### Columbus.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance
Spain, once the most chivalric race on earth,
Spain, then the mightiest, wealthiest realm
on earth,
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain,
Then some one standing by my grave will
say,
"Behold the bones of Christopher Colon"—
"Aye, but the chains, what do they mean—
the chains?"
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, "These same
chains
Bound these same bones back thro' the
Atlantic sea,
Which he unchained for all the world to
come."

O, Queen of Heaven, who seest the souls
in hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for the moment. Stay, my
son
Is here anon: my son will speak for me
Abler than I can in these spasms that grind
Bone against bone. You will not. One
last word.

You move about the court, I pray you tell
King Ferdinand, who plays with me, that
one
Whose life has been no play with him and
his
Hidalgoes — shipwrecks, famines, fevers,
fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at and con-
doned—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready, though our Holy Catholic queen,
Who fain had pledged his jewels on my first
voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catho-
lic faith,
Who wept with me when I returned in
chains,
Who sits beside the Blessed Virgin now,
To whom I send my prayer by night and
day—
She is gone—but you will tell the king that I,
Racked as I am with gout and wrench'd with
pains
Gained in the service of his highness, yet
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
Am readier, if the king would hear, to lead
One last crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted; you have
dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor
thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genovese.

—*From Tennyson's New Volume.*

## THREE, SEVEN, ACE.

"What! did you bet on the red all evening?"

"Yes, I rarely change my play."

"You are the most impassive gambler I have ever seen."

"What do you think of Hermann, then, for self-control? He never in his life touched a card or made a bet, and yet he will watch us play till morning, such is his love of it."

"True," said Hermann, "it interests me, but I never play."

This conversation took place at the quarters of Naroumoff, a lieutenant of hussars. It was late. Play had been heavy, and potations deep.

"Ah, well," cried Tomski, "Hermann is in the engineer corps, and therefore economical—that is all. But, for the curiosity, just look at my grandmother, the Countess Fedorovna. She is rich; she is a woman, and she is 80 years old—yet she never plays!"

"It is indeed strange," said Naroumoff, "but what is the reason?"

"Listen and I will tell you. You must know that sixty years ago she was at Paris, and created a furore by her beauty—they called her the Muscovite Venus. Those were the good old days, just before the fall of the monarchy in '89, when every one, ladies and all, played at faro. One evening she lost a large sum to the Comte de Provence, the king's brother. On her return she took off her patches, disheveled her hair, and, thus tragically prepared, informed her husband of her ill luck. My defunct grandfather (peace to his ashes) was a species of financial secretary to his wife. He feared only her and the devil—the last the least. But when she confided to him the amount she had lost, he almost rose to the ceiling, flew into a terrible passion, and refused to pay a single franc. My grandmother acted like a woman of spirit—she slapped his face, and passed the night in another room. The next day, however, she returned to the attack. Tears this time; but it was useless. Her long-suffering husband, declared that she had alread wasted half a million, and it might as well end one time as another.

"Fortunately for her, an idea occurred by which she did not fail to profit. There was at that time in Paris a certain strange individual who was known by the name of the comte de Saint-Germain. You have doubtless heard of him. He was looked upon as the wandering Jew, and was reputed to posses the secret of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life as well. Despite the mystery surrounding him, he was much sought after and was universally liked. Well, she wrote to him requesting him to grant her an interview. The old gentleman hastened to her house, and found her plunged in despair. She related to him her misfortune, the cruelty of her husband, and begged him to assist her. After reflecting a few moments, Saint-Germain replied:

"'Madame, I can easily lend you the money you require, but I well know you will have no peace until you repay me. I do not wish to extricate you from one dilemma only to plunge you into another. There is but one course open to you—you must win the money back again.'

"'But, my dear count,' said my grandmother, 'I've already told you that I haven't a franc.'

"'You do not need money,' he replied; 'listen.' And then he confided to her a secret for which any one of you, gentlemen, would give ten years of his life."

All the young officers listened with intense interest. Tomski paused a moment, lit his cigar, and continued:

"That evening she went to the queen's game at Versailles. The count de Provence was banker, the game faro. She told him some feminine fib or other for not having yet paid her debt, and then began to play. She staked a large sum on her first card—she won; she doubled it on the next—she won; the third time again she doubled it—again she won."

"Pshaw!—pure luck!" cried one of the officers.

"A fable," said Hermann.

"But," said Naroumoff, "if you have a grandmother who possesses such secrets, my dear fellow, why don't you induce her to confide in you?"

"That is the devil of it," replied Tomski. "She had three sons beside my father—desperate gamblers all of them. Not one ever succeeded in gaining the privilege they so ardently desired. But you remember my uncle, Count Ivan Ilitch?—he was a favourite of the old lady. Well, one day he lost to Zaritch three hundred thousand roubles. He was reduced to beggary. The old countess took pity upon him, and, after exacting a pledge upon his honour that he would never play again, she told him the mystic series of cards. He sought Zaritch and demanded his revenge. His first bet was fifty thousand roubles; his second—but it is 5 o'clock, gentlemen, and time to break up. You all know how it ended; he ruined his opponent, who blew out his brains. My uncle never played again."

The old Countess Fedorovna was seated in her room before [illegible]. Her maids surrounded her, holding rouge, pow[illegible] and patches. The ancient belle had no longe[illegible] any pretensions to beauty, but she retained the habits of her youth. Her companion was engaged in fancy work.

"Grandmother," said a young officer, as he entered the room, "I have a favour to ask," and he stooped and kissed her withered hand.

"What is it, Paul?"

"I want to present one of my brother officers, and to beg an invitation for him to your next ball."

"Bring him to the ball and present him there. Were you at the princess' last night?"

"Yes; a splendid entertainment; we danced until 5 o'clock. What a charming creature is the Countess Eletzki!"

"Oh, my dear Paul, you are easily pleased. You should have seen her grandmother, the Princess Petrovna! She must be very old now."

"The Princess Petrovna!" cried Tomski, unwittingly; "why, she has been dead these seven years!"

He checked himself immediately. Lisabeta, the companion, was making signs to him. He had forgotten that it was forbidden to speak of the death of any of the countess' aged friends.

"Dead!" said she; "well, well! I did not know it. We were ladies of honour together when we were girls. I remember the first time we waited upon the empress," and the old lady sighed as she thought of her vanished youth and beauty. Then, her mood changing, "Paul," said she, "talk with Lisabeta while I am dressing. Tisanka, where is my snuff-box? Help me to get up, Lisabeta," and the old countess passed behind the screen.

"Who is this officer you wish to present to the countess?" asked Lisabeta Ivanovna. "Is he in the engineers?"

"No, in the hussars. His name is Naroumoff. But why do you ask?"

The companion smiled, but did not answer.

"Well, I must be off. Good-by, grandmother. Good-by Lisabeta. Why did you ask if he was in the engineers?" And smiling knowingly, the young officer withdrew.

Lisabeta Ivanovna sighed, and recommenced her work.

The young girl's life was an unhappy one. To eat another's bread is always bitter, but who could paint the miseries of a companion to a lady of quality? When she made the tea, the countess abused her because the servants stole the sugar. When she read to her, the countess held her responsible for the author's dulness. When she went out with her, the countess scolded her if the weather was bad. Often she would retire, after a day of misery, to her little room and weep bitterly over the affronts she had endured.

One morning, a few days before the scene just related, she was seated at her window, working, when she perceived a handsome young officer gazing at her from the street. She averted her gaze, and applied herself with redoubled assiduity to her work. After a few moments she looked up, and he was still there. For some time he continued to gaze at her window, and disappeared. The next day he was there again. The day after, as she and the countess was about getting into the carriage, she saw him standing, muffled in a large fur cloak, watching her. His bright eyes followed her every movement. Lisabeta smiled, despite herself. From that moment a correspondence of glances was begun.

Hermann (for the reader will have guessed that it was he) had a small fortune, but, for an officer, was poor. In order to preserve himself from debt, he had resolutely determined never to play, and lived within his income. He was very ambitious, and very taciturn. Under his reserve, however, smoldered the most violent passions. He possessed great self-control, and, though a born gambler, he never touched a card. He often passed feverish nights before the green table, devoured by the passion of play, but never indulging in it. The story of the Comte de Saint-Germain's three cards had made a vivid impression upon his mind. He could think of nothing else.

"Ah," he said to himself, "if the old countess would only tell me her secret—if she would but tell me the names of the three winning cards! I must be presented to her. I must gain her confidence. She is 87 years old—87! She might die this week—she might die to-morrow—and her secret with her!" And he dug his nails into the palms of his hands as he thought of it.

But he was a man of iron will, and did not falter in his determination to possess himself of the secret. He observed the pretty young girl who acted as companion to the countess, and resolved to use her as a tool to further his ends. Not for a moment did a thought of the misery he might cause her make him falter. He used every means to open a correspondence with her. He bribed the servants. He confided notes to the *modistes* who waited upon the countess for orders. At length his perseverance was rewarded. Lisabeta answered him. Her first letter was a somewhat cold note, chiding him for his rash persistence. But the ice was broken. His protestations of love were soon reciprocated, and at last she consented to a *rendez vous*. With the rashness with which timid women sometimes have she appointed the countess' house for the place. In her letter she said:

This evening there is to be a ball at the German ambassador's. We will remain there until 2 o'clock. As soon as we start for the ball, which will be about 11, the servants will immediately retire to their quarters. But one will remain, the footman at the door, and he probably will be asleep. Enter as soon as you see us leave, and go up-stairs. If you find anyone in the ante-chamber ask if the countess is at home; the answer will be that she is not, and you must resign yourself and go. It is not probable that you will meet anyone, however. When you are in the ante-chamber take the door to the left, and you will find yourself in the countess' boudoir. There, behind a tall screen, you will see two doors—one opens into a closet, the other upon a stairway, which leads to ——

Hermann's eyes glared like those of a beast of prey as he read the note. Already he saw dancing before his eyes the heaped-up gold and bank-notes, the cards, the green cloth of the gambling table. He saw himself in imagination sweeping in fantastic treasures such as he had never dreamed of. He awaited with feverish impatience the arrival of the hour.

At 11 o'clock he was waiting in front of the countess' door. The night was stormy; the wind moaned fitfully, the lamps gave forth an uncertain flicker upon the falling snow and the deserted street. From time to time the footfall of a belated passer-by sounded upon the stones. But Hermann felt neither wind nor snow. At last the carriage appeared. Two lackeys deposited the muffled form of the countess within it, and following her came the lithe figure of Lisabeta, as she sprang upon the step. The slam of the door smote his ear, and the dull sound of the wheels as they rolled over the snowy street. The footman shut the carriage gate, the windows became dark, and silence soon hung over the household.

Hermann approached a street lamp, and by its feeble glimmer examined his watch. Twenty minutes after 11; it was past the hour. He opened the gate and entered the vestibule—no footman there. With a firm step he mounted the grand stairway, and found himself in the ante-chamber. On the floor lay a snoring servant. Passing quickly by him, Hermann entered the countess' room.

Before a little altar in the corner, covered with images, burned a perfumed lamp of gold. On the walls hung portraits, attired in the fashion of fifty years before. One—that of a handsome man in uniform—seemed to follow him with his cold, gray eyes as he moved about the room. Hermann resented the look involuntarily, and then laughed at his folly. On the mantel stood porcelain vases and a marble clock. About the room were scattered countless jewels. He passed behind a screen at one side of the room; there were the doors. He opened the one to the right; it was the staircase which led to the room of the poor girl who loved him. He opened the one to the left; a closet revealed [illegible]elf, into which he stepped.

The [illegible]ent slowly by. The house was profoundly silent. The great clock in the hall struck twelve, and its echoes died away. Hermann waited. One o'clock. His pulse beat slowly—he was calm. Two o'clock. Silence. Then came the distant rolling of carriage wheels. For the first time he felt some slight emotion. The carriage rapidly approached, and the servants, warned by the sound, hastened to receive their mistress. Three maids entered and lighted up the boudoir; a moment after the countess appeared, preceded and followed by lackeys with lights.

Hermann eagerly watched what was passing through the slightly opened door. The old lady fell into an easy-chair, and the maids began to remove her ornaments. Then Lisabeta passed immediately in front of him. He could have touched her as she went by. He heard her light footstep on the stairway; he heard her door close. For a moment he felt something which in another man would have been remorse, but he stifled it. His heart was stone.

The maids continued to remove the countess' ball-dress. When they had taken off her wig, her diamonds, her patches, and her brocaded gown, and replaced them with a wrapper and cap, she looked a little less hideous.

Like most very old people, she was troubled with sleeplesness. Therefore, instead of going to bed at once, she had her chair wheeled before the fire had the lights extinguished, and dismissed her women. The flickering fire-light fell upon her wrinkled, yellow face as her head nodded from side to side, and its vacuous look revealed the absence of thought. But suddenly the expression changed; her lips trembled, and her eyes lifted up. The figure of a man appeared between her and the fire.

"Fear nothing, madam," said the stranger in a hoarse whisper, "fear nothing; I do not wish to harm you. On the contrary, I come to beseech you to grant me a favor."

The old countess looked at him in silence, as if she did not understand. Thinking that she was deaf, he placed his lips to her ear and repeated what he he had said. Still she was silent.

"You, madam," continued he, "can assure the happiness of my life without the least trouble to yourself. You can tell me the names of the three cards that——"

He stopped. Her lips moved. She evidently understood him.

"It is a jest," she said; "I swear to you it is a foolish jest."

"No, no!" cried Hermann, passionately, "it is no jest! Think of Count Ilitch and his gains——"

He stopped again. The countess' working features seemed for a moment to betray some emotion, but only for a moment.

"Why do you wish to keep this secret? For your grandsons? They are rich already. Besides, they would not profit by it. They are born debauchees, and had they the devil himself at their orders they would die beggars. I know the value of money—the secret would not be thrown away upon me."

The countess remained dumb.

Hermann threw himself at her feet.

"If your heart be human, if you have ever loved, I implore you to tell me this secret! By all that is holy in this world or the next, I beseech you, tell it me!"

The countess remained dumb.

"Stay—perhaps some awful sin stains your soul. Perhaps you have some compact with demons to obtain this secret. If so, bethink you—you have not many years to live. I am ready to assume with the secret all its pains—ready to take upon my souls all its sins. Speak—speak, I implore you!"

The countess remained dumb.

Gnashing his teeth, Hermann leaped to his feet.

"Curse you, old hag!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his breast, "speak you shall or die!"

For the second time the features of the countess displayed some emotion. Her aged head trembled—she extended her hands feebly, as if to ward off the weapon—she fell back in her chair.

"Enough of this!" cried Hermann, brutally, clutching her arm, "for the last time—will you speak or no?"

The arm felt strangely limp and lifeless in his grasp. He approached and and examined her face by the light of the fading fire. A look of haughty determination was upon the withered face, but the eyes were dim. Anna, countess of Fedorovna, was cold and dead.

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Three days after this scene the obsequies of the countess were celebrated in the cathedral of Vasili Blazhennoi. Hermann entered the church. Although he felt no remorse, he could not deny to himself that he was her assassin. Faith he had none—superstition had forced him there. He fancied that the dead woman would exercise a malign influence over his life if he did not appease her spirit by assisting at the funeral.

The cathedral was crowded. The body lay upon an imposing catafalque, under a velvet canopy. Around the bier were gathered the three generations of her family. No one wept—tears would have been considered an affectation. The countess was so old that her death had long been regarded as probable at any moment.

[A]fter the funeral oration the relatives and friends defiled slowly around the bier to look upon the features of the dead woman. Hermann also advanced. He reached the catafalque, mounted its steps, and bent over the coffin. He recoiled with a stifled cry. He fancied he had seen a movement of the eyes of the corpse, and a mocking smile play over its cold lips.

All the rest of the day he felt a most extraordinary uneasiness. At the restaurant where he took his solitary dinner he drank deeply, contrary to his habit, in the hope of shaking off the gloom that oppressed him. It was all in vain. The wine only inflamed his imagination, and gave new activity to his working brain. He walked the streets of the city until he was exhausted, and then returned to his quarters. He threw himself upon the bed, fully dressed, and in a few minutes a leaden slumber fell upon him.

When he woke, a flood of moonlight streamed from the window to his bed. He looked at his watch. It was half-past three. He could sleep no longer. He began to think of his failure to obtain the secret, and of the escape of the old countess to the other world, bearing her secrect with her.

Suddenly he looked up. He thought the door was moving. Could it be his servant?

No, not at that hour. The door slowly opened, and he could dimly distinguish in the background of darkness a figure in white. The figure advanced toward him with a gliding motion. It reached the yellow line of moonlight. Hermann's hair rose upon his head. It was the countess.

"I come against my will," the apparition said slowly, "but by your will it is that I am forced to come. Three, seven, ace, played one after the other; these are the cards. Farewell!"

The figure glided towards the door. As it reached the threshold it turned and Hermann fancied he could discern in the darkness its mocking smile.

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"Three, seven, ace!" Three, seven, ace! This was the secret. The words were branded on Hermann's brain; he could think of nothing else, he could dream of nothing else. The cards appeared in a myriad mystic forms. He saw vast forests, whose nodding branches wove themselves into trees. Mighty cities reared themselves before him, whose Gothic gates were strangely like to sevens. Monstrous aces dangled from the skies, like spider-webs. The clock ticked, "Three, seven, ace."

There was at Moscow a famous faro bank, frequented only by the rich. The banker's name was Tchekalinski. His life had been passed at play, and he had amassed an immense fortune. His magnificent house, his excellent wines, his elegant manners had succeeded in attracting to his doors the fashionable youth of Moscow. They deserted the ball-room for the gambling-hell; they neglected the smiles of beauty for those of the fickle goddess, Fortune.

Naroumoff was in the habit of frequenting this place, and Hermann requested him to conduct him there. They passed through a number of rooms, filled with obsequious servants. All were crowded. Generals and diplomatists were playing at whist. Young men were extended upon the divans, smoking Turkish pipes. At last they reached the main room. Tchekalinski was seated at the centre of a long table, dealing faro, surrounded by a score of players. He was a man of 60, with a noble head, crowned with snow-white hair. His countenance shone with good humor and with good living. During a pause in the play Naroumoff presented his friend. The banker greeted him with a charming smile, bade him not to stand upon ceremony, and began another deal. The bets were numerous. The deal lasted long. At its close Tchekalinski began shuffling a new pack for a fresh deal.

Hermann deposited a check upon the table.

"What!" exclaimed Naronmoff, laughingly, "at last, oh! man of iron, you have yielded to the temptation? Well, I wish you good luck."

"How much?" said the banker, peering at the check. "I beg your pardon, but I cannot see the figures."

"Fifty thousand roubles," replied Hermann.

At these words all eyes were fixed upon the young officer.

"He is a man," thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to observe, sir," said Tchekalinski, with his polite smile, "that your play is somewhat heavy."

"I know it," said Hermann, with a slight sneer, "you can decline to play against me if you wish."

"That is not my desire," said the banker, with a still sweeter smile, "but you will pardon me for saying that when I play for such large sums I prefer to deal with the money before me. It facilitates calculation."

Hermann drew from his pocket a package of bank notes and placed it upon the three. The banker examined the notes with a glass and began to deal. To the right came a ten, to the left a three.

"Three wins," said Hermann.

A rumour ran round the table. For a moment the banker's brows contracted, but his smile at once reappeared. He placed upon Hermann's pile of notes a similar pile.

"Do you leave it there?" he asked.

Without replying Hermann placed the entire sum upon the seven. Tchekalinski dealt. To the right a jack, to the left a seven.

"Seven wins," said Hermann.

The usually impassive banker was evidently ill at ease. He counted one hundred thousand roubles in notes, and placed them upon the mass of wealth.

The news had spread through the gambling-house. The old men had left their whist, the young men their divans. The servants had quitted their posts. A throng of feverish gamblers and bedizened lackeys surrounded Hermann and his silent opponent. The young man placed the two hundred thousand roubles upon the ace. A profound silence reigned throughout the room.

Tchekalinski prepared to deal. His hands trembled, despite himself. To the right, an ace; to the left a queen.

"Ace wins," said Hermann, extending his hand toward the money.

"I beg your pardon," said the banker, in honeyed tones—"I beg your pardon—ace loses."

Hermann glared at the cards. On the banker's pile was an ace; on his, the queen of spades! He shuddered and turned faint. He fancied he could see in the painted face upon the card the features of the old countess, and her malignant smile.

"Curse her!" he shrieked, "curse the old hag! May ten thousand devils torture her lying soul!" His voice died away in a hoarse scream. He foamed at the mouth. The banker made a sign to the servants, and they advanced and removed him.

Tchekalinski smiled his most brilliant smile upon the assembled gamblers. "Make your bets, gentlemen," he said, and began to shuffle the cards.

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In the Oubonkhof asylum for the insane, at Moscow, is a very old man. He is known only as "No. 17." He is harmless, but will reply to no questions put to him. He repeats incessantly, day after day, year after year, the words: "Three, seven, ace—three, seven, queen; three, seven, ace — three, seven, queen!"—*From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.*

### Costly Mansions.

As a rule, says a New York correspondent, we take very kindly to all sorts of foreign things—sometimes a good deal more so than foreigners themselves. A great many of us, especially those who have plenty of money, can see very little credit in anything that does not bear a foreign trade mark. Our millionaires must now even get foreigners to finish all their fine houses. Fifth Avenue furnishes several cases in point. The new mansions going up there for the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, and some other nabobs, are to be perfect palaces, so far as elaborate finish is concerned. Outside as well as inside, nothing that art can do for them is to be spared. Even the stone fronts must be ornamented with fine carving. There are scores of good stone workers in New York, but they are not good enough it seems, for the fancy work on the Fifth Avenue fronts. "Artists" must be imported expressly to carve the figures and the intricate devices in foliage and general gingerbread. If a certain piece of work of this kind is to be done, it must wait till an "artist" can be brought over from Europe to do it. The foreign gentlemen generally take their time about coming and take plenty of time at their work when they get here, but no one must attempt to hurry them up. They would resent that either by refusing to come at all, or refusing to go on with the work after beginning. Some of these artists in brown stone are just as hard to manage as opera singers, and have to by handled with the same care, or they mae kick up at any moment and leave some one in the lurch. It is not much of a compliment that our rich men, such as the Goelets, pay to our own workmen when they insist upon foreigners being brought over to finish the outside of their houses.

They demand, too, that a good deal of the material for the houses shall be brought from abroad. The completion of the Vanderbilt mansion, for instance, will probably be delayed a couple of years by the difficulty of getting orders for foreign tiling filled. Some very good tiling is made in this country, but Mr. Vanderoilt won't have it, and the workmen here must wait on the convenience of manufacturers in Europe. Marble chimney-pieces are no longer considered stylish enough for first-class houses. Elaborately carved wood is used instead, and in many cases the article is prepared in Europe and brought here complete, ready to be set in its place. The costliest chimney-piece yet ordered for a New York mansion will grace the Fifth avenue home of the rich Californian, D. O. Mills. The value of this single article, which is only a chimney-piece at best, is $4,800. The contract for decorating the walls of Mr. Mills' parlours demand $300 a square foot for the work. The houses going up for Mr. Vanderbilt's two sons will be nearly as costly as his own. Among other elegant buildings which will take some time to finish are those of Robert and Ogden Goelet, David Dows, and the millionaire H. R. Bishop. The orders in each case are to spare no expense, and as there is plenty of money behind them, they are pretty sure to be carried out. When the new mansions are finished and occupied they will cover the ownership of about $200,000,000.

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Jay Gould, last year, invested $150,000 in a residence and grounds at Irvingtoe, on the Hudson river. At an early hour on Saturday morning flames utterly destroyed the conservatory, a Moorish structure, four hundred and eighty feet long, filled with the most rare and valuable plants. The pecuniary loss is $150,000, which is uninsured.

### A Disreputable Telephone.

That reservoir of female loveliness and intelligence known as Mills seminary, says the *The San Francisco Post*, is connected with outer darkness by a telephone, through which, in some senses inadequate instrument, all interviews between the inmates and male beings are conducted. The other morning Mrs. Mills was informed that a gentleman in San Francisco had signalled her instrument, and that excellent disseminator of crochet and Greek words repaired to the mouth-piece.

"Hello?" said the man.

"Heaven, O!" answered Mrs. M., who is very pious.

"I want 'em all in tights, with spangles onto 'em," said the voice, earnestly.

"Want what?" gasped Mrs. M., who was inexpressibly shocked.

"Why, the girls," replied the voice, "and very low necks. Have some of 'em jump through balloons. Red legs, green sash ——"

"The rules of this establishment will not allow anything of the kind," said the model preceptress, firmly.

"Very well, then" make 'em all red When can you send 'em to the theatre?"

"The young ladies are allowed to attend the matinee only in parties of six, and accompanied by a teacher," said the guardian of youthful innocence.

"Am not satisfied with twin sisters—must be made to kick higher."

How Mrs. Mills refrained from fainting she never knew herself, but when she revived a little she made the wire hum like an Æolian harp in a nor'east gale with the emphatic remark:

"I must request, sir, that you instantly remove your daughters from this institution—instantly, sir. I cannot consent to impart any such scandalous information to the young, and I desire——"

And there is no knowing how the matter would have resulted had not the Oakland office suddenly switched off the connection just then, and explained that he had by mistake hooked the seminary on to the Petaiuma station, where a variety troupe agent was instructing a city theatrical-bill engraver regarding some coloured posters.

### By Universal Accord,

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegerable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required. For sale by all dealers.

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The Comte de Chambord is to spend some time with the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, where immense preparations have been on foot, his object being to make arrangements concerning the settlement of the religious houses recently disbanded in France.

Croup can be cured in five minutes by the combined use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and Yellow Oil. Indeed, Yellow Oil is in itself a specific used internally and applied outwardly; but to heal and strenghen the lungs the Pectoral Balsam may be used with great success. Both of these matchless remedies should be kept in every house. To be obtained of all dealers in medicine.

What a multitude of martyrs suffer from Headache! either of the nervous or bilious form. The principal cause of the distress is a disorded Stomach and Liver, for which Burdock Blood Bitters is a positive specific. It cures constipation of the Bowels, eliminates disease from the kidneys, arouses the secretions to a healthy action, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and strengthens the debilitated system. Sample Bottles 10 cts. Regular size $1.00.

Rheumatism is one of the most prevalent and obstinate diseases incident to our climate, but it has been disarmed of its terrors by that invincible remedy. Hapyard's Yellow Oil, an external and internal medicine whose application is so varied and usaful in all painful and inflammatory diseases and wounds, as to render it a household necessity to all who suffer from pain.

Though the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates is grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination of local influences, produce a better quality than any others. This is shewn by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

One of the most loathsome and terrible diseases of our climate is Chronic Catarrh. When the poisoning matter is constantly falling upon the Lungs. Pulmonary Consumption is most certain to follow. Expel the morbid secretion from the Bronchial pipes by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the great throat and lung healer. Sold by all dealers at 25 cts per bottle.

Mothers who are startled at the hour of midnight by the ominous hoarse cough of your little ones, what would you not give for a prompt and certain means of relief from that dread destroyer of your children, Croup? Such a means you may have for the trifling cost of 25 cents. It is Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great Household remedy for all inflammatory and painful diseases. Do not rest over night again without it.

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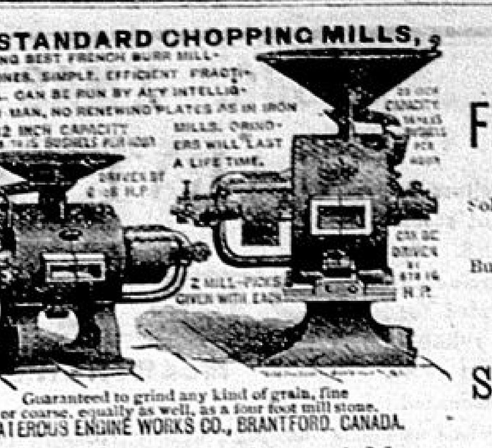

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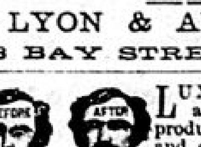

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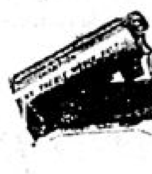
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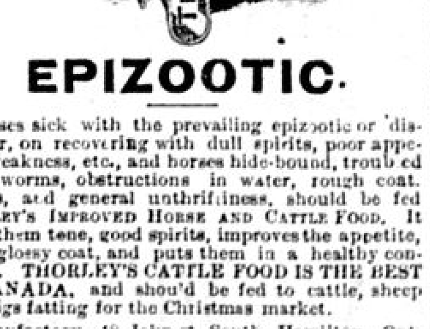

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