VANDERBILT'S FANCY BALL.

The Gorgeous Costumes worn by the Guests.

A Brilliant Scene of Wealth and Beauty.—New York's Millionaires Enjoying Themselves.

(*Harper's Bazar*).

It is rarely the case that an entertainment is so widely talked about and so long and so eagerly anticipated as was this—a ball which had even invited a rumor so disagreeable, even so frightful, as that the Communists meant to attack the house and to sack it, with its immeasurable wealth of jewelry, bric-a-brac, silver and gold, and *objets d'arts* on this eventful evening. It is seldom that such an entertainment goes off so serenely, without accident and without a single untoward event, as did Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's famous fancy ball.

The guests on arriving at the white marble doorway in Fifth Avenue were told to order their carriages at four o'clock. All around the neighborhood a black dense mass of figures waited to see the guests alight. A large force of policemen kept back this crowd, which looked dangerous. Whether the great question of wealth *versus* poverty, which agitates all minds now, was uppermost in their minds, or whether it was merely curiosity, one cannot say. It was a picturesque contrast—the cold gloomy night without, the unrivalled light and luxury within.

As one entered the spacious hall, and was led by a powdered footman to the wide staircase,

A SENSE OF VASTNESS

overcame the gazer. It was like Milan Cathedral, this wilderness of white marble and stained glass. The broad staircase, like that in a feudal chateau, was wide enough for a troop of cavalry to ride up, and with its gradual ascent, broken by frequent turns, it might be ascended by horses. Indeed, a charge of the light brigade of hobby-horses was made later down its splendid extent. The ladies were shown into a grand state bedroom, where a four-poster hung in tapestry stood at one end—just such a bed as one sees in palaces abroad, or in the pictures by Lacroix. Out of this apartment opened a fairy-like dressing-room, all mirror, painted over with apple blossoms, and with an alabaster bath-tub fit for Undine to take her swim in. Beyond this room another magnificent apartment opened, where sat a little nun writing, a regular "bonne sœur de bon secours," very pretty, and her black robes a contrast to the gay and glittering dresses which constantly arrived

Here gathered Mary Stuart, Lady Washington, Mother Goose, Mary Quite Contrary, Carolina Cornaro, a Gipsy, and all the characters of the opera bouffe, ready to go down when the time came. It was eleven o'clock before the company descended to the superb French drawing-room—a room a la Louis Quinze—where Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Mandeville sat to receive their guests. They had been standing long, and were worn out. Both were in Venetian or Italian costumes, Lady Mandeville wholly in black, Mrs. Vanderbilt in light colors, with a Milan bonnet covered with diamonds. The student of costume will find this Milan bonnet in Shakespeare's play of *All's Well that Ends Well*, in Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. It radiates from the face like a halo, and is very becoming. Mr. Vanderbilt, the host, wore a superb copy of the dress of the Duke of Guise, the trunk-hose, long silk tights, and puffed sleeves, being one of the most becoming dresses a gentleman ever wore, and in this case especially so. As the Lalla Rookhs, knights, princes, and courtiers, dukes, kings, queens, fairies, peacocks, pheasants, and opera bouffe "Monsieur le Diable" and "Madame le Diable" came in in groups, the scene became enchanting. The next move was to the grand dining-room, with its wonderful stained-glass window of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and other almost equally beautiful windows, and its extraordinary height. It is a banqueting hall of the Middle Ages, and is unusually magnificent. Its great extent, the wonderful carving, the mediæval fire place, the carved buffets, all made it a fitting spot for a fancy ball.

Soon the groups began to wander to the grand staircase to see the quadrilles come down. First the Hobby-horse Quadrille, wonderfully funny. The horses and artificial outside legs of the riders, who were in the pink coats of the hunting field, the long skirts of the lady riders, and the energy and *elan* of this dance, in which

ALL THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CIRCUS

were laughably attempted, gave the ball that spirit of fun which should ever open an entertainment. After these energetic riders had galloped off, the Mother Goose Quadrille entered. This was a very pretty sight, as all our old friends, Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, with the pig under his arm which he feloniously had captured, and the Grenadier, and the Old Woman in a shoe, followed each other through the mazes. Then came the Opera Bouffe Quadrille, too mixed in color to be quite as effective as that which followed it, the Dresden China Quadrille. All in purest white, in court dresses, with the little mark of the two crossed swords hanging on their breasts, these imitators of Dresden china made an effective sweep of white color in the midst of medley. They were all very handsome and effective people, the dresses of white satin and brocade very pure and elegant; the powdered wig—like the one worn by Frederick the Great—was most becoming, and the dance was stately, elegant, and refined. This was the success of the evening. After it came the Star Quadrille, a dance not so striking as the last, but very pretty; it was danced by young ladies, each adorned with a diamond star on the forehead, and with wands tipped with stars. The electric light intended to lend its radiance to this quadrille had to be abandoned as a too uncertain guest.

The ball now began to present a saturnalia of color like a picture by Alvarez. There were Cardinals of the Holy Roman Empire, Eastern Fakirs, and officers of the Cent Garde, noblemen of every age and country, and Commander Gorringe as an Arab Sheik in his best clothes. The women were resplendent in diamonds. A Joan of Arc walked about in full armor; an Egyptian Princess with a gold Sphinx on her head maintained all the royal state of Queen Hashop, sister to Rameses I. Birds and hornets, butterflies and fishes, mingled in the crowd. Yellow, that deep color of beaten gold, was seen in profusion. Miss Fish wore the beautiful pointed cap of Mary of Burgundy, and the long regal cloth of gold. Mrs. Paran Stevens in a red wig was magnicent as Queen Elizabeth. Mrs Pierre Lorillard wore a resplendent dress as a Phœnix arising from its ashes. Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard was very gorgeously arrayed as a Venetian Lady in high pearl collar. All the Vanderbilt ladies were splendidly and correctly dressed.

One of the most effective costumes was that of Richard M. Hunt, the architect of this beautiful house, as Cimabue, from the painting by Giotto. It was a happy thought, for the early Florentine dress of white and gold, the hood and short cape, was

ONE OF THE MOST DISTINCTIVE DRESSES

present. How pleased must have been this man of genius to thus stand amid his thoughts, now expressed in deathless marble, and to see a pageant pass far finer than anything since the palmy days of Lorenzo de' Medici, in one of the most gorgeous houses of modern times, into which he has brought the learning, thought, and culture of all the ages!

Another effective and well-carried-out costume was that of a Chinaman. A veritable Indian chief's dress, fresh from the plains, was very effective. A "Daughter of the Forest," with the skin of an animal wrapped around her, with ferns and butterflies and jewelled lizards, was exceedingly striking. Then came the eccentric costumes—Fire, Ice, Snow, and the Comet. Black and cream-colored was the Comet, with streaks of gold thread artistically woven through, and an embroidered comet on the skirt; the hair, wild and flowing, had streamers of gold radiating. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was very charming as the Electric Light. Fire was illustrated by a curious gleaming red substance which flamed up the skirt and around the neck;

IT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE DRESS;

and the lady wore those now rare old-fashioned deep orange topazes which our grandmothers loved. Snow is, of course, always simulated by eider down and the frequent in erpolation of crystals or diamonds. Amongst these impersonal dresses one to resemble Music was most ingenious. A dress of white satin, trimmed with five rows of black velvet like the music staff, had here and there musical notation; the bodice, cut low and square, was trimmed with little brass musical instruments; a music scale was embroidered on the bodice; the cap of red satin was trimmed with triangles, bells, and balls. The Lady carried a Spanish mandolin. Then came Autumn with her grapes—a beautiful dress—Spring with her apple blossoms, and a lovely dress called "Cherry Ripe," in which red cherries, white blossoms, and the "overhanging bough" were all realized in flowers and embroidery.

Then came the religious orders. Mr. Hurlburt, of the *World*, had an especially correct and beautiful costume as a Spanish Knight of Calatrava, a sort of religious Knight Templar order, with long white cloak, with black satin hood, red cross on the arm, and a black velvet suit of the seventeenth century, with collars and cuffs of old point de Venise. This was one of the most striking of all the dresses. Capuchin Friars and splendid Cardinals elbowed each other at every turn.

The stage, of course, afforded the ideas for the greatest number of fine dresses. Mr. Hewitt, our well-known Congressman, went as King Lear, *with his mind*, and with his three daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Turnure were splendid as Huguenots. Miss Townsend, as the Fairy Queen in Iolanthe, wore a very handsome dress, white embroidered in gold. Madame Nilsson came as Marie Stuart.

The opera bouffe, as we have said, sent many representatives. The Comte de Brie, Charles Surface in the *School for Scandal*, Romeo, the Huguenot Count de Mole, Marguerite in *Faust*, and Harlequin all had their copyists. Historical characters like Sir Walter Raleigh, Don Carlos, Christopher Columbus, and Charleses I., II., and IX. all were in order. Henri Deux is the most picturesque of kings to copy. There were no classical dresses, no Greek, Roman, or Neo-Greek white draperies; the absence was conspicuous. There were some very fine knights in armor, especially one, Mr. Hoyt, who married a daughter of Chief Justice Chase; his dress of chain-armor of the time of Edward the Black Prince was very much admired. Mr. Butler Johnstone, the owner of the Raphael at the Museum, personated, in a beautiful dress of the age of Louis XII., dead gold satin embroidered in gold, gray hat, and white plume, the Marshall Tribulzi of Milan. But

ALL THIS GLORY WAS BUT HUMAN,

and needed supper. Ascending again the grand staircase to the third story, a banqueting hall was discovered in a large room called the Gymnasium. Here the walls were lined with roses, and the most fabulous floral display made this room as redolent of nature as the lower rooms had been of art.

Here sat a lady in the dress of Madame Thermidor, of that eccentric dress of the French Revolution (not quite the Incroyables, but as eccentric), looking delightfully pretty in an enormous hat, talking to a Venetian of 1450 and to Don Carlos. Blue-Beard and the Phœnix took a glass of champagne together, and two of the most extravagant Incroyables walked and talked with my Lady Washington; a dignified Queen's Counsel joked with Joan of Arc and with Monsieur le Diable, and so on; the contrasts were endless.

The supper was luxurious in the extreme, and it was long after daylight before the superb French chateau of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt had been cleared of its motley troop and late revellers.

It was the best-ordered, the most cool, delicately lighted, and enjoyable ball ever given in New York; and for magnificence, quite unprecedented, and creditable to host and hostess.

The Newfoundland Seal Fisheries.

A letter from St. John's, Newfoundland, says: Newfoundland is now preparing for her great undertaking—the seal fishery. About twenty steamers, with average crews of two hundred men, annually leave the principal ports of the island to engage in this industry, which thus gives employment to about six thousand men. In St. John's at this season, thousands of men from the outports throng the streets and collect in crowds around the office doors of the several supplying merchants, some are waiting to be "signed," others have been "signed," and others again are looking for "berths." The captains of the vessels have the exclusive rights of giving the "berths." The captain choses his crew and brings them to the office of the merchant, where each man "signs." When the men have "signed," they receive notes for their "crop," as their outfit is technically termed. This outfit, usually worth about $12 or $15, is to be paid out of the proceeds of the voyage, the risk being undertaken by the merchant. The men have each an individual interest in their success, as they are not engaged for the voyage with a fixed pay, but each man receives an equal share of the seal taken, the merchant buying the seal at current prices. The merchant receives two-thirds of the seal and pays the captain 10 cents per seal. The maximum catch of seal is about 40,000 for a steamer of 450 tons and 350 men. The fishery begins on the 10th of March, and is over—all steamers making two trips, and some three—by the end of April.

That Same Old Tragedy Again.

A peculiarly sad and shocking domestic tragedy is reported from the town of Batyn, in Hungary. The keeper of a crossing on the East Hungarian Railway, near that town, happened to win a few days ago some hundreds of florins in a lottery. The poor fellow who had never seen such a large sum of money in his life, took the bank notes home and amused himself in turning them over, forming plan upon plan for their disposal. All at once a train was signalled, and he rushed to his post, leaving the precious roll behind him. As ill-luck would have it his little daughter was playing in the room at the time. Struck by the peculiar appearance of the notes, having rarely if ever seen one before, and not knowing anything whatever of their value, she proceeded to use them as a plaything, and presently flung them into the fire, where they were burned to ashes. Just then the father returned, missed the notes and learned what had become of them. In his fury he struck the child a violent blow, which stretched her lifeless on the floor. The mother, who was giving a bath in an adjoining room to her second child, an infant, rushed in on hearing the disturbance, picked up the little girl and tried to restore her to consciousness. Her efforts were vain; the child was dead. She flew to the bath in which she had left the infant. Another shock awaited her; the child was drowned in its bath. The childless mother, distracted and desperate, rushed out of the house and hanged herself on the branch of a tree. The wretched father, overwhelmed with misfortune—his fortune gone, his wife and children gone—seized a revolver and put an end to his existence. The artistic completeness of this tragedy gives it a certain air of unreality, but the Hungarian journals vouch for the exact truth of these details.—*St. James Gazette.*

Libri, who stole the manuscripts which Lord Ashburnham bought, was a distinguished mathematician and professor. Guizot held him in high esteem until he was found out. He was condemned in 1850 to ten years' imprisonment for his pilferings from the national libraries; but he fled to Europe before the trial. His wife, under the second empire, tried to get him rehabilitated, but the Senate rejected her petition.

A hersey young Earl has become a proprietor of a hansom cabs in London, and horses them admirably. If our golden youth will give us cheap cabs, no one will dare any longer to dub them useless.

MURDERED IN HER SLEEP.

Found Dying With Her Hands Tied—Arrest of the Murderer.

Mrs. Hannah B. Sunderlin, a widow, 60 years old, lived alone in a farm house a mile from the village of Patterson, in the northern part of Putnam county, on the line of the New York and Harlem Railway. She was supposed to be a rich woman. She lent money at interest to some of her neighbors, and was believed to keep considerable sums in the house. Her nearest neighbor was John P. Rogers, a farmer, who lived across the road, a few rods to the north, and with whose family she was on intimate terms.

At sunset on Tuesday, Mrs. Rogers from across the street saw Mrs. Sunderlin standing at the door of her house. Shortly after noon the next day Mrs. Rogers went over to the house to see her neighbor. She found the curtains drawn and the front door locked. A back door was unfastened, and by this she entered the kitchen.

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE.

She went into the large front room adjoining. Mrs. Sunderlin's two pet cats sprang from a door at her right, which opened into Mrs. Sunderlin's bedroom, and flew past her. Mrs. Rogers called to Mrs. Sunderlin, but no one answered, and she went home without entering the bedroom.

An hour or two later Mrs. Rogers sent her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Heman Rogers, to her neighbor's residence to see if she were yet at home. On hearing the visitor's footsteps the cats again ran from the bedroom. Young Mrs. Rogers entered it. Mrs. Sunderlin was lying on the side of the bed, breathing heavily and bleeding. The young woman ran into the street, screaming, and the elder Rogers and his wife came over. They found Mr. Sunderlin undressed, and lying as if she had not moved since going to bed. When they put aside the bedclothing they found that

HER HANDS WERE CROSSED AND TIED TOGETHER,

with stout twine. They cut the cords and lifted her into an easier position. She was unconscious. Dr. Wheeler, the village physician, was called and found that Mrs. Sunderlin's skull had been crushed in by a blow. He said that she could live but a few hours. The blow had apparently been struck while the woman was asleep, with her head on her pillow, and her hands had been tied afterwards.

The news created great excitement in the village, and a meeting was held that night to take steps for the detection of the murderer. Supervisor Henry Mabie and Revenue Officer James E. Tower were appointed a committee to procure detectives. They came to New York and returned with a Pinkerton detective next morning. Mrs. Sunderlin had died without regaining consciousness. Robert Pinkerton said to a reporter:

"When I learned the manner in which Mrs. Sunderlin's wrists had been tied together it reminded me of Chastine Cox's work, and suggested that the murderer might have been a negro. There were some things which indicated that he was acquainted with the premises. A man's footprints led over the soft earth to a closet window, a few feet to one side of the kitchen door. No footprints led away. This closet opens into the kitchen. A broken pane of glass in the window had recently been replaced by a pane fastened on from the outside with tacks. The man had evidently pulled the tack out to avoid making a noise, and, after removing the pane had pushed the screens open, unfastened and lifted the window, and climbed in. An impression of the tracks were taken. On the table in the dining-room was part of a mince pie, the greater part of which was missing. The neighbors said that Mrs. Sunderlin frequently made mince pies to give away, but never ate them herself. On the floor, under the table, was a heavy hammer, which the neighbors had concluded was the instrument with which the woman was killed.

THE HAMMER BORE NO MARKS.

The day before the murder Peter Baldwin, a nephew of the murdered woman, had sent his daughter to the house with $41 in bills, due to Mrs. Sunderlin for interest, and a present of ten pounds of beefsteak. After a long search we found the money and the steak in a kind of secret closet, almost concealed by the stairs leading to the second floor.

"The suspicion of the neighbors was fastened on two men, one a colored farm laborer living in the neighborhood, whom Mrs. Sunderlin had occasionally employed, and the other a simple-minded Irishman who lived a half a mile away and worked on the railroad. We found that a roughly-clad negro, with an axe, had been found by John W. Utter asleep in Augustus Birch's barn at Patterson at 4 o'clock on the afternoon before the murder. Subsequently we learned that a negro of the same description, with an axe in his hand, had been seen by Mrs. Helen Holmes to pass the house on the morning of the same day. A farmer in the neighborhood said he thought from the description this man might be James H. Riley, who formerly lived in the cottage near Mrs. Sunderlin's house. On Thursday last we found that Riley had removed to Danbury, Conn., where he was employed in Sam Rundle's stables. Supervisor Mabie and Mr. Tower went to Danbury to watch Riley while our men followed with Utter and Mrs. Holmes, who were certain they would recognize the negro whom they saw with the axe.

"It was arranged that Rundle should send Riley with a note to the house at which Mrs. Holmes and Utter were stopping. If she recognized Riley it was agreed she should lay the note, after reading it, on the mantel. Utter and the detective were in the next room, and the door was ajar. Mrs. Holmes opened the door for Riley.

HE STARTED BACK AT SEEING HER,

and was turning away after delivering the note, when she insisted that he should wait for an answer. Mrs. Holmes opened the note and laid it upon the mantel, saying, 'There is no answer.' The negro turned again to leave, but the detective arrested him at the door.

"He said at Sheriff Crofut's office that he had not been in Patterson on Tuesday, and had had no axe. On Tuesday and Tuesday night, and for two or three days before, he said he had been in the house of his brother-in-law, Frank Bowman, in North Salem. He had been living at Green Haven, N. Y., but left there on Monday, and went to North Salem, where he remained until Saturday, when he went to Danbury. The only time he had been away from Frank Bowman's house was on the day of the murder, when he visited Charles Bowman, a brother of Frank, who lived midway between North Salem and Brewster's. He passed through West Patterson, but did not stop there. He said he knew Mrs. Sunderlin very well, and had called at her house on Saturday afternoon of the previous week, at 1 o'clock, when she gave him some bread and pie to eat. Spots that resembled blood stains were found on Riley's clothes. He was taken by Sheriff Crofut to the Putnam county jail.

"Frank Bowman and his wife and daughter said that Riley came to their house in the afternoon of Wednesday, the day after the murder. The Bowmans had not seen him for a week before that. Riley had an axe with him when he came, and left it at the house. This axe we got. There was fresh rust on it. A splinter had been knocked off the helve, close to the blade of the axe. At this point and in the eye there were reddish stains."

On Saturday a Coroner's jury returned a verdict that Mrs. Sunderlin came to her death at the hands of James H. Riley, and that her death was caused by a blow from the flat side of an axe, struck while she was asleep. Justice Perry of Patterson committed Riley to await the action of the Grand Jury. The citizens of Patterson have engaged a lawyer to assist in the prosecution.

The Fourth Hussars (British) has twenty gentleman troopers who have joined in the hope of working up a commission. Other regiments contain a great many.

The St. Pancras Vaccination Case.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The evidence disclosed at the lengthy hearing of the charge against Dr. Dunlop, before a crowded court of painfully interested listeners, for having caused the death of Ada Lilian Williams, vaccinated under an order from the Local Government Board, six days after birth, at the St. Pancras Workhouse, London, will not tend to allay public anxiety concerning the hazardous nature of vaccination. It was deposed by the two medical witnesses (both of whom were avowedly warm advocates of the Jennerian practice), that the post mortem examination disclosed no signs of disease except a vaccine ulcer on the arm, two inches by one and a quarter, of hour glass shape, with sharply-cut edge, and much inflamed, which was spreading at the time of death, and that the meningitis was due to the absorption of prurient matter from this wound. Dr. Chalmers averred that vaccination was a delicate operation, and that he should not on his own responsibility have felt it right to vaccinate so young a child. Mr. Besley, on the part of Dr. Dunlop, contended that the child weighed seven pounds, and was healthy at the time of vaccination; and the Magistrate dismissed the case on the ground that the evidence had failed to substantiate so serious a charge as manslaughter, observing that no doubt any medical man would be responsible if he had reason to believe that the child was unhealthy at the time he vaccinated it; but this allegation was not proved in this case. No evidence was adduced to show that death was caused by anything other than the vaccination, though Dr. Pepper admitted that the meningitis might have been caused by exposure when the child was taken to the doctor, as "after vaccination the child suffers from an acute specific disease." It was perfectly clear, however, that the mischief had been done before the doctor's services were required. According to this decision medical men, while responsible for injury done by vaccination to unhealthy children, may with impunity vaccinate healthy children six days old into their graves. The Vaccination Acts, therefore, not only compel the offence, but protect the offender. In the interests of the suffering poor I venture to hope that through your impartial columns you will allow me to protest against the continuance of such cruel legislation.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM TEBB.

Devonshire Club, St. James', London, March 24th, 1883.

A Ghost Story from Cheyenne.

A curious case of what might be termed a mere optical illusion, being the result, perhaps, of a diseased condition of the eyes, happened in Cheyenne during the past week. In one of the great battles fought during the rebellion a certain person, now a resident of Cheyenne — then a Union soldier—could have shot and killed the rebel General, Robert E. Lee, Lee having dismounted and with a single orderly for a companion waded through the grass almost up to the Union skirmish line, where he stood for a moment with his hat in his left hand, taking a survey of the Union batteries, which had not yet opened fire. The soldier alluded to pointed his gun at him, but did not fire. Lee turned and went back. One night last week, at about 8 o'clock, this former Union soldier, desiring to take a quiet smoke, went to the office, and, after smoking for a time, fell asleep in his chair. Before this, however, he had been thinking over some of the scenes and incidents of the war. After sleeping some time he was awakened by some one who shook him by the arm and said, "Wake up." This, however, might be pure imagination, but what followed was not, though, of course, a mere optical illusion. Thinking that it was the gentleman who has his office in the same room, the ex-soldier backed up to the stove for a moment without looking up at all. When he did so, close to his side stood the figure of a large, powerful man, with gray hair and beard, holding his hat in his hand. Somewhat astonished, the ex-soldier said: "Hello! how do you do?" There was no response. The salutation was repeated with the same result. Not feeling particularly pleased over the situation, he went to the door, which was still locked as he left it, and passed down and out. Bob Ingalls, the policeman was sent at once to the room, but returned, reporting that no one could be found. The next night the ex-soldier repaired to the room, hoping to see again that which he by this time was convinced was nothing more nor less than an optical illusion, as he is not a believer in ghosts and hobgoblins. He was not disappointed, for he saw the same sight and immediately recognized it as the picture of Gen. Lee as he appeared that bloody day down on the Rappahannock. To be satisfied, the ex-soldier undertook to take hold of the figure, but there was nothing to take hold of. In about a minute it disappeared entirely. This may seem incredible to some, but there are hundreds of cases on record somewhat similar to the one above related, which is strictly true in every particular.

Too Much Honesty.

A gentleman stopped his horse at a toll gate, and, not seeing the gatekeeper, went into the house. Finding no one, he began a general search, and finally discovered the gatekeeper out in the field at work. Although the old man was quite a distance away, the gentleman went into the field to the old man, and said:

"You are the toll gate keeper, I believe?"

"Yes sir," the old man replied, turning and leaning on his hoe handle.

"Well, I want to go through the gate."

"Ain't the gate open?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go through? It's my business to be there."

"Because I wanted to pay you."

"And you came all the way out here to pay me five cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, proudly looking the old man in the eye.

"Couldn't you have left the money on the table?"

"Yes, sir, but I wanted you to know that I paid you."

"You are an honest man."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, while a pleased expression spread over his face.

"You would have walked three times as far to have paid me that five cents, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Here, John," the old man called to a boy that lay in the shade, "call the dog and go along and watch this feller till he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he steals something 'fore he leaves the place."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A stand fell down with a crash,
A number of men it did mash,
But the entire ten
Were soon well again—
St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth,
Went crazy one night with a tooth,
He rubbed the gum boil
With St. Jacobs Oil,
It cured him, and this is the truth.

Sun-showers must always be counted among raining beauties.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Recently Mr. W. J. White, police magistrate, of St. Thomas, slipped on a piece of ice and fell heavily, breaking his leg.

VEGETINE.—The great success of the VEGETINE as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

Pride to the poor man is like a "stick" to a lemonade.—[Hiram Green.] That's sour opinion. Squeeze, old man!

To Consumptives.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, post-paid. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The jar of a railway train is not hermetically sealed.

A Lady Wants To Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under postitive guarantee. If used as directed, *art* can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Inn-competency—Fortunes derived from hotel keeping.

What's Saved is Gained.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

A poet says: "Can not a man be wise without a beard?" The old Hairy; he must beard-arn fool if he couldn't.

Thousands upon Thousands

Of dollars have been spent in advertising the celebrated Burdock Blood Bitters, but this fact accounts only in part for its enormous sale. Its merit has made it what it is—the best blood medicine ever devised by man. (13)

"Storied earn and animated bust"—Telling a lie for a dollar and getting drunk on the proceeds.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera, morbus, dysentry, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaints

The cork is the article that often gets in a tight place.

PETROLIA, Pa., Jan. 5, 1879.

MESSRS. KENNEDY & Co.:—My hair is growing out so fast that I can almost see it growing myself, through the use of your Carboline. D. NIXON.

We frequently hear the expression "bee in a bonnet." Who ever saw bonnet without a B in it?

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carr e Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A bald-headed eagle is no more the harbinger of spring than a bald headed man is of a missing heir.

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints, that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the *Canada Presbyterian* was cured after two years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters. (17)

Poverty of invention—Being unable to take out a patent.

Mr. Tilton of South Norwich writes:—Two years ago I suffered with Rheumatism. I was helpless and so bad that I was not out of my chair for seven days and nights only when helped. I could not lie in bed for pain. I took eight 25-cent bottles of Rheumatic Repellant, and was cured, so I had no return of it. I worked hard on farm ever since, and advise all troubled with the horrid disease to use this remedy.

A certain shoemaker of Lynn having been divorced four times has just married his fifth wife, and people are now advising him to stick to his last.

"Grunt it Out."

The above is an old saw as savage as it is senseless. You can't "grunt out" dyspepsia nor liver complaint, nor nervousness if they once get a good hold. They don't remove themselves in that way. The taking a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters is better than "grunting it out." What we can cure let's not endure. (15)

A "wild cat" mine has more than nine lives.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Funny, isn't it, that you always see the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.

Rheumatic Repellant, an internal remedy has been in use for the last 13 years, and proved the most reliable specialty ever discovered for curing Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago. It is neatly put up by W. A. McCollom, Druggist, Tilsonburg, and sold by Druggists and Merchants at 25 cents per bottle or five for $1.00.

Lady Blessington says a woman should not paint sentiment till she has ceased to inspire it. That is, until she has become an "old master," so to speak.

Every Person to be a Real Success.

In this life must have a specialty; that is, must concentrate the abilities of body and mind on some one pursuit. Burdock Blood Bitters has its specialty as a complete and radical cure of dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and all impurities of the blood. (14)

A queue-cumbrous thing—A Chinaman's pigtail.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

How frequently the question arises in the heart, and how unwilling are we to discuss the question on its merits! Corns are a common ailment, and the question also suggests itself, "is there no remedy?" To this question there is answer, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, "the great corn cure," will give prompt and painless relief. No danger of failure. Putnam's Corn Extractor. N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

These fellows who write poetry "just to kill time" will find out to their sorrow that time will not be murdered by measure without retaliating.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, piles and all humors of the blood. Cures dyspepsia, liver complaint biliousness, constipation, dropsy, kidney complaints, headache, nervousness, female weakness and general debility, when used in time. (16)

The motto for the stamping clerk at the post office—Wherever you see a head, hit it. "A. P." 121

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The jovial yachtsman speaks of the grog rations as a-crew trimmings.

From Mr. Percy Perdon, the oldest Mail Clerk running on the G. W. Railway between Suspension Bridge and Detroit: "About 18 months ago in conversation with you, I mentioned that my son Arthur was a great sufferer from rheumatism, being so bad that for months he had not been able to put on his boots or walk. At your suggestion I purchased from you four bottles of your Rheumatine. Three bottles, however, I am happy to say, effected a permanent cure, as my son has never suffered from rheumatism since, although the past winter has been a most trying one. I may add that the medicine had the effect of improving his health in every way. Make what use you like of this testimonial. I can thoroughly recommend your Rheumatine to all suffering from rheumatic complaints. I am, yours truly, PERCY PERDON, Agent Great Western Railway." J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., Niagara Falls, Ont.

English sparrows are said to be good on toast. They are pretty good on breadcrumbs.

Mr. J. R. Seymour, Druggist, St. Catharines, writes that he finds an ever-increasing sale for Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds that he can, without hesitancy, recommend it. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand specific for all diseases of the Blood, Liver and kindeys. (18)

"You are setting us a bad example," as the algebra class said when the teacher wrote a hard equation on the board.

Vegetine

CURED ME.

ROCHESTER, November 22, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have suffered for the last three or four years with Liver Complaint and Kidney troubles. Previous to taking the VEGETINE I was under the doctor's care for a long time, but he did not help me. My friends all thought I would not recover. I began using the VEGETINE and realized good effect from it right away. I had taken but three bottles before I was much better. I continued taking a few bottles more, and can truly say I am enjoying the best of health. I have given it to my little daughter with great success. Since it has done me so much good I have recommended it to several, and they have all been greatly benefited by its use. Respectfully,

C. J. SMITH, 21 S. Francis St.

Place of business, 72 West Avenue.

Mr. Smith is a well know dealer in stoves and tinware, for many years in business in Rochester.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

TORONTO, ONT., June 2, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston, Mass.:

Sir—Having been persuaded by a friend of mine to try VEGETINE for *Kidney Disease*, with which I have been troubled for four years I consented and have given it a fair trial and am happy to say I am relieved to such an extent that I can attend to my work with ease and comfort, which I was deprived of for over three years. The best medical men of Toronto have given my case up as hopeless. I have tried every kind of medicine I have ever heard of, but with no avail whatever. Any person who may be afflicted with the same terrible disease, I would certainly advise to try VEGETINE, for I assure you [as many can testify] that it is undoubtedly the best medicine on record for the *Kidney Disease*. I am able to work at my trade as gilder and earn a living for my wife, two children and myself, through VEGETINE, which I consider is worth its weight in gold. Hoping that those who may give VEGETINE a trial may receive the same benefit that I have, I remain, Yours Respectfully,

CHAS. COOKE, 106 John St.

I gave Mr. Cooke the medicine, and know this statement to be true.

JAS. D. MERIDITH, 35 Adelaide St., W.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

LACROSSE STICKS—BUYERS OF FIRST quality only—order at once of the maker. ANGUS COOK, Gibson, Bala: Oat.

ENTIRE HORSES FOR SALE—YOUNG British Ensign; one Norman Percheron, fit for service; one Shorthorn bull, young. Address JOHN LAMONT, Caledon P.O.

STOCK BROKER. GEORGE W. HAMILTON, Member Montreal Stock Exchange, 13 Hospital Street, Montreal.

SHANNON PERFECTION LETTER FILE and Transfer Binding Cases; also the Standard File and Pen Puller. The most perfect letter file invented. Agents wanted. J. B. DEVLIN, Manufacturer, 172 Yonge-st. Toronto.

DAIRY SUPPLIES—ENGLISH SALT, Annatto, Rennet, Rennet Extract; also, full line of Provisions and Canned Goods. JAMES PARK & SONS, 161 King St., West, and 41 to 47 St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

FARM FOR SALE—BEING LOT 106 Gwillimbury, adjoining town of Holland Landing 212 acres, Northern R. R. Station situated on corner of this Lot, the land is high rolling clay loam. Brick house, frame Bank Barn. J. W. G. WHITNEY, Estate Agent, 25 Toronto-st. Toronto.

Draw a fresh fragrant Breath and be merry
Fear no dental display as you smile;