CHAPTER VIII.

" Poste Restante, San Francisco." That his letters; and daily for a couple of hours | seedy bar-room loungers !

"I miss you so"-that was always the burden of her song. "I wish you were home again; for somehow I am frightened wtihout you, though every one is every good to me. Edith stops with me, the mother comes to see me every day, and all our friends pet the little grass widow; but still I wish you were home. I feel afraid bewildered by unaccustomed drinks. alone.

"Won at last." He had read her most loving letter over till he knew it by heart, and it was in thinking of it that, with his folded arms pressing the unconsious paper in his pocket close to his heart, he had whispered that triumphant ejaculation to himself. "You have had another letter from your

fine English madam, I suppose?" "Why do you think so?"

"Because you look so happy and so-Was it a fact, he won-lered, that the gladness within him looked ridiculously out of his eyes, and that he seemed a simpleton

to this woman who scanned his face jealous-"Well, I am happy! She has learned to love me best of all the world- has learned it only lately. Does that convey nothing

to you?" He had meant, when he came here, to be very uncommunicative about his fair English wife; but the growing triumph in him was too strong to keep his Southern nature

The woman tossed her head-a handsome gray-haired head, with a high comb and a to and fro. graceful black lace veil that softly framed the wrinkled face with its fierce black

"Have you her picture? I should like to He drew it from his breast and handed it

to her almost reverently. "Do you think her beautiful?"

"I had too much knowledge of birds of prey," he said, smiling, "before I met her, name, was hurrying across the sea to identify of kites and vultures, to wish for any eagle at the letters and clothes, and to visit the but never quite forgotten; and then her

"And she wants you back to that, and

utteranco, her eyes sparkling vindictively. if she knew of your existence. It is not till Death took him. her fault that she has never heard of you. You are not jealous of my wife,

wrinkled face as he spoke, with the tender- chase the tidings they told. ness that was growing in him.

"No, not jealous of her. I am glad she she had other things. She never sinned for you, toiled for you, suffered for you; she never stood aside that you might rise to greater heights without her. Bah! What greater heights without her greater heights with her greater heights with her greater heights without her greater heights with her g does she know? What do you know of a would be no one's husband, no one's son, but said, "Mrs. Carrasco."

day; and then, Heaven grant I may be tent to rest with his bonnie head in her lap, as true to child of mine as you have been to to play with her rings, content to let her

This was part of his secret, that she, whom Phobe imagined dead and buried in had been kind to her, she blessed them in an ancient tomb under a proud epitaph, gratitude of heart; while away in England was here, an illiterate, under-bred old a sweet-faced woman in a widow's weeds Spanish woman. Grand? Yes, certainly, as the free-limbed, wide-chested children of the hills are grand. Noble! Yes, in that all-absorbing love of her son's life; it was all-absorbing love of her son's life; it was hair cut from the head of a dead Jew, that two. I shall not not his fault that she would not grace the love which her husband had deemed the heights to which he had risen; it was enough had been no love, that if he were slowly. "I know you hate me now, of I not his fault that she was not fit to be only back again she would be true.

So she had come here when he went to England, and lived in the pretty house he had given her, and spent the abundance of money he allowed her, and called herself the Senora Baudine.

The neighbors who knew her respected her; she was rich and dignified, and she held herself aloof; and Pepita Carrasco, that a few people had known forty years before, was dead.

yard outside Santa Fe. Had he known that she was likely to be longer in the flesh than such a very cordial hand of kindness to her grave; and Gerald was sorry.

Yet she was above them all in the strength of the one affection of her life, her mad devotion to Manuel.

Others might love him as he was, for his handsome face and his polished European ways ; to her-outcast, disgraced, beggared, he would still have been her idol. Though he had been a leper, from whom the whitefaced madam he loved would have shrunk with loathing, she would have loved him all the same. Had he been a felon, she would have loved to share his punishment and have gloried in suffering with him. But she was only his mother, and he would forsake her and grow happy in the company of that big-eyed doll who was his wife, and whom, in spite of herself, she hated.

sell some part of them; and when that was | word in reply. done he would come home. The sale would be effected at the mine-side, so she thought; only a big blundering sailor, knowing little and there the auriferous metal would be as of the treachery of men, could trust. He visible as stripes in the carpet.

another individual of greasy exterior and when his own letter to the Colonel was re-Jewish aspect, at a small table in the corner | turned. of a not-too-high-class bar-room where At the memory of it his face paled in the tobacco smoke rendered the air dense as moonlight and the knotted veins rose in his Egyptian mists, and where expletives from damp forehead. Yes, she had done her best striking of matches, she might have ex- and his pride, yet he could not hate her, perienced still more her longing for his re- could not hate any of them; he had loved turn and her sensation of fright without her too much.

unkempt long-legged Yankee, who was thinking or doing. Had the dead man been rolling a quid in his mouth, leant against the obstacle between her and him he might the wall, while another, of scarcely more perhaps have rejoiced in his death, for he attractive appearance, stood by them, trac- | was only human, after all; but the barrier ing figures with the point of a bowie knife in had been her own pride and hardness, her some spilled liquid on the table as he joined own strange, cold nature.

asked the Jew.

five hundred dollars," interpreted the her falsehood was proved? man with the quid to the one with the bowie knife.

not stay here to work it myself, and it is dif- energy exhausted, his hope of anything from ficult to find a man whom one can - that | life done with, and his interest in all things is to say, who takes the same interest in the over. It would not have mattered to him i

the man with the bowie knife, with a sparkle of greed in his maky gray eyes. suit admirably ! But I choose to sell.

immediately suppressed chuckle, though at that the old self-the self with the heart whose expense it would have been difficult and soul-lay somewhere far away asleep The Jew had been cogitating profoundly, how the new life stirred and acted.

with his hands in his pockets and his blueblack chin on his breast.

"Oh, no, I could not! I wish to be done if possible, himself unseen. with the whole concern; therefore I am willing to sell at a loss. Fifteen thousand down are my terms. Take them or leave

"Fifteen thousand pounds-seventy-five | her-bright-faced, bonnie Edith, who had the quid, to which the other nodded.

habitual caution and the violent experiences her despair so ca-ily, as is the way of the my life, and I am glad now that I can honof his past when he discussed monetary mat- young. was the address Manuel gave Phoebe for ters with such indifference to the presence of

> transaction; then the two men rose to go, draperies. each a little excited, the Mexican a little

mistake.

"Never mind," was the answer, delivered The June roses bloomed, and the thrush with tipsy gravity, when he had drawn at- and blackbird carolled their liquid notes betention to the fact. "I like this one; it's side the Lodge, and the blue sky above her better than my own ; I'll keep it."

"But I prefer it too; I should like my coat; you must give it to me, please." "All right, ol' boy-have it to-morrow and, taking the Mexican's arm again, the Jew staggered unsteadily down the street, was round again, and Mrs. Howard could walking unconsciously to his doom,

At the street corner there was an en- chances. counter-a cry, an imprecation, some shots

wound between the eyes. for that she thanked the saints and the Holy | must soon leave the schoolroom. Virgin as she knelt by his bedside, kissing his limp hands, praying, and rocking herself

it matter whose son it was that was borne to see her sometimes she would be to the dead-house and had a handsome dark tace, and letters in his pocket, and the picture of a fine English madam? What did it matter to Pepita that the San Francisco press called the dead man Manuel Carrasco and published rough wood-cuts that were not particularly like him or anybody else? What did it matter that some of the money dead, and to wonder if many so young that she has already studied soveral of the wonder if many so young that she has already studied soveral of the comments. It is said to the dead-house and had a handsome dark to the dead-house and had a handsome dark glad; if not, she was satisfied to be alone; Schiller's "Don Carlos"—translated and adapted to the American stage by the late and—yes, if her wardrobe held anything that would be of use to her sisters, they were free his appointment as Minister of Germany.

Miss Emma Thursby is to prepare herself for opera, and Strakosch thinks that she particularly like him or anybody else?

What did it matter that some of the money dead, and to wonder if many so young that she has already studied soveral of the commendation. I was compalled with the decitors say about you?

When you visit or leave New York City, save and entered and carriage Hire, and the decitors say about you?

"Almost everything. I consulted no less to take it.

So Edith went, with many a caress at particularly like him or anybody else? The properties of Germany.

Miss Emma Thursby is to prepare herself for opera, and Strakosch thinks that she that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a constant of the constant of the dead and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a constant of the constant of the constant of the properties. The properties of Germany.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Bayyard."

"Almost everything. I was compared."

What did the doctors say about you?

"Almo to pay for a telegram to England, and that lives.

as she could nurse her son, tell her beads, and this silent widowhood. and stand by any falseLood that kept him | She wondered if Gerald Seymour had XV. mosquetaire dress, pale blue satin with the minutest directions as to what she would tie you to her apron-string for all your from prying curious eyes that would, if they heard about Manuel; and, if so, did he rich gold embroidery, cut into a jacquette, life? She grudges you to me for a month, a week, a day?"

The women specks in Spanish with rapid. If on prying curious eyes that would, it they neard about manuel; and, it so, did no could, have spied out her secret, and have she began to think how little tangible good shade and beauty."

The women specks in Spanish with rapid. If on prying curious eyes that would, it they neard about manuel; and, it so, did no could, have spied out her secret, and have she began to think how little tangible good shade and beauty."

The women specks in Spanish with rapid. The woman spoke in Spanish with rapid her son from her. He might be dying; but after all his base abandonment of her had till he died he would be all hers-no other | brought him ; for he had no looked a happy "No; she would not grudge me to you woman's. No one would take her from him man as he tried to sneer at her at Oakley don, and this is her criticism: "Well, I

her gold like water. Had she beggared her- debonnair joyousness had left his mien. He stooped and kissed the women's worn self it would not have been too much to pur-

hers-hers to keep and cherish and minister "Nothing yet, mother; but I may some to, hers to tend and idolize-her child, condared not enter.

When she realized the fact that the saints

CHAPTER IX

When Captain Seymour of H. M. S. Iolanthe read, far from home, while laying off Aden, of the assassination in the streets of San Francisco, he was strangely moved. It was his successful rival who was dead, the rich man for whom Phœbe had sold her truth, the man whom, doubtless, she had Seymour, believed her buried in the church- grown to love. Never again would his dark eyes seek her smile, never again would he I shall go away. Will you take them?" hold her to his heart. He was dead far away from her, buried by strangers in a foreign

Yes, so deeply had the iron entered his soul, that his heart, grown still more tender the man cut off in his youth and strength, deeply he had injured him.

Into the young sailor's grief there had entered an element of fatalism that rendered it only harder to bear. Under the silent stars, alone with his great pain, he felt as if it must have been foreordained through all eternity that he should love as he did, and be betrayed as he had been; and, it it was predestined, then he could not hate the instruments of his torture, could not wish either of them to suffer, sorely as they had smitten him.

He paced the quarter-deck and thought of that brief year of his life which only meant her name, recalling the letters he had writ-Phoebe's idea of her husband's business in ten her, his passionate protestations that distant California was of the vaguest. He never interpreted a tithe of all he felt, and had mines there she knew-mines that had wondering scupidly how he had been able made him rich once, and he was going to to go on writing when he never elicited a

But then he had trusted her so utterly, as had trusted her till he had received that Could she have seen Manuel seated, with insulting message through her father, and

the neighboring tables were frequent as the to break his heart and insult his manheod

And now he wondered how much she suf-Close to where Manuel Carrasco sat, an | fered, where she was living, what she was

How she had looked at him at Oakley "And if it paid you once five hundred | Court, as one looks at something utterly pounds a day, why do you want to sell !" odious and contemptible! Yes what had he ever done but love her loyally and trust her "Five hundred pounds-two thousand | wholly and believe in her undoubtedly till

And now she was a widow and he pitied her. It did not strike him how much more "Because my home is in England; I can- to be pitied he was himself, with his mental it had pleased his Admiral to station the "See here, mister; I shouldn't mind | Iolanthe where she was during the natural being your overseer at a pinch," interrupted life of her captain. He was as well there, Phoebe." lying idly off Aden, as anywhere else. Why not! So Captain Seymonr did his routine "Oh, thank you, I am sure you would work, and gave als routine orders, and he felt sometimes as though he were not him-The owner of the quid indulged in a short self, but had two different identities, and or dead, yet knowing, as beyond the grave,

And the new self took a little faint interest in Mrs. Carrasco. Gerald Seymour would "If you would sell for so much a year, I like to inquire for her when he returned to swear to it." should not mind investing," he said at England, to find out where she lived, and how she bore her sorrow, to see her perhaps

herself in her sorrow, and Edith went with lever

enthusiastic way, who had mourned him sage as that?"

ness to Phosbe and for his generous kindness sinners. So now good-bye, and heaven There was much hard bargaining on both to herself. She had admired him for his bless you! I have been deeply sorry for sides, and many brandy-cocktails were con- many brilliant qualities; yet, in spite of your loss." samed, before a certain amount of money herself, she could not help taking a She had forgotten that loss momentarily changed hands as a guarantee of good faith. little girlish interest in the fit and fashion till he spoke. She remembered now that The ever-present bar-room lawyer was of her sister's weeds, and thinking how she was a widow and he a stranger. She called saide to lend legal sanction to the pretty the young widow looked in her sable place i her hand in the hand he extended; of well-developed manhood than then. An

world was fair, and forcing upon her sister a They were at the door arm in arm, for consciousness of the beauty of the April sun- averted face. they had part of the way to go together, shine, of the May flowers, of the long June when the flaring gaslight revealed to days, till the twenty-one, years-old widow Carrasco that the Jew wore his over- hated herself for the conviction that the and touched her shoulder timidly. coat, and that he had taken the other's by wooing voices of nature were winning her back to think life still worth living.

> was like a sapphire canopy. Phæbe learned to smile wanly at these

things, though there was that tragic stain on her past, and though Edith had gone back to town. For the London season not afford to let her daughter miss its Yet she was deeply grieved at the neces-

fired, the dull sound of a blow, and the rush sity which impelled her to leave Phoebe of hurrying feet away from the spot where alone, and even volunteered to send one of two inanimate forms lay on the pavement; the younger girls in Edith's place; though one stone dead, shot through the heart, the this too was a sacrifice, for she was paying a other insensible and bleeding slowly from a very expensive governess to give them final touches of erudition, and she was reluctant It was not l'epita's son who was slain; that anything should be lost, as they too

But Phobe set her sacrifice quietly aside; she wished Edith to have her pleasure, and she would really much rather be alone than And, since it was not her son, what did with the younger girls. If her mother could

even then a stout old Colonel, Howard by There was that strange heartache about life; if you saw me in it you would scarcely grave in the cemeterey where he was laid? half-reluctant, half-triumphant marriage, he

Court. There were haggard lines about his saw him as Romco, and I laughed all the The best doctors that money could pro- eyes and mouth, and all the golden glory way through, it was so funny. Oh, dear! I cure were brought to see him. She lavished seemed to have faded ont of his hair, as the shall never forget how he hopped about the

recalling him-recalling him so vividly that suthetic, and she clings and yearns about He was not to die; but he might never be she seemed to hear his voice distinctly, ap- the stage in a very doleful manner. I should a strong man again, never able to remember pealing, "Phobe." She shivered—it was never dream of playing Juliet, but I know I loves you, I am glad you are happy; but I the past, plan the future, or take his place so real—drawing backward a little from the could not play it worse than she. Her Juliet so real—drawing backward a little from the could not play it worse than she. Her Juliet open French window, round which the lace is a women of 40 if she is a day. Her bal-At first the anguish of the thought had curtains swayed and billowed in the even- cony scene is a travesty on Shakespeare."

fronted, close to her, on the velvet turf, over fair sainta, eef either thee dislika." "How which he had come unheard, what might coomst dow heether, dell me, cond vareworship him and never, think of leaving her have been mistaken for the ghost of Gerald fore?" "Weeth lova's light weengs did I This was Manuel Carrasco's errand across the Atlantic, to see the mother he was for himself far away, into which his mother she had time to think she had uttored his she had time to think, she had uttered his I know dow wilt say aye; cond I vill take tised n edicines as any one could have.

at her as she stood above him; and now she Chove laughds. O shentle Romeo !' The noticed what a strange puzzled expression object was charity; but nobody could have there was on his colorless face, the expression asked more for his money under the most of one who had suddenly awakened amid sordid circumstances. "I have to speak to you just a word or

two. I shall not detain you long," he said but I must speak first. I met Colonel Howard to-day, and I spoke to him about my letter and your message; and he said he never wrote to me, and never sent me a message." He looked up at her with the wistful appeal of a child in his eyes, wanting confirmation either of any message?"

with a hand that shook a little.

"Come in first." She was trembling in announcements, only sat stupidly staring at her.

he said when they were alone.

nungered and thirsted for a reply."

'I never got your letter." "Yet I posted it with my own hands."

such a shaking hand that the paper azine for August.

"Read it," she said huskily.

in every way worthy of her."

"Let me see the letter."

His face was ashen in the bright lamplight, but his voice was steady. " Colonel Howard begs to return Captain Seymour his letter, and to express his surprise that an officer and a gentleman should continue to persecute a young lady who has so unequivocally shown her indifference to him. Miss Howard declines to hold any further communication with Captain Seymour, and regrets if any unthinking act of hers has led to self-deception on Captain Seymour's part ; regrets it all the more since she is about to contract a marriage with one

death, with clasped hands.

of your marriage." his voice was still steady. party to that?"

As she took it har hand, icy cold, touched

"Then who wrote it ?" of relief, for an awful doubt had assailed her-"Algernon! it is his hand-well dis- dangerous. guised, but his hand all the same. I would

"Then he must have suppressed my let-"Yes. Oh, Gerald, how could be! What motive had he to be so wicked ?" "I don't know, Pheebe," he answered Why suffer on without a trial? 25,000 bot-

thousand dollars," interupted the owner of loved the dead man so warmly in her gushing thought I would have sent you such a mes-

Manuel Carrasco had surely forgetten his so passionately, and had recovered from "No; I never hated you for one hour of or you till I die, as I loved you before-Edith had loved Manuel for his tender- glad we have both been only sufferers, not

he held it a moment, looking at it tenderly; emissary of this paper met a magnificent

She could not help noticing that the then he let it go.

Forld was fair, and forcing upon her sister a "Good-bye," she said brokenly, with He took a step toward the door, then returned, looked at her wistfully for a moment,

(TO BE CONTINUED.) MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"La Gazza Ladra" is again attracting attertion in London. It is a long time since it "When a young man I was always strong has been given at Covent Garden, but and active and felt that I could accomplish Adelina Patti has asked to have it revived. On account of Signor Brignoli's indispos tion, the summer concert company have lift a b x which four men found it impossibeen unable up to this to leave New York.

new play, "Ver," will inaugurate the preliminary season at the Union Square Aug. 20. Mr. Wilde leaves Europe on the 5th to personally superintend the final rehearsals. The famous orchestra of La Scala Milan, consisting of 100 performers, which since the Paris exhibition has never been out of Italy, is going to give a series of concerts at Zurich during the coming exhi-

Lawrence Barrett, having devoted two from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in years to its study, will shortly produce a most wretched condition. I was com-

Europe, so that her work will not be as ar- ing, I was existing. duous as many suppose.

Mme. Nilsson has apparently abandoned

Sadie Martinot, the actress, has been to see Irving and his leading support in Lonstage. And Ellen Terry! She is very She pressed her hands over her eyes while languid and very lean. She inclines to the

self conscientious and exact: "Ared t dow She rose, pale, cold, wide-eyed, and con- nod Romeo, cond a Montagoo?" " Neeter,

After Mass in a French-Canadian

After mass we gathered again in groubs in front of the church. The parents were now triumphant in the strength of their opposition to emigration, and the young people were quite ashamed and subdued.

But the Sunday business was not yet done. The town-crier' gathered everybody about that my lite was saved by Warner's Safe him while he made his weekly announce. Cure and I believe it is the best medicine "Why not 'pop' it?" ments. He is still the county newspaper that was ever compounded by any chemist his hope or his fear. "Did you ever send me of Canada. But, so far from being a liter. or physician. I am willing the doctors ary emporium, he frequently cannot read or | should sneer at me for such a statement if "So he said; and I went and got his let. write. He has, however, sufficient tongue, they choose, but I have proven its truth, memory, and assurance to deliver quite a and am prepared to stand by it.' ter and my own, and have brought them column of public and private matter. He The above experience should be of great here to you. Will you read them? Then is often unwittingly comical, his pompous value to all who are suffering. It shows the air being a ludicrous contrast to the simple deceptive nature of this terrible malady; your druggist and all dealers in patent medi-He held them out to her as he spoke, facts he has to tell, and the illiterate blunders of his speech. First come the official legal advertisements, every limb; but she had learned fortitude. She sheriff's sales, police regulations, roadthrough his own excess of pain, could pity | could offer him a seat and ring for lights, and | master's notices, new laws. etc.; then privsay common places to him while the servant ate announcements are cried out-auctions, who perhaps had never been conscious how was present, and play the graceful hostess things lost and found, opening of new stores, in every detail; while he answered nothing, new professional offices, ets. Sometimes he sells a pig for a calf "for the infant Jesus," "Did you ever answer any letter of mine?" the product of the sale being given to a collection for the poor. Not long ago "Answer them! I never received any horse-races were advertised by him to take place in the road right after mass. "Yet I wrote you fifty, and waited and crier this day closed his list by announcing that the parish had an insurance policy to "As I waited at home," she broke in im- pay to one of its citizens. It seems that a day put this inscription on the headstone, petuously, all the remembered pain and parish generally insures itself. When any for he thinks it will attract thousands of passion coming back again-"waited day one loses his buildings by fire, some one people next spring: "Buck bier." after day, sick at heart; till at last, when solicits subscriptions to restore them. eight weary months were over, I set Each neighbor hauls a stick or two; the aside my modesty so far as to write and people ask permission of the priest to work remind you of the past, and you sent no on Sunday; and after mass they assembled and erect the building. If the looser be very poor, carpenters are hired to finish the work for him. A portion of the congre-"I never got it," he repeated doggedly, gation went away up the northern mountain never, as there is a heaven above us! I that day, and spent the afternoon raising a wrote to you half a hundred times, begging, log house and barn. All sorts of public imploring a reply-even a line, a message, assemblies are held in front of the church anything. When none came, I wrote to your just after mass. Indeed, Sunday is the most father, for I could not believe you false; and animated day of the week in social, industrial, and political matters as well as reli-He held the open sheet towards her with gious. - C. H. FARNHAM in Harper's Mag-

A Voice From the Northwest.

MILWAUKEE, WIS .- The Daily Sentinel, which is the leading morning paper of this state, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumaticm, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous."

The National Drink of the Mexicans.

The stranger in Mexico is struck by the prevalence on the tables of bottles of milkylooking fluid, resembling at sight the absinthe and water common to the Parisian boulevards. It is, however, whiter looking than "Oh, Gerald!" It was all she was able that. This is the pulque, the national to utter as she stood beside him pale as drink, which is to Mexico what lager beer is to Germany and the United States. The "Three weeks after I got that a copy of stranger usually begins by expressing the the Times reached me, addressed by the greatest disgust at the drink, and winds up same hand. It contained the announcement by becoming very fond of it in the course of two or three weeks I had acquired a A grayish hue had crept over his face, but liking for gose, the peculiar local beer of Lalpzig, during a long stay in that city, "Ah, dear friend, did you think I was and as pulque resembles it very much in taste, though not in appearance, I took to "I don't know; but it almost killed me. | it at once. Both have the same sourish, I have been dead in heart and hope since, mousy and cucumber taste, but pulque is sappy and slippery. It is a very innocenttasting beverage, and one would think it no more intoxicating than so much milk, but in reality it is fully as strong as the same "Papa never wrote that—he never saw it; quantity of lager beer. It is the favorite that is not the least like anything he could noonday drink, but it will not keep until night. For this reason it is a blessing to Mexico, for the lower classes, who drink "Algernon," she cried, with a little gasp | nothing else, cannot carouse after nightfall, when they might become disorderly and

There is no excuse for suffering from Headache, Constipation and all the wearying train of symptoms of a disordered liver, when Burdock Blood Bitters is an unfailing remedy, and only costs One Dollar a bottle. Phoebe had gone down to Kent to seelude simply. "I can see no motive what- the sold during the last three months, with almost universal satisfaction. (1)

"And did you not hate me when you THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION. A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker than Child and then Recovers His

> Former Strength. (Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.) In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly becarse there are fewer specimens specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant

by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as

this?" inquired the news gatherer. "Not by any means," was the reply. anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to ble to move. I succeeded in placing it on They will take the field in the latter part of the waggon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for Miss Marie Prescott, in Oscar Wilde's hours and when I recovered consciousness vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grew weak and sickly I believed that I had suffered some interna injury and experienced a general debility which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. M head felt as though it were entirely opened at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away

cold, too like a dove. I should have thought you would have preferred to mate with an low would have preferred to mate with an low would be compared by the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control of the post popular operas and given attention to be in the control operation. I was compelled that the control operation in the control operation in the control operation. I was compelled that the control operation in the control operation i you would have preferred to mate with an found on the poor murdered body was taken as she had had as much tragedy in their most popular operas and given attention to to urinate every five minutes and I passed the representations of the best artists in over three quarts every day. I was not liv-

One night (how well I emember it !) my wife had put the children all in bed, when this season." Is there not some u istake the feeling came over me, that I should about this? Why, such a scanty costume These things did not matter to her so long brief wedded life; then that awful tragedy recent tour in this country. At a recent live but a very short time, my wife would—oh, heavens! There must be an er-London concert she had on "a real Louis and I talked matters all over and I gave ror in the report. me good bye, saying he never expected to Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada. see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark, of Liver and Kidney Complaint after life He asked me what I had used in the way of was despaired of. He had remained from medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith was an element of power it certainly he has been for twenty years past. (7) was lacking in my case.'

"And so you did not try it ?" "On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. | dignantly): "Why, the new barn. What The balcony scene in a performance by an Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I more do you want for \$5 a week ? It's a per-

"And did it cure you?" "Do I look as if it did?" "Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure." "A proprietary medicine?" "Of course. What of that? I suppose I fallible. (9) once had as great a prejudice against adverdy vord; yed if dow schweard'st, dow may | When I was studying medicine at Ann He came a step nearer to her, looking up prove false; ad loafers' perjoories dey say Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves are on you and any remedy than can cure is gladly the rise just now, being utilized in such

"And how have you been since then?" "As well-or better, than before." "Do you still exert your strength ?"

"Certainly. But I do not over-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know

that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be abso'utely avoided.

Bismarck has changed his doctors often of late, and his last attack is attributed to unsuccessful treatment by a new hand. The North Anerican Indians know more in their day and generation than the children

of light. They first used petroleum as a

Hair Dressing. Carboline is made from

petroleum deprived of its disagreeable properties and delightfully perfumed. A boy who buried his Billy goat the other

Bilious and Dyspeptic Patients, Take Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. They act directly on the Liver and Stomach, opening up at once and strengt ening their absorbing vessels, climinating all impurities and foul accumulations, which their laxative property afterwards carries off through the bowels, restores health, making life a pleasure instead of a burden. By chemists, Price 50 cents. Wholesale by Lyman Bros., Toronto.

"What is pride, my son?" sail a gentleman to his little boy. "Walking with a cane when you ain't lame," he said

Reader, if you suffer from any disorder of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidney, Skin or Blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters, Nature's specific medicine for acting on those organs for the outlet of disease. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (10) Paradoxical as it may seem, a married man

in the theatrical world is often compelled to support another man's wife. Nothing known to medical science can surpass the healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic and all Bowel

Complaints. (8) What should a man be called who takes the place of another in a brass-band ? A sub



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SPRAINS,

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FROSTBITES,

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FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS There is only one way by which any dismee can be cured, and that is by removing

medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or fiver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be seoured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFIS OURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Eidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Halaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. However of impostors, imitations and concections said to be just as good.

For Piabeics ask for WARNERS SAFE DIABETES CURS.

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A fashion paper says : "Nothing but coral necklaces can be seen upon society belles

Catarrh-A New Treatment whereby should do after I was gone. I was not in a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to Admitted to bail : The sailor ordered into a leaky boat. W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was cured

> ten to fifteen days without an action of the bowels .- Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, and he writes that he is a better man than Rural Scenery-Gent from city: "But where the duce is the scenery? What in thunder is there to look at?" Farmer (in-

If you would escape the ravages of that scourge of the Summer season, Cholera Morbus, keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for use. In that and all other forms of Bowel Complaint, it is in-

country, has a reputation for the ease and grace with which he converts fashionable women to the Roman Catholic Church, Lord Beaconsfield made him one of the charac ers in "Lothair" on that account. "Leaves have their time to fall." says

Monsignor Capel, who is coming to this

enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry-the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoa and other Summer Complaints. (11) A solution : Visitor (frequent, scientific young man, who was now trying to explain the philosophy of positivism)-"I admit the

question is abstruse and complic-" She-Do not delay, if suffering any form of Bowel Complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of Summer Complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask

The feeling of indignation against the French for their conduct in Madagascar is rapidly rising in England. Indeed, it is said never to have been so keen since the battle of Waterloo. Stranger things have happened than its issuing, some of these days, in blows.

Nobody Caros. Why grumble at every little thing? Nobody cares to know anything about it. If you have toothache get the dentist to remove it. Don't increase your misery and try to make others unhappy by talking about it. How stupid a subject of conversation is an aching corn or two. Can you expect sympathy? Every per son knows that PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EX-TRACTOR removes them without pain in a few days. Then the proper thing is to invest in a bottle, get it at the corns, and the thing is done. Be sure you get Putnam's, for there are others offered as substitutes for the genuine.

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