A cry From the Shore.

Come down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore!
The morning winds are up; the gods
Bid me to dream no more,
Come, tell me whether I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!

"We may not tell thee where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each has a separate star;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone;
We may not tell to thee."

Come back, O ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I dread the dark, imperious tides;
I dread the further shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be—
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me.

"Hail and farewell, O voyager!
Thyself must read the waves:
What we have learned of sun and storm
Is ours alone to know,
The winds are blowing out to sea;
Take up thy life and go!"

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE."

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

They sat together one evening, the last but one before his departure. They were watching the stars, and the faint light that seemed in some strange way to linger between heaven and earth.

"After all, Allan," she said, with a deep sigh, "we are not the only husband and wife who have had to part; and yet, when the love is true, as ours is, when the marriage is of real affection, as ours is, it is like dividing a living soul. I do not believe there is another sorrow like it."

"Nor do I," he returned.

Her face was raised so that the pale starlight fell on it, and he marvelled at its loveliness.

"All the time I am away, Margarita," he said, "you must try to think of pleasant things—think of our happy reunion, and how glorious it will be when I show the world what a beautiful, loving wife I have had the happiness of finding. Do you know, sweet, that last night I dreamed I was at Walton, and that my wife was giving a grand *fete* there? I fancied that I was looking for a white camellia to fasten in your hair."

"You dreamed you were there with your wife? Did you see in your dream the face of her whom you fancied was your wife?"

She asked the question in quick, hurried fashion, waiting with wide-parted lips for the answer.

"Whose face should I see except yours? Why, Margarita, you startle me! What a strange question!"

"Is it strange? I think your going away has developed a tendency to 'strangeness' in me, Allan. I have curious fancies. I never thought that I should be strong enough to bear any great sorrow, and I do not think so now."

He looked anxiously at her.

"You must drive strange fancies away, Margarita; they make great havoc in an active brain like yours."

She did not seem to understand him; but she drew his face down to hers, and pointed to the pale, gleaming stars.

"Allan, tell me, do you think that if anything should happen to part us—some great sorrow, some great mistake, or death—we should meet there, beyond the stars, and be happy for evermore?"

"Certainly, I believe it, sweet."

"If I were parted from you—if I died first—should I wait there, beyond the stars, for you?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," he replied.

"I can fancy myself dying with my hand in yours, just as it is now, and going away to wait for you; but, Allan, what if, after I had gone away, you loved some one else? Then you would never come back to me."

He touched her hands and found they burned with hidden fever; he laid his hand on the white, broad brow.

"You are overwrought, Margarita," he said, with grave gentleness. "I cannot tell what passes in the other world, nor whether human love will influence us there; I know not whether, amid a crowd of bright spirits, you will seem brighter to me because you have been my dearly loved wife on earth—I cannot tell. I hope so. But all the love I can give you in time and in eternity is yours."

"I have a great store of jealousy lying dormant," she observed. "I believe that, if I were to die, and in the years to come, you, forgetting me, married again, I could not rest in my grave, Allan. I am quite sure I could not. I must have all the jealousy of a Spaniard. The thought that some day you might sit and look into other eyes, as you are looking now into mine—that some day you might clasp another hand as you are holding mine—I could not for a moment entertain."

"Then why speak of it, darling?" he asked, with calm gravity that contrasted strongly with her passionate excitement. Why think of such things? They are perfectly useless; they only make you miserable, and they make me very unhappy."

With a little cry of remorse she caught his hand and kissed it again and again.

"You are right," she said; "it is very foolish—the dead sleep well. But I have not been myself, I believe, since it was settled that you should go away. These strange fancies turn my brain. I find in myself capabilities of hatred, of jealousy, of sorrow, that frighten me. I have two selves—the bright, happy, laughing self that you loved first, and a second self all fire and passion."

"If you talk in that way, Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, gravely, "I will not think of going away at all. Why, my darling, to win a kingdom I would not leave you, if you take my departure so sorely to heart as this!"

She passed her hand over her brow, as though she would fain chase away the shadow.

"I always talk nonsense in the starlight," she said, with a strange little laugh. "We will talk about your coming home. I am frightened at myself to-night—I feel like a man who looks down into the mouth of a yawning gulf and thinks he may fall in. We will talk about that happy day when you shall come back. I wonder how the sun will rise that day, Allan. I have always loved its light, but it will be brighter than ever to me then. Let me hold both your hands while you tell me all about it."

But he drew her closer to him, and she sat with her head on his breast, and her face raised to his, while she listened to all he said about the future home-coming.

"It is a great thing to have a home like this" he said. "My heart would not grow as warm as the thought of going back to Walton, as it does at the thought of coming back here. I shall have the picture of our pretty house, buried in its green foliage as it is, with me wherever I may go. I shall see the window with its frame of roses and passion flowers, and your fair face, Margarita, fairer than any flowers that ever bloomed, waiting for me here."

He talked to her until she had in some measure forgotten her dark fancies, and then it was time for rest.

The day of parting came at last, and to Lord Rylestone it was almost a relief. The suspense for both of them was terrible, and, for his wife's sake, he saw that the sooner it was ended the better. She was growing white and wan, with great dark circles round her eyes, as of one who wept and watched incessantly. When any color came to her face, it was a burning hectic flush. For her sake the parting was better over.

He wondered how he was to leave her. He dreaded the last clinging caress of the dear arms, the last kiss from the tender lips. But that such a thing would have seemed unmanly, he would have given up his purpose rather than endure her sorrow.

How should he leave her? He thought he would conceal the hour of his departure from her and leave her while she slept; that would surely be the most merciful course and cause her the least suffering. She might wish that she could have spoken her last words to him, and it would be more merciful by far to avoid a final leave-taking.

He tried it. He was to sail on the fifteenth of June, and he must be in London on the evening of the fourteenth to meet the Earl of Barton. He did not tell Margarita the precise hour of his departure, although she had questioned him several times about it. Every preparation that love could suggest had been made for him; she had worked almost night and day that he might have everything complete and perfect—there was nothing forgotten. She rose very early on the morning of the fourteenth to finish his packing—she would not allow any strange hand to touch it; and then, when it was all ended, she lay down upon her couch in her dressing-room to rest.

He had guessed that she would do this, and intended to go away while she rested. The carriage was taken round to the back of the house, and quite silently his packages were carried out one after the other. Then he tried to go. Hot tears blinded his eyes. He was a strong man, but he looked around the rooms wherein he had been so happy, and gave vent to a sob which he could not control.

He could not go without looking at her once again—without taking with him a memory of her beautiful face as he had seen it last; so he stole gently into her dressing-room.

Margarita lay on the little couch, and by the carelessness of her attitude, the listless fall of the white arms, he knew that she was exhausted. Her dark head lay on a pillow of crimson velvet, and by constrast the face looked doubly white: there was no vestige of color except in the lips that trembled in her sleep. But what touched him most was the fact that she held in her hands an old glove of his own which he had thrown away, as though she could not sleep without having something near her that had belonged to him.

He was looking at her for the last time for so long—his beautiful wife whom he had loved so tenderly. He pictured to himself the despair in the dark eyes when she should awake and find him gone. He drew nearer to her, wondering if he had been selfish in his love—if it would have been kinder and wiser to remain single until he had in some measure attained his position. And then, being near to her, he must touch her. He knelt down by her side, and, if ever an ardent, earnest prayer rose from any man's heart, one went from his to Heaven. He prayed that she might be well and happy during his absence, and that he might be spared to meet her again.

Not intending to wake her he bent down and kissed the sweet, white face. He started, for the dark eyes were looking into his own, the pale face grew crimson.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "you are going—and you meant to go away without telling me."

"I thought it would be more merciful to you," he explained, gently.

"It would have killed me to wake and find you gone. You are going, Allan?"

"Yes, my darling, my sweet wife; you must be brave now—it is time for us to part."

"And you were kneeling by my side praying, dear?" she continued. "Ah, well! say good-bye to me now."

He kissed her lips, sobbing, despite his self-control, as bitterly as a child. He spoke no word except "Good-bye, my love, good-bye," and then the dark eyes closed, and he knew that a merciful oblivion had come to her for awhile.

He did not dare to linger—it was far better so, he said to himself; waking could bring him only misery. He turned away, leaving her dead for a time to her sorrow.

He looked around when he stood in the pretty grounds, bidding a long, silent adieu to the house where he had been so happy; and then, raising his hat from his head, he stood for one moment under the trees.

"I pray heaven," he said aloud, "that I may find all as well when I return as I leave it now, and my wife's sweet face watching for me where last evening we sat and talked together."

CHAPTER XX.

Lady Rylestone awoke from her stupor to the keen anguish of her knowledge that her husband was gone. The pain of her sorrow was at first intolerable to her. She went up to her room, and carefully closed the door, that she might give full vent to her grief alone. There was no human eye to see her as she flung herself on the ground, unable to stand while that terrible pain rent her heart while she sobbed aloud, and called to him who could no longer hear her voice—"My love! my love!" She had been one of the most devoted of wives; but now, as she lay there, with great waves of anguish rolling over her, she remembered a hundred things that she might have done for Allan, a hundred kind words that she might have said and had not said.

It was, as she had previously expressed herself to him, as though her soul had been cut in twain. While she lived, Margarita never forgot the agony of that hour. Presently the reaction came. Her vitality, her physical activity, were too great to allow her to remain long in that trance of sorrow. She had to bear the pain of his absence, and it must be borne. The dreary time would come to an end, and she must live through it. She knew that the only thing which could bring her relief was resignation.

She thought of many ways in which she could make the time pass until he came back; and then she smiled sadly to think how soon she had begun to reckon on that. He had not left English shores yet. When he came back he would wish her to live very differently. She said to herself that the best thing she could do would be to read the best books of all kinds—novels, travels, biographies, histories—so that she might fit herself to take the position he desired her to occupy, and to do full justice to it. She would spend her time in reading, she would get together such a store of knowledge and information she should delight her husband, and make her useful to him.

Lord Rylestone had hardly reached London when his unhappy young wife had begun to think what she could do to please him on his return. "His return"—she said the words over to herself as she went to the open window to let the cool air play upon her heated face and burning eyes. "His return"—a cold shudder came over her as she repeated the words, and it was not the scent-laden summer air that caused it. "His return"—a cold, sudden fear that had no name and could not be told in words came over her; it was that on his return she would not be there—on his return all would be altered between them. She tried to reason herself out of it. She closed the window and she said to herself that the day was chilly, although the sun was shining so bright and warm. Anything so terrible as that foreboding of evil she had never passed through before.

The day seemed to her ages long. The sunlight lingered on the flowers as though it would never go away; night seemed as though it would never fall from the skies; the hours seemed to have taken to themselves leaven wings.

"What shall I do," she thought, "if every day prove as long as this?"

For some days she remained in her dressing-room; she could not bear to leave it. She could not just yet go into the rooms where she had been accustomed to see her husband; she waited until the keen edge of her sorrow had worn away.

One morning, after she had dreamed all night that he was home again, she woke up with the resolution that she would go down stairs and resume her every-day life—that she would take up her duties, bear her sorrows bravely, and do her best. She went first into the little room he had called his study—her mind was full of him, her thoughts were so entirely with him, that she would not have been in the least surprised to see him in his favorite chair. But the chair was empty, the table was covered with a confused mass of letters and papers, the pens were rusty. She commenced at once to restore the room to order; she put each book in its place; she pleased herself in making various novel arrangements.

"When he comes back it will be all ready for him," she said; and the good ship in which he had sailed was not very far from land.

As she was arranging some papers she found a set of verses written in her husbands' hand, and apparently of his own composition. They were addressed to his home, "Walton," and, as she read them for the first time, she seemed to understand the passionate love and sorrow that he had felt for the place. She read words, the sweet pathos of which charmed her; she understood then how keen and bitter his disappointment had been. She sat down to think with the verses in her hand. They were not perhaps of any great poetical merit, but they proved to her how deeply he had grieved over Walton, and with what keenness he had felt the privation, the pain of not living there.

How trying it must have been for him, brought up to enjoy a vast fortune, and trained in habits of luxury and expense, to be suddenly deprived of all! Either he ought never to have been allowed to think the money would be his, or he ought to have had it. And then she thought, with something like passionate hatred, of the beautiful golden-haired heiress who had come between her husband and his wealth, who had taken that which ought to have been his.

She hated her—this fair-faced girl who had deprived him of his fortune, through whom he had been driven into exile and compelled to work.

"If it were not for her, he would be here with me now," she said to herself; and, when she remembered that, the expression of her face was not good to see. "I spoke the truth," she went on, half bitterly, "when I said that I was frightened at myself. I have greater capabilities for good—and for evil too—than I thought I had."

Presently there came an idea to her, on which the remainder of her life turned. Her husband loved Walton so dearly—she would like to love all that he had loved, to care for all that he had cared for. She would like to see Walton, the home where he ought even now to be staying.

Her face suddenly flushed crimson-red. Why should she not go to Walton—she who had so deep an interest in it? Why should she not go?

The idea was so novel and so bewildering to her that she was at first almost unable to grasp it. Why should she not go? No one need ever know; and if she saw it but once, she could picture it afterwards in her dreams. But perhaps she had better not entertain such an idea—Lord Rylestone might not like it; so she busied herself in other matters. Still the idea was always there—if she could but see Walton—if she could but know what this home of his was like.

She had said once of herself that she had terrible tenacity of purpose, and it was true; from the first moment the idea of visiting Walton took possession of her until it had become a reality she had no respite from it. Why should she not see Walton? Her husband even need never know; she would go as a stranger, without raising the least suspicion as to her identity. There was no one to forbid it, to say her nay. For the first time she realized how perfectly independent marriage had made her. She had been accustomed to her mother's control, and then to be under the surveillance of Lady Davenant. It came to her with all the charm of a novel surprise, that she could go where she liked, and do as she liked, without the least interference from any one. It would be easy enough to go to Walton—she had but to take the train to the nearest station, and then make her way across the grounds. If she could only see the exterior, she would be satisfied; she would know then what her husband had loved and what he had lost.

"I will go," she said to herself at last. "I will see for myself what Walton is like."

If she had thought it probable that Lord Rylestone would be displeased, she would not, however great the temptation, have given way to it. But why should he be angry? She need not tell him that she had been foolish enough to make a pilgrimage to his home. It was a shrine to her because he had lived there.

She made her resolve, and on the fifteenth of July, a date that she never forgot, she set out for Walton. But, before going she remembered what her husband had said—if she wanted to know Walton, she should read Miss Cameron's letters. She went directly to the place where he had told her they were—the letter file on his table; she collected all she found bearing Miss Cameron's name, and took them to her room to read. They were not very numerous, and it would give her a pleasant half-hour's occupation.

CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Cameron's letters were just what her husband had described them—eloquent, elegant epistles, evidently the production of a gifted and noble mind. Margarita smiled sometimes as she read, and again the tears would fill her eyes. Evidently the writer loved Walton. She spoke of it with enthusiasm and affection. She seemed, as Allan had said, to know every flower, every tree, every running stream. She wrote of the servants, the horses in the stables, the dogs in the kennel, the deer in the park, the cattle browsing in the thymey fields and clover-meadows. Margarita's face grew crimson as she read:

"One would think Walton was her own!" she said.

There was seldom the name of another person—there was no gossip about mutual friends; and, although so much of Miss Cameron's character was revealed, there was but little mention of herself. Once or twice the name of Mme. de Valmy occurred. But Margarita was quicker than Lord Rylestone. The subtile essence of these letters, which had escaped him, was perceptible to her. She did not recognize enough of it to call it love, but it was there.

The reading of those letters decided her—she would go. Presently she came across a sentence which puzzled her.

"I cannot tell how thankful I am that no one knows the secret of the will."

If Lord Rylestone had been wise he would have destroyed the letter that contained those words. The one thing above all others that he was anxious to keep from his wife was the knowledge of the conditions of the will. She was already so morbidly sensitive—fearing that she had been an obstacle in his path—that he dreaded lest she should ever know the truth. He knew perfectly well that, if ever time should reveal it, she should never be happy again. His keeping the letter with that one particular phrase in it was an oversight for which afterward he never pardoned himself.

"The secret of the will!" She repeated the words over and over again to herself. What secret could it be? Something evidently that associated the young heiress with her husband, something which they shared in common, and no one else knew. A fiery dart of jealousy seemed to strike her. Why had Allan never told her this secret? Why had he never told her there was something extraordinary in the will? She did not doubt him—she loved him too well for that—but she was sorely puzzled. What secret could it be? She had never heard Allan allude to any.

Then she remembered how strange it was that she had always had some kind of suspicion about Miss Cameron and the money. Lord Rylestone had avoided the subject; whenever she wished to discuss it, he had evaded it; and yet her quick perceptions had told her that there was something not quite right, and that she did not know.

"The secret of the will!" That was the will which had deprived Lord Rylestone of the money, and had given it to Miss Cameron. There was no secret in that. What, therefore, could the secret be? Carefully one by one, she re read the letters, but there was no other allusion in them, no word which could explain the mysterious phrase, no hint as to what the secret was—there was no mention of money.

"The secret of the will! I shall lose my reason," she said to herself, "if I ponder this much longer. What can it be? Was the will forged, invalid, or what? If I live for no other purpose, if I do nothing else, I will find out this secret. Has any injustice been done to Lord Rylestone? No, it cannot be that; were such the case, Miss Cameron would not allude to it in such open terms.

"The secret of the will!" Look which way she would, think as she would, act as she would, the words were always before her; they seemed to burn her like a brand. What was it, this secret that another woman shared with her husband, and from which she was purposely shut out? She, in her sick, angry jealousy, longed to wrest the secret from them. What right had any one to share knowledge with her husband from which she was shut out?

"I will live to discover it," she said; and it was strange that toward her husband she had not the least shadow of an angry thought, while toward Miss Cameron, who shared the secret with him, she felt something that was like fiercest hatred.

Why had Allan never revealed this secret to her? Why had she been excluded from his confidence—this same confidence which apparently he had given so freely to Adelaide Cameron?

"I will go to Walton," she said, "and there perhaps I may hear the secret of the will."

A fever of unrest took possession of her. There were no more plans of reading, of study, of fitting herself to take part in Allan's world. The "secret" haunted her. By day and by night she thought only of one thing—what that secret was, and how to find it out. The beautiful, restless face grew thin and worn with the constant strain of thought. There was to be no more peace for her until she knew all.

Once or twice she tried to argue herself into a better state of mind—to make herself believe that, after all, this secret might be no more important secret—that it might mean simply where the documents were kept, or some trifling circumstances connected with it. If it had been of vital importance, surely Allan, her husband, who loved her so dearly, would have told her. He had so frankly confided everything else. He told her exactly the sum of his debts, and what he had to pay them with—what he hoped to receive from his appointment, and what he was to receive from Walton. There had never been the least shadow of restraint. Then why should he have kept this secret from her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At a Loss for Words.

The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express cannot be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee-joint became swollen to enormous proportions, and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself as best I might to another month's confinement to my room and bed, whilst suffering untold agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was entirely free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

CHAS. S. STRICKLAND, *Boston*,
9 Boylston Place and 156 Harrison avenue.

Guatemala Women in the Surf.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

We landed at Champerco. Its thatched huts, sheltered by royal palms and surrounded by orange groves, presented the ideal tropical picture, which was well confirmed by the fervent heat of the sun. Our curiosity being soon gratified, we strolled down to the beach. Several hundred men, women maids, youths, and children were tossing and floundering in the foamy surf, the large majority of them being unencumbered by even so much as a linen collar.

"There's your bright bronzed maidens of the sun," exclaimed our poet in raptures.

"How about the sharks?" inquired a more practical traveller, when it was proposed that we join the bathers.

"Oh, they won't touch you in the surf," a jolly tar replied. "I've never heard of any body being hurt by a shark in the surf. They can't see in the surf."

Confiding in this pleasant theory, we participated in the general enjoyment. The brown senoritas manifested no surprise or disapproval, and assumed no prudish airs. They laughed, shouted, and plunged into the roaring breakers with as much indifference as though they wore the most elegant bathing costumes ever manufactured. The women of Central America are famous for beauty of form, which is chiefly due to the fact that they ignore those appliances of civilization that twist their paler sisters out of shape.

Liver is King.

The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and Stomach. Sample bottle to try, 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original colour. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years both in this country and in the foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

mportant to Travelers.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue

Manufacturers of Reapers, Mowers and Threshing Machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear Lard, Seal or Elephant, and is warrented not to gum. For sale by all dealers.

No article ever attained such unbounded popularity in so short a time as Burdock Blood Bitters, and that too during the existence of countless numbers of widely advertised bitters and blood purifiers. It is evident that this medicine begins its work at once, and leaves no desirable effect unattained

Deserving of Praise.

Too much cannot be expressed in favor of that unsurpassed remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, croup, sore throat, and all lung complaints. If you suffer from neglected colds, try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. The cost is trifling, only 25 cents.

Manufacturers of Reapers, Mowers and Threshing Machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear Lard Seal or Elephant, and is warranted not to gum. For sale by all dealers.

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" Machine Oil and see that the barrel is branded "Castorine," as none other is genuine.

Be Wise To-day. 'Tis madness to neglect a cough or cold, however slight. Consumption may follow, and though *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* has frequently cured this much dreaded disease, it almost invariably cures the primary diseases of the throat, lungs and chest, where other remedies fail.

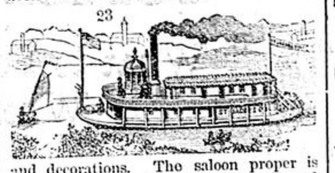
Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery. It is also excellent for harness and leather, making it water and weather proof. For sale by all dealers.

People have no more right to become dyspeptic, and remain gloomy and miserable, than they have to take poison and commit suicide. If the stomach becomes weak and fails to perform its functions, Burdock Blood Bitters will speedily remedy the trouble.

A. P. 49

A FAIRY AFLOAT.

The following description of the fairy vessel represented on this page is from the Cincinnati *Commercial*: The hull is of the finest selected white oak, braced, bolted and riveted in the most skillful and workmanlike manner, and is 64 feet in length, 14 feet breadth of beam, 2½ feet depth of hold, and draws twenty inches of water. She carries a tubular boiler, and two beautiful little engines, made expressly for her, by the Ohio Machine Co., Middleport, O. The dining-room is situated between the boiler and engine rooms, and is artistically grained, with frescoed ceiling. It is furnished in the Queen Anne style, and the silver, china and table linen are of the finest character. The pilot-house, cabin, main *Salon* and Captain's office are on the saloon deck and are luxurious in their furnishing



and decorations. The saloon proper is frescoed and gilded in Eastlake style, and the flooring is covered with Turkish carpet The furniture, in raw silk and walnut, of the Queen Anne pattern, like that of the dining-hall, and rich curtains of damask complete the impression of a veritable floating palace. The four state-rooms, containing two berths each, are also carpeted with Brussels and handsomely furnished. The boat belongs to and was built under the directions of Messrs A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., for their own exclusive use upon the Ohio, Mississippi and other Western rivers, and is run by a picked crew of officers and men in their employ. The object of this little steamer is to carry neither freight nor passengers. She was built for the firm above named, to be used exclusively by them for distributing their printed matter in the river towns for ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy for rheumatism and other painful ailments.

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