### The Johnstown Flood.

I.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet
Echoes along the city street,
And the idle crowd swarms out to see
Whom can the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes
He dashes on, and wildly cries
"Fly, for the river's wrath is near!
Fly, for the Flood—the Flood is here!"

He passes, and they stand amazed;
Then jest, and deem the rider crazed—
Some mischief-breeding addlepate—
Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

II.

With a moan and a groan,
With a shriek and a roar,
Down on the town
The waters pour—
A shivering crash,
And it is no more!

The torrent sweeps on its changeless path,
Grinding the puny walls like chaff,
In its awful play.
Like straws before the fresh'ning breeze,
Like sands beneath the beating seas,
They pass away.

The seething whirlpool boils and foams
Above a thousand ruined homes,
And on its bosom sped,
All ghastly in waning light,
Are borne into the coming night
An army of the dead.

III.

Tears for the souls that passed away;
But charity for those
Whose all was lost that bitter day;
Whose call for pity goes
Up from hearts that are sad and sore,
And laden down with woes;
Tears for the lives that are no more,
But charity for those.

—*Glen MacDonough.*

### The Song of the Advertiser.

I am an advertiser great;
In letters bold, and big and round,
The praises of my wares I sound;
Prosperity is my estate.

The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow.

They buy the goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate:
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
Where ne'er a customer a day.

The people come,
The people go—
But never there;
They do not know

There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late;
If I have goods to advertise!

Then people come,
And people go,
In constant streams—
For people know

That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

### "LITTLE FLOY."

"Open wide the golden portals,
Swing the pearly gates afar;
Hail her coming with glad music,
Light up every twinkling star,
Lo! she comes, returning homeward—
Cherubs, wave your wings for joy—
Comes the little truant angel,
Star-eyed, white-robed Little Floy.

"Downward on a mission went she,
With her playmate, gentle Spring;
Hand in hand they wandered earthward,
She with closely folded wing.
Earthly eyes with love were blinded,
Earthly hearts were filled with joy,
And they never knew an angel
Was the fairy, Little Floy.

"But the little feet grew weary;
Drooped their blossom day by day;
And with aching heart they watched her,
Knowing well she could not stay.
We can pity earthly sorrow,
But with us there's naught but joy—
Open wide the golden portals—
Welcome, welcome, Little Floy!"

### The Eiffel Tower.

The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfectly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the cantilever principle, and its bulk of 6,400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in an arm-chair on the floor.

Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile-looking elegance of an obelisk not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark-hued meshes.—*Emile Michelet in Paris Illustre.*

### A Mother's Vision.

Jennie Wright, the 9-year-old daughter of a canal boatman, fell from the boat into the water off the Hoboken shore on Thursday. A search was made for the body, but it was fruitless. During the night Mrs. Wright sprang up in her bed, exclaiming, "I see the body of my child at the stern of the boat." The grappling hooks were brought into use, and the body was taken from the spot where the woman had seen it in her dream.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

### The Young Fiend Again.

"There is nothing sentimental abou Mary," said Mrs. Palmer. "Even when her lover is with her they sit far apart."

"Yes," spoke up little Harry, "as long as you are in the room."

### Electrocute—Electrocuting—Electrocuted.

Electrocution is the new word, which means what it says, and is therefore rapidly becoming popular with all persons except murderers.

DR. R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of the "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession which believes that no School of Medicine knows all the truth regarding disease, and being independent enough to use any remedy that will help my patients without reference to the source from which it comes, I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

A Milwaukee street car company is going to introduce the storage battery system. That does away with horses without substituting the overhead wire and its many poles.

## AS A LADY SEES IT.

### A Spicy Lecture for Husbands on Home Duties.

**Courtesies That mean Something When They are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household is often too Exclusive in His Conduct—Why not be Sociable at Home?**

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husband's love and admiration. Unquestionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it her supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides—and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray, somber lives their lords and masters make for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from the very depths of her heart, but, alas! that only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

WHISPERING IN THE HUSBANDS' EARS.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while its father lay comfortably asleep. Well, take this wife, who, after the night's anxiety, loss of rest and fatigue, has to get up and prepare breakfast, attend to all her usual duties with a splitting headache, caused by sleeplessness and consequent irritability of the stomach, that utterly loathes the idea of even toast and coffee, while her handsome, well dressed, well fed husband goes off for the day with a "Well, I'm off; take care of yourself!" Think you she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistakable language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute?" Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, ladylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if the riches of them are not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak of it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things, for if there is a truer aphorism than that "murder will out" it is that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and, when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where they may don slippers and smoking jacket, and read or doze on the library lounge until bedtime. Very good. But your wife is all day subjected to something far worse than the contact with business annoyances, and that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and as he is the stronger physically and gets plenty of air and exercise the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While, if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold, they would read: "A woman's life wasted: a heart disappointed unto death; hopes destroyed—by little things."

Yes, little things! I know a husband, a bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasion when his wife is in distress or disappointment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he didn't love her—never a word, "It is too bad, dear; but as it is unavoidable, can't I help you to bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which he often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrung nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold-hearted "What are you going to do about it?" is temporarily silenced—that wife of his, that he never did deserve and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encouragement. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is she whose husband, while mean, smally abusive and tyrannical in little things—who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of his equal in head and heart, whose petty discourtesies and inattentions, familiar though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart—this husband who, when company is around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her. And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand this, the next time you invite company I wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—*Mme. Emerce in New York Star.*

### The Attraction of a Soft Voice.

We agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day and every advantage that wealth may procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by loud, coarse talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly such cadence floats through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with what a solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—*New York Telegram.*

### She had a Word or Two to Say.

A fast young man decided to make to a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. He cautiously prefaced his declarations with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make a home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes? etc. The young lady said that before she answered his questions, she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed. She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in" with the boys for cigars or wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured, by those who know, that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep, a madder if not a wiser man.—*Health Journal.*

### Insects in the Ear.

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, jun., talking in "The Medical Classics" about removing insects from the ear, expresses the belief that "sweet oil is perhaps the best thing to keep the insect from moving. That is the first desideratum. The oil, by its thick consistence, will so entangle and bedraggle the insect's legs and wings that the intolerable noise will be stopped. If oil be not at hand use any liquid that is not poisonous or corrosive. Water will probably be within the reach of every one. This is also more liable to float him out, too, than either sweet oil or glycerine. It has been suggested to blow tobacco smoke in the ear to stupefy the insect. We cannot indorse this advice; tobacco smoke blown into the ear of a child has been known to cause alarming symptoms. When the movements of the intruder have been arrested syringe the ear gently with warm water. All manner of insects and bugs have been found in the ear, but you can never tell in a given case who the rude caller is knocking at the door of your brain until you have him out."

### Too Literal.

Mr. Jones came home the other night feeling somewhat discouraged. Sitting down by the register, he leaned his head disconsolately on his hand and sighed.

"I believe I'll throw up the sponge," he said, dejectedly.

"Good gracious, Jeptha, is that what became of the sponge," said Mrs. Jones. "I hunted high and low for it. When did you swallow it?"

### Military Inspection.

Gen. Sir Fred Middleton will inspect the military camp at Niagara on the 18th inst. He will afterwards inspect the Royal Military College at Kingston and "A" Battery of Artillery. From Kingston he will go to Gananoque, proceeding afterwards to the camps at St. John, Que., and Sorel. It is probable that he will visit British Columbia in the autumn.

### The Difference.

Gentleman—And what are you in for, my good man?

Convict IIII—Fer takin' pictures, sir.

"Mercy, I didn't know thot photography was a crime."

"It isn't, sir; but takin' ile pictures is."

### Came to an Agreement at Once.

Husband—Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not.

Wife—You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine.

When will the clouds roll by and the sun enter upon its summer contract?

Up to date 400 monuments have been erected on the Gettysburg battlefield.

### PIGS IN CLOVER.

**The Famous Problem Said to Be the Outcome of a Scientific Experiment.**

Emil Charles Pfeiffer, of Cambridge, states that a student of physiological psychology named Martenfeldt is the culprit who is responsible for the "Pigs in Clover" atrocity, says an exchange. Martenfeldt had been making researches in some determinations of the sensitiveness of the tactile sense under the direction of the great Helmholtz, and found that the ability to balance a marble on a perfectly smooth piece of plate glass depended upon the delicacy of what is known as the reaction time, that is, depends upon the quickness of the nerve-current in receiving the impression that the marble will roll, sending the impression to the controlling organs in the cerebellum that contract or relax the muscles of the arm and the degree of responsiveness in the nervous end-organs of the fingers which hold the piece of glass. Martenfeldt found that if he placed the marble in the centre of the plate and marked four or five spots on the edges of the plate and then asked the subject with which he experimented to tip the plate so that the marble would run across a particular spot, a considerable time elapsed before the subject could determine how to tip the plate to make a marble roll as required. When Martenfeldt complicated the apparatus and placed rings of pasteboard about the centre of the plate, with holes for the marble to run through, the average results of his experiments gave a remarkable psychological law, which was that the "reaction time" depended upon the size of the circles of pasteboard which made an impression upon the field of vision of the retina, and was in direct proportion to the diameters of the circles expressed in millimteres. He sent one of his plates to Dr. Herman Meyer, of Philadelphia, where it was seen by C. M. Crandall, the toy deviser.

### English and French Cookery.

A celebrated French traveller remarked the English have fifty religions and only one sauce. This, no doubt, shows ignorance as to religion, but a great deal of truth as regards the sauce, which, probably, was referred to as the very innocent concoction of a white sauce consisting either of some flour, butter, and milk, or some bread and milk, both equally tasteless, and making the despair of foreign travellers in this country who are accustomed to good French sauces. The many English travellers going to the Paris Exhibition at this time will no doubt be struck with the difference between fine French cookery and the somewhat monotonous English cookery, and it may be worth while to ask what is the secret of the well-known success of French cookery. This secret is simply the "stock-pot," a preparation of concentrated meat juice enabling the cook to give to all dishes—soup, sauces and entrees—the fine meat-flavor which distinguishes refined cookery from coarse cookery. Many cooks, undoubtedly, know how to prepare stock, but in most cases the quality of such stock is too weak and insipid, and besides does not keep in anything like warm weather; whilst, on the contrary, Liebig Company's Extract of Meat, being the finest concentrated meat-juice (1 lb. extract equal to 40 lbs. best lean meat), keeps for any length of time, and in any temperature, and enables the cook to obtain the highest perfection in French cookery. The warm season coming on, this may be a useful hint to ladies and housekeepers.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

### Round Shoulders.

A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into a standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.—*The Family Doctor.*

### Three Dogs.

John Burns, of Ithaca, N. Y., has a bird dog worth owning. Mrs. Burns left her baby in its carriage on a slanting walk while she went into a store. The carriage started toward the gutter when the intelligent dog seized hold of the vehicle and saved it from tipping over.

Lewis Lynde, of Montour county, Pennsylvania, has a big mastiff that saved his house from destruction by fire. The family were absent, when a spark from the stove set the kitchen floor on fire. The dog managed to upset a pail partly filled with water, and so extinguished the blaze.

Henry Roberts lost one child two months old in the great Johnstown disaster. He had in his house a Newfoundland dog, which was near the child when the fatal flood struck the house. The dog seemingly realized the situation and caught the child and started to swim to land. The force of the waters washed the dog and child against the school house, where they were held until the water began to abate, and as soon as the animal could he swam to the hillside with the babe in his mouth and delivered the dead infant to some people who were there.

### Had One.

"Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

Ontario excursionists to the number of 600 arrived in Winnipeg yesterday.

## TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The store of S. S. Dickson, at Packenham, was burglarized of $60 early on Saturday morning.

Owing to an epidemic among the Somalis Dr. Peters' expedition in East Africa has collapsed.

A severe storm passed over Oswego, N.Y., yesterday, doing much damage to crops in the neighborhood.

The Governor-General is credited with the intention of giving a grand ball in the Quebec Citadel about the middle of July.

The by-law to separate West Toronto Junction from the county of York was carried on Saturday by a majority of 70 votes.

A child named McGlone, on Clarence street, London, was set upon by a vicious dog on Saturday, and its legs were badly lacerated.

Owing to the revelations in the seized Boulangist papers the High Court has ordered the arrest of Capt. Flenchat, of the War Office.

A Kansas man is in Manitoba looking over the land, and says he and fifty neighbors will remove to the Prairie Province next spring.

It is rumored in Paris that Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce will succeed the late Allen Thorndyke Rice as editor of the "North American Review."

It is proposed to have a decoration day of all the sister lodges of Masons, Oddfellows, Foresters, etc., in Stratford on or about the 18th.

Mr. Watkins, the head gardener of the Horticultural Gardens in Toronto, complains bitterly of the sad havoc of flower thieves in the gardens.

The London West School Board have decided that section 209 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario regarding compulsory education be enforced.

The Lieut.-Governor-in-Council has issued a proclamation erecting the village of Midland, Ont., into a town under the name of the town of Midland.

Hon. William Macdougall is of the opinion that under the authority of the Supreme Court Act the Government can bring the constitutionality of the Quebec Jesuit Act before the Supreme Court.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says ex-U. S. Senator D. M. Sabin has begun suit against his wife for divorce for alleged habitual drunkenness. Mrs. Sabine has long been one of the shining lights of Washington.

The Vatican will remain closed during the ceremonies in connection with the Bruno memorial, and the Pope will solemnly expose the sacrament in expiation of the outrage upon religion perpetrated by the inauguration.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has addressed an open letter to Vice-Chancellor Mulock, of Toronto University, in reply to Mr. Mulock's address at Convocation on Friday last. The Principal says he will reply to Mr. Mulock's speech later on.

It is announced by cable that Chiselhurst, in Kent, where Napoleon III. died and where the Prince Imperial's remains are buried, and where the ex-Empress passed so many years of her sad widowhood, is to be sold by auction in the course of the present week.

The London Public Prosecutor has ordered that another police summons be issued against Viscount Mandeville, the oldest son of the Duke of Manchester, whose bankruptcy was announced three months ago. The Viscount is charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

On the appeal of the Procureur-General, the directors of the newspapers, *Intransigeant*, *Triboulet*, *Autorite* and *Gaulois*, charged with insulting the Chief Magistrate, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to one month, and to pay fines ranging from 200 to 500 francs and small damages.

The left hand and arm of the Fisher woman, portions of whose body have been found in different parts of the Thames near London, were taken from the river on Saturday morning. Another fragment of the body was found floating in the river the same afternoon, and a third fragment, with no covering on it, was picked up in Sir Percy Shelley's garden at Chelsea.

The Shah of Persia arrived in Berlin yesterday. He was welcomed with much ceremony by the Emperor, a number of Princes, Count Herbert Bismarck, General Von Blumenthal and a crowd of officials. Royal salutes were fired, and the Shah received an ovation en route to the Belevue Palace. The Emperor and the Shah exchanged formal visits, and a grand banquet was given in the evening in honor of the Shah.

A cablegram says Mr. Gladstone spoke on Friday at Ramsay, bareheaded, in a thunderstorm. Mr. Gladstone addressed a Liberal meeting at Weymouth on Saturday. He said the Liberal party was moving in the right direction and at a fair pace. He spoke in favor of limiting the length of a Parliament to four or five years. Referring to Ireland, he admitted that crime had decreased there and attributed the improvement to recent remedial measures, to the beneficial influence of Irish members of Parliament and the priests, and above all to the knowledge possessed by the Irish people that a large majority of the people of England sympathized with them. It remained for Englishmen to say whether they will do a further act of justice, which alone would give a true union of the various countries comprehended under the designation of Great Britain and Ireland.

### Ready to Take His Medicine.

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked despondently, as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece.

"You did."

"And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?"

"Certainly."

"And your father is a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?"

Sedgwick and Kingman counties in Kansas have been devastated by a cyclone.

Many men lead double lives, but reference to only one of them is made on the tombstones.