

ON THE BLUFF.

O grandly flowing River!
O silver gliding River!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;

O gay, oblivious River!
O sunset-kindled River!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue

O stern, impassive River!
O still unweaving River!
The shivering willows quiver
As the night winds moan and rave.

—John Hay.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

The Bay of Fundy is known the world over for its tremendous tides. In certain of the great estuaries about its head—such as Shepody Bay or the mouth of Tantramar—there is a rise and fall at spring tides, of over seventy feet.

Presently I came to a terminal chamber, whether or not the only one I did not know. The further wall of this chamber was a slope of soft clay, and the floor was muddy with earth that had apparently fallen from the roof.

Was it possible I was going to discover a gold mine? Such things had happened, indeed! I had studied mineralogy during the past year in college, and knew some thing worth while of prospecting.

Even the pigs learn all about it. These creatures follow the ebb, and feed luxuriously on the stranded shell-fish and such delicacies which they then pick up.

By the time I had regained the terminal chamber I had regained also, to a certain extent, my presence of mind. I am not of the temperament that can give way to despair, under any circumstances, and now I resolved to make a sturdy fight for life.

Fortunately we were both strong swimmers. We made for a ledge of rocks that rose some feet above the surrounding flats.

Then we thrust our guns securely into crevices of the rock, that the currents might not drag them away, and undressed ourselves to the shirt and drawers.

Some three leagues below the Minutie village, where my boyhood was passed, there was a deserted freestone quarry.

The heat grew more oppressive, and I felt some difficulty in breathing, and suddenly a new horror flashed upon me. Was I to be suffocated?

At last, one September day, when I had tramped far afield in search of partridges, I came out unexpectedly upon the seashore.

The bluff, though high and bold, was very shallow—that is to say, it sheered in-

land almost as steeply as on its seaward face. Clambering down the rocks to about half-tide level, I rounded a weedy crag and found the mouth of the quarry yawning before me, low-arched and broad.

It was a weird and fascinating cave, running far into the hill, with a gradual ascent which must have been intended to facilitate the removal of the stone.

A close observation showed me that on this side the freestone had been quarried out to where it was bounded by a fissure filled with clay.

By this time, in spite of my new enthusiasm and sanguine spirits, the heat and toil were telling upon me.

My hands took a wide opening, and a breath of wind blew in upon my face, with the rustling of leaves, the calls of birds, the blessed music of the cow-bells near and distant.

In my exhaustion I fell asleep, and when I awoke, refreshed, the new moon was hanging in the sky.

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Presently I noticed that the heat was growing oppressive. My clothes were drenched with perspiration, which kept streaming from me as if I were kept at severest labor.

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In all the fashionable colors and black.

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My stifling niche and plucking me down. I thought of my body washing blindly against those sightless walls, and at last being sucked down, down the long passage, by the sullen ebb, and out into the lonely eddies of the open bay.

Presently my gun barrel caught against something tough, which I found to be a tree-root. At this, which seemed to be a message from the outer world, my heart bounded, and my spirits rose in confident hope.

My prison had seemed like a grave in the innermost bowels of the earth, but now I felt myself in actual communion with the free and laughing leaves which this roof was nourishing.

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GOOD HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

Tea is the best hot weather beverage that can be prepared. Plenty of ice is needed and it should be cracked rather than crushed.

Since the ice weakens the drink it is necessary to make the tea stronger than usual, and in lieu of the displacement of ice only half fill the tumbler with the liquid.

To avert family jars and table confusion the mother who is fortunate enough to have a large circle in her dining room is advised to dot the board with small bowls of lump ice and patties of lemon.

Men must drink weather like this, and if there is nobody to tempt them with iced tea, cold buttermilk, frappes, lime juice or frozen bouillon, they will gulp down the product of the bar.

There is a great deal of sham; writes Eugene Field, in all the show of affection that has been going on at Berlin between the Emperor William and his uncle, the Prince of Wales.

Wales was simply a petit maitre and a flaneur. After they had been there two days the son broke out suddenly one day with, "Father, have you seen a pretty girl since you came here?"

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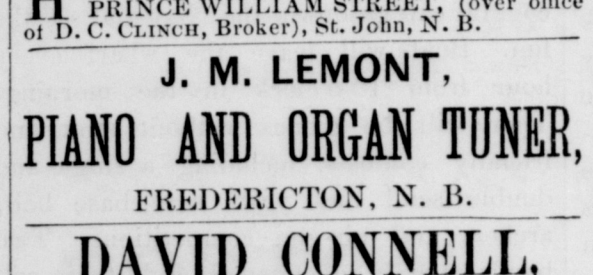
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It All Depended. Mother—I am going out, Manie, and I want you to be a good little girl while I am gone, and I'll bring you home a paper of candy.



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Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B.— She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.—Addt.