggists, $1.00 per bottle, or W. F. Kidder & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John street, N. Y.

SADDLES, &C.

SADDLES, HARNESS, &c.

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—DEALER IN—
Saddles, Harness,
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NO. 5 EAST KING STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

The largest and best assortment of TRUNKS in the city at the lowest cash prices, all sizes and qualities.
We have on hand a large assortment of different styles of Harness, both single and double, and make to order the finest grades of English Coach and French Coupe Harness.
The best Harness Dressing in the world at 50c. a box.

Call and Examine Our Stock at
No. 5 East King Street.
jun15-3mdAw

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"Honest Work at Honest Prices."

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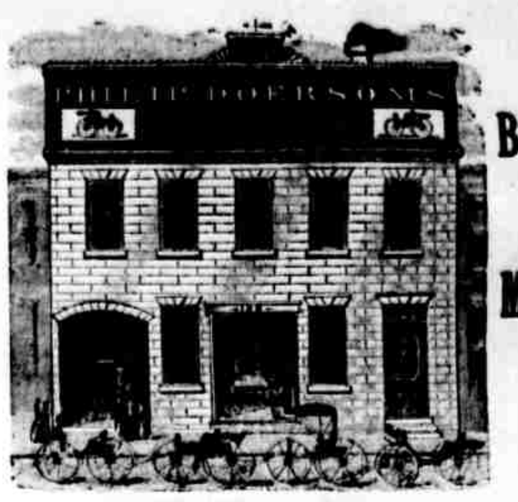
Old Reliable Carriage Works,
NOS. 126 AND 128 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

Buggies, Phætons, Carriages,



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REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Philip Doersom's Old Reliable Carriage Works.

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THE NEW CANFIELD "LANGTRY."

New Canfield Langtry
REG'D
WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Pat. in U. S., Canada, and Europe.

LIGHT, COOL and ADJUSTABLE.
FOLDS up when sitting or lying down.
RESUMES its shape when rising, and will hold up the heaviest dress.
ONLY bustle ever made to fit every lady and any dress. For sale at all the leading Dry Goods Houses in U. S., Canada and Europe. Samples will be furnished by mail for 65 cents. Every bustle is stamped trade-mark "LANGTRY" and Warranted. Made in White, Drab, Blue Black.
CANFIELD RUBBER CO.,
No. 7 Mercer St., New York City.
For sale at the following houses, Lancaster, Pa.:
WATT & SHAND, R. E. FAHNESTOCK, H. ASTRICH. it

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CONGRESS HALL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Opened June 25, 1887. Accommodates 500. Music all the season. MILO M. POTTER,
jun9-2md Manager.

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"WETHERILL."
Ocean End of Kentucky Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. Renovated and Refurnished. Excellent Sanitary Arrangements. P. O. Box, 1090
MRS. M. J. ECKERT.
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HOTEL ASHLAND,
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HARRY MYERS, Proprietor.
WILL BOWERS, Manager. june11-2md

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
The Largest and Most Conveniently Located Hotel. Clean, Comfortable and Homelike. Elegantly Furnished and Liberally Managed. Complete Sanitary Arrangements. Modern Conveniences. Coach to and from the beach and trains.
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Passenger Elevator and Other Modern Improvements.
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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
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EXCURSIONS AND PICNICS.

MT. GRETNA PARK
—FOR—
EXCURSIONS AND PICNICS.
This Park is located in the heart of the South Mountain on the line of the
Cornwall & Lebanon Railroad,
nine miles south of the City of Lebanon, within easy distance of Harrisburg, Reading, Lancaster, Columbia, and all points on the Philadelphia & Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads. The grounds are large, covering hundreds of acres, and are
FREE TO ALL.
THE CONVENIENCES ARE
A LARGE DANCING PAVILION,
A SPACIOUS DINING HALL,
TWO KITCHENS,
BAGGAGE AND COAT ROOM,
While the arrangements for amusement consist of
CROQUET and BALL GROUNDS,
BOWLING ALLEY,
SHOOTING GALLERY,
QUOITS, &c., &c., &c.
Tables for Lunchers, Rustic Seats and Benches are scattered throughout the grounds. A new attraction is
LAKE CONEWAGO,
covering nearly twenty acres, on which are placed a number of elegant New Boats, and along the banks of which are pleasant walks and lovely scenery.
Observation Cars
will be run on the line of the Cornwall & Lebanon Railroad, or will be sent to different points, when practicable, for the accommodation of excursion parties. These summer excursion cars have been built especially for this purpose, and are so constructed that they will enable the excursionist to enjoy fully the beautiful scenery of the Lebanon Valley on the one side or the Conewago Valley on the other. They are safe, pleasant and convenient.
Parties desiring it can procure Meals at the Park, as the Dining Hall will be under the supervision of E. M. BOLTZ, of the LEBANON VALLEY HOUSE. Those who wish to spend A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS can find no place so beautiful or affording so much pleasure as MOUNT GRETNA.
No Intoxicating Drinks Allowed on the Premises.
For excursion rates and general information apply to NED IRISH, Supt. C. & L. Railroad, Lebanon, Pa.
my7-4md

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

LANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE R. R.—TIME TABLE.
Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 7:00, 9:00 and 11:30 a. m., and 2:00, 4:00, 6:00 and 8:30 p. m.
Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 6:00, 8:00 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00, 3:00, 5:00 and 7:00 p. m.

READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE R. R.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1887,
TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12 noon and 6.10 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.20, 11.40 a. m., and 6.10 p. m.
For Chickies at 7.20 a. m. and 11.40 m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA
For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster at 6.30 a. m. and 2.45 and 4.00p. m.
For Reading at 6.30 a. m. and 2.45 p. m.
For Lebanon at 2:45, and 4 00 p. m.
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster,)
For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6.35 a. m., 12.20 and 5.00 p. m.
For Quarryville at 9.31 a. m., 1.50 and 8.20 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster,)
For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.30 and 3.50 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6.42 a. m., 12.30 and 5.08 p. m.
For Quarryville at 9.20 a. m., 1.40 and 8.09 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON
For Lancaster at 7:12 a. m., 12:15 and 7:30 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7:12 a. m. and 12:15.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.
For Quarryville at 4.00 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a. m.
TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster,)
For Reading and Lebanon at 8.08 a. m. and 3.56 p. m.
For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster,)
For Reading and Lebanon and 8.16 a. m. and 4.04 p. m.
For Quarryville at 5.43 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON
For Lancaster at 7:55 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.
For Quarryville at 3:45 p. m.
For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junction, Lancaster Junction, Manheim, Reading and Lebanon, see time tables at all stations.
A. M. WILSON, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHEDULE.—In effect from June 13, 1886.
Trains LEAVE LANCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD.	Leave Philadelphia.	L[illegible]
Pacific Express†	11:25 p. m.	1:25 a. m.
News Express†	4:30 a. m.	6:25 a. m.
Way Passenger†	4:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Mail train via Mt. Joy†	7:00 a. m.	9:31 a. m.
No. 2 Mail Train†	via Columbia	9:35 a. m.
Niagara Express	7:40 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
Hanover Accom	via Columbia	9:55 a. m.
Fast Line†	11:50 a. m.	2.00 p. m.
Frederick Accom	via Columbia	2:10 p. m.
Lancaster Accom	via Mt. Joy.	2:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom	2:15 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
Columbia Accom	4:40 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
Harrisburg Express	5:40 p. m.	7:40 p. m.
Western Express†	9:50 p. m.	11:40 a. m.
EASTWARD.	**Leave Lancaster.**	**Arrive at Phila.**
Phila. Express†	2:20 a. m.	4:45 a. m.
Fast Line†	6:05 a. m.	8:25 a. m.
Harrisburg Express	8:10 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
Lancaster Accom ar.	8:55 a. m.	via Mt Joy
Columbia Accom	9:00 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
Seashore Express	12:58 p. m.	3:15 p. m.
Philadelphia Accom	2:05 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
Sunday Mail	3:00 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
Day Express†	4:45 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom	6:45 p. m.	9:45 p. m.

The Lancaster Accommodation leaves Harrisburg at 8:10 p. m. and arrives at Lancaster at 9:30 p. m.

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 6:40 a. m. and reaches Marietta at 6:55. Also leaves Columbia at 11:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m., reaching Marietta at 12:01 and 2:55. Leaves Marietta at 3:05 p. m. and arrives at Columbia at 3:20; also, leaves at 8:35 and arrives at 8:50.

The York Accommodation leaves Marietta at 7:10 and arrives at Lancaster at 8:00 connecting with Harrisburg Express at 8:10 a. m.

The Frederick Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Fast Line, west, at 2:10 p. m., will run through to Frederick.

The Frederick Accommodation, east, leaves Columbia at 12:25 and reaches Lancaster at 12:58 p. m.

Hanover Accommodation, East, leaves Columbia at 4:10 p. m. Arrives at Lancaster at 4:35 p. m., connecting with Day Express.

Hanover Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Niagara Express at 9:50 a. m., will run through to Hanover, daily, except Sunday.

Fast Line, west, on Sunday, when flagged, will stop at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkesburg, Mt. Joy, Elizabethtown and Middletown.

†The only trains which run daily. On Sunday the Mail train west runs by way of Columbia.
J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.
CHAS. E. PUGH General Manager.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

PURE RYE WHISKY.

Old Groff Spring Distillery.
Situated on East Orange street, between Orange and Chestnut, one square east of reservoir, Lancaster, P
I have just erected a new distillery with all of the latest improved machinery for distilling PURE RYE WHISKY.
A. B. SHEAFFER, Proprietor.
This Distillery has been erected at the famous Old Groffstown Spring, which has been noted for its plenteous and unfailing supply of the purest water. At it our grandfathers drank when they were boys, and it has never been known to run dry even in the hottest weather. From this spring all the water used in the distillery is obtained, the pump drawing from it twenty-five gallons a minute.
Besides my own distilled Whisky, I also handle
Brandies, Gins, Wines, &c.
Call and be convinced.
A. B. SHEAFFER, Distiller,
STORE—No. 65 North Queen Street.
N. B.—Farmers having good Rye on hand can find ready sale for it at the store or distillery. Highest cash market price paid for a good article. apr8-lyd&w

GO TO
REIGART'S
OLD WINE STORE
—FOR—
BOUCHE SEC,
PIPER HEIDSIECK,
POMMERY SEC,
MORIZET SEC,
G. H. MUMM EXTRA DRY,
And all other Leading brands of Imported Champagne.
Sole Agent for the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. Special Great Western Ex. Dry, our own brand, the finest American Champagne in the market.
Just received another large invoice of California Claret and White Wine from Napa Valley, California.
A large stock of Imported Burgundies, Clarets, Rhine and Sauterne Wines.
We also have the largest and finest stock of Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Madeira, Sherrys and Port Wines, Bass Ale, Guinness Stout, Salutaris and Apollinaris Waters in the city.

H. E. Slaymaker, Agt.,
No. 29 EAST KING STREET,
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