RBITTERS
FREE FROM
ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
R BITTERS
r's California Vinegar
ely Vegetable preparation,
the native herbs found
ges of the Sierra Nevada
lifornia, the medicinal pro-
are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
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d success of VINEGAR BIT-
wer is, that they remove
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They are the great blood
-giving principle, a perfect
nsigorator of the system.
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are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
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AR BITTERS as a medicine,
se of alcoholic stimulants
cDONALD & CO.,
l Agents, San Francisco, California,
on and Charlton Sts., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.
can take these Bitters
rections, and remain long
d their bones are not de-
ral poison or other means,
wasted beyond repair.
ousands proclaim VINEGAR
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Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee,
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KER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as
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lungs, Pain in the region of
and a hundred other painful
the offsprings of Dyspepsia.
prove a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement.
r King's Evil, White Swel-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
lons Inflammations, Indolent
, Mercurial Affections, Old
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hese, as in all other constitu-
, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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l Diseases.—Persons en-
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of the Bowels. To guard
ake a dose of WALKER'S VIN-
occasionally.
Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter,
Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
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so decided an influence that
is soon perceptible.
.—In all cases of jaundice, rest
your liver is not doing its work.
nsible treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
this purpose use VINEGAR BIT-
the Vitiated Blood when-
its impurities bursting through
Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
en you find it obstructed and
he veins; cleanse it when it is
alings will tell you when. Keep
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Poetry.

TIRED OF LIFE.

"I'm goin' to die" says the Widder Green
"I goin' to quit this earthy scene;
It aint no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me.
Nobody can't let nobody be;
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull of what they know,
The men is mad on bonds and stocks,
Swearin' an' shootin', an' pickin' locks,
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a creature but knows to-day,
I never was lunatic any way,
But since crazy folks all go free
I'm dreadful afraid they 'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the paper'll have it in;
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene;'
Or 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone
Down to Barkl a nstead to see her son.'
Great Jerusalum! can't I stir
Without a raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy—so to say,
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin'—I wan't to swear
Whenever I put my head in there.
Why ever Old Hundred's spiled and done,
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow,
Praise to the Lord from all below—
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle! there and here.
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n of He was hand and glove
With all the creeturs he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin' too,—but here I'm dumb,
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' gave us a stirrin' taste of fire—
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet
That makes this world nor 'tother complete.
But law I'm old! I'd better be dead
When the world's a turnin' over my head;
Spirits talking like 'tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools.
Crazy creeturs a murd'rin' round—
Honest folks better be under ground.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THIRD GREEK CLASS.

In opening this class on the 7th inst. Professor Blackie took occasion to make the following remarks on the relations of

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATRE.

The special case of Aristophanes and the Greek comedy, with the revel of wanton liceuce which characterised it, leaves me to say a word or two generally on the connection betwixt morality and stage-plays, or the Church and the theatre—a theme on which, since the days of the Puritans downwards, a certain class of clergymen in this country have been ever forward to invite public discussion. I will commence by stating a fact. Last Saturday, from a concatenation of causes, which it concerns no man to know, I found myself in the singular position of having been twice at the theatre in the same day; and on reviewing my conduct at night, according to the pious Pythagorean precept, before I said my prayers, I found that I had done nothing of which I had any cause to repent, but something rather on which I should look back with thoughtful satisfaction all the days of my life; and when I state that the two plays which I witnessed on that day were "Hamlet" and "The Bells," in both of which the principal parts were sustained by that singularly chaste, pure, and finely-feeling tragedian, Mr. Irving, no person, I am convinced, who ever witnessed his performances will have the least difficulty in comprehending the cause of my satisfaction. But whether assisted by the chastely suggestive action of Mr. Irving or not, what I wish to call attention to at present is, that these two pieces are both of a highly moral character and a profoundly religious significance; and they are listened to by large and crowded houses with a breathless attention and a devout sympathy that I have seldom seen surpassed in any congregation of Christians listening to the most eloquent discourse. It is plain, therefore, that the modern stage—of whose deterioration and degradation we have heard so much—is still, on some occasions at least, and in the hands of certain persons, performing nobly its proper function—exhibited so grandly in the ancient Greek tragedy—as practically a pulpit from which the most profound moral truths are taught, in a manner at once the most natural, the most attractive, and the most effective; and unless it can be shown that the eagerness with which the people run after such representations as those I have mentioned is altogether exceptive, I really do not see how clergymen or any other persons can be justified in condemning wholesale, as they sometimes do, the present state and condition of the noblest form of intellectual recreation ever invented by man. And, so far as my experience goes, I consider myself, in justice to a body of men who don't always receive, either from the clergy or from the general public, such grateful acknowledgment as their services deserve—in justice to theatrical artists, I feel bound to give my evidence that there is not the slightest reason to believe that the acceptableness of "Hamlet" and "The Bells" to a theatrical audience, through the impassioned impersonation of Mr. Irving, is an exceptional phenomenon. I am no great theatre-goer; but whenever I did happen—elsewhere, or specially in London—to see the piece which had enjoyed the popular run of the season, I did not find that it was a particularly immoral piece, or an immoral piece at all, but sometimes rather a highly moral and extremely evangelical piece, as this very play of "The Bells," and another called "Leah," of which the dramatic motive lies in the characteristically gospel virtue of the forgiveness of injuries. But not only on these occasions, but through my whole life, as an occasional witnesser of theatrical representations, I can state with the most solemn assurance that I have rarely met with even immoral insinuations in popular plays, much less with essentially immoral plots. On the contrary, I have generally found the floor of the stage occupied either by innocent and amusing pictures of popular manners, such as fill the pages of Thackeray and that great philosopher Mr. Punch (the true British Aristophanes), or pathetic stories of human suffering, generally springing out of human folly or sin, the contemplation of which could scarcely fail to have a good moral effect on every strong-hearted spectator. And I wish to say here, from this chair publicly, what I have often said privately to distinguished members of the clerical profession, that I have much oftener felt the gracious tear-drops of human sympathy and devout pity drawn from my eyes by the vivid impersonations of the stage than by the most fervid appeals of eloquence ever delivered from a Scottish pulpit. So far, therefore, as my experience goes—and I have no reason to imagine that I am singular—that class of persons, whether clergy or laymen, who are fond to indulge in declamations against the modern stage, are very far from being altogether in the right; rather, according to my feeling, so far in the wrong that, if I were to use the language which flows with such familiar denunciation from their lips, I should consider myself guilty of a great slander against the public, and a gross libel against a most respectable class of my fellow-citizens, for which as a Christian and a gentleman, I should consider myself bound to make an ample apology. But there are not a few amongst the clergy with more sense and gentlemanly feeling than those of whom I have been speaking, who content themselves with saying that in general there is nothing particularly bad or immoral in stage plays, nay, that they are generally good in their tendency, at least innocent, but that the modern stage, through an unhealthy tradition, has become the nucleus round which all moral corruption naturally gathers; and they solemnly advise young men (and old men too, I suppose) never to enter a place where it is impossible to avoid the contagion of bad company.

While we are watching the movements of European states, the following prophecy, made in 1453, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, may be of interest:

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail;
But if the Cock and Bull pair
The Bear shall not prevail.
But look in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear.

It is exactly "twice ten years" since the end of the Crimean war.

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He came from a chronically borrying family. The other day he went into a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't got anything but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

WAKING UP AN OLD WOMAN.

The other day a woman about fifty years old called at the Central depot, lugging a big satchel, and after looking around a little she took a pie from the eating stand and sat down for a lunch. When asked to hand over the cash value of said pie she replied:

"You don't get one red cent, and if you say much I'll climb over there and mop that floor with you."

It was soon discovered that she was "tuf," and for fear of a row she was not again asked for fifteen cents. When she had finished the pie she walked around and presently asked Officer Button what time the train started for Hopper City. He said he never heard of any such town, and she remarked:

"Well, you want to plug around and find when the cars leave, or I'll make your heels break your neck!"

He kept shy of her for half an hour, and she went into the gentlemen's waiting room, made a bed on one of the benches, and was soon fast asleep. Word was brought to Officer Button, and he went to rouse her. She had her head on the satchel, and by accident he brushed the tip of her long nose. Opening her eyes, but not moving a limb, she said:

"Boy! I'll make you holler like a loon when I get up!"

"Come—this is no place for you," he replied.

"Do you know my business better than I do?" she queried.

"But you must get up," he protested.

"Go away, boy!" she warned "go away before I hurt you!"

"Will you get up?" he demanded.

She got up. She got up slowly, and regularly, and gracefully, and as she reached her feet she took him by the hair and cramped her fingers until his eyes looked like full moons.

"Boy! what did I tell you?" she quietly asked, shutting down a little tighter.

He grasped her arm, and after a struggle broke her hold, but her fingers brought away enough hair to make two big bird's-nests.

"Now you want to behave yourself!" he gasped, as he looked around for his hat.

"Time!" she called, giving him a thumping kick as he bent over for his tile.

It jarred him all over, and he reached for her arm to lead her out of the room.

"Five to three that you can't do it?" she snarled, taking his collar and neck-tie off at one grab.

He didn't want to hurt a woman, and he turned to go out and consult authority.

"Time!" she squeaked, putting in two splendid right and left kicks.

"Will you go out of here?" he asked, growing a little pale around the mouth.

"Not till the undertaker carries me, or you apologize for taking hold of my nose."

"I didn't mean to."

"Do you apologize?"

"I do."

"Well, don't never do it again, mister man. I'm old and a little faded, but I'm a catamount! See here, once."

She grasped a handful of his shirt front and flannel, him into a corner, drew him out again and might have thrown him over a bench if the linen had not given away.

"Come, I shall have to send you to the station if you don't stop," he whispered.

"Do I stop worth a cent?" she chuckled trying to kick his chin off.

He jumped out and locked the door, and after a little she climbed out of one of the street windows, kicked a hackman out of her way, and up along the wharves to see if she could get to Hopper City by water.

Who does not love a faithful, honest dog, man's faithful friend? And yet who is there, stretching out in the shade for a quiet afternoon nap, who has had man's faithful friend come panting up, and in an excess of honest affection, laying a great broad, hot tongue all over one's cheek, from chin to eyebrow, that does not get up and seize man's faithful friend by the tail and one ear try to throw him across a prairie fifteen miles wide?—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

MIXED MARRIAGE.—There was wedding in Corinth, Mississippi, a few days since, which was surely what might be called a mixed marriage. The bridegroom was a German Catholic, and the bride an American Presbyterian, the groomsman a Baptist, the clergyman an Episcopalian, and the ceremony was in a Methodist church.

The engineer who said that his locomotive ran over and killed 279 rabbits in Nevada was at once elected president of a kirk's club.

THE TALLEST SPIRE.

The new cast iron spire of the cathedral at Rouen has just been completed. The Semaine Religieuse of that diocese publishes the following particulars relative to the comparative heights of the principal monuments of the globe, as contrasted with this new work. None of the structures raised by the hand of man has made so magnificent or so lofty a pedestal for the Christian cross. The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, the marvel of modern art, thrown up to the skies by the genius of Bramante and Michael Angelo, has raised the emblem 152 feet above the ground. Strasburg the highest cathedral in all France, reaches with its celebrated clock tower, 405 feet; Amiens, 439 feet; Chartres, 399 feet; Notre Dame, at Paris, has only 222 feet. The Paris Pantheon, considered one of the boldest edifices, does not exceed 308 feet, the cross included. On another side, the highest pyramid, that of Cheops, measures 473 feet, according to some travellers, 455 feet according to others, and this latter calculation is the one generally adopted—a height which no known human construction has hitherto exceded. The pyramid of Cephrem has 436 feet, that of Mycerenus 177 feet. Among more modern edifices, the dome of St. Paul's, London, has 360 ft, that of Milan 375 feet; the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, 352 feet; the Square Tower of Ancelli, Italy, 351 feet; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 344 feet. St. Sophia at Constantinople only rises to 190 feet, the leaning tower of Pisa to 187 feet; the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, to 144 feet; the Pantheon of Agrippa to 141 feet; the Observatory of Paris to 88 feet. The dome of the Capitol at Washington, including its statue, reaches 307 feet in height, Trinity Church steeple being 284 feet. From these figures, which are given in round numbers it will be seen that the spire of Rouen, which has a height of 492 feet, is the most elevated monument in the world. The old one, commenced in 1544, on the plans of Robert Bequet, destroyed by the fire of September 15, 1822, and which was justly considered one of the boldest and most perfect works in existence, had a height of 433 feet; it was therefore 59 feet less than the present spire.

ACCENTUATION.

The New England *Journal of Education* hits off a number of popular errors of accentuation in the following instructive paragraph:—"I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting *etiquette* on the first, instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that *aspirant* should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me the other day by pronouncing *finale* in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the *subsidences* of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened the other day to my friend, the president of the Reform society, who spoke of the *raparies* of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that I would deliver an *address* that evening, but I knew it would not be polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at *recess* accenting the first syllable, and he was loth to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the president of the debating club, who is a great student of Cushing's Manual, tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the *precedence* by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a *cupelow*. She should consult a dictionary for *that* word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend who is very scholarly, always accents *coadjutor* on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs."

It was evening. Three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat, and the third jammed the pistol into the cat's ear, and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood, and that ill-feeling was being engendered.

There have, at the Jardin des Plantes, been some interesting experiments as to the effects of music upon animals. At the conclusion of a piece of music some elephants have been known to fondle the musicians with their trunks. Some hotel keepers have been known to *hold* the trunks after a concert.

The Caribou King.

The homely but true old adage "Easy come, easy go" was never better exemplified than in the career and end of William Abbott, king of the Caribou gold mines, whose death was lately announced from Victoria, British Columbia. Abbott was one of a company who struck rich pay on Williams Creek in 1861, arriving at Victoria with 300 pounds of gold in the fall of that year. He was the "lion" of the winter of 1862, and spent his gold lavishly with the coarest, most foolish and wasteful ostentation. Not satisfied with gratifying every whim of his fancy, he destroyed and threw away large sums of money. On one occasion he entered a saloon and shied a handful of $20 pieces at a large plate-glass mirror behind the bar, shattering it. When reproached by the barkeeper, he requested him to keep the gold for the damage. At another time he and a boon companion astonished the populace of Victoria by throwing $20 gold pieces at each other until stopped by the police.

On his return to Caribou, Abbot's good fortune continued, and he has been known to stake $10,000 on a hand at Poker. After two or three years prosperity, accompanied by similar wicked wastefulness, he reached the bottom of his claim and his purse, and like many another vulgar and ill-balanced man who has suddenly become rich by accident, he died miserably poor, even lacking the simple comforts of life at the last.

A DEBATABLE CLAIM.—A dozen or more men stood at the eastern entrance of the city hall, in Detroit, when it began to rain, and along came an individual with an umbrella over his head. As he reached the top step one of the men approached and said:

"Ah! I've been waiting for you. I knew you had it, and it's all right."

The man surrendered the umbrella in a hesitating manner and his sheepish look showed very plainly that he was not the lawful owner of it. As he passed into the hall another of the crowd stepped out and said:

"That's my umbrella and I can prove it. It has a 'J' cut on the handle."

So it had, and after some parleying it was handed over. The new owner was smiling very blandly as the crowd applauded, when a man turned in off the avenue to escape a wetting. As soon as he saw the umbrella he called out:

"Well, but where did you get this?"

"It's mine—bought it at the store," was the reply.

"Not much, sir. It was stolen from my office a month ago, and you'd better hand it over if you don't want trouble."

It was handed to him, and he started home. Only the angels knew whether or not the real owner stopped him somewhere up the avenue.

VERY DOUBTFUL SUNSTROKE.—Wm. Kerrigan, a laborer, while sawing wood on a summer day, fell from the effects of the heat, and was insensible for half an hour. Kerrigan explained as follows.

"It is thrue, I was left insinsible, but whether it was the sunstroke or what it was remains to be investigated. I was sawin' wood for Mrs Monahon. She several times came out and looked at me as I was a sawin' of the wood in her back yard, sayin' to me:

"William, it is awful hot the day.

"Yer right there, says I, its powerful hot, Mrs. Monahan.

"The said Mrs. Monahon—she standin' in the kitchen in the rear of the house at the time—sez she: 'I finds nothing like could tay for the hate, sez she, and she tuk a taypot off the shelf, and tuck a schwig.

"Well, she several times came out, and sayin William, the hate is savare, tuck a schwig from the taypot.

"Presently, finding the hate oppressive, I went in on my own invitation and tuck a schwig from the taypot. Thin I tuck another, and then I tuck another, and whin I was finally lifted up from beside my saw buck, I towld them that was all I knew about the sunstroke."

One said it was the *strength* of the taypot that troubled me—the durty, mane spalpeen, who was batin Mrs Monahon over my poor back.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The coroner's verdict was that the Carr was demolished by a displaced witch."

Thomas, of what fruit is cider made? "Don't know, sir." "Why, what a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jone's orchard?" I got a thrashing sir.

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

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