ON THE BLUFF.

O grandly flowing River! O silver gliding River! Thy springing willows shiver In the sunset as of old; Thy shiver is the silence Of the willow-whitened islands, While the sunbeams on the sand bars Fill the air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious River! O sunset-kindled River! Do vou remember ever The eyes and skies so blue On a summer day that shone here, When we were all alone here, And the blue eyes were too wise To speak the love they knew?

O stern, impassive River! O still unanswering River! The shivering willows quiver As the night winds moan and rave. From the past a voice is calling, From heaven a star is falling, And dew swells in the bluebells Above her hillside grave.

-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 As I wandered further in and higher up -there is a rise and fall at spring times, of over seventy feet. At low water, there- and abundant, and I moved on more fore, there are miles of red flats, acres upon | rapidly. acres of gray-green beach, or wild steeps of sandstone and slate, where at the flood appears a full and heaving sea.

Many strange phenomena arise in con-nection with these mighty tides. There are harbors on the Fundy coast which, at low tide, contain literally no water save a tew detached puddles or a rivulet that could not float a dory. At such times these harbors are but vast, desolate, gleaming basins of red mud; and the wharves of the villages scattered about their rims, perched high on the ruddy slopes and perhaps a mile from any water, look as if anything like a ship would be to them the most unexpected and impossible

But when the tide turns, then the deluge! The ocean seems to empty itself into the bosom of the land, and what seemed, a few hours before, like inland communities, are swiftly transformed into bustling seaports.

Yachts, ships and steamers swarm in on quartz. the flood, and hasty ferries dart between the opposite shores. The wharves, for a little while, are in a state of feverish activity. Then, as suddenly as it came in, the sea drops back, and the life of the villages goes with it.

In spite of these violent fluctuations of the water-level, and the shifting of the hour of high-water, there are comparatively few accidents along these tidal coasts. Both men and the dumb brutes become so accustomed to the tide that they calculate

upon it almost instinctively. 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. When the tide is ready to turn, the herd may be a mile or more from safe uplands. Suddenly, before the spectator's eye can detect any change in the water-level, the whole herd turns tail and scurries up the shore with wild squeaks and gruntings. Presently the incoming tide is seen careering after them; but they are never caught, by

any chance. For myself, though I have grown up by these shifting seas, and have loved and been familiar with their splendid turbulence, I have had but two adventures for which the · tide could be held directly responsible. Once, when I had taken a city friend out shooting over the flats, the enthusiasm of the sport beguiled us into forgetfulness. The plover and curlew and snipe were so unwary and so innumerable that we delayed our return to the uplands till the flood had got well under way.

At first, in our consternation, we started to run: but the mud was sticky, our longlegged boots were like lead upon our feet, and we soon perceived the hopelessness of the undertaking.

Fortunately we were both strong swimmers. We made for a ledge of rocks that rose some feet above the surrounding flats. These, at high tide, would be buried under fifty feet of Fundy's waves, but they were As we gained them, the water was already gliding about our feet. Climbing the rocks we sat down, and had a few minutes in which to regain our breath.

Then we thrust our guns securely into crevices of the rock, that the currents might not drag them away, and undressed our-selves to the shirt and drawers. Our shooting-coats, our ammunition, our well-filled game-bags we grudgingly offered up to the sea-divinities; and when the tide had once more overtaken us we plunged into it and struck out bravely for shore.

It was a longish swim, but the current was now our ally. We struck shore a little alrove the village where I belonged, and in our very scant apparel we sneaked home, by the way of all the back lanes and shady coverts we could command.

This experience, though unpleasant and costly, was not very thrilling. But my experience in the old North Joggins quarry was thrilling enough to delight the most adventurous.

Some three leagues below the Minudie village, where my boyhood was passed, there was a deserted freestone quarry. I had heard vague reports of it, as having furnished, for a short time, stone of an admirable texture and appearance. Then, it is said, some fatal defect had been found in the material; all demand for the stone ceased, and the quarry had been abandoned after heavy loss.

The stone had been cut below highwater level, and I now know that its flaws were due to its being impregnated with salt and moisture, but at the time of which I am writing there seemed to me to hang a glamour of mystery and romance about the

deserted workings. At last, one September day, when I had tramped far afield in search of partridges, I came out unexpectedly upon the sea-shore. I tound myself on a high and beech-crowned bluff, which I at once recognized as Snowdon's Point, the place of the old quarry. Partridges I had found none, and

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, low-arched and broad. Some heavy tamarack timbers bolted to the rocks, remnants of platform and derrick-staging, showed that man's hand had here been at work. But his traces were fast being erased by the eating currents, or obliterated by masses of kelp and dulse.

I should have mentioned that before descending to the beach I had supplied myself with rolls of birch-bark from the forest, to serve as torches. One of these rolls, wound tightly to make it last, and thrust into the cleft end of a bit of sapling, I soon had occasion to light, for daylight failed me as I penetrated the quarry. The wet, dark rocks, and palls of weed, seemed to soak up the sunlight with supernatural

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 Here and there the lurid light of the torch flashed bloodred on shallow tidal pools, where colorless anemones unfolded and eyeless forms of strange sea-life crawled sluggishly. Now and then the oozy weed-mantles on the walls gave forth a gleam as of amethysts and rubies, and swayed stealthily as some startled crab withdrew behind their coverts. the slope the animal life became less varied

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. Satisfied with my explorations, I was on the point of turning back, when, across one wall of the chamber I noticed a whitish gleam which attracted

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. The action of the tides had dissolved away this clay, and revealed the face of a shoulder of whinstone. I remembered that on the island slope of the bluff there was a considerable out-cropping of this same whinstone; but what drew my attention now was the fact that across the dark surface of the rock there straggled a liberal vein of milky or gold-bearing

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 something worth while of prospecting. And

wing gold-fields. sign of the yellow metal, when I noticed heeded but little, for the path out was simple and direct, and plenty of matches were in pocket in case I should need a

light, but suddenly I remembered the tide. With the last flicker or the torch I my throat as I saw it must be past halftide. In all probability I was already trapped, caught helplessly in this most hideous of death-pits. Scratching matches tremblingly as I went, I stumbled madly | thick darkness. down the cave, and in a few moments the sound of thundering waters reached my reflection from the heaving surface.

I was too late. The mouth of the cave was full, and from the noise outside I knew there was an on-shore wind blowing, raising a surf which would make utterly hopeless any attempt to escape by diving and swimming. Supposing I should succeed in so long a dive as would be necessary to breath of wind blew in upon my face, with carry me beyond the cavern's mouth, the straightway shatter me on the rocks.

I retreated up the cavern, numb with

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 de-

the tide would fill it entirely I could not tell. In the chance that it would not lay

Up the clayey slope of the end wall ascended the soil grew more friable, and Roberts, in the Youth's Companion. when I reached the roof of the chamber I tound it would come away almost by shovefuls under the combined attack of my gun-barrel, used as a pick, and my desperately energetic hands. The earth fell all about me, half-smothering me, and soon I had worked myself upward and forward till I was several feet above the level of the ceiling. Here, as I could tell by the dryness of the soil, the highest of the flood would not reach me, and exultantly I

stayed my delving, and rested. Presently I noticed that the heat was

to endure the misery of suspense with inaction, I betook myself again to my digging, and drove my improvised pick into the

soil with fierce resolve. The falling earth dropped now, with hollow, mocking echoes, into the stealthy tide that was dogging me. The sound made my flesh creep. I could almost feel the chill fingers of the tide reaching up into

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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. All the time, however, my arm was not unstrung, and I toiled on with excellent results.

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 con-

this part of the world was not without its the innermost bowels of the earth, but now that has been going on at Berlin between I was scrutinizing the vein eagerly for a free and laughing leaves which this root Prince of Wales. It is pretty well known that my last torch was dying out. This I forting message for a space of three or four another. Wales hates Berlin because he might not come beneath the tree itself.

glanced at my watch. My heart came into toil were telling upon me. I grew so weak and dizzy that I had to pause and rest every other minute at least. My mouth, gasping wide open, was as dry as chips, and my eyes felt unnaturally dilated in that

thought I caught a new sound. Surely it seen a pretty girl since you came here?" ears. Still I ran on, and presently I met the daylight, carried deep into the cave by through the earth above my head! I Wales. "How came you to ask it?" listened with my whole soul waiting upon my ears. Yes, it was the tinkling of a out," said George, "and I wish you'd tell cow-bell, dim and muffled, but not to be mistaken. My pick was plied desperately for a stroke or :wo, and then went through direction will do well enough for me."

My hands tore a wide opening, and a breath of wind blew in upon my face, with the rustling of leaves, the calls of birds, currents and breakers outside would the blessed music of the cow-bells near and

In another moment I was out of my dungeon, and lying on the green turf under a beech-tree. The roar of the waves came, softened by distance, over the hill-brow, you, Tommy."—Lippincott's. and the late afternoon was the utter reali-

the temperament that can give way to despair, under any circumstances, and now I resolved to make a sturdy fight for life.

I could perceive that this chamber was I woke, refreshed, the new moon was hanging in the sky. I picked up my faithful fowling-piece, and descended the beech still pool which I saw gleaming glade to a still pool which I saw gleaming in the moonlight. Here I took a bath, after which, in my young energy, fortified by some biscuit and cheese which I found made my way, digging foot-holes with in my pockets, I felt quite equal to my the muzzle of my fowling-piece. As I long tramp homeward. - Charles G. D.

Ice Water.-Doctors Disagree.

A celebrated physician says "All ice-water drinking is bad," also that "a severe blow upon the body just over the solar plexux," (which in good United States language means an important portion of the nervous system located just back of the stomach,) "will cause almost instant death," and he further says "the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice water into the stomach has exactly the same effect upon the solar plexus as the blow, and may cause sudden death by its action upon it and through that on the heart." Another equally celebrated physician says, "Any diction which unqualifiedly say that cold drinks are bad and hot drinks are good must be absurd" and further "cold water stimulates gastric secretion; therefore do not smile at your friend because he thinks a half-glass of ice water before eating Presently I noticed that the heat was growing oppressive. My clothes were drenched with perspiration, which kept streaming from me as if I were still at severest labor. I caught the furtive creeping and lapping and whispering of water, and knew that now the tide was relentlessly filling the chamber whence I had just made escape.

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?

I suppose, looking back upon the episode, that I need have been in no serious alarm on this score. It was the extreme compression of the air that was troubling me, in reality. This I never thought of, but fancied I was using up all my oxygen. It was a pardonable error, for under the thrilling and appalling circumstances a boy of eighteen could hardly be expected to reason like a man of science. Unable to endure the misery of suspense with inacto reason like a man of science. Unable those summer troubles with that good old household

It All Depended.

Mother—I am going out, Mamie, and I want you to be a good little girl while I am gone, and I'll bring you home a paper of candy. Now, are you going to be good?

Mamie—Yes, I suppose so; but can't tell how good I ought to be unless I know how big that paper of candy is going to be.

—Texas Siftings.

Mamie—I am going out, Mamie, and I want you to be a good little girl while I am gone, and I'll bring you home a paper of candy. Now, are you going to be good?

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—Texas Siftings.

GOOD HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

Iced Tea is the Best Beverage that Can be Prepared.

Iced tea is the best hot weather beverage that can be prepared. Plenty of ice is needed and it should be cracked rather than erushed. If hot, freshly made souchong is served, have lump ice to save replenishing the supply.

Cut the lemon in quarters and after squeezing the juice and scraping out the pulp, if preferred, lay aside the rind, as the oil gives the beverage a better taste. The best authority on "tea cups" insist on having the sugar and lemon in the glass, as they have cream for coffee, and pouring the chemical change and a smoother tasting drink than can be obtained by reversing the order and putting the acid in the tea. Plenty of sugar is needed, plenty of ice and a generous supply of juicy lemons and tea ad lib.

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.

Mixed tea of green and black with a small quantity of the fragrant orange pekot, makes the ideal tea cup.

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. There is no objection to having the quartered fruit and cracked ice in the same dish and in the presence of thirsty humanity it is an advantage. If there are not big sisterns and teapots in abundance use chocolate jugs, caraffes or china pitchers, fill them with tea and put them within easy reach of the thirsty bread winners.

Ice cream is a very delectable dish for young people, but it must be "fixed" if you expect to feed it to men with a tobacco taste in their mouths. If you make it yourself stint the sugar supply and serve it with sliced fruit. Water ices are more to the masculine palate. Raspberries are rummy; blackberry ice has a sort of cherry bounce flavor that is grateful to the lordly taste, and lemon and orange ices are always palatable, provided the sugar supply is

Men must drink weather like this, and it 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. Ergo, fair woman, learn to mix home drinks.—Ex.

Expert on Beauty.

There is a great deal of sham; writes My prison had seemed like a grave in Eugene Field, in all the show of affection I telt myself in actual communion with the the Emperor William and his uncle, the was nourishing. I followed up the com- that the two have an ill opinion of one feet, to its junction with a larger root, and regards it as a vulgarly democratic town, then struck off a little to one side, that I and he has always looked upon William as a boor. As for the young Emperor he has By this time, in spite of my new enthusi- been taught by Bismarck to regard Eng- Tenor. asm and sanguine spirits, the heat and land as a nonsensical little patch wholly unworthy of consideration, and he has been heard to remark that the Prince of Wales was simply a petit mattre and a flaneur.

Wales was accompanied to Berlin by his second son, Prince George. After they had been there two days the son broke out Suddenly, as I rested in my burrow, I suddenly one day with, "Father, have you

"Well, I fancied you'd be on the lookme if you see one, for I've got tired of

Depended on the Result.

Passerby (to Tommy, who has just been fighting)-Wouldn't your father whip you if he knew you had been fighting?

Tommy—Well, that depends. If the other boy whipped me pop would whip me, too; but if I licked the other boy pop

Full of Promises.

"Don't you think young Reginald De Jones a very promising youth?" "Very. I'm his tailor."--Dry Goods Chronicle.



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my enthusiasm for gunning was on the wave. The tide was at ebb. I forgot partridges, and resolved to explore the romantic ruins of the quarry.

The bluff, though high and bold, was very shallow—that is to say, it sheered in
Take we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—

Texas Siftings.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern was a should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands the very centrally located house, No. 78 the very centrally located house, No. 78 wherever introduced it soon becomes a standard remedy. The following Wholesale Houses handle Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands the very centrally located house, No. 78 wherever introduced it soon becomes a standard remedy. The following Wholesale Houses handle Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demands to should s

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