

A SONG.

Love is like these—the bubble on the stream  
Now seen, now gone.  
The wild red lily that sets the east aglow.  
At evening dawn:  
A wondrous lily, blooming late to die,  
Spring from strange rock,  
A purple flower of golden eye  
And golden fruit:  
A rare red rose that shelters in the hand,  
But keeps its thorn,  
A laughing orange mocking thirsty sand  
In desert lands:  
The coral gay of billowsome summer birds  
At winter fled,  
The painful sweetness of remembered words  
From lips long dead,  
And yet, and yet, while summer stars shall  
shine,  
Or breezes blow,  
Love will be king, and rule by right divine  
O'er high and low.  
—M. Williams in Harper's Weekly.

THE MAD MAYOR.

One of the mayors of Cornwall was "The mad mayor of Gantick, who was wise for a long day and then died of it."  
It seems that the Cornish village of Gantick was used once in every year to purge itself of evil. To this end the villagers prepared a huge dragon of pasteboard and marched out with it to a sandy common, since cut up by tin works, but still known as Dragon's moor. Here they would choose one of their number to be mayor, and submit to him all questions of conscience and such cases of notorious evil living as the law failed to provide for. Summary justice waited on all his decisions, and as the village was generally chosen for the post, you may guess that the horse play was rough at times. When this was over, and the public conscience purified, the company fell on the pasteboard dragon with sticks and whacked him into small pieces, which they buried in a small hollow called Dragon Pit, and so returned gladly to their homes to start on another twelve months of sin.  
This feast of purification fell always on the 12th of July, and in the heyday of its celebration there lived in a cottage a widow woman and her only son, a demented man about forty years old. There was no harm in the poor creature, who worked at the Lanhorne slate quarries, six miles off, as a "hollibubber"—that is to say, in cutting away the refuse slate. Every morning he walked to his work, mumbling to himself as he went, and though the children followed him at times, hooting and singing stones, they grew tired at last, finding that he never resented it. His mother—a tall, silent woman, with an inscrutable face—had supper ready for him when he returned, and often was forced to feed him, while he unlocked his tongue and babbed over the small adventures of the day. He was not one of those gifted idiots who hear voices in the wind and know the language of the wild birds. His talk was merely incoherent; and, for the rest, he had large gray eyes, features of that regularity which we call Greek, and stood six feet two in his shoes.  
One hot morning—it was the 12th of July—he was starting for his work, when an indescribable hubbub sounded up the road, and presently came by the whole rabble of Gantick, with cow horns and instruments of percussion, and in their midst the famous dragon, all green, with fiery, gaudy eyes and a long tongue of red flame. Behind it the prisoners were escorted—a pale woman or two, with dazed, terrified eyes, an old man suspected of egg stealing, a cow addicted to trespass and so on.  
The mayor was not chosen yet, this ceremony being deferred by rule till the crowd reached Dragon's moor. But drawing near the cottage door and catching sight of the half-witted man, with his foot on the threshold, a village wit called out and proposed that they should take "the Mounster" (as he was called) along with them for mayor.  
It hit the mob's humor, and they cheered. The Mounster's mother, standing in the doorway, went white, as if pained.  
"Man in the lump's a hateful animal," she said to herself, hoarsely. "Come in doors, Jonathan, an let 'em go by."  
"Come an rule over us," the crowd invited him, and a gleam of proud delight woke in his silly face.  
"The bun—his head won't stand it!" The woman looked up at the cloudless sky. "For God's sake, take your fun elsewhere!" she cried.  
"The women who were led to judgment looked at her stupidly. They, too, suffered, without understanding, the heavy sport of men. At last one said:  
"Old woman, let him come. We'll have more merrcy from a mazed man."  
"Sister, you've been loose, they tell me," answered the old woman, "an must eat the bitter fruit o't. But my son's an innocent. Jonathan, they'll look for ye at the works."  
"There's prouder work for me 'pon Dragon's moor," the Mounster decided with smiling eyes. "Come along, mother, an see me exalted."  
The crowd bore him off at his head, and the din broke out again. The new mayor strutted among them with lifted chin and a radiant face. He thought it glorious. His mother ran into the cottage, fetched a bottle, and followed after the dusty tail of the procession. Once, as they were passing a running stream, she halted and filled the bottle carefully, emptying it again and again until the film outside the glass was to her liking. Then she followed, and came to Dragon's moor.  
They sat the mayor on a mound, took off his hat, placed a crown on his head and a broomstick in his hand and brought him the cases to try.  
The first was a gray mare, possessed, they alleged, with a devil. Her skin hung like a sack on her bones.  
"Th' El' Thoms' mare. What's to be done to cure her?" they asked.  
"Let El' Thoms buy a comb an comb his mare's tail while she eats her feed, so El' 'll know if 'tis the devil or no that steals oats from his manger."  
They applauded his wisdom and brought forward the woman who had pleaded just now with his mother.  
"Who made her?" he asked, having listened to the charge.  
"God, 'tis to be supposed."  
"God makes no evil."

"The devil, then."  
"Then whack the devil."  
They fell on the pasteboard dragon and belabored him. The sun poured down on the mayor's throne, and his mother, who sat by his right hand, wondering at his sense, gave him water to drink from the bottle. They brought a third case—a boy who had been caught torturing a cow. He had taken a saw and tried to saw off one of her horns while she was tethered in her stall.  
The mayor leaped from his seat.  
"Kill him!" he shouted; "take him off and kill him!" His face was twisted with passion and he lifted his stick. The crowd fell back for a second, but the old woman leaped forward and touched her son softly on the leg. He stopped short; the anger died out of his face and he shivered.  
"No," he said, "I was wrong, neighbors. The boy is mad, I think, an 'tis a terrible lot to be mad. This is the devil's doing, out o' goobb. Best the devil."  
"Simms," said one of the crowd, "the sins o' Gantick be wearin out the smoky man at a terrible rate."  
"Aye," answered another, "his naughtiness bairn's ekal to Gantick." And this observation was the original of a proverb still repeated, "As naughty as Gantick, where the devil struck for shorter hours."  
There was no cruelty that day on Dragon's moor. All the afternoon the mad mayor sat in the sun's eye and gave judgment, while his mother, from time to time, wiped away the froth that gathered on his lips and moistened them with water from his bottle. From first to last she never spoke a word, but sat with a horror in her eyes, and watched the flushed cheeks of this grown-up, bearded man. And all the afternoon the men of Gantick brayed the devil into shreds.  
I said there was no cruelty on Dragon's moor that day. But at sundown the mayor turned to his mother and said:  
"We've been over hasty, mother. We ought to ha' found out who made the devil what he is."  
At last the sun dropped; a shadow fell on the brown moors and crept up the mound where the mother and son sat. The brightness died out of the mayor's face.  
Three minutes after he flung up his hands and cried, "Mother—my head, my head!"  
She rose, still without a word, pulled down his arms, slipped one within her own and led him away to the road. The crowd did not interfere; they were burying the broken dragon, with shouts and rough play.  
A woman followed them to the road and tried to clasp the mayor's knees as he staggered.  
His mother beat her away.  
"Off ye you!" she cried: "'tis your reproach he's bearing."  
She helped him slowly home. In the shadow of the cottage the inspired look that he had worn all day returned for a moment. Then a convulsion took him, casting him on the floor.  
At 9 o'clock he died with his head on her lap.  
She closed his eyes, smoothed the wrinkles on his tired face, and sat watching him for some time. At length she lifted and laid him on the deal table at full length, bolted the door, put the heavy shutter on the low window and began to light the fire.  
For fuel she had a heap of peat turves and some sticks. Having lit it, she set a crock of water to warm, and undressed the man slowly. Then, the water being ready, she washed and laid him out, chafing his limbs and talking to herself all the while.  
"Fair, straight legs," she said; "beautiful body that leaped in my side, forty years back, and thrilled me! How proud I was! Why did God make you beautiful?"  
All night she sat caressing him. And the smoke of the peat turves, finding no exit and no draught to carry them up the chimney, crept around and killed her quietly beside her son.—Q. in Argonaut.

At a fire in Georgia, there being no water at hand, some little colored boys pelted it with watermelons which were growing in a neighboring field, and the melons bursting soon quenched the flames.  
A dog at Bern crept into a counting house when the owner's back was turned, and after stealthily appropriating 250 francs in notes, scampered off with them and laid them at his own master's feet.  
The habitual fishermen of Boston harbor say that the recent naval commotion there caused all the fish to strike out for deep water, and that they are slow about returning.  
The celebrated military balloon works in Paris has produced an aerial "torpedo boat," of which one has been bought by the Russian government. The trials will be secret.  
The oldest living ex-member of the cabinet is James Campbell, of Philadelphia, who was one of President Pierce's secretaries. He is a lively old man of eighty.  
ATHLETES OF THE PRESENT DAY.  
J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of the Sporting Times, writes:  
"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use Alcock's Plaster while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used Alcock's with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALCOCK'S PLASTER."  
The motto that the anarchists is willing to contribute for the promotion of his cause is dynamite.  
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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.  
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How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicine which such palliatives afford not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious troubles, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters malarial complaint in every stage and of the most malignant type are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary sources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.  
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CURES ALL PAIN

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Castle Criticism.  
"When in London," says Nat Goodwin, "I went to the Lyceum to see Irving, and my attention was rather distracted by the remarks of two well-dressed women occupying adjoining stalls. At last, in the course of their conversation, one of them said:  
"Quite too nice, isn't he?"  
"Oh, quite more than too nice!" answered her companion, "only, doesn't it strike you, a little weakness in the knees?"  
"Weakness?" retorted her friend. "My dear girl, that's his pathos!"—Philadelphia Music and Drama.