

## THE HIGHT OF THE TIDE.

BY REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

This is the hight of the risen tide,  
Who knows if a billow shall ever ride  
To such a hight and write its name  
To tell its tale on the ear of fame,  
In a ripple of sand  
Which bounded the land  
And fronted the sea?

Who knows if the soul which marked as its  
own  
A shore unforseen, silent, unknown,  
In a Plato in Greece or a Caesar in Rome  
Shall rise again with such lofty swell  
And leave on the beach its fresh farewell,  
In a ripple of sand  
Which bindeth the land  
And fronteth the sea?

We know that the ocean hath olden grown,  
And that erewhile there rose such waves un-  
known.

As are not now. Its reign is o'er,  
But the soul is young and it hath no shore  
Where a ripple of sand  
E'er bindeth the land  
Or fronteth the sea.

## MRS. FRERE'S DIAMONDS.

Mr. Frere was a very rich old gentleman of somewhat parsimonious habits. His one extravagance was a love for young women. He was an excellent example of the elderly lover; he was not satisfied unless he had a pretty young wife, and then he made love to the sex at large, bargaining only for youth and beauty.

The first Mrs. Frere was a lovely girl with blue blood in her veins. She was poor, and Mr. Frere's wealth tempted her. She brought with her as her sole dowry a splendid diamond necklace, which had been preserved as an heirloom in her family. Mr. Frere was almost as proud of this as he was of his wife, and he, from time to time, added diamond ornaments, until finally she possessed one of the finest sets to be seen in any London drawing-room. She altered strangely after her marriage, became devoted to dress, amusement and excitement. But she was quiet and amiable with her husband, except that at first she frequently complained because he would not give her all she wished. But after awhile she left off reproaching him. He would not give her an allowance; he liked to play the generous and uxorious husband, and give her a dress when it took his fancy to do so. There was a dangerous light in her eyes sometimes when she submitted to him. But she did submit.

Eventually, however, she lost patience, and dealt him the hardest blow that lies within a woman's power. She ran away with a wild young cousin of her own whom she had loved before her marriage. He was a spendthrift, and had made away with his slender fortune; so Mr. Frere had one comfort in his uneasy situation—he felt sure that his foolish wife would discover now what poverty meant. She had gone to Paris, and those who met her thought her looking wretchedly ill; but she always appeared very gay and dressed magnificently.

In six months she died, and left Mr. Frere free of all but her memory. The cousin went to America and did not reappear in England for many years. It seems he was doing well abroad.

Mr. Frere had disliked the idea of getting a divorce, perhaps fearing that his bald crown and scant fringe of white hairs might raise a laugh in court. But now that he was so agreeably set at liberty he immediately began to pay assiduous attention to one pretty young lady after another. The number of young ladies with whom his name was associated did not arise from his own changeableness, but from their unanimous rejection of his addresses. For poor Mrs. Frere's career was not forgotten. She had been a favorite in her time, and most of her acquaintances regarded him the light of an old ogre, who had driven her to ruin and death. This was very trying to Mr. Frere, for he really doted upon youthful beauty, and he much wished to appear again in the society which he feared had been sneering at him, with another young and lovely bride upon his arm.

But his case really seemed desperate. Most ladies gave him the cold shoulder as soon as they guessed at his intentions; if any allowed him to propose, it was only for the pleasure of refusing him. The poor old gentleman got quite depressed and knew not what to do. He began to think of traveling and enticing some innocent young creature into wedlock who had never heard of the late Mrs. Frere and her sad end.

It was September, and he was at a large country home where there were a number of delicious morsels in the shape of young women; he could not tear himself away from their captivities, yet he dared not propose to any one of them, for his recent experiences had made him nervous. It was humiliating to be rejected by some girlish creature fresh from the schoolroom, and then meet her every day; and he did not want to go away from the house, for the girls were not unkind to him. The teased and pleased and flattered him. Only he noticed that he could never be with one of them alone. They always went about with him in little companies of three or four. In fact, they had determined that the old would-be lady-killer should never get the chance to make love to any one of them. A new addition to the circle, a lady who had been the beauty of the season just over, seemed much amused at this little arrangement. For her part, she said, she had no fear of Mr. Frere; he was rich enough to be an eligible parti; but he seemed afraid to speak to her. So he was; for she was

the handsomest woman he had seen for many a day, and experience had taught him that he would fall in love with her, and that if he proposed she would refuse him.

The last days of his stay arrived, and he was very sad. In the afternoon he deserted the men, who were out shooting, and went into the drawing room, where he found all the young ladies in a state of gaiety which young ladies sometimes indulge in. They had been pulling the men to pieces in their absence, and laughing at them; poor old Mr. Frere, whom any one of them might have had for a lover, had just had his turn. He was given to making passionate speeches whenever he could get the chance; and some of the girls on comparing notes found that he used the identical words to each. In fact, he did somewhat lack imagination. This amused the girls immensely, and they were laughing over it when he came in. They immediately began to tease him, and while they asked him a hundred questions all at once, he stood smiling, flattered, and perfectly happy in their midst. Confused by the presence of so much beauty, he made a speech, which most of those who heard it regarded as absolute nonsense.

"Ladies," he said, "I am going away to-morrow. It is dreadful to go and leave you. I don't think I have the courage to do it, unless one of you will consent to console me. Which of you ladies will marry me? My wife will have the late Mrs. Frere's diamonds, and they are not to be despised."

He spoke as if purely in a joke, and laughed as he said it. But his eyes looked eagerly and anxiously round the merry circle to see if any face looked thoughtful.

"I will, Mr. Frere," said the beauty, "diamonds suit me and I adore them."

The others looked in amazement, and then burst into peals of laughter. The idea of the beauty sacrificing herself for a set of diamonds—she who, it was supposed, might wear a coronet if she chose! But Lady Rose knew her own position better than any one else. She had been out several seasons, and had had no offer worth accepting, and her mother would not let her have the man she loved. A rich old man, who, as she fully determined, should be her slave, and a set of diamonds for her very own, which were a fortune in themselves—these things were well worth thinking about.

The whole thing was treated as a joke at the time by every one present. But in the evening Mr. Frere came quietly to Lady Rose and sat down by her.

"Lady Rose," he said, "if you are willing to hold to the bargain we made to-day, I will keep my part of it."

She raised her eyes and looked coldly into his.

"If you meant it," she said, "so did I. As I said, diamonds suit me, and I have none."

"I will give you the late Mrs. Frere's on your wedding-day," he answered. "The jewel-case which contains them shall be opened by you for the first time since she herself shut it."

In due time the marriage was announced and the details were settled. The wedding was fixed for an early date. Lady Rose, having made the bargain, was not diffident about fulfilling it. She wanted the diamonds; not only for their beauty, but because when they were once in her hands she would be rich in her own right for the first time in her life. She was avaricious because she was unhappy; and she determined that if Mr. Frere proved intolerable, and wanted to be her master instead of her slave, she would, like the late Mrs. Frere, run away; but she would not commit the fatal mistake of leaving the diamonds behind.

At last the wedding-day came, and there was no doubt about one thing—Lady Rose was the handsomest bride of the whole year. And yet she was so pale as to look like the ghost of herself. The diamonds she wore were the envy and admiration of her friends. They were magnificent; her white neck and arms blazed with their beauty.

When Mr. Frere brought her the jewel case and the key, a sort of a shudder came upon her at the recollection of who had last opened it. She felt, for a moment, sorry for poor, frail Mrs. Frere, who had left all behind her, her home, her reputation and her diamonds.

But before long she made a discovery which chilled her blood and made her face as white as that of a ghost. The diamonds were paste! Before her flight the runaway had had the set of jewels exactly imitated by a dexterous dweller in the Palais Royal, and none but an expert could have told the difference. It was on the proceeds of the sale of the real stones that, after her flight, the lady and her cousin lived luxuriously in Paris.

Lady Rose never felt sorry for the late Mrs. Frere again.—[London World.]

## A New Branch of Industry.

A new branch of industry has been suddenly developed on the other side of the Alleghenies. It appears, according to the vigilant correspondents of the Times at Erie, Pa., and Milwaukee, Wis., that the British government has been for a long time solicitous to buy up and destroy all the existing accounts of the bad conduct of George IV. while he was prince regent, and especially a book, entitled "Memoirs of George IV.," of which two or three copies are supposed to be still in existence. Fifteen hundred pounds sterling is said to be offered by the chancellor of the exchequer for each copy of this volume extant. It is believed that the policy of the government is not to make a great noise about it, which would naturally lead holders of the book to stand out for higher prices, but to carry on "a still hunt." Thus it

came about that the advertisement for the book was not published in the London Times, but in an obscure corner of a newspaper published at Erie—so obscure, in fact, that it was not noticed at the time of its first publication, but was discovered accidentally in a bound volume of the newspaper files by some person hunting down a tax sale in the advertising columns. The discovery of the advertisement resulted in the finding of a copy of the book itself on the top shelf of a dust-laden book-case belonging to a retired merchant in the city of Erie—showing that the chancellor of the exchequer knew what he was about when he advertised in an Erie newspaper instead of the London Times.

The news of this lucky find spread rapidly, and led to extensive search in old libraries, bookstalls, lumber rooms, and trunk rooms, far and near. Fortune rewarded the labors of Mr. Edward Seibert, of Milwaukee, who found among his own effects a copy of the volume, brought to this country by his father fifty years ago. The Milwaukee copy is said to be much better preserved than the Erie copy. As both contain indisputable proof that George IV. was privately married to an obscure girl before he was publicly married to Queen Caroline, and that a child was born of this union, whose "impoverished descendant" ought to be wearing the English crown, instead of the present possessor of that bauble, the anxiety of the usurpers can be readily understood. It is stated that Seibert intends not to claim the £1,500, but to "open negotiations with the British government."

Doubtless other copies of this disturbing volume will be found, and it would not astonish us if the new turn given to American industry should have a depressing effect on the labors of the wronged heirs who are trying to force the Bank of England to disgorge the sum of \$100,000,000, which has accumulated in its vaults as the result of a deposit made by order of the court of chancery in the suit of Smith against Tompkins half a century ago. Viewed as a matter of public interest the discoveries of Seibert and of the retired merchant of Erie eclipse the possible gains of the heirs of Smith by as much as the possession of the crown of Great Britain transcends the distribution of \$100,000,000 among the rightful owners. If Seibert is the man we take him to be, we can tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he will never get possession of the book for £1500. The opening of negotiations by Seibert is only a preliminary step on his part to opening negotiations with the other side. The "impoverished descendant" will have a fair chance to bid, and however impoverished he may be, he will not be without friends to advance the money for him. Meanwhile, the search should be vigorously prosecuted. Rumor has it that a third copy of the volume was secured by the British government at Louisville, Ky., some time ago, on private terms. Probably a mean advantage was taken of the seller, as there was no great stir about the matter until the beginning of the present week. We caution all finders of the volume not to part with it for the paltry sum of £1500. It is worth a great deal more money.

## An Unexpected Question Popped.

"Miss M—, may I ask you a very important question?" said a bashful young man to a young lady to whom he had been paying attention for some time, and he spoke in the most uneasy, sepulchral voice imaginable.

"Why," said the young lady, somewhat startled at the solemn turn of affairs, "I don't know that there would be any serious objection if you have an important question to ask."

"Well," drawing a little closer and in a more confidential whisper, "do you think this a propitious time?"

"There's no one near to hinder that I see," was the coquettish answer, as the young lady glanced about the room.

"And do you—do you think that—that you could grant the request?"

"Why, really, Mr. B—, how can you expect me to answer before I know the question?"

"Yes—true—really—well I—well—"

"Well, what?" with just the slightest impatience in her voice.

"Well, you see, I had been thinking for some time that if—if there was really no objection, I would like to ask you with what—what sort of powder you clean your—your teeth. I had—had noticed how nicely—"

But the slamming of a door as the young lady whisked out of the room broke short his sentence, and, after awaiting her return for fifteen minutes, he took his hat and in mild surprise wandered homeward. The next day he told his most intimate friend that Miss M— was "a little off" the night before, but couldn't think of anything he had said or done to offend her.

## The American Limburg.

The Dairy. Green county, Wisconsin, is the American Limburg and the adopted home of the Limburger. In that county there are forty-eight Limburger cheese factories, using nearly 200,000 pounds of milk daily, the produce of 7,355 cows, and making 21,183 pounds of cheese each day. Sixty thousand pounds of milk is also used in twenty Swiss cheese factories, which make 6,700 pounds of cheese. There are also seven American cheese factories, using 2,300 cows and 70,000 pounds of milk and making daily 6,660 pounds of cheese. It is a hopeful indication for the cheese manufacturer that other localities are beginning to compete in this fancy cheese business, for we have no doubt when the taste for these kinds of cheese is awakened there will be a very general and extensive demand for them.

## THE FRONT GATE IN OCTOBER

This is the front gate. The shivering moonlight played  
Upon its twisted hinges, and the gaunt  
Night wind creeps walling through the bars  
Where erst the spooning lovers clung and  
kissed  
With a long three-ply kiss that made the  
house-dog howl.  
Now all deserted, with a broken catch,  
It trails and scoops a furrow in the path,  
And hoarsely screams unto the screaming  
wind.  
Alas! what transient things are human  
loves—  
A little season of short nights and perfumed  
airs  
And gentle moonlight; then Euroclydon  
Comes howling from the sea; romance is  
oe'r,  
And to the stuffy parlor we adjourn,  
And mindful of the arras, sit apart  
And wistful list the wailing of the gate.  
—[Burlington Free Press.]

## PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

The Boys Play "Wild West" Show—The Old Man Lassos a Cow and Gets Pulled Around.

Peck's Sun.  
"Well, how is my little angel without wings, to-day?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in with red paint sticking to his ears, and blue paint around his eyes and nose, which looked as though a feeble attempt had been made to wash it off, while a rooster feather stuck through his hat, and a bead moccasin was on one foot and a rubber shoe on the other.

"O, I am all bushoo. Bushoo, that is Indian. I am on the war-path, and I am no angel this week. This is my week off. It beats all, don't it, how different a fellow feels at different times. For the last two weeks I have been so good that it made me fairly ache, and since that Buffalo Bill show was here, with the Indians, and buffaloes, and cow-boys and steers, I am all broke up. We have had the worst time over to our house that ever was. You see, all of us boys in the neighborhood wanted to have a Buffalo Bill show, and gave us permission to use the back yard, and he said he would come out and help us. You know that Boston girl that was visiting at our house, with the glasses on? Well, she went home the next day. She says this climate is too wild for her. You see, we boys all fixed up as Indians, and we laid for some one to come out of the house, to scalp, the way they do in the show. We heard a rustle of female garments, and we all hid, and when the Boston girl came out to pick some pansies in ma's flower-bed, we captured her. You never see a girl so astonished as she was. We yelled 'yip-yip' and I took hold of one of her hands and my chum took hold of the other, and her bangs raised right up, and her glasses fell off and she said 'O, you howlid things.' We took her to our lair in the hen house and tied her to a tin rain water conductor that came down by the corner of the barn, and then we danced a war dance around her, and yelled 'ki-yi,' until she perspired. I took my tomahawk and lifted her hair and hung it on the chicken roost, and then I made a speech to her in Indian. I said, 'The pale face maiden from the rising sun is in the hands of the Apaches, and they yearn for gore. Her brothers and fathers and uncles, the Indian agents, have robbed the children of the forest of their army blankets and canned lobster, and the red man must be avenged. But we will not harm the pretty white maiden, except to burn her to the stake. What has she to say? Will she give the red men taffy, or will she burn.' Just then pa came out with a cistern pole, and he rescued the white maiden, and said we mustn't be so rough. Then the girl said she would give us all the taffy we wanted, and she went in and she and ma watched us from the back window. Pa watched us rob a coach, and he said it was first rate. The man that collects the ashes from the alley, with a horse and wagon, had just loaded up and got on the wagon, when two of my Indians took the horse by the bit, and four of us mounted the wagon and robbed the driver of a clay pipe and a pocket comb, and a knife, but he saved his ashes by promising never to reveal the names of the robbers. Pa just laughed, when we gave the ash man back his knife and things, and said he hadn't had so much fun for a long time. Then we were going to lasso a wild Texas steer and ride it the way they did in the show, and pa said that was where he came in handy. He said he could throw a lasso just like a cowboy. We got my chum's pa's cow out of the barn, and drove her up the alley, and pa stood there with a close line, with a big noose in the end, and he headed off the cow and threw the lasso. Well, you'd dide to see pa sweep things out of the alley with his pants. The cow was sorter scared when we drove her up the alley, cause I guess she thought it was time she was milked, and when pa stepped out from behind the barrel and threw the rope around her neck, I guess she thought it was all day with her, for she turned and galloped and kicked up and bellowed, and pa did not know enough to let go of the rope. First pa followed the cow down the alley sitting down, and about a bushel of ashes got up his trousers' legs, and the tomato cans and old oyster cans flew around like a cyclone was blowing. Us Injins climbed up on the fences to get out of the way, and that scared the cow more, and she snatched pa along too quick. I yelled to pa to let go of the rope, and just as the cow drew him under a wagon pa let go, and the cow took the clothes line

home. Pa got up and shook the ashes out of his trousers' legs and picked up a piece of board and started back. You never saw a tribe of Indians get scared so quick as we did. As I went in the hen coop and got under a barrel I heard pa say, 'That busts up the Buffalo Bill business. No more wild western steer lassoing for your uncle Ike.' Well, no one was to blame but pa. He thinks he can do everything, and when he gets tangled he lays it to me. We went out on the street with our tomahawks, when pa went to brush himself, and went on to our reservation and dis-banded, and peace reigns again; and the Boston girl has gone home with the idea that we are all heathens out west.

"I should think your pa would learn, after awhile, that he is too old to fool around as he did when he was a boy," said the grocery man, as he got away from the boy for fear he would be scalped.

"That's what I told him when he wanted to try my bicycle," said the boy, as he broke out laughing. "He saw me riding the bicycle, and said he could do it as well as I could, if he could once get on, but he couldn't spring up on it quite as spry as he used to, and he wanted me and my chum to hold it while he got on. I told him he would get hurt, but he said there couldn't no boy tell him anything about riding, and so we got the bicycle up against a shade tree, and he put his feet on the treadles and told us to turn her loose. Well, honest, I shut my eyes 'cause I didn't want to see pa get tied up in a knot. But he did. He pushed with one foot, and the bicycle turned sideways, then he pushed with the other foot, and it began to wiggle, and then he pushed with both feet and pulled on the handles, and the front wheel struck an iron fence, and as pa went on top of the fence the hind wheel seemed to rear up and kick him, and pa hung to the fence and the bicycle hung to him, and they both went down on the sidewalk, the big wheel on pa's stomach, one handle up his trousers' leg, the other handle down his coat collar, and the other wheel rolling around back and forth over his fingers, and he yelling to us to take it off. I never saw two people tangled up the way pa and the bicycle was, and we had to take it apart, and take pa's coat off and roll up his pants to get him out. And when he got up and shook himself to see if he was all there, and looked at it as though he didn't know it was loaded, and looked at me and then at my chum in a sort of a nervous way, and looked around and seringed as though he expected the bicycle was going to sneak up behind him and kick him again, he wanted me to go and get the axe to break the bicycle up with, and when I laughed he was going to take me by the neck and man the bicycle, but I reasoned him out of it. I wasn't to blame for his trying to gallop over an iron picket fence with a bicycle, 'cause I told him he better keep off of it. I think if men would take advice from boys oftener they wouldn't be so apt to get their suspenders caught on an iron picket fence and have to be picked up in a basket. But there is no use of us boys telling a grown person anything, and by keeping still and letting them break their bones, we save getting kicked. It would do some men good to be boys all their lives, then they wouldn't have to imitate. Hello, there goes the police patrol wagon, and I am going to see how it rides on the back step," and the boy went out and jumped on the hind end of the wagon, and then picked himself up out of the mud and felt of his head where the policeman's club dropped on it.

## A Colored Samson.

Charlottesville Journal-Observer.  
One of the cases before the mayor yesterday morning of more than ordinary interest was that of Rufus Reed, colored, who was charged with an affray with Sell's little elephant, and the facts brought out at the trial proved that the fight between the elephant and the man was a severe one, and furthermore, that the man whipped the elephant. Reed, who is a tall, muscular colored man, had been giving the elephant a few apples, handing it all except one, which he put in his vest pocket. While his attention was turned the elephant reached out his trunk, and getting hold of Rufus' pocket, tried to pull the apple out, tearing the vest nearly off before the wearer's attention was turned to the elephant's prank.

Seizing the elephant's trunk ("snoot," Reed called it) he tried to wrench his vest and the apple away from it, but the elephant drew his trunk from Reed's hands, and swinging it around, gave Reed a terrible blow on the side of the head. Reed drew back and felled the elephant to the ground with a blow of his fist, delivered over the eye. The elephant's keeper then attacked Reed, and Reed knocked him down. In the meantime the elephant had regained its legs and gave Reed another blow on the side. Reed was now thoroughly exasperated, and actually knocked the elephant over on its back, and then left the tent. As the elephant had left the city and could not appear in court yesterday, the mayor took Reed's statement and let him off lightly, feeling that the elephant deserved the flogging. Reed is a powerfully built man, and is something of a giant in proportions. He is the same who had the fight with the bear, in which the bear was killed, at Lowell, some month ago. His fight with the elephant was witnessed by a number of our citizens.

It is asserted that "powdered zinc," the granulated metal, it is presumed, can be applied as a paint with oil and a drier, and protect iron surfaces against rust. A good mixture is eight zinc, seventy-one oil and two drier.