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KISSING BABY.

O, lovelier than the rosebud
Is my precious babykin;
And the nicest place for kissing him—
The sweetest place—is not his face,
'Tis underneath his chin.

But, ah! it is not every one
The pleasure that may win,
Of kissing my dear baby—
My pretty one, my darling one—
Just underneath his chin!

For it would never do, you know,
That practice to begin,
Of letting everybody come
And have the bliss my babe to kiss
Right underneath his chin!

For who, I pray, would stay away
If kinder I had been,
And given to all people leave
To take a kiss so sweet as this—
This underneath his chin?

What? so many little children
Wanting to come in
And kiss my precious treasure—
My beauty bright, my heart's delight—
Here underneath his chin?

Well, if you are clean and wholesome,
And dressed neat as a pin,
With no speck of dirt upon you,
You may come near and kiss him here,
Right underneath his chin?

Though, if unkind and selfish
Or ill-tempered you have been,
O, then, I could not have you come
So close as this, and then to kiss
Dear baby under his chin!

Now comes papa with whistle and clap:
He thinks with all that din
That he will get—yes, take just one—
Two! three! O, fie! Why those cost high!
Those underneath his chin!

Sure I must laugh! Papa declares
He is so near akin,
That he owns half that kissing place—
That sweetest place, that *cuddliest* place—
Under my baby's chin!

—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Youth's Companion.*

THE MISSING JEWELS.

"It has a plan, but no plot. Life hath none"
—*Festus.*

Anne Bardulph was not very youthful, nor was she particularly handsome; and she was housekeeper for the ailing Mrs. Dorman.

This invalid lady resided in a fine wooden house of many rooms through which ran a wide hall with walls of Pompeiian red, and a gilt-edged ceiling that was painted in some curious and uncertain tint of paly, pinkish brown. The floor was tessellated in brown and red, and the dark carved doors opened upon a columnar portico with broad brown steps leading down upon a great lawn flanked with thick trees of beech and pine.

Across the greening lawn in the sweet yellow April sunshine, walked Anne Bardulph—a slim, straight woman with regular and severe features, and wonderfully large eyes of darkest gray. She had an abundance of neatly arranged dark hair, and she was neatly attired in a serviceable suit of some clinging, dull blue fabric, with collar and cuffs of linen—white, prim and immaculate.

Two young men coming upon the portico saw her—an interesting and not unlovely figure moving under the grim, whispering pines.

"The new housekeeper of madame pleases you—her you admire perhaps," one remarked, rather quizzingly.

"Would you suggest that Miss Bardulph may not merit admiration?" returned the other, evasively and with some perceptible irritation.

"I now do nothing suggest," was the protesting sharp foreign accents. "I here am come to see much, to much think; but I nothing say until the—how say you it?—till the one exposure grand."

Tony Dorman smoked thoughtfully for several silent minutes. Finally he tossed away his cigar and turned toward his company.

"D'Razelly," he began, pleasantly; "you are here ostensibly only as my guest and intimate friend——"

"On the what do you call the ostensible, I impose not," interrupted Louis D'Razelly, quickly and proudly. "I but the detective am—the servitor hired of madame to her diamonds of value find, and the thief to discover."

"Yes, I know," interposed the young gentleman; but I have become aware of your worth as a man, and I really regard you as a friend. No friend will ever be more warmly welcomed to my home than you. If I did not feel like this I should not be likely to confess to you that I have been refused by Miss Bardulph—for whom—" he supplemented gently and with hesitation—"I fancy you, too, have a tender preference, even though you would appear to disparage her."

The young Frenchman winced, and in his bright black eyes was an expression of trouble and distrust, as he gazed steadily toward the stately pines that loomed in sharp spires against the sweet blue April sky.

"It is so," he acknowledged, presently, a hot color reddening his swarthy face. "For her I have the one liking that is very tender; but also have I the doubt that it is much and not good. What of this do you think?"

D'Razelly—who had become a detective only because he had an odd and inborn fondness for what he considered an exciting and most delectable vocation—opened what one would presume to be, from its exterior appearance, a quaintly-bound book, and nothing more. It was, however, a "detective camera," by which he had shortly before obtained, and without her knowledge, several striking photographs of the woman of whom he had been speaking so dubiously.

"What of this do you think?" he iterated, exhibiting a picture of Miss Bardulph, as she was standing in a curious attitude of eager and fearful interest beneath one of the great beech trees beyond the lawn. At her feet, beside a pile of moss and stones, opened a small cavity, over which she was bending, while holding low in a loosening grasp, what was quite surely a number of jeweled ornaments.

"I do not know what to think," enunciated Mr. Dorman, in tones of dismay. "It would seem that my mother's jewels have been secreted in that place; and I should say that Anne has accidentally discovered the depository."

"If that is so, why to you or to the madame honored, she comes not—all so glad, so animate—and tell the one discovery so happy and so not to be understood?" D'Razelly demanded, with emphasis.

"But—good heavens, Louis! do you mean that you suspect Miss Bardulph of any wrong-doing?" was the pained exclamation. "I must absolutely refuse to believe that Anne—that ingenuous and serious girl, with her pure eyes and innocent brow—is a thief? Although there may be something indefinable and mysterious about her, I could never associate with the mystery of crime anything she might do."

She was but his mother's housekeeper; she had refused his love, and the name and station he would have given her; yet was he a right loyal friend, and would not listen unmoved or acquiescent to any accusations made against her.

While D'Razelly, who professed for her a tender liking, although he doubted her much, shrugged his spruce shoulders, sighed and looked vastly consequential and melancholy, albeit he was not a sentimentalist, and had determined to be austerely practical, as befits a professional of his kind.

"I nothing know of the mystery, not evil, that you do men," he said impatiently. "And to me it does seem that the diamonds of much value must now to the madame so disconsolate be restored, and the ways that so puzzling are, must to the custody go."

"But she never entered this house until days after the diamonds were missed," remonstrated Tony Dorman, shuddering; "I am decidedly mystified. What is your explanation of it all?"

"She the accomplice of one other is, I do think," announced the detective, with grandiloquence of manner. "She no longer here will stay. She will an illness feign, as it may be, and then to the other, she will so away, the diamonds with her taking, if her we not could prevent."

"That is all very plausible," returned her defender, unconvinced. "But we will at once secure my mother's precious ornaments, and then I really must have positive and irrefutable evidence against Miss Bardulph before I shall allow you to denounce her."

The early dusk had already suffused the lawn with a purple haze. The cool air was delicious with the fresh odors of violets and hyacinths and sweet young grasses. The new, rosy moon and a great golden star glittered in the blue western sky, and out among the gloomy, complaining pines the night birds were tunefully calling.

The two young men crossed the lawn and entered the dim grove, full of resinous scents, strange, dreamy noises, and uneasy and fantastic shadows. Mutely and with soundless steps, they followed the grassy, winding walk that led to the umbrageous beach of D'Razelly's singular photograph.

Suddenly both started, and simultaneously retreated around a curve of the path where they stood as silent and motionless as the shade in which they were hidden. Beyond, in the pearly effulgence of starlight and moonlight, they saw the suspected young woman bending over that odd repository from which she removed the moss and pebbles until her intent watchers beheld the cold, inextinguishable fire of the precious gems gleaming within the dark, black mold.

"What think you now?" whispered D'Razelly, excitedly. "The diamonds she will take. See! is it not so?"

And before the other could silence or restrain him, he leaped forward and confronted Anne, who stood quite still, and only lifted her comely head fearlessly, smiling with calm defiance and some unassumed amusement.

"Hush!" she murmured, imperiously, as he began to speak. "In another moment the mystery of what you have presumed to be a robbery will be elucidated and precisely as I believed it would be. Look!"

Down the path, with an unsteady and unnatural gait, came a surprising apparition—the figure of a lady. Bare were her feet, and her gray, drooping head was uncovered, and her thin white robes glistened with the damp night dews.

"Mother!" gasped Tony Dorman, amazed, and glad for the accused Anne, who was so curiously exonerated.

Straight on came the somnambulist. Pausing at length before the treasures she had secreted in her abnormal sleep, and gazing with unseeing eyes upon the priceless, sparkling things that she touched lovingly with her withered hands, and carefully again covered with the thick, silky moss. Then she smiled faintly, sighed with satisfaction, turned, and slowly moved away.

The countenance of Louis D'Razelly at that moment was not that of an individual conscious of superior discernment, and the glance he ventured to vouchsafe Anne was deprecatory.

"What I should say I know not," he stammered. "What I did think—what I did do—so very stupid was. Ah, if the kind madamoiselle would me but pardon," he continued, with gallant entreaty.

Very demurely she assured him that his suspicions were quite pardonable, and perhaps creditable to his zeal as a detector and denouncer of the unrighteous.

Some time later, coming through the handsome, brilliantly lighted hall, Anne met the young master of the house.

"The tempting reward offered for the recovery of Mrs. Dorman's diamonds induced me to come here as her housekeeper," she explained. "I had an inexplicable feeling that I might find the missing jewels. I consulted no one—no one advised me. I was really ashamed of my project, that I knew was quixotic, if not impracticable, and a failure would have made me ridiculous. Shortly after coming to Mrs. Dorman, I learned that she had latterly been haunted by an excessive and increasing fear of being robbed; I learned, too, that she had only recently manifested somnambulic symptoms. The truth came to me as an inspiration, but only by merest accident; and only this morning while I was exploring for gentian that I did not land, did I espy the tiny, suggestive mound of loose, dying moss, through which I saw a single spark of something shining like a glow-worm. So I waited and watched, hoping she would visit her buried treasure just as she did. The discovery was very simple, and is now clear to you all."

"And now you have won the reward, you will leave us, I suppose," he observed soberly.

"Yes," she gravely assented.

"O, Anne, if I could only persuade you to stay!" he responded quickly and imploringly. "Do you fear I cannot make you a happy wife?"

"It is not that," she said, with a frank serious manner that had always so pleased him. "It is that I could not make you a happy husband. Do be reasonable Mr. Dorman, for you must be well aware that I am not at all the sort of person whom you ought to marry. And beside," she added, with a quaint little laugh, "I have a profession now, and I must not wed one who knows nothing of the instincts and requirements of my calling."

The handsome young fellow was somewhat agitated by her speech which he considered daring and significant.

"Surely, my dear Anne," he faltered; "you would not wish to become a professional detective? nor would you intimate that you have an affection for Louis D'Razelly who so unjustly accused you, and who would willingly have placed you in custody?"

"My friend," she replied, sweetly, a tear sparkling in each large eye, and a lovely new color on each soft cheek—"we have just now had an understanding—Mr. D'Razelly and I. He regrets his mistake; and he certainly is not so blamable when he would only have acted conscientiously."

"Yours is the logic of love, Annie" the young man answered, dryly. "And who may understand the heart of a woman. You will be Louis' wife one of these days.

His prediction was verified. And so it happened that a very happy and satisfactory marriage was effected by the incident of Mrs. Dorman's missing jewels.

A Sad Case.

"What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable Austin lady to another in church, just before the services began.

"I've got good reasons to be mad," was the response.

"What is it?"

"I dressed myself up in this new suit I ordered from New York, and went to church to show it off."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other party.

"Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion. There was nobody to see them for a whole hour. It made me so mad that——"

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple let all the earth keep silence before Him," was the opening remark of the preacher, and the rest of the conversation was lost to the reporter.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Arkansas now has a weekly paper called the Horse Shoe. Such a name ought to kick its way into the world. —*Detroit Post.*

Fruits of the Rose Family.

The ultimate origin of the pulpiness in plums and cherries was quite antecedent to any particular adoption of their stocks in the primitive orchards of early man. So far as we can now tell, the roses do not date back in time beyond the tertiary period of geology. The very earliest members of the family still extant are little creeping herbs, like cinquefoil and silver-weed, with yellow blossoms (all primitive blossoms, indeed, are yellow) and small, dry, inedible seeds. The strawberry is the lowest type of rose above these very simple forms. It is still a creeping herb, and its seeds are still small, dry and inedible; but they are imbedded in a juicy pulp which entices birds to swallow them, and so aid in dispersing them under circumstances peculiarly favorable to their due germination and growth. Next in order after this earliest rude succulent type (nature's first rough sketch of a fruit, so to speak; and a very successful one, too, from the human point of view at least) come the blackberry and raspberry, where the individual fruitlets grow soft, sweet and pulpy, instead of remaining dry as in the strawberry. And this change clearly marks a step in advance; so that blackberries and raspberries are enabled to get along with fewer seeds, and yet to thrive much better in the struggle for life too—seeing that they have developed into stout woody trailers, often forming considerable thickets, and killing down all the lesser vegetation beneath and between them. Again, the dog-roses show still higher development, alike in their erect bushy form, in their large pink flowers, and in their big scarlet hips—which are uneatable by us, it is true, but are great favorites with birds in severe winters. The haws of the whitethorn are even more successful in attracting the robins and other non-migratory allies; and the whitethorn has been enabled, accordingly, to reduce its seeds to one or two, each enclosed in a hard, bony, indigestible nut. Finally at the very summit of the genealogical tree, we get the plum tribe, highest of all the roses; growing into considerable arborescent forms (though in this respect inferior to pears or apples), and producing large, luscious, pulpy fruits, with a single stony seed, admirably adapted to the best type of dispersion, and never wasting a solitary germ unnecessarily, as must be continually the case with its small dry-seeded congeners, the silver-weeds and cinquefoils. Not, of course, that this pedigree must be accepted in a lineal sense (indeed, the roses early in their history broke up into at least three distinct lines, which have evolved separately on their own account, and have culminated respectively in the plums, the true roses and the apples); but it illustrates the general method of their development, and it shows the strong tendency which they all alike possess toward the production of sweet pulpy fruits in one form or another.

If you look for a moment at a ripe cherry—by preference a red one, as being less artificial than the pale white-hearts—you will see how well it is fitted to perform the functions for which the tree has produced it. It has a bright outer coat, to attract the eyes of birds, and especially of southern birds, for England is near its northern limit, and it is a big fruit for our native species to eat; rowan-berries, haws and bird-cherries are rather their special food in our northern latitudes. Then, again, it has a sweet pulp to tempt their appetite; sweetness and bright color in plants being almost always directly traceable to animal selection. But inside, its actual seed is protected by a stony shell: while its kernel is stored with rich food-stuffs for the young seedling, laid by in its thick seed-leaves, which form the two lobes of the almond-like embryo. The flower, it is true, has a pair of separate ovules, which ought, under ordinary circumstances, to develop into two seeds; but as the fruit ripens one of them almost always atrophies. Such dimunition in the number of seeds invariably accompanies every advance in specialization, or every fresh forward steps in appliances for more certain distribution. The little hard nuts on the outside of the strawberry number fifty or sixty; the nutlets of the raspberry number only some twenty or thirty, the pips of the apple, relatively ill protected by the leathery core, range from five to ten; the stones of the haw, with their bonier covering, are only two; but in the plum tribe, with their extreme adaptation to animal dispersion, the seeds have reached the *minimum irreducible* of one. It is this highest tribe of all, accordingly, that supplies us with what we call distinctively our stone-fruits. The sloes of the common blackthorn have grown, under cultivation, into our domestic plums; the two wild cherries have grown into our morellos and bigaroons; an Eastern bush has been gradually developed into our more delicate apricots. The old-fashioned botanists have thrust the peach and hectarine into a separate genus, because of their wrinkled stones; but common sense will show any one that it would be much easier to get a peach out of an apricot than to get an apricot out of a plum; and, indeed, these artificial scientific distinctions are fast breaking down at the present day, as we learn more and more about the infinite plasticity of living forms under cultivation or altered circumstances. Even the almond, different as its nut appears from the plum type of fruit, is really a plum by origin; for in all other particulars of flower, leaf and habit, it closely resembles the nectarine, from which it has diverged only in the solitary specialty of a less juicy fruit. We know how little trouble it takes to turn a single white May blossom into the double pink variety, or to produce our distorted flowering almonds and our big, many-petalled roses from the normal form; it takes very little more trouble for nature to turn an apricot into a peach, or to produce a dry shell-covered almond from a juicy nectarine. Only, since nature acts more slowly, and since her conditions remain approximately the same throughout, her new species do not tend to relapse at once into the parent form, as our artificial varieties mostly do the moment we relax the stringent regimen under which they have been produced.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Brain During Sleep.

Some curious experiments as to the action of the brain during sleep have lately been made upon himself by M. Delauney. Working on the known fact that the action of the brain causes a rise of temperature in the cranium, the experimenter found that the converse of this was true, and that he was able, by covering his forehead with wadding, to stimulate the action of the brain. Dreams which are naturally illogical and absurd became under this treatment quite rational and intelligent. He also found that their character was much modified by the position assumed during sleep, whereby the blood might be made to flow toward particular parts of the body, and thus increase their nutrition and functional activity. These experiments have but slight value. Those whose lives are spent in hard work, either physical or mental, will prefer their dreams to be as illogical and vague as possible, so that the poor brain may not go on working while the body is at rest.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—"Here is the last of old Ira Fletcher," said a middle-aged man, as he sat down on the steps of the Methodist Church at East Greenwich, R. I., and shot himself. Who Ira Fletcher was nobody knows.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Two Philadelphia wheelers arrived at Saratoga, N. Y., the other day, having traveled three hundred miles on bicycles.

Good News About the Shirt.

In the course of a confidential conversation with a friend who had recently had two new shirts made, we learned incidentally that the style of building shirts had radically changed, and that they were being made to button in the front instead of at the back of the neck. The news was so good that we could not believe it until we had it directly from a shirtmaker, who showed us the ground plan and front elevation that had been prepared by architects for the erection of some fine shirts for our best citizens, and sure enough the old fashion of folding doors in front instead of a storm door between the shoulder blades in the back was the fashion. We have never felt so much like passing a resolution of thanks to the shirtmakers and a resolution of condolence to parties who have got to wear the old ones in our life. Those shirts that button in the back have been the cause of more profanity than any one thing. Shirts that button in the back have been the cause of crime. Religious societies can not prosper as they should when the male population has to reach over its head and away around to the back of the neck to button its shirt. Talk about spending thousands of dollars to find the north pole; if half the money spent in that way was offered as a reward for the detection of the man who invented shirts that buttoned in the back, and he could be turned loose among men who have suffered for years by his devilish contrivance, it would be well expended. For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd fashion, and more arms have been cramped, shoulders dislocated and backs bent than would be believed by those who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed. Statistics show that the buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in place of the thin, oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers button, four sizes larger than the button-hole, and if he gets the button in the hole the hole has to be "bushed" or a washer put on the button next time. Go through our prisons, and you will find that the criminals—the bad men—wear shirts that button in the back. They have been driven to a life of crime by letting their tempers get the best of them while searching blindly for a button with one hand and a button-hole with the other, when their back was turned. They go from home mad, and commit crime to get even. The bare idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired, back-aching humanity. To stand up to the glass and button a shirt and see what you are about will be bliss indeed. The thought of a generous slit in the bosom of a shirt, where one's hand may wander, is elysium. There are times—we say it advisedly—there are times when the best of us want to put a hand inside a shirt bosom, but with the old shirt that buttons in the back a man might as well be in a burglar-proof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. With the old shirt it would be necessary to hire a hand. A man's stomach has been a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron shirt-bosom, with no portholes. Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequitted affection that ailed him or rheumatism. With the new shirt an exploring expedition can be sent to the seat of the disease before it is everlastingly too late. Men have been wounded, and before they could be turned over and the entrance to their shirt found they have bled to death. The old back-action shirt is a fraud, and the new one is a daisy. It may be said by some that the new open-sesame shirt will show the world the color of the undershirt. It might, if one was going to use his shirt-bosom for a pillow; but few do that. And even if they did—that is the only way that the world can know that a man wears a silk undershirt with a monogram on the front. We hail the new open winter shirt with delight, and are sure the public will when they once get their hands in.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Clever Cheat.

Henry Keys, who left the Pioneer Park, Oakland, Cal., recently played a trick by which he realized $65 for forty gallons of water. Wishing to sell out, he "doctored" a barrel so as to dispose of it as full of pure whisky. He arranged in the barrel a piece of hose two feet long, with one end hermetically sealed. He then filled the hose with a quart of the finest whisky—old, oily and rich. He then fastened the unsealed end to the faucet on the inside, headed up the barrel, and filled it with water. Ready was he for a purchaser for "forty gallons of rare old whisky," and Max Marcuse proved a willing customer. Marcuse sampled the liquor drawn from the hose, pronounced it good, and bought the borrel for $65. After drawing a few drinks the supply in the hose gave out, and an examination showed the deception. In the meantime Keys had left the town, and he has not been heard from. Two warrants await him—one for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the other for disposing of fixtures in the Pioneer Park which are said to belong to the estate of Michael Reese. Max Marcuse is figuring how much to charge profit and loss in his ledger for the purchase of one barrel, two feet of hose, one quart of whisky, and forty gallons of water.—*San Francisco Alta.*

English Opinion of Russian Jews.

The efforts of the poor Jews in Russia to emigrate to America is impeded by an unexpected difficulty. It is the practice of the Emigration Committee at New York to find work for the immigrants, and distribute them through the country in the occupations with which they are acquainted. They distribute hundreds of thousands of persons every year in this way, but they say they fail with Jews. Either their employers send them back making charges of idleness or incompetence, or the Jews themselves return, declaring that "the work is too hard." The Committee have, therefore declined to receive any more Jews. The truth seems to be that the Jews are expected to do hard manual labor; and that in America, as in everywhere else, they refuse to do it except under the pressure of absolute necessity. Their business in the world as they think, is to distribute, taking a heavy toll upon the articles distributed. That is a useful function but a colony can no more be made up of distributors than a State can be composed of tax-gatherers. Mr. Oliphant hopes to settle all Jews in Palestine, but he has omitted to say who will plow the land, sow the seed and cart the muck. The Jews will not. —*London Spectator.*

—Georgia has recently been manufacturing miraculous stories similar to those formerly owing their origin to the boundless West. Within the limits of a single week a man's body disappeared completely after his clothes had been torn off by a revolving shaft, a boy fell head first into an almost dry well sixty-five feet deep and was presently drawn up in the bucket unscratched, and a man who had been bitten by a rattlesnake was snatched out of the jaws of death by a celebrated mad stone whose owner values it at $1,000. These are not precisely the events which make up a Nation's history, but they serve to cheer a rather dull summer.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Bastile.

It was on the 14th of July, 1789, ninety-three years ago, that the Bastile was captured and destroyed by the people of Paris. Had the dull, leaden-minded King, then sitting uneasily on the French throne, been able to understand and conform to the signs of the times, or been able to separate himself from the courtiers who urged him to resist the rising tide of popular feeling, the awful events that followed the capture of the famous prison might have been averted, and France and the world spared a chapter of history the like of which was never known before and has never been known since. But Louis XVI. would not, perhaps could not understand. Even the taking of the Bastile was a warning he failed to interpret aright. He and the assembly were at Versailles engaged in the game of demands and petitions on one side and refusals or insincere concessions on the other, which had been protracted till the country was weary of it. It was a time of painful suspense and anxiety. The courtiers were endeavoring to persuade the irresolute King to let loose the army on the people. The assembly were in constant apprehension of being arrested and thrown behind the grim and pitiless walls of the frowning fortress prison which stood at the gate of St. Antoine where so many a gallant spirit had been immured before. There was no adjournment. The sessions were kept up day and night, lest, if the assembly left the hall, its doors would be closed and the body dispersed. All communication with Paris had been cut off, and the news of what was going on there could not be brought, though the booming of cannon heard through the day told plainly that work, and warm work too, was going on. It was not till night that the King and the Assembly learned that the people of Paris had seized the arms in the arsenal and stormed and captured the Bastile. The King was irritated. "It is a revolt!" said he, resentfully. "Nay, sire," replied one of his most frank attendants, "it is a revolution." And so it was—the beginning of that frightful reckoning with the execrable misrule, falsehood had rotten pretence which for a hundred years had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath till the angry and menacing structure was toppling over the head of the King and court. The impulse which brought the exasperated populace of Paris against the Bastile was an instinct. As a French historian remarks: "It was an act of faith." There was no reason in it. The walls which connected the eight lofty towers of the fortress were forty feet thick at the bottom and ten feet thick at the top, and nearly a hundred feet high. It was absolutely safe against the musket balls which flattened themselves against its black and ancient front and the shots from the two light pieces of cannon which merely dented the stones. The garrison of eighty-two French and forty Swiss soldiers, had they been disposed, might have held it easily against the assault of the mob of 100,000 men and women arrayed round it on that hot July day. But the infuriated populace were bent on making a beginning and they acted more wisely than they thought when with one consent they drew up before the embrasures of the hated prison four hundred years old, fit type of the dismal and detestible regime they were determined to overthrow. The spirit of revolution had been at work in the army and the French soldiers of the garrison sympathized with the people and refused to fire upon them. They even went further. After the attack had lasted for five hours without making an impression the French soldiers hung white flags in token of surrender along the top of the walls and opened the gates to the mob. "Properly speaking," says Michelet, "the Bastile was not taken, it surrendered. Troubled with a bad conscience, it went mad and lost all presence of mind." The populace were moderate in the hour of their triumph. They cut off the head of Le Launey, governor of the prison, and stuck it on a pike, did the same for Flesselles, the treacherous Mayor of the city, and hanged two Swiss soldiers, who had been active in firing on the people, to a lamp-post. But it was a warning which, unheeded, was to be followed by the cutting off of heads enough to make a mountain and the shedding of blood enough to form a river.

Attempt have been made to show that the Bastile was not the awful abode of torture, crime and despair the French people held it to be—that it was a very respectable and properly conducted prison. Be this as it may, the French people have never ceased to regard it as the symbol of the most unendurable misgovernment of modern times and to celebrate its downfall as marking their deliverance from a detested *regime.*—*St. Louis Republican.*

A California Cloud Burst.

A water-spout broke in the Tejon Canyon yesterday which occasioned great destruction, as far as the effect is known. This locality is the valley of Tejon Creek which discharges into the southeastern part of the Tulare Valley, on the lands of General Beale, at a point about thirty miles from this place. At the lower part of the canyon a settlement remains of the Indians of the tribe which once claimed the principal part of Kern and Los Angeles Counties, living there by suffrance and under the protection of General Beale. They had good huts, farms, vine-yards and gardens, and were living in plenty and comfort. Above them the canyon is occupied by white settlers who have good, well-improved farms. About four p. m. a wall of water, apparently twenty feet high, was seen sweeping down upon the Indian settlement with irresistable force. Immediately there was a scene of the wildest confusion. Mothers and fathers snatched up their little ones and endeavored to escape to the high grounds. Those not fortunate enough to do so were either swept away or saved themselves by clinging to the branches of trees. The rush of water soon subsided, and when it did so everything they had was either swept away or ruined. The news of the calamity was brought to-day by an Indian. He could not give a very intelligible account. When he left only two dead bodies had been found, which had been carried a long distance. If more perished it cannot be known until an investigation is held. Fourteen persons are known to be badly injured, having been struck by the drift brought down on the crest of the flood. He came to bring the news to a white man in whom they have great confidence and are accustomed to apply to for advice and assistance in emergencies. They returned together. Nothing is known of what occurred further up the canyon.—*Bakersport (Cal.) Dispatch.*

—"When Tennyson first went to live at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, it is said that the aristocracy of that small island would not call upon Mrs. Tennyson or upon him. He was only a poet, and a dingy, bearded, forbidding-looking animal; and probably did not take a sitting at church. When the Queen came to Osborne the first thing she did was to call at the Tennysons, and go in and sit half an hour. This flew over the island, and immediately "it snowed in his house" of visiting cards, which, rumor saith, he straightway and punctitiously returned to all the senders.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The pistol with which lawyer Cole, of Cincinnati, killed himself and family a few nights ago, served its apprenticeship with Ned Stokes, who killed Jim Fisk with it.—*Detroit Post.*

—The New York *Sun* thinks it a hollow mockery to swear the average witness to tell the truth.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Three students of a Canadian college rescued two school-ma'ams from watery graves. Canada can now, of course, expect a double wedding, and the suicide of the student who gets left.

—The Rev. W. McCann, Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, alluding to the question of Christian economies, recently remarked that England spent £127,000,000 in drink, and only £2,000,000 on missions.

—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, after a long and able debate on instrumental music, voted against liberty to adopt it as an accompaniment of public worship by a majority vote of 360 against 345. The majority of the ministers voted for, and the majority of the elders against, liberty to use organs and other instruments.

—The *Christian Register*, of Boston, says: "In one of the Episcopal churches of Providence on a certain Sunday the preacher, a stranger, defined the soul as 'the non-atomic center of psychic force,' and throughout his discourse, when alluding to the soul, used the phrase. Fancy the improvement on the old reading, 'What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose his own non-atomic center of psychic force?"

—The Fourth Presbyterian church of Chicago, Rev. Herrick Johnson, pastor, as appeared from his sermon June 14, the second anniversary of his settlement over it, has gained 85 members within the year, 18 of them on confession of faith. The church, which now has 437 members, gave $36,542 during the year, $18,032 of which was used for salaries and other expenses, and $18,610 to benevolent causes. Besides this, $3,000 or $4,000 have been given by individual members of the church to colleges, and C. H. McCormick has given $75,000 to the Theological Seminary in that city. Last year the church contributed $29,885.

—The son of a Barrie, Ont., school inspector abstracted from an express package addressed to his father the list of questions to be asked at the public school examinations, and made a copy thereof. Then, in partnership with another lad bearing the suggestive name of Mainprize, he negotiated with the scholars who were to undergo school examination, and by selling copies of the list under a promise of secrecy, reaped a rich reward. The secret leaked out, the perpetrators of the deed fled for parts unknown, and the students who were to have been asked the aforesaid questions were admitted to examination only upon oath that they knew nothing about the fraud.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Telugu native preachers, says the Rev. S. F. Burdett, of the American Baptist Society, are born orators. Their sermons are modelled after those of the missionaries, with more of the Socratic method. The preacher often makes his point more effective by asking a question to which the people give a ringing response. Sometimes he will address some person in the congregation—generally a preacher—who will reply—and a dialogue will be carried on to which the congregation will listen with great attention. Illustration and parable are much used, and also pantomime, which sometimes becomes ludicrous.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If your husband smokes, gentle lady, treat him as you would a smoking lamp. Don't put him out, but let him down easy.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Cooked his own goose: "Mr. D., if you'll get my coat done by Saturdry I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game it won't be done," said the tailor.

—A fashion journal says: "June brides are the sweetest." Maybe so; but it is the general impression that those who have the most "sugar" in their own right are not sour, by any means.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The cause of the cyclone has been ascertained. Out in the tornado-tossed region there is a band composed of young ladies who are learning to play the cornet.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—Some of the seaside fans this year are large enough to cover one side of a girl's face in case she blushes. Arrangements have been made to report a blush by telegraph, if one occurs anywhere.

—For the primer: See the men. One of them is struggling. The others hold him fast. He is a bank robber. Why do the men hold him so fast? They are taking him to a detective.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

—An Indiana farmer went to law about two eggs. He paid his lawyer $50, lost thirteen days' time, paid $8 witness fees and expense, and then got beaten and had to foot $26 costs. That's one way of securing revenge.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Reports of the revival of the national game of base ball are very encouraging. Five deaths have already resulted from it in this State this season. The more life that is thrown into the game the more deaths result therefrom.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Ha, ha!" shouted the young heir, when he read the telegram informing him of the death of a rich relation, "I am now like the north star." "How so?" queried his companion. "Pretty well fixed, you know," replied he, with a smile. And thereupon several "smiles" succeeded each other with marvelous rapidity.

—A minister was traveling along a country road in Scotland one day in winter, riding rather a long, lean horse, and he himself dressed in rather an odd-looking cap and large camlet cloak, when a gentleman came along, riding a fine horse, which scared at the preacher, and his horse. "Well, sir" said the gentleman, "ye wud scare the vera deel, sir." "That's my business, sir," said the preacher. —*Chicago Journal.*

—Fashionable lady: "Now, this is about the worst daub of the whole collection!" Distinguished academician (of whose artistic profession his fair companion is ignorant); "I'm sorry you should think so, for it's mine!" Fashionable lady: "You don't mean to say that you bought that?" Distinguished academician: "No; but I painted it!" Fashionable lady: "O,—oh, I am so sorry! But you really mustn't mind what I say, for I'm no critic at all. I—I only repeat what everybody says, you know—a——" —*Punch.*

—The Softest Yet: A young gentleman of Austin, of the lackadaisical Oscar Wilde type of idiot, hung to a sunflower, went into an Austin Avenue restaurant one day recently to get some breakfast, and, by the way, he has the appetite of a Missouri journalist on an excursion, and is gifted with the digestive organs of a boa-constrictor. "How do you want your eggs biled?" asked the waiter. "I want them soft." "How soft?" "Very soft. I want them to match my voice."—*Texas Siftings.*

Paste This in Your Hat.

Sunstroke begins with a pain in the head, or dizziness, quickly followed by loss of consciousness and complete prostration. Sometimes, however, the attack is as sudden as a stroke of apoplexy. The head is often burning hot, the face dark and swollen, and breathing labored and snoring, and the extremities cold. With such cases proceed as follows: Take the patient at once to a cool and shady place, but don't carry him far to a house or hospital. Loosen the clothes thoroughly about the neck and waist. Lay him down with the head a little raised. Apply wet cloths to the head and mustard or turpentine to the calves of the legs and soles of the feet. Give a little weak whisky and water if he can swallow. Meantime let some one go for a physician.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED; AS IT IS CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS, AND DOES NOT BLISTER.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR HUMAN *FLESH!* READ PROOF BELOW

From COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other, which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*, I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles, I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps had disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colts' limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y.

Oneonta, New York, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Columbiana, Ohio, Dec. 17th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—You will find below a recommendation from our expressman. We sell Kendall's Spavin Cure and find all who use it are pleased with it. You may send us more advertising matter, and a few nice cards with our names on them. CONLEY & KING.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I am using your Spavin Cure for a bone spavin, (bought of Conley & King, Druggists, Columbiana, Ohio.) I find it just the thing to cure a spavin; the lameness has all left my mare, and by further use of the cure I look for the lump to leave. The one bottle was worth to me ten times the cost.

Yours truly, FRANK BELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Rochester, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1880.

B. J.