

Do your worst," she
was baled before the
the drawing-room;
not do you much
not been sent for
been summoned
has gone, I care
you," said Mary.
"I kept her
for her lifetime,
or even 10, if need
less wretch!" said
most fearful from
retorted Mary,
like a bullet. "Me
a poor young lady
cared for no more
We didn't make
an head when he
heap of misery and
all round.
thundered Anthony,
"sir," said Mary;
"I'll fight you
my life. I'll fight
you would who got it
part you, but you'll
you make, you
thief, for cheating
that belonged to us
Mrs. Clarendon,
herself from the
no has been talked
might better than
selling of your
We kept Master
and we kept Mr.
year. It was we
their food here,
and under-linen,
at there. We kept
with the money
I reckon."
it is less a theft,
bric-a-brac, mildly.
ack, and it seemed
said Mary, a little
makes a difference
We lived poorly,
and all we saved
to let him marry
Mr. Harford when
but it served its
been. That good
of the mattress
the bonds whereof
bank, under the
would have told a
he know it.
of Mrs. Harford?
be beat. "Mrs.
Mary answered,
lady had no one
trouble, and we
I don't think we
I'm any of your
with a false air of
to be a poor
What were we
into the streets,
her and me talked
it would be a
to do to turn her
No, we kept her
wiser. It's not
so much, though
Clarendon, with
not every honest
harbored a run-
said that foolish
all of tears.
said Anthony,
had no betray
who was like my
You would have
you do with that
that you would,
like a lady?
know my duty?
better than that;
be done by as I
I'm named out
to the devil, you
Mary's eloquence
of her hearers,
least named the
Anthony's large
his bonnet some
off. For all his
against the woman
life in her sin, he
to the dead,
felt in the early
and her mother
telling a crime and
but for more
felt, moreover,
best be washed
to understand to
trial would be to
diagnoses, details,
as. It would be
elony and let her
magistrate, and so
he administered,
presence had made
of social, and he
of liking to settle
own right hand,
settled for him by
ard analyzed by
ent moment was
was inclined to
of the world's talk
self-preservation,
in an opaque
for the care
art consideration
a woman, and so
not possible for
ow often, indeed,
break the silence.
ent, she saw the
and she would be
ed.
erson, ordinary
most exclusively
pers of Hudson
at the rate of
are. Very little
strated manures
lly under manure.

The Johnstown Flood.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet
Echoes along the city street,
And the idle crowd swarms 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 adlepter—
Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

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 freshening 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 glacially in waning light,
Are borne into the coming night
An army of the dead.

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 never is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
Where never 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 great!

And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

"LITTLE FLOY."

"Open wide the golden portals,
Swing the peary gates afar;
Hail her coming heart with 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,
Rhe 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 per-
fectly 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-rued meshes.—Emile Michelet
in Paris Illustrate.

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 Thurs-
day. 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 Flend Again.

"There is nothing sentimental about
Mary," said Mrs. Palmer. "Even when
her lover is with her she sits far apart."
"Yes," spoke up little Harry, "as long
as you are in the room."

Electro-act—Electro-acting—Electro-acted.

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

Dr. R. A. GANN, M.D., Dean and Profes-
sor of Surgery of the United States Medi-
cal College, Editor of the "Medical Trib-
une," author of "Gann's New Improved
Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medi-
cine," 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 inde-
pendent 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 sub-
stituting 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 to oftentimes Exclusive in His
Conduct—Why not be Sociable Home?

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscel-
laneous 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. Unques-
tionably 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 these wives who are con-
signed to dwell perennially in the gray,
sombre lives their lords and masters make
for them that I am impelled to say my
"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,
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 spinning 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 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, enthralls her,
crouns her and lets her know in unmistak-
able language that such is the case. I have
heard men say: "Of course I love my wife,
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 doze on the library lounge until
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 exhilar-
ating change, something rather more
effervescent than the pleasure of feeling
alone in the same room as 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 monu-
ment 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,
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 disappoint-
ment 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 your 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 ministrations and hopeful encourage-
ment. And the next time he recovers the
full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is
his 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, small
abusive and tyrannical in little things—
who treats her off and on as if she were his
head servant without a salary, instead of

FIGS IN CLOVER.

The Famous Problem Said to Be the Out-
come of a Scientific Experiment.

Emil Charles Pfeiffer, of Cambridge,
states that a student of physiological
psychology named Martenfeldt is the cul-
prit who is responsible for the "Figs in
Clover" atrocity, says an exchange. Mar-
tenfeldt had been making researches in
some determinations of the direction 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 im-
pression that the marble will roll, sending
the impression to the controlling organs in
the cerebrum that contract or relax the
muscles of the arm and the degree of re-
sponsiveness in the nervous end-organs of
the fingers which hold the piece of glass.
Martenfeldt found that if he placed
the marble in the center 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 particu-
lar 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 center of the plate, with holes
for the marble to run through, the average
results of his experiments gave a remark-
able 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
millimeters. 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 ignor-
ance 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 travel-
lers 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
proper use of the preparation of concentrated
meat juice enabling the cook to give to all
dishes—soup, sauce and entrees—the fine
meat-flavor which distinguishes the fine
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, Liebigs Company's
Extract of Meat, being the finest con-
centrated 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 per-
fection 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, ac-
companied 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 feet together and the
toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then
drop the arms listlessly by the sides, ani-
mating 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 upon 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 back-
ward out of the perfect line. Repeat this
same exercise, first on one foot, then on
the other. It is wonderful what a straight-
ening out power this exercise has upon
round shoulders and crooked backs, and
lungs begin to show the effect of such ex-
pansive 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 intelli-
gent dog seized hold of the vehicle and saved
it from tipping over.

Lewis Lynde, of Montour county, Penn-
sylvania, 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.

Ready to Take His Medicine.

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked de-
pendently, as he replaced the phonograph
on the corner of the mantelpiece.
"You did."
"And you can grind it out of that ma-
chine 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 Kan- sas have been devastated by a cyclone.

Many men lead double lives, but refer-
ence to only one of them is made on the
tombsstone.

THE TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The store of S. S. Dickson, at Packerham,
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
Jurisdiction from the county of York was
voted on Saturday by a majority of 70
carries.

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
Bonlangier papers the High Court has
ordered the arrest of Capt. Fleuchat, of the
War Office.

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

It is rumored in Paris that Gen. Lloyd
S. Bryce will succeed the late Allen Thorn-
dike Rice as editor of the "North Ameri-
can Review."

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

Mr. Waskins, the head gardener of the
Horticultural Gardens in Toronto, com-
plains bitterly of the sad havoc of down-
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 Liek-Governor-in-Council has
issued a proclamation creating 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. Sabin 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 sol-
emnly expose the sacrament in expiation
of the outrage upon religion perpetrated by
the inauguration.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's Uni-
versity, has addressed an open letter to
Vice-Chancellor Mulock, of Toronto Uni-
versity, 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 Chisel-
hurst, in Kent, where Napoleon III. died
and where the Prince Imperial remains
arrested, and where the ex-Emperor
passed so many years of her sad widow-
hood, 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 Vice-Chancellor Mulock,
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 Procurer-General,
the directors of the newspapers, Intra-
surgent, Tribunal, Autorite and Gaulois,
charged with insulting the Chief Magis-
trate, 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 frag-
ment, 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 Bellevue
Palace. The Emperor and the Shah ex-
changed 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 Satur-
day. He said the Liberal party was mov-
ing 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. Refer-
ring to Ireland, he admitted that crime had
decreased there and attributed the im-
provement 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
near 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 designa-
tion of Great Britain and Ireland.

Had One.

"Have you any particular object in look-
ing around here?" asked the contractor of
a new building of an idler who was in the
way.
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.
"I'll tell you what it is."
"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.

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

Insights in the Ear.

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, jun., talking in
"The Medical Classics" about removing in-
sects from the ears, 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 con-
sistence, will so entangle and bedruggle 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. Every 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 sug-
gested to blow tobacco smoke in the ear to
stupefy the insect. We cannot endorse this
advice, tobacco smoke blown into the ear
of a child has been known to cause alarm-
ing 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, dejectedly, I'll throw up the sponge," he
said, "I believe it."

"Good gracious, Jephthah, 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 King-
ston 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—For takin' pictures, sir.
"Mercy, I didn't know that photography
was a crime."
"It isn't, sir; but takin' 'em 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.