

A RETROSPECT.
A good six years ago it was
That first I knew Charlotte.
When I was in the junior class,
And she was just eighteen.
Her eyes were large and brown, and clear,
And she was just eighteen.
Her hair was golden bright,
We met at Narragansett Pier,
And I was gone at night.
I dangled at my charmer's feet,
And dreamt of marriage bells,
I furnished sweet unto the sweet
In shape of caramels.
The likeness that within them lay
To me, I did not say,
For "every hour" fresh were they,
And I was gone at night.
That summer time of long ago,
How fast it slipped away!
And I adored her more, I know,
With each succeeding day.
I had to tell her so, at last,
How sweet she looked, and fair!
The little broom, sweeping past,
Were playing with her hair.
I said if she were not my wife
I knew that I should die;
I wrote I loved her as my life,
And this was her reply:
"I like you, Jack"—her voice was low,
Her eyes were downcast,
"But Jack, it wouldn't do, you know,
You haven't got a cent!"—(Life.)

PIERRE BRANTOME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted. The twins, as a matter of course, were the culprits. They had been over the complacency natural to boys of 6 or thereabouts, were indifferent to the tempest of despair which raged in their sister's breast. They had considerably refrained from adding deceit to their guilt, but had confessed fully and unreservedly to rifling the canary's nest, to tearing a jacket and dropping a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to catching their most faithful hen with a fishhook. The fishhook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne anything better than downright treachery developed in so early in one of her own blood. She never was a boy.

"And a man was here," went on Popsey; "a big man," volunteered Wopsey, the other twin. "And he asked us about everything, and we said our mother wasn't very well and our sister was an old maid schoolmarm." Charlotte winced. Where had he picked up that expression? And had it come to that?

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you."
"Me?" Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, only they had nothing to "burgle," as Popsey had said one day, came into her mind.

"How did he look?"
"He was beautiful," "He was dreadful," said the twins in duet.
Further questions elicited these facts: He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he had a mustache, and was a bug man. In the last and crowning fact the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome a tolerable clairvoyant, so far as reading those two small minds was concerned. She jumped at the conclusion that some wandering naturalist chasing an elusive bug, had chanced that way, and gave the subject no more attention. She had other things to think of than "bug-men" or any men, and the problems of how to provide a new hat for Wopsey and how to instill remorse into the hearts of her charges drove other thoughts away.
Sitting down on the low doorstep of the house that had been home to her for six and twenty years she tried to reason it out. The twin was young; his days were at their lozenge. Behind her loomed the tireless river; in front of her, across the prairie, the hills were green. In the field of rye over the way gleamed a large white wooden cross. Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed some of the blue blood of France, had bought a home in this western country, and the remains of an Indian tribe had still property to sell. The deed of sale provided for the preservation of their little burying-ground. Here among the sinking grasses Pierre Brantome had built the cross. It had been renewed several times since then, but had always remained the same, and was over the patent protector, solemnly holding its white arms out as if to defend the moldering sleepers. The grain grew thick around, but the tiny village of the dead was never disturbed by spade or plow.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered. Neither did Pierre the younger, and one night when riding home his horse shied at the white cross in the moonlight and threw him with his head against a stone. He left no legacy but the homestead and a debt to his wife and children. There was a gap of twenty years between the death of the twin babies, and she really had a third infant on her hands, for the mother was nothing more useful than that after her husband's death. She was not feeble minded exactly, but painfully gentle, strange and unaccountable.

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent for Grandfather Brantome's blood had never filtered through Canada—brought her employment in a school in the town near by. The long walks back and forth kept the roses in her cheeks, the boys were good—Charlotte and she, being good, was happy. It requires leisure to be successfully miserable.

The cross typified to her the "daily martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely there were men striding through the garden, the canary would lay more eggs, the jacket could be mended, and old Speckle had proved superior to the fishhook.

But what could the boys be screaming about?
"The bug-man! The bug-man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet. It was certainly strange. Why should a stranger call twice? That he should come once was not surprising—but twice?

"We showed him your photograph," said Popsey, "and he said you didn't look like an old maid bit."
"And he said," went on the other terrible infant, without a pause, "wasn't we glad to have such a nice sister—he wished he had," and he had such a lot of bugs. He puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em, and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up; and we told him to come again some more, and here he is."

Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found herself rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was taking off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even Grandfather Brantome would have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe," she acquiesced in silence.
"I am gathering material for a historical work, and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say

now that I have references and all that sort of thing." She stopped; "Then you are not—" She stopped; "he smiled."
"No, I am not exactly a bug-man, as these little fellows have called me, although I must plead guilty to a slight learning in that direction. Yet just now I would joyfully part with the biggest bugs of my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfather's papers."

He was so gracefully genial that one could not more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin singing on the Indian cross.
"Will you walk in?"
"I'll sit out here instead, if you will permit me."

So Popsey and Wopsey dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wonder-eyed, listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore. Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melancholy, wavering way.

"The postman's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz. Her opinion of him would not have made him vain. She does not believe in 'popery,' as she calls it."
"I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug," remarked Mr. Duncan. Then of course they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister canary's nest, to tearing a jacket and dropping a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to catching their most faithful hen with a fishhook. The fishhook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne anything better than downright treachery developed in so early in one of her own blood. She never was a boy.

"He thought her and withdrew, jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye in order to get a near view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were now holding a vesper convulse. And the teakettle was soon singing in the Brantome kitchen as song as gay as that of the robins, and Charlotte was not her usual careful self as she picked the strawberries for tea.
"Half of them green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "Spect she's thinking of the bugman."

It certainly was astonishing how much consulting the Brantome manuscripts needed. And, too, Mr. Duncan required so much assistance. It was "Miss Brantome, will you kindly read this list while I copy it?" or "Miss Charlotte, really I can't make out whether it is an e or an i," all the while. Grandfather Brantome would have begun to inquire as to marriage settlements and Scotch pedigrees had he been alive to see those chestnut locks, innocent of bangs, and that dark mustache in such dangerous proximity. It was the old story—two young heads bending over the same page. No word of love had passed. All was on a strictly business basis, the correctness of the History of the Missions of the Northwest the objective aim.

But at last there was no excuse for lingering longer. The hills across the prairie were red and gold, and robins had fled, and the grain around the little burying ground out and stowed away.
Charlotte and Wopsey and Popsey, far away in the road two moving dots appeared, which developed into the twins as they came nearer. Tears were cutting briny furrows down their not very clean cheeks. Hysterical sobs alone came from their mouths as they tried to speak, but finally the words culminated these words from the chaos:
"Mother has runned away! She said she would if we didn't stop pounding, and we didn't, and she has runned!"
That poor mother! She had made the same threat a hundred times before, but had been pacified.

"Which way? Tell me quickly!"—thinking of the river, so tireless and so cruel.
"She runned up the railroad track." No more words were needed. Back of the garden was the branch railway from Kiaz. The evening train was nearly due.

Leaving the twins to toddle after as well as they could in their exhausted state, she ran. Ran? She flew. The bright invalid shawl was a beacon. Mrs. Brantome sat down upon the track, idly playing with some yellow flowers. Charlotte, who was sitting on the ground, "Mother," she said, "it is late and the boys are calling and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion was no persuader. Then Charlotte soiled. Alas! useless. Then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force. A failure. She then pulled some yellow flowers to pieces—then the poor, unbalanced woman could do, nothing else. In heaven's name what was to be done? Those who had experience knew the strength of the insane. The train whistled for the passing a mile away, and just then some guardian angel guiding him, Jas. Duncan jumped the fence, a wet handkerchief in his hand.

Blessings on the medicine which subdued the bugs! It subdued this poor woman a moment, and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past.
Then he explained. He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's cross as the boys were screaming by. He gathered enough from their incoherent words to learn what the matter was. The chloroform idea was simply an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked wistful Charlotte, as the party, boys mother, and all were walking back.
"By making over to me Pierre Brantome's manuscript—and his grandfather's. I can never write the history without her."

"Well," softly, "in the cause of science—perhaps."
And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again with Charlotte and the bug man.

As for the cross—it spreads its white arms over a new-made grave. The poor mother has "runned away" forever.—Chicago Tribune.

Ocean Disasters.
A Nautucket letter to the New York Evening Post says: Five hundred shipwrecks are recorded as having occurred on the island since commerce began in its waters, and this by no means includes all. The first wreck was in 1664, when an English ship went to pieces here, and the passengers and crew were murdered by the Indians. In the revolution several prizes made by our privateers came ashore on the south side, and their rich cargoes, strewn along the beach, were a treasure-trove to the inhabitants whom the war had impoverished. Some of the saddest disasters have been recent. My

traveling companion detailed a few that may serve as instances.
On the evening of December 24, 1865, the schooner Haynes from San Domingo, was discovered off the west end of the island fast on a shoal. A boat from the Humane society's station boarded her and found the cabin warm and a good fire in the stove, but not a soul on board. All had embarked in the boats, and had been overwhelmed. The romance of this wreck lies in the fact that her captain was a resident of the island, and had been married just before sailing on this voyage. The wife, apprised of his return, and that he would be with her on Christmas day, made ready the feast and sat listening for his footsteps at the moment of his destruction. The next day, during a terrible southeast gale, a second wreck was reported on the south shore—that of the ship Newton, Captain Horting, thirty-six hours out of New York bound to Hamburg. An eye-witness described this wreck as the most appalling sight he had ever witnessed. The sea was terrible in its might, and had torn out masts and cargo and strewn them for three miles along the beach. Under the bluff a young man lay, stripped of his clothing and yet warm, though the life had been beaten out of him. From the Haynes and the Newton fourteen bodies were gathered up and conveyed to the island, and a service was held over them in which all the clergy men of the island joined. The captain of the Newton had a young wife and the second officer a lonely old mother in Hamburg, and these ladies were at once fully informed of the sad fate of husband and son. Their letters in reply, pathetic and grateful, are still preserved by the benevolent gentlemen to whom they were addressed.

There may be humor even in wrecks, as in the case of the ship Nathaniel Hooper, which struck on South Shoal in 1838. At midnight the crew abandoned her, leaving all the cargo, and a signal striking her soon after, she drifted off and away toward Boston. At daybreak she was overhauled by a smack, which found her derelict, but two men on board, with instructions to work her into Boston. The two seamen shortly after fell in with another smack, which lent them three more men, and the ship, with much rummaging and exercise of good seamanship, was brought safely into port. The day after the wreck her captain chartered a steamer and went out to learn the fate of his craft, but finding only debris and empty boxes floating over the shoals, came to the wise conclusion that she had gone down. With convenient haste he repaired to Boston to report to his owners, and there found his lost craft safely moored.

Early Notices of Nature.
In all religions there are two great omnipresent relations—of man to nature, and of man to man. One is the worship side, the other the moral side. Confining ourselves to the relation of man to nature, we find that the earliest Aryan myths show the man's first conception of the nature around him. The Hindus have probably wandered less over the face of the earth and suffered less than any other Aryan people. Their early religious records are consequently the clearest. From these it appears that the earliest religion which is now called animism. This is, as you choose, the soul, ghost, or spirit theory of nature, and is supposed to have had its source in dreams, the impalpable nature of the visions suggested by the presence in the dreamer of a soul distinct from the body. If the presence of a soul could be explained, it could equally well be made to explain such things in himself as man could not rationally comprehend. The idea of his own soul is followed by the idea of a soul in every man. From this it is but a short step to the idea of a soul or spirit in nature, to account for mysterious powers and prophecies. Thunder and lightning become the work of a spirit; fire, heat and cold the presence of others; and so on through all nature. Wherever there is something inexplicable, there is a mysterious spirit.

This is the earliest and simplest animism. Soon, however, unequal forces of nature suggest unequal spirits behind and in them, and gradually great and small spirits develop, some predominating others, and so on, whether equal, great or small, are worshipped on account of their mysterious powers. Besides the spirits in living bodies and in nature, are the souls released by death, but imagined still to wander at night about the earth, and to have some influence on living men, especially in controlling the fate of their bodily descendants. From this conception arose ancestor worship, and the many ceremonies at the grave intended to give peaceful rest beyond, that the departed spirit might thus be kindly disposed toward his offspring. A belief in future life was necessary to us, and, as people having a tenuous love of life, "Our Indian Mythology," in Popular Science.

A Digger Ceremonial.
A correspondent of the Chico Enterprise gives the following account of one of the peculiar anniversary ceremonies of the Digger or California Indians inhabiting Concow township:
On Saturday, the 25th of August, the country around Chico, just across the river opposite Chowchilla, was hideous by the recurrence of that savage custom among the Indians known as their burning. To observe this ancient custom, which they regarded with superstitious sanctity, about fifty dusky sons and daughters gathered on Saturday, prepared their camp and gathered their wood, and made all arrangements for the burning, which took place about 12 o'clock Saturday. This place, Bloomer hill, has been for years the Indian burying ground, and it is estimated that thousands have been buried there. At sunset on Saturday they sprinkled the graves with flour and yelled as none but an Indian can, until exhausted. The next evening, after being refreshed with grasshopper, angle-worm and acorn soup, they manufactured their devils. The materials used in constructing these devils were bones—any kind—and feathers properly miscuously gathered. He was about four feet high, and looked as much like the "devil before day" as can be imagined. About dusk they built a large fire, and kept it burning until midnight with wood gathered for the purpose. Then commenced the sacrificial offerings, which consisted of wearing apparel and provisions, which they suppose will be wafted by something like "presto change" to their friends in the "happy hunting grounds." After burning about 500 pounds of flour, several quarts of bacon, numerous red handkerchiefs, breeches and shirts, they listened to a long, and of course eloquent, harangue from a venerable "back." They then appointed a committee to escort their improvised devil into the circle, where he was given a warm reception. He was

brought in reach of the fire, and amidst the most terrific howling unceremoniously precipitated into the flames. This was the signal for the most unearthly mingling of whoops, groans, female shrieks and general uproar, which closed the barbaric scene.

ALL SORTS.

Ranks high—Old butter.
A bright beginning—Sunrise.
Never behind—A man's beard.
A heated term—"You're a liar!"
The first ride team—The pickpockets.
The original yellow stone—The topaz.
Perpetual motion—Revolutions in Mexico.
Mother Eve originated the "fall" fashions.
Died in the wool—Mary's famous little lamb.
Hire mathematics—The arithmetic of wages.
Honor makes the man; the want of it the maneuverer.
The man who rides horseback always takes a back seat.
Positive apy; comparative, baboon; superlatives, dude.
A maiden heires is the only miss that makes a social hit.
As far as the tramp is concerned all roads lead to room.
The man is a kind mother; but still she sits on her children.
A common political combination—Whisky and cigars.
A tailor sews and rips, while the bee seeks the rose and sign.
Kept in check—The young man supported by a rich father.
Indians make good brakemen. Nobody cares when one is killed.
The watermelon crop will be an utter failure by Thanksgiving.
It is at the quilting "bee" where you hear the stinging remark.
A scholar who is never far from the head—the pupil of the eye.
No matter what the color of a circus poster may be, it is always read.
Two things that always command respect—money or a powerful club.
Eve was the first maid. This, however, does not break the rib theory.
It is only a man with a pocketful of rocks who can afford to throw stones.
The nearest a Louisville man ever gets to water is when he carries home a melon.
Many women are spoken of as angels, and Mrs. Noah must have been an angel.

Noah was pretty well fixed on poker. He had at least a pair of everything in the pack.
The liars must go.—Troy Times.
Good-by.—Rochester Union. You are in a hurry to leave.—Troy Times.
A Missouri man has invented a fence through which snakes cannot go. He is about five thousand years too late. If his fence had surrounded Adam's garden the world would have been saved lots of trouble.
This employing college students for table waiters at summer hotels makes trouble. You see girls have very little discrimination at times, and when a young lady is introduced to a youth whose father may be worth a million, and she learns that he is a collegian and asks: "Oh, were you waiting on table at the Spray Cliff house last summer?" it makes a very embarrassing situation.
"Say, sis," remarked the high school girl's brother, "you ought to see the new chap we've got at the store; he don't know beans." "Can I ever teach you to use proper language?" inquired the high school girl, severely. "You should not say 'he don't know beans,' but 'he is not sufficiently versed in botany to recognize the matured ovule of a common leguminous plant.'"

Over the Hills to the Poor House.
An old man named Jonathan C. Bowles died recently at the city infirmary. He was seventy-five years of age, childless, friendless, and alone. No one came to shed a tear over his grave. He owned a large hotel in East Cleveland. On the spot where Adelbert college now stands, and later was an affluent merchant. He is said to have been twice worth \$100,000, but lost it all in real estate speculations. It is said of him that he had always possessed an error of going to the poor house, and among the papers found in his moth-eaten old rags was discovered a well-marked copy of Will Carleton's poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." Among the other things found in his possession were \$7000 in worthless stock certificates of a Colorado silver mine, a letter certifying that he was a good Methodist, and six cents. These were what remained of two large fortunes. No relative or friend of the poor old man was found to give the body other than a charity burial. The body was interred in the cemetery connected with the poorhouse.—N. Y. Sun.

The high school girl severely reprimanded her brother recently for using the phrase "not to be sneezed at." She says she ought to say, "occasionally no sneezing convulsions."—Oil City Derrick.

Reader, your share of the public debt is within a shade of \$23. Come, pony up.
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A FABULOUS DISCOVERY.
Worth Millions to the Human Family—Celery as a Cure.
The habitual daily use of this vegetable is much more beneficial to man than most people imagine. The writer, who is familiar with its virtues, is acquainted with many men and women who from various causes have become so much affected by nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves, but by a moderate use of celery they became as strong in nerve as the oak of palatial life. To this we may add the fact that we received Dr. J. C. Garrison's Celery, a bottle of "Celery, Beef and Iron." By close analysis we find that the preparation called Celery, Beef and Iron is what it is represented to be, absolutely pure, and every one engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use "Celery, Beef and Iron." We find also according to the formula received, each bottle is composed of Liebig's extract of beef, extract of celery, and phosphopate of iron and soda. Celery, beef and iron, we pronounce the best known remedy for any ailment of the nerves, even of dizziness, we say celery, how much better will it subserve the wants of the human family than H. O. Heigen in Journal of Chemistry.

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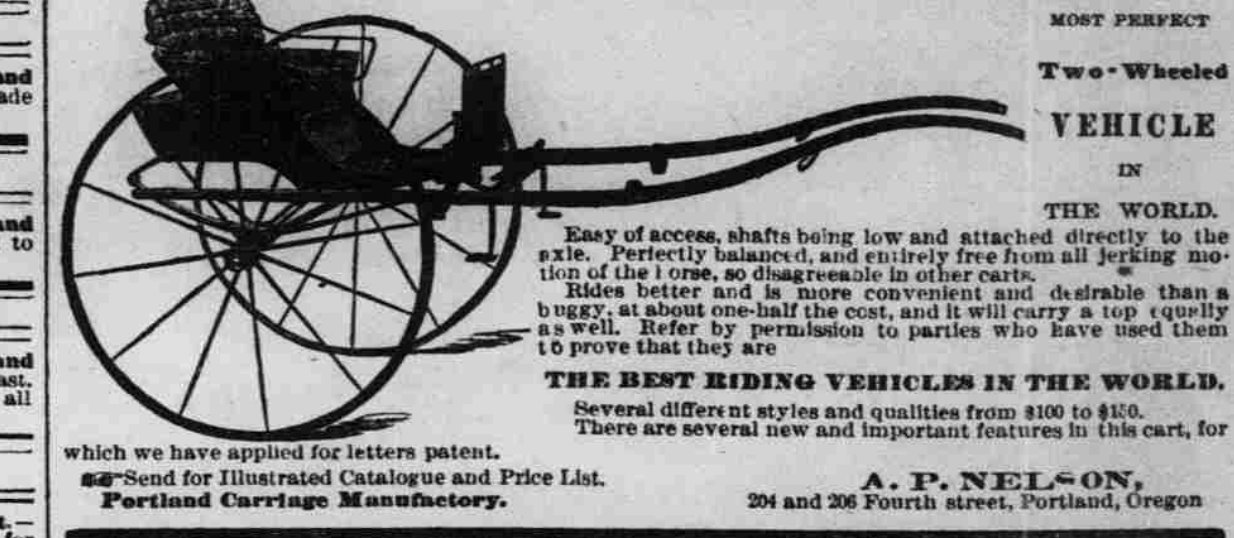
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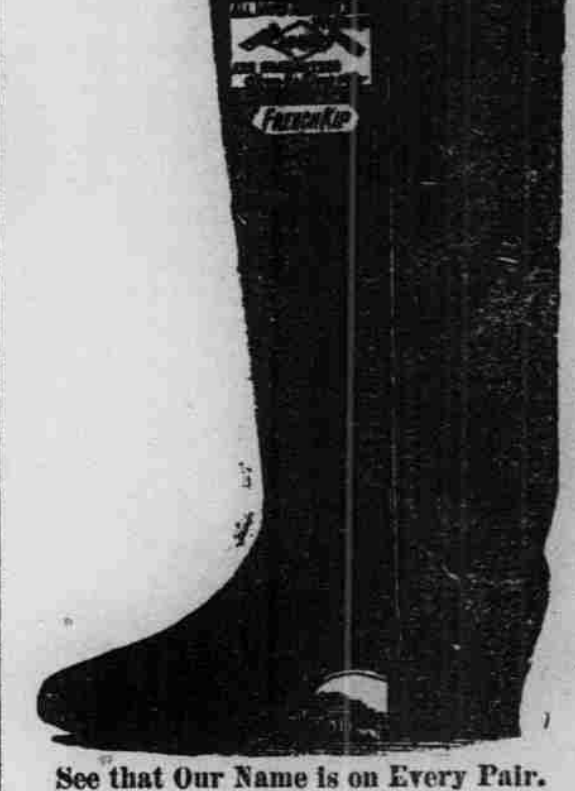
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