The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the one the Blue;
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the laurel the Blue;
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the roses the Blue;
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray!

THE PRESSED MAN.

Many years ago, when I was a young clergyman, I became incumbent of a parish on the coast. The living was but a petty affair, when looked at from a pecuniary point of view, and the duties were arduous enough. There was no residence for the vicar's use; the lesser tithes were small in amount, and not very regularly paid; and the parish consisted of a large noisy seaport, full of dirt and vice. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that few could be found who were willing to accept so uninviting a post, and that the benefice for some months "went abegging."

My friends shook their heads when I, the Rev. Joseph Hawley, was gazetted to the vicarage of St. Peter's, Sallyport. I was mad to take such preferment, they said. Within the memory of man, the living of St. Peter's had never been held by a resident parson. Old Dr. Stall, that comfortable prebendary and pluralist, had pocketed the lesser tithes for forty years, far away in his comfortable residence under the shadow of Mossminster Cathedral, and a starved curate had done the work. In those days, zealous clergymen were much more rare than at present. I was no better than my compeers, nor do I wish to advance any pretension to superior merit; but I was one of those young members of the church militant who were piqued at the success of Wesley and Whitfield, and grieved at the practical heathenism of the masses of our countrymen.

That was why I became vicar of St. Peter's. They had sore need of a spiritual guide, those poor inhabitants of Sallyport, and no less need of a word of sound advice at critical moments in their reckless lives. It was the war-time, the time of the great old war against France and the formidable ruler of France, and Britain was straining every nerve to cope with an antagonist who leagued against her almost all the might of Europe. We were fighting too hard abroad to have leisure for reforming at home. The morality of the seaports, in especial, was lamentably low; there was a frightful amount of drunkenness, and there was not much more religion than among some benighted tribes of savages. During the first few months of my incumbency, I had an uphill fight to wage, but I persevered, and was thankful for the results of my persistency. The people, who first stared at me, or jeered me, learned to respect their vicar, and, in some cases at least, to listen to and to like him. Sallyport was a town which depended partly on its merchant shipping, partly on that immoral trade of privateering which the long struggle against Napoleon had fostered into a regular profession. Accordingly, there were times when the whole place rang with revelry, when the fiddles played all night at the sign of the Valiant Sailor or the King George, and when the exulting privateersmen flung gold and silver out of the public-house windows, to be scrambled for by the mob without.

There were also times when bad luck prevailed, when all were poor and dejected, and when my parishioners were in despair. I am glad to think that I did them some good. The good they did *me* was probably in teaching me to entertain more hope and trust in human nature, however debased, than I had previously felt. They were a kindly, generous race, that amphibious population, in spite of all their faults.

I had been a twelvemonth among them, and was tolerably popular, when the old woman in whose house I lodged came one evening to announce that "Mary Wade wished to speak to me, if I pleased."

Mary Wade was shown into my little angular parlor, where, amid conch-shells, stuffed parrots, ostrich-eggs, and dried cuttle-fish, I was busy with my immature sermon. "Good evening, Mary; what can I do for—— Gracious, what is the matter?"

For Mary Wade, the instant Mrs. Simmons, the landlady, had closed the door, put the corner of her shawl to her eyes, and began to weep and sob most bitterly, but in a silent, suppressed fashion, as if she feared to call attention to her grief. "Dear me!" said I, rising from my arm-chair, "I am sorry to see you in such affliction, poor girl. I hope your father is not taken ill?"

For I knew that the retired naval quartermaster, Mary's only surviving parent, was very frail and old, and I could not conjecture any more probable cause for her agitation than the snapping of the slight thread which bound that aged man to life. Mary herself was a pretty, dark-eyed girl of modest demeanor, the most regular church-goer in the parish, and the quickest and neatest needlewoman in Sallyport. The wildest youngster in the town would step respectfully aside, as Mary Wade passed along the pavement with her work-basket and her calm, honest eyes; and fierce termagants, whose tongues mauled their neighbors cruelly, were forced to own that old Wade had a pattern daughter, and the best of nurses in his dotage.

"O no, sir; Heaven be thanked, father's well; but I'm in great trouble, and indeed, sir, you alone can help me."

"Be sure that if it be in my power to serve you, the will shall not be lacking," said I soothingly; though I had not the slightest idea what could have happened. But I induced her to sit down and compose herself a little, before continuing her appeal for aid. Mary Wade sat down, wiped away the tears that stained her rosy cheeks, and burst out with a gasp: "O sir, it's about Henry."

I knew perfectly well who "Henry" was, and in what relation he stood to the pretty, weeping petitioner. Henry Mills was one of the finest young seamen on all the coast; he was as brave as a lion, and his character was unblemished. I had heard with pleasure that he had been promised a place as fourth officer on board an Indiaman, and that on his return from his first voyage I was to publish the bans of marriage between Mary Wade, spinster, and himself. The young lover I had seen but twice; he had been chiefly absent on coasting voyages; for although the privateer captains were eager to secure so first-rate a hand for their vessels, young Mills had always declined their offers. "Mary and her father didn't like it," the lad had had the moral courage to reply to more than one oily-tongued tempter, who told of French and Spanish prizes, of rich ships embayed among the sandy islets of the West Indies, and of sailors who had won a sackful of dollars by the flash of a cutlass, or the snapping of a pistol. Henry Mills was naturally of an adventurous disposition, and I can well imagine that he often looked with a sort of envy at the departure of of a gallant ship's company, flushed with hope and confidence, on the then favorite errand of plundering the enemy. But old Wade, a very sober and religious man, had scruples regarding this rough and wanton trade, scruples which his daughter shared, and which his intended son-in-law respected.

So, when poor Mary Wade sobbed out the words, "Oh, sir, it's about Henry," I was fairly puzzled.

"Henry!" said I; "surely he is at sea and out of the Downs by this time; and in a few months we shall hope to see him come back from Calcutta to claim his wife. The *Clive* was to have sailed a week since."

"Ah, your reverence, but the *Clive* didn't sail," sobbed Mary; "and now my poor, dear Henry will be taken by the press-gang, and sent off to the fleet and sea, as so many of our poor lads have been, and as will be killed in these horrid wars. I shall never see him more!"

And the girl wept more piteously than ever, struggling the while to repress her sobs, lest Mrs. Simmons should hear them, and grow inquisitive; for my landlady, though a good sort of woman, was an inveterate gossip, and publicity would be fatal to the plan which Mary had already formed in her head. A plan there was, and no bad one, to be the device of a young woman of nineteen, whose life had hitherto been spent in the simplest domestic duties. But before coming to this notable scheme, which will develop itself in due time, I must point out what was the danger against which it was directed. Men were in great request at that time for the royal navy. The bounty was high, but the service, in those days of flogging and discomfort, was by no means so attractive as at present. It was on the pressgang that the Admiralty chiefly relied for manning the fleet, and at this particular period the man-of-war tender *Grasper*, commanded by Lieutenant Barnes, lay in Sallyport harbor, and her crew were busy on shore. As yet, the *Grasper's* men had made but few captures, of able seamen at least, for the few sailors whom the town still contained were hidden away most carefully in artful places of concealment, and did not venture to stir abroad until the pressgang should be gone. But Mary Wade had just learned the fact, that Lieutenant Barnes had discovered the hiding-place of a number of a seamen, who were stowed away in an obscure public-house, in one of the waterside suburbs, and that this preserve of human beings was to be pounced upon that very night.

"And Henry's there, sir," said the poor girl, in a timid whisper—"he is there along with the rest, and will be taken with them. O sir, it was so unfortunate, the delay about his going up to London to join his ship. But the *Clive* proved to be in want of some repairs in her rigging or masts, or something and is still in dock, and the captain wrote word Henry need not come up yet; and he was here when the *Grasper* came into port, and was obliged to hide like the other sailors, because Lieutenant Barnes—that cruel man—had sent a party by land from Tidemouth to intercept any poor fellows trying to escape by the road. And now they are all snared, like birds in a net, and in a few hours they'll all be in irons on board the king's ship."

I was myself much alarmed by this announcement. I had long taken a good deal of interest in this humble pair of lovers; though I had but a slight acquaintance, personally, with the young mariner, I still regretted much to hear that his prospects of happiness should be thus nipped in the bud, and Mary's distress would have moved a more callous observer than myself. I tried to comfort her, by suggesting that Henry Mills would be released on exhibiting his written proofs that he filled the post of fourth officer in an Indiaman; but Mary replied that this chance was denied him; he had no written appointment to show, nothing but the captain's letter, and Lieutenant Barnes—a hard, overbearing man, detested by all the seafaring population of that coast—would laugh his expostulations to scorn. "I heard, sir," said the girl, "that the lieutenant was specially anxious to get my Henry into his clutches. He has got a list, somehow, of most of the Sallyport men, and he knows there's no sailor among them all, except perhaps Minns and Datchet, who are away to South America, to compare with my dear Henry, and they do so want men to fight the dreadful battles, and——" Here she broke down altogether.

"But what can *I* do to assist in this matter?" asked I, in great perplexity, for Mary kept sobbing out incoherent assertions that "I alone—I alone, could save them both, if I pleased."

"Of course I will do all I can," said I, as I paced the room; "but I own I can see no way out of this distressing affair. I fear it would be of little use to speak to the officer; he is a severe man, and not very scrupulous, or report does him great injustice. If I were to go to the place, and give warning to the men concealed"——

"Ah! no, sir: it's to late for that," said the girl, shaking her head. "Before I heard of what was to be done, which came through a neighbour's child overhearing the talk of the men of-war's men, every way was beset and guarded. I dared not go there. I don't even think the poor lads know their danger, and, dear sir, they don't know they are sold."

"Sold!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," answered Mary. "The child I spoke of heard the tender's crew boasting among themselves how they had trapped the wariest of the merchant seamen at last, and how the landlady of the Blue Dolphin—to think any one should be so base—had betrayed the poor men that were hiding, to get fifteen guineas from the lieutenant."

This treachery did not much surprise me, for I knew that the crimps, at whose houses sailors were hidden until they could safely go on board their ships, not unfrequently gave secret information to the pressgang, when bribed sufficiently. However, I again declared my readiness to do all in my power while avowing that I could suggest no resource in the dilemma. Mary, however, was prepared with a scheme, which at first seemed crude and rash to me, but which I willingly agreed to essay, in default of any other plan.

"Thank you, sir, a thousand, thousand times, whether you succeed or not in saving my poor Henry. I will pray to God for you to my dying day, dear Mr. Hawley."

So saying, Mary Wade dried her eyes, wiped away the glistening stains of tear-drops from her face, and tripped demurely from the room and down the passage, wishing Mrs. Simmons a good-night as she went by, in a quiet, cheerful tone, as if her heart were not full to bursting of an agony of hope and fear.

She was gone, and I had my work to do. I felt rather nervous about it, it was so foreign to my usual mode of life; it was an errand of mercy, no doubt, but it hardly seemed of a clerical nature. I was putting away my unfinished sermon, and had my hat on, and my greatcoat, ready to sally forth, when Mrs. Simmons came, true to the usual hour, jingling with the tea-tray.

"Lawks, Mr. Hawley, sir, I'd no idea you was agoing out any more," said my landlady, with just a shade of tartness in her tone; "and without your tea, too; what a pity you let me toast the crumpets."

Bachelors of a mild disposition are not uncommonly a little henpecked by their landladies, housekeeper, or indeed any middle-aged female with whom they have anything to do, and I was a very punctual man in general, and given to early hours. So I daresay I winced somewhat at Mrs. Simmons' remark; but briefly excusing my apparent caprices on the ground of a visit to a parishoner who was in some danger, I hurried out.

It was a dark night in foggy December, not very cold, but damp and raw. The streets of Sallyport, unclean and ill paved, presented a gloomy appearance as I groped my way along them by such feeble light as the wretched oil-lamps, sparsely hung in the main thoroughfares, afforded. I knew the Blue Dolphin, a house of resort for merchant seamen, in rather an out-of-the way nook, but I had never visited the neighbourhood save in broad daylight; and it cost me some trouble to find it on the night in question. After twice losing my way among narrow alleys, paved with sharp pebbles, and where the crazy wooden dwellings, calked and pitched like so many fishing-smacks, were tapestried with nets and perfumed with herrings, I at last found myself within sight of the creaking signboard, on whose ground of faded pink the Blue Dolphin displayed his cerulean scales, and courted custom.

As I approached, two men, wrapped in those rough blue coats which sailors call "gregos," and with glazed hats slouched over their faces, sprang forward from under an archway on the right; while two more, who might have been twin-brothers to the first couple, emerged from a blind alley on on the left. I heard their cutlasses clink as they moved, and I saw the breast-pocket of the man, who caught me rudely by the wrist. The pressgang!

"What cheer, brother!" growled my captor, holding me fast. "Whither so fast, at this time o' night?"

"What sort of fish have you netted, Bill?" said another deep voice. "Is he worth picking up to nibble his majesty's biscuit, eh?"

"He's only a land-lubber: don't ye twig his shore-going togs?" grumbled the redoubt Bill, whose grip was like the pressure of a vice. "Still he might do for a waister, if not for one of the after guard?"

I now recovered from the first shock of surprise. I proclaimed my name and sacred calling, demanded my instant release, and warned them that they would be punished if they molested a clergyman.

The men grumbled between their teeth some allusions to "gammon," and "a cock that wouldn't fight," when, luckily for me, a little sunburned imp of a midshipman came on the scene, followed by three seamen, one of whom had a lantern. The moment I saw the light glinting on the boy's gold-laced cap, I knew that deliverance was at hand. I renewed my appeal.

"Avast, you fools!" exclaimed the youngster. "Lift the lantern, Smithers; throw the glim on the chap's face—so. Bill Jeffreys, you thunderhead son of a sea-cook, let the gentleman go.—I beg your pardon, sir, for these fellows' blunder, but generally, in the dark, all's fish that comes to our net. Hope they haven't hurt you?"

I hastily assured the little officer that I was none the worse for the rough handling of his followers, took my departure at once, and in two seconds more was tapping at the door of the Blue Dolphin.

No notice was taken of the knocking, until I ventured to rattle the latch up and down, and to rap smartly with my foot against the panels. Then, indeed, there was a great stamping and shuffling to be heard inside; a light appeared at a lattice overhead, and the window was cautiously opened, while a voice said: "Who's there? You can't come in, for we're all just gone to bed."

"To bed at nine o'clock, Mrs. Smart! Your usual hours hours must have been strangely altered, I should say," answered I. "Be so kind as to admit me at once. I must speak to some of the men who are here?"

"Men!" exclaimed the voice from the upper window. "You're talking of what you don't understand. There's no men here but my husband and the lame hostler."

"I *must* see the persons I seek," I replied with energy, but still in a cautious tone. "You ought to know my voice. I am Mr. Hawley, the vicar, and I will and must be let in."

A good deal of consultation took place, in alternate whispers and growls, between Mrs. Smart and some one whom I guessed to be her husband, the landlord; and then the light was withdrawn, and the treacherous landlady came down to admit me, fawning and apologizing for the delay in a manner that sickened me, cognizant as I was of her having sold the liberties of her guests for a bribe.

I was at once ushered into a long low room, opening on the stable-yard, where the concealed sailors were assembled. Through a cloud of tobbaco smoke—the room itself being dimly lighted by a sea-coal fire and a couple of iron lamps fed with coarse whale-oil—I could make out that about thirty men were present. These were for the most part, strong, able-bodied sailors—some mere lads, others with grizzled hair and weather-beaten faces; but the nautical garb and bearing of all was plain enough.

They were gathered in knots of four or five, conversing, drinking their grog from tumblers and panninkins, or moodily puffing at their clay-pipes. My appearance at first created some stir, but several of the men knew me, and told the others they need not fear—"it was only Mr. Hawley, the good parson of Sallyport." Poor fellows! as they respectfully made way for me to pass them, I loathed the treachery which had betrayed them to the kidnappers, and I would have warned them to flee, had flight been possible: but I well knew that every avenue was guarded, and that although the merchant sailors were well provided with bludgeons and knobbed sticks, they had little chance against the trained attack of the pressgang. I therefore turned to the corner of the room, where a fine looking young sailor, taller by the head than any there, and with a very pleasing expression in his handsome, honest face, sat alone, lost in melancholy thoughts. I approached. "Henry Mills," said I, in a subdued tone, "I wish to speak with you, apart from the rest. You may remember me—Mr. Hawley, the vicar of Sallyport. I was asked to come by some one who takes an interest in you."

"By Mary, sir, was it?' asked the young man, springing up. "Have you a message for me, sir, from the dear girl?"

"Hush!" said I, coming nearer—"hush! I cannot tell you what I have to tell, until you have have promised to obey my instructions in all this business. I cannot save you, unless you will do so—unless you will promise not to be rash. And it was to ask that I would render you a service that your sweetheart, Mary Wade, came to me this night."

"Bless her kind little heart!" said Mills warmly; "but, indeed, sir, there's no special danger; we're safe here, and the *Grasper's* crew can't find us; and to-morrow"——

"To-morrow will be too late," whispered I. "I cannot explain matters here. A hasty word would ruin all. Let us have a few minutes talk in some quieter room than this."

"Well, sir, if you wish it, the tap's empty, and we can talk there all by ourselves. There's a lantern in the passage, and I can unhook it as we go by."

The conversation lasted about ten minutes, for every moment was precious. At the end of that time young Mills, his oilskin-covered hat slouched over his face, and the collar of his monkey-jacket turned up so as almost to conceal his mouth and chin, returned to the long, low room, and sat down in the same secluded corner, apparently lost in thought.

And at almost the same moment the Rev. Joseph Hawley, incumbent of the parish of Sallyport, quitted the public-house, acknowledging, in the curtest and most laconic fashion, the profuse civilities and verbose good-wishes of the landlady of the Blue Dolphin.

The men-of-war's men were hanging about the archway and the blind alley thick as bees, and humming forth a note of preparation; but as the gleam of their lantern fell on the long greatcoat, the white neck-cloth, umbrella, and beaver hat of their late captive, they opened their ranks and let him pass.

"Good-night, your reverence! Pleasant dreams, old boy!" said the young midshipman, with a giggle at his own wit, and the seamen gave a smothered laugh, which ceased as an important-looking personage in a cloak, with cocked-hat and clinkingsword, came up—Lieutenant Barnes himself. But even the lieutenant had no power to stay a minister of religion, and Mr. Hawley went on his way unmolested. The proceedings of the vicar of Sallyport that night were very singular; he did not go home to his lodgings, his tea and crumpets, but hung about the dark streets till the hour of ten, when the royal mail, with horn and clash of hoofs and wheels, redcoated guard and bluff coachman, came dashing through Sallyport; and then who should appear at the coach-door, just before it drove off from the office, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley.

He modestly announced that he was going to London. An inside place was vacant; he occupied it. "No luggage, sir? All right, Thomas." Up jumped the redcoated guard, crack went the whip, twang went the horn, and off rolled the coach towards London. The pressgang examined the royal mail two miles out of Sallyport, but found no runaway seamen. What to them, was the name of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the waybill, or the presence of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the interior of the vehicle! At exactly ten minutes to ten the men-of-war's men and marines, with clubs, cutlasses, and crowbars, broke into the Blue Dolphin public-house, and captured every man there. This was not effected without a dreadful fight. Bones were broken, many wounds and bruises exchanged, and more than one pressed man was taken senseless on board the *Grasper*.

But Henry Mills made no resistance; he was taken as easily as a lamb is secured by the butcher, and his captors were half disappointed that so gallant and powerfully built a young man should have shown the white feather.

However, when Lieutenant Barnes, at half-past eleven o'clock, reviewed his prisoners on the deck of the *Grasper*, by the light of a ship's lantern, he found out with dismay that the prisoner in the pea-jacket and glazed hat was not Henry Mills at all, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley, M. A., vicar of Sallyport; and he made the further discovery, that Henry Mills, having changed clothes with his friend, the clergyman in question, was already far beyond danger, speeding as fast towards London as four active horses could convey him.

I pass over the oaths and lamentations, both loud and deep, of the crestfallen Lieutenant Barnes. But the laugh was against him, and he was glad to go to sea in the *Grasper* before nightfall on the following day. Half a year later, I had the pleasure of uniting in holy matrimony the hands of Henry Mills, *third* officer in the *Clive* Indiaman, and pretty Mary Wade.

FARM WELLS AND TYPHOID.

A Fruitful and Often Unsuspected Source of Disease.

Of late years, since the country has become more settled, the stock increased, the farm houses more people and consequently an increase of kitchen slops, closet pit contents and manure heaps around the old farm, we frequently hear of diseases which our fathers knew nothing about. Why is this? Let us try to explain. The water in the well may be as clear as crystal, cool and delicious. But do you know how large a surface that well will drain? It differs according to the soil but in ordinary loam, with a clay bottom, it will drain a circle the diameter of which is about four times its depth. If the well is 25 feet deep it will drain a space fifty feet from it in every direction. In lighter soils this circle will be greatly extended.

In fact in some soils a well of 25 feet will drain a circle 600 feet in diameter. Generally speaking, it is safe to calculate in locating a place for a well that a distance of 200 feet from the closet and stable is not too much, and never place the well in a hollow even at that distance.

Many suppose that the soil makes a good filter, and that nothing injurious to health can remain in the water that has filtered through it.

A GREATER ERROR CANNOT BE MADE.

While the earth will remove the coarser impurities it does not remove or destroy the principal thing to be avoided, namely, the *germs*. These will go wherever the water goes. It is therefore unwise to place cesspools within less than 150 or 200 feet of the well.

But there is no necessity for cesspools. The dry earth closet is by far the better way to deal with excreta. It is easily constructed, and so far as health is concerned, may be placed within a few feet of the dwelling house with impunity.

The dry earth closet is one of the simplest things imaginable, and may be made by any one who knows how to make a box. A two bushel box or an old butter tub or even a pail put under the closet seat forms the receptacle. In the closet is another box for holding ashes or dry earth with an old fire shovel in it. Insist on a couple of shovels full of ashes being thrown into the box under the seat by everyone before they leave the closet. When the receptacle is full it may be emptied in any convenient place, there being no more unpleasant odor from it then from so much earth. In this manner no danger can arise of contamination of the well-water and none of the air, provided the ashes or air are freely applied. By its adoption, which every one who has given this subject consideration will urge, one of the fruitful sources of sickness about a farm will be destroyed. Cases of illness, very often terminating fatally, could be enumerated, which arose from well-contamination. It is unnecessary to more than state the fact in a newspaper article. The following diagram, however, will assist in explaining the situation and the condition of scores of wells in this Province, merely reminding our farmer friends, who carefully pack and bank round the top of the well, that they are putting in the spiggot and leaving the bunghole open.

THE FOLLOWING CUT WILL ASSIST in understanding what has been said:—

C, closet; S, stable; W, well. The dotted diagonal lines from C and S indicate the line of drainage. The clay stops the descent of soakage which runs along its surface until it reaches the well, into which it drains.

How are you to tell if the water in the well is pure, that is, fit for use? You can do it with a tolerable degree of certainty if you follow these directions: Clean out a half pint bottle with boiling water, fill it with water freshly drawn from the well, Cork tight, and take it into town to the drug store. Get the druggist to give you 12 grains of caustic potash, and 3 of permanganate of potash in an ounce of distilled water. Pour out of the water a tumblerful and add one drop of the solution the druggist made for you; (it won't cost you ten cents.) If the color which is purple disappears at once, add another, and continue adding drop by drop, until the color remains for half an hour or more. The amount of the purple solution necessary to secure a permanent color, is a very fair index to the quality of the water. If the color imparted by one or two drops disappears at once, the water should be rejected as dangerous; if, after adding a dozen drops, the color disappears, it is positive evidence that the water is bad. Impurities destroy the color; pure water does not. It is no argument to say our water is pure because it is cold and clear, and no one has been made violently ill by drinking it. It is not irritant poisons we are discussing, but the slow, insidious, invisible, infinitely more destructive ones, and the loss of time injury to health and life from the latter, are a hundred, yes, a thousand fold more than the former. If you cannot bring any case to mind, they are there all the same, though unrecognized.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low.

They tell a story of a fire in Chicago that has a certain grim humor to it. The fire broke out in a medical college and a fireman, groping in the building, saw what he took to be some one insensible from inhaling smoke. So he rushed to the prostrate form and conveyed it to the street at the risk of his own life, only to find, when he got there, that he had rescued a partly dissected subject.