

SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now to get down," he says, laughing. "Wait." He jumps lightly into the next field, and, turning holds out his arms to her. "You must not risk your neck a second time," he says. "When I saw you give that tremendous leap a minute ago, my blood froze in my veins. Such terrible exertion as never meant for—a fairy!"

"As I so very small?" says Lillian. "Well, take me down, then."

She leans towards him, and gently, reverentially he takes her in his arms and places her on the ground beside him. With such a slight burden to lift he feels himself Hercules. The whole act does not occupy a minute, and already he wishes vaguely it did not take so very short a time to bring a pretty woman from a wall to the earth beneath. In some vague manner he understands that for him the situation had its charm.

Miss Chesney is thoroughly unembarrassed.

"There is something in having a young guardian, after all," she says, casting upon him a glance half shy, half merry, wholly sweet. She lays a faint emphasis upon the "young."

"You have had doubts on the subject, then?"

"Serious doubts. But I see there is truth in the old saying that 'there are few things so bad but that they might have been worse.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that I am something 'bad'?"

"No"—laughing; "how I wish I could! It is your superiority frightens me. I hear I must look on you as something superlatively good."

"How shocking! And in what way am I supposed to excel my brethren?"

"In every way," with a good deal of malice: "I have been bred in the belief that you are a *vera avis*, a model, a great."

"Your teachers have done me a great injury. I shudder when I contemplate the bitter awakening you must have when you come to know me better."

"I hope so. I daresay"—naively—"I could learn to like you very well, if you proved on acquaintance a little less immaculate than I have been led to believe you."

"I shall instantly throw over my pronounced taste for the Christian virtues, and take steadily to vice," says Guy, with decision: "will that satisfy your ladyship?"

"Perhaps you put it a little too strongly," says Lillian, demurely. "By the by"—irrelevantly—"what business took you from home yesterday?"

"I have to beg your pardon for that,—my absence, I mean; but I could not help it. And it was scarcely business kept me absent," confesses Chetwoode, who, if he is anything, is strictly honest, "rather a promise to dine and sleep at some friends of ours, the Bellairs, who live a few miles from us."

"Then it wasn't really that bugbear, business? I begin to revive," says Miss Chesney.

"No; nothing half so healthy. I wish I had some more legitimate excuse to offer for my seeming want of courtesy than the fact of my having to attend a prosy dinner; but I haven't. I feel I deserve a censure, yet I hope you won't administer one when I tell you I found a very severe punishment in the dinner itself."

"I forgive you," says Lillian, with deep pity.

"It was a long-standing engagement, and, though I knew what lay before me, I found I could not elude it any longer. I have long engagements; don't you?"

"Cordially. But I should never dream of entering on one."

"I did, unfortunately."

"Then don't do it again."

"I won't. Never. I finally make up my mind. At least, most certainly not for the days you may be expected."

"I fear I'm a fixture,"—ruefully—"you won't have to expect me again."

"Don't say you fear it: I hope you will be happy here."

"I hope so, and I think it. I like your brother Cyril very much, and your mother is a darling."

"And what am I?"

"Ask me that question a month hence."

"Shall I tell you what I think of you?"

"If you wish," says Lillian, indifferently. "I should be glad to hear of it."

"Well, then, from the very first moment my eyes fell upon you, I thought to myself, 'She is without exception the most—' After all, though, I think I too shall reserve my opinion for a month or so."

"You are right,"—suppressing violently all outward symptoms of disappointment: "your ideas will be more formed. Are you fond of riding, Sir Guy?"

"Very. Are you?"

"Oh! I am I not? I could ride from morning till night."

"You are enthusiastic."

"Yes,—with a saucy smile,—"that is one of my many virtues. I think one should be thoroughly in earnest about everything one undertakes. Do you like dancing?"

"Rather. It entirely depends upon whom one may be dancing with. There are some people—with a short but steady glance at her—"that I feel positive I could dance with forever without knowing fatigue or, what is worse, ennui. There are others—an expressive pause. "I have felt," says Sir Guy, with visible depression, "on certain occasions, as though I could commit an open assault on the band, because it would insist on playing its waltz from start to finish, instead of stopping after the first two bars and thereby giving me a chance of escape."

"Poor 'others!' I see you can be unkind when you choose."

"But that is seldom, and only when driven to desperation. Are you fond of dancing? But of course you are: I need scarcely have asked. No doubt you could dance as well as ride from morning until night."

"You wrong me slightly. As a rule I prefer dancing from night until morning. You skate?"

"Beautifully!" with ecstatic fervor: "I never saw any one who could skate as well."

"No? You can't be long so. Prepare for a downfall to you pride. I can skate better than any one in the world."

Here they both laugh, and, turning, let their eyes meet. Instinctively they draw

closer to each other, and a very kindly feeling springs into being.

"They maligned you," says Lillian, softly, raising her lovely face, and gazing at him attentively, with a rather dangerous amount of ingenuousness. "I begin to fancy you are not so very terrific as they said. I dare say we shall be quite good friends after all."

"I wish I was as sure of most things as I am of my own feeling on that point," says Guy, with considerable warmth, holding out his hand.

She slips her cool, slim fingers into his, and smiles frankly. There they lie like little snowflakes on his broad palm, and as he gazes on them a great and most natural desire to kiss them presents itself to his mind.

"I think we ought to ratify our vow of good-fellowship," says he, artfully, looking at her as though to gain permission for the theft, and seeing no rebuff in her friendly eyes, stoops and steals a little sweetness from the white hand he holds.

They are almost at the house by this time, and presently, gaining the drawing-room, find Lady Chetwoode sitting there awaiting them.

"Ah, Guy, you have returned," cries she, well pleased.

"Yes, I found my guardian straying aimlessly in a great big wood, so I brought him home in triumph," says Lillian a gay voice, who is in high good humor. "Is luncheon ready? Dear Lady Chetwoode, do not say I am late for the second time to-day."

"Not more than five minutes, and you know we do not profess to live by rule. Run away, and take off your hat, child, and come back to me again."

So Lillian does as she is desired, and runs away up the broad stairs in haste, to reduce her rebellious locks to order; yet so pleased is she with her rencontre with her guardian, and the want of ferocity he has displayed, and the general desirableness of his face and figure, that she cannot refrain from pausing midway in her career to apostrophize a dark-browed warrior who glowers down upon her from one of the walls.

"By my halidome, and by my troth, and by all the wonderful oaths of your period, Sir Knight," says she, smiling saucily, and dropping him a wicked curtsy, "you have good reason to be proud of your kinsman. For, by Cupid, he is a monstrous handsome man, and vastly agreeable!"

After this astounding sally she continues her flight, and presently finds herself in her bedroom and almost in nurse's arms.

"Lawks-a-mussy!" says that good lady, with a gasp, putting her hand to her side, "what a turn you did give me! Will the child never learn to walk?"

"I have seen him!" says Lillian, without preamble, only pausing to give nurse a naughty little poke in the other side with a view to restoring her lost equilibrium.

"Sir Guy?" anxiously.

"Even so. The veritable and awful Sir Guy! and he isn't that awful, in spite of all we heard; isn't that good news? and he is very handsome, and quite nice, and apparently can enjoy the world as well as another, and can do a naughty thing at a pinch; and I know he likes me by the expression of his eyes, and he actually unbended so far as to stoop to kiss my hand! There!" All this without stop or comma.

"Kissed your hand, my lamb! So soon! he did not lose much time. How the world does wag nowadays!" says nurse, holding aloft her hands in pious protest. "Only to know you an hour or so, and to have the face to kiss your hand! Eh, but its dreadful, its brazen! I do hope this Sir Guy is not a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"It was very good clothing, anyhow. There is consolation in that. I could never like a man whose coat was badly cut. And his hands,—I particularly noticed them—they are long, and well shaped and quite brown."

"You seem mightily pleased with him on so short an acquaintance," says nurse, shrewdly. "Brown hands, forsooth,—and a shapely coat! Eh, child, but there's more wanting than that. Maybe it's thinking of being my Lady Guy you'll be, one of these days?"

"Nurse, I never met so brilliant a goose as you! And would you throw away your lovely nursing upon a paltry baronet? Oh? shame! And yet"—teasingly—"one might do worse."

"I'll tell you that, when I see him," says cautious nurse, and having given one last finishing touch to her darling's golden head, dismisses her to her luncheon and the pernicious attentions of the daring wolf.

CHAPTER VI.

"GLAUCO: 'In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.'—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

It is that most satisfactory hour of all the twenty-four,—dinner-hour. Even yet the busy garish day has not quite vanished, but peeps in upon them curiously through the open windows,—upon Lady Chetwoode mild and gracious, upon the two young men, upon airy Lillian looking her bravest and bonniest in some transparent gown of sombre black, through which her fair young neck and arms gleam delicately.

Her only ornaments are roses,—rich, soft white roses, gathered from the gardens outside: one, sweeter and happier than its fellows, slumbers cosily in her golden hair.

Cyril and she, sitting opposite to each other, smile and jest and converse across the huge bowl of scented flowers that stands in the centre of the table, while Guy, who is a little silent, keeps wondering secretly whether any other woman has skin so dazlingly fair, or eyes so blue, or hair so richly gilded.

"I have seen the widow," he says at length, rousing himself to a sense of his own taciturnity. "On my way home this morning, before I met you,"—turning to Lillian,—"I thought it my duty to look her up, and say I hoped she was comfortable, and all that."

"And you saw her?" asks Cyril, regarding Guy attentively.

"Yes; she is extremely pretty, and extremely coy,—cold I ought to say, as there didn't seem to be even the smallest spice of coquetry about her."

"That's the safest beginning of all," says Cyril confidentially to his mother, "and no doubt the latest. I dare say she looked as though she thought he would never leave."

"She did," says Guy, laughing, "and what is more unflattering, I am sure she meant it."

"Clever woman!"

"However, she she intended what you think, she rather defeated her object; as I shan't trouble her again in a hurry. Can't bear feeling myself in the way."

"Is she really pretty?" Cyril asks, curiously, though idly.

"Really; almost lovely."

"Evidently a handsome family," thinks Cyril. "I wonder if he saw my friend the sister, or step-sister, or companion."

"She looks sad, too," goes on Guy, "and as though she had a melancholy story attached to her."

"I do hope not, my dear," interrupted his mother, uneasily. "There is nothing so objectionable as a woman with a story. Later on one is sure to hear something wrong about her."

"I agree with you," Cyril says, promptly. "I can't bear mysterious people. When in their society, I invariably find myself putting a check on my conversation, and blushing whenever I get on the topic of forgeries, burglaries, murders, elopements, and so forth. I never can keep myself from studying their faces when such subjects are mentioned, to see which it was that had ruffled the peace of their existence. It is absurd, I know, but I can't help it, and it makes me uncomfortable."

"Does this lady live in the wood, where I met you?" asks Lillian, addressing Guy, and apparently deeply interested.

"Yes, about a mile from that particular spot. She is a new tenant we took to oblige a friend, but we know nothing about her."

"How very romantic!" says Lillian: "it is just like a story."

"Yes; the image of the 'Children of the Abbey,' or 'The Castle of Otranto,'" says Cyril. "Has she any one living with her Guy?" carelessly.

"Yes, two servants, and a small ill-tempered terrier."

"I mean any friends. It must be dull to be by oneself."

"I don't know. I saw no one. She don't seem ambitious about making acquaintances, as, when I said I hoped she would not find it lonely, and that my mother would have much pleasure in calling on her, she blushed painfully, and said she was never lonely, and that she would esteem it a kindness if we would try to forget she was at the cottage."

"That was rather rude, my dear, wasn't it?" says Lady Chetwoode, mildly.

"It sounds so, but, as she said it, it wasn't rude. She appeared nervous, I thought, and as though she had lately recovered from a severe illness. When the blush died away, she was as white as death."

"Well, I shan't distress her by calling," says Lady Chetwoode, who is naturally a little offended by the unknown's remark. Unconsciously she had been viewing her coming with distrust, and now this unpleasant message—for as a message directly addressed to herself she regards it—has had the effect of changing a smouldering doubt into an acknowledged dislike.

"I wonder how she means to employ her time down here," says Cyril. "Scenery abounds, but lovely views don't go a long way with most people. After a while they are apt to pall."

"Is there pretty scenery round Trustron?" asks Lillian.

"Any amount of it. Like 'Auburn,' it is the 'loveliest village of the plain.' But I can't say we are a very enterprising people. Sometimes it occurs to one of us to give a dinner-party, but no sooner do we issue the invitations than we sit down and repent bitterly; and on rare occasions we may have a ball, which means a drive of fourteen miles on a freezing night, and universal depression and sneezing for a week afterwards. Perhaps the widow is wise in declining to have anything to do with our festive gatherings. I begin to think there is method in her madness."

"Miss Chesney doesn't agree with you," says Guy casting a quick glance at Lillian: "she would go any distance to a ball, and dance from night till morning, and never know depression next day."

"Is that true, Miss Chesney?"

"Sir Guy says it is," replies Lillian demurely.

"When I was young," says Lady Chetwoode, "I felt just like that. So long as the band played, so long I could dance, and without ever feeling fatigue. And provided he was of a good figure, and could dance well, I never much cared who my partner was until I met your father. Dear me! how long ago it seems!"

"Not at all," says Cyril: "a mere reminiscence of yesterday. When I am an old gentleman, I shall make a point of never remembering anything that happened long ago, no matter how good it may have been."

"Perhaps you won't have anything good to remember," says Miss Lillian provokingly.

"Guy, give Miss Chesney another glass of wine," says Cyril, promptly: "she is evidently feeling low."

"Sir Guy," says Miss Chesney, with equal promptitude, and a treacherous display of innocent curiosity "when you were at Belmont last evening, did you hear Miss Bellair say anything of a rather rude attack made upon her yesterday at the station by an ill-bred young man?"

"No," says Sir Guy, rather amazed.

"Did she not speak of it? How strange! Why, I fancied—"

"Miss Chesney," interposes Cyril, "if you have any regard for your personal safety, you will refrain from further speech."

"But why?"—opening her great eyes in affected surprise. "Why may I not tell Sir Guy about it? Poor Miss Bellair! although a stranger to me, I felt most genuine pity for her. Just fancy, Sir Guy, a poor girl alone upon a platform, with out a soul to take care of her, what she must have endured, when a young man—apparently a gentleman—walked up to her, and, taking advantage of her isolated position, bowed to her, smpered impudently, and was actually on the very point of addressing her, when fortunately her cousin came up and rescued her from her unhappy situation. Was it not shameful? Now, what do you think that rude young man deserved?"

"Extinction," replies Guy, without hesitation.

"I think so too. Don't you, Lady Chetwoode?"

Lady Chetwoode laughs.

"Now, I shall give my version of the story," says Cyril. "I too was present—"

"And didn't fly to her assistance? Oh, fie!" says Lillian.

"There was once an unhappy young man,

who was sent to a station to meet a young woman, without having been told before hand whether she was like Juno, tall enough to 'snuff the moon,' or whether she was so insignificant as to require a strong binocular to enable you to see her at all."

"I am not insignificant," says Lillian, her indignation getting the better of her judgment.

"Am I speaking of you, Miss Chesney?"

"Well, go on."

"Now it came to pass that as this wretched young man was glaring wildly round to see where his charge might be, he espied a tall young woman apparently in the last stage of exhaustion, looking about for some one to assist her, and seeing no one else, for the one he sought had meanly, and with a view to his discomfiture, crept silently behind his back—"

"Oh, Cyril!"

"Yes, I maintain it; she crept silently behind his back, and bribed her maid to keep silence. So this wretched young man walked up to Juno, and pulled his forelock, and made his very best Sunday bow, and generally put his foot in it. Juno was so frightened by the best bow that she gave way to a stifled scream, and instantly sank back unconscious into the arms of her betrothed, who just then ran frantically upon the scene. Upon this the deluded young man—"

"That will do," interrupts Lillian, severely. "I am certain I have read it somewhere before; and—people should always tell the truth."

"By the by," says Guy, "I believe Miss Bellair did say something last night about an unpleasant adventure at the station,—something about a very low person who had got himself up like a gentleman, but was without doubt one of the swell mob, and who—"

"You needn't go any further. I feel my position keenly. Nevertheless, Miss Bellair made a mistake when she rejected my proffered services. She little knows what a delightful companion I can be. Can't I, Miss Chesney?"

"Can he, Lady Chetwoode? I am not in a position to judge."

"If a perpetual, never-ceasing flow of conversation has anything to do with it, I believe he must be acknowledged the most charming of his sex," says his mother, laughing, and rising bears away Lillian to the drawing-room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Animals in the Rain.

Horses and cattle never look so miserable as when standing exposed to cold and driving rain. Every field in which cattle are turned loose should have some rude shelter provided, however rough and hardy the stock. If left to themselves in a state of nature they would travel miles to some well-known bank or thicket, which would at least give cover against the wind. Shut up between four hedges they are denied alike the aid of human forethought and of their own instinct.

Bewick's vignettes of old horses, or unhappy donkeys, huddled together in driving showers on some bleak common, express a vast amount of animal misery in an inch of woodcut. It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike.

Monkeys are miserable in wet, and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so. "As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling, in his "Beast and Man in India," "or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from a driving storm, they have the air of being very sorry for themselves." But even the orang-outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when it is very wet it covers itself with the leaves of the pandanus, a large fern. [The Spectator.]

The Second Largest Diamond.

The second largest diamond in the world is now undergoing the cutting process at Antwerp. Its weight is at present 474 carats, but it will lose no less than 274 carats before it is ready for the market. Even then, however, it will be the second largest diamond in the world, standing between the 80 carats of the Persian diamond "Great Mogul" and the 197 7-10 carats of the Russian "Orloff" brilliant. Roughly speaking, the Antwerp stone will be about the size of a pigeon's egg. In its present state it measures 2.741 inches by 1.767 inches. Its polished surface will measure .786 inch each way. Some idea of the enormous expense of the transmutation of these costly trifles from the natural to commercial state may be gathered from the fact, that, the great English crown diamond, the Koh-i-noor, which has only the comparatively modest weight of 102 1/2 carats, cost no less than £8,000 to cut and polish. The polishing of a very large diamond is a slow process, and it will be a long time before the actual value of the Antwerp stone can be determined, as its luster and water can not be decided until it has left the polisher's hands.

Fifteen Kisses.

The monks of the middle ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders:

1. The decorous, or modest kiss.
2. The diplomatic, or kiss of policy.
3. The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine.
4. The slave kiss.
5. The kiss infamous—a church pounce.
6. The slipper kiss, practiced towards tyrants.
7. The judicial kiss.
8. The feudal kiss.
9. The religious kiss (kissing the cross).
10. The academical kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood).
11. The hand kiss.
12. The Judas kiss.
13. The medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness.
14. The kiss of etiquette.
15. The kiss of love—the only real kiss.

Realism in a Dream.

A man registered at a Madison (Ga.) hotel a short time ago. He engaged a room and retired, and, after sleeping for some time, had a dream. He dreamed that he was on a railroad train that was going at a good speed, when he discovered that another train was coming toward him on the same track, and a collision was inevitable. The conductor called out, "Jump!" and at that moment the dream stopped, but the dreamer did not—he jumped out of the second story window. He fortunately escaped injury.

THE TWO FLAGS.

An Interesting Story of the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes Retold.

Replying to a query in a recent issue of the Montreal Star asking for the correct particulars of the rescue of an American "condemned to be shot in Cuba or Hayti," a correspondent of that paper says:—

The incident of "The Two Flags" happened in Valparaiso, Chili, and was related by the Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D., in a sermon preached by him in the old Saint James St. Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, February 20th, 1881. Mr. John Reade had a poem on the incident in the *Gazette*.

The account of the story here given is from a contemporary, February 21st, 1881. "If any of you," he said, "will go down to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, you may see the man who gave me the facts I am about to relate. He was an American sailor, and he had sailed to a port in Chili. On going ashore to enjoy his day of liberty, he became not to say intoxicated, but a little hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of remonstrating with him and telling him not to make a noise in the street, this petty tyrant drew his sword and, striking him a blow, knocked him down. Mr. Haskings, as an American sailor ought to have done under the circumstances, got up and knocked him down in return. He was arrested and tried in a language of which he could not understand a word, with scarcely any defence to speak of.

He was convicted and condemned to be shot at eight o'clock on the morning after the following day. Mr. Loring was the American consul there, and he went to the authorities and expostulated with them that it would be monstrous to shoot the man. But these petty tyrants paid no attention to his expostulations. On the following morning, the day before the execution, he went again and made a formal protest in the name of the American government against the execution. But the petty tyrants would not respect even this. The next morning came, and to use Mr. Haskings' words, "I was brought out to the field pinioned and bound to a post. They slipped a black cloth over my face, and I heard them order the soldiers to get ready." It was the custom for the various consular officers to send up their flags at eight o'clock in the morning. The office of the English consul was right opposite that of the American consul, and just as the former was preparing to hoist the Union Jack he looked out and saw a large crowd assembled on the field where the execution was to take place. Rushing over to the American consul he said: "Great God! Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man?" "What can I do?" replied the American consul, "I have protested against it; I can do no more." Quick as thought the English consul shouted, "Give me your flag?" and in a trice, the Stars and Stripes were handed to England's representative, and taking his own flag in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and the soldiery, and, running up to the doomed man, he folded the American flag around him, and then laid the Union Jack over it. Standing aside a few yards he faced the tyrants, and shouted defiantly, "Now shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America." "And they dared not," exclaimed the preacher, while the immense crowd in the gallery, forgetting the place and occasion, burst into applause. He continued: "Mr. Haskings said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'they loosed me then, and oh! how I longed to embrace those two flags.'"

In an issue of the Montreal *Gazette*, shortly after the relation of the incident, Mr. John Reade commemorated it in the following poem:—

THE TWO FLAGS.

I.
Where the condor of the Andes from his snowy throne looks down,
Far be ow, mid rocky ridges, nestles Valparaiso town;
To its feet the great Pacific brings the navies of the world,
And the flags of many nations in its harbor are unfurled.

II.
And among them, floating proudly in the sweet and adflic breeze,
Is thine emblem, Mother England, the mistress of the seas;
While beside it, in peace and war thy place should ever be,
Thy Star and Stripes, Columbia, wave tearlessly and fear.

III.
O guardians twain of freedom! there is work for you to do
Wherever tyrants prosper, the sufferers call to you.
And sad, indeed, will be the day, when that appeal you hear,
And from Oppression's victims turn away with heedless ear.

IV.
But hark! along the rugged slopes of Valparaiso town
What sound is that which winds and waves in vain attempt to drown?
What crowds are those that hurry past? What sight is that they see?
Now, kindred flags! tis yours to throw your folds round Liberty.

V.
The centre of a gazing throng, a man with bandaged eyes,
Awaits the fatal word, Oh! haste—a moment, and he dies!
What was his crime? An insult spurned—a blow by 'low repaid!
For this he stands in face of death, hopeless, but undismayed.

VI.
But lo! one comes with Union Jack and Stars and Stripes entwined,
And wraps the prisoner in their folds, as there he stands resigned:
"Now at your peril fire a shot!" the murderers slunk away,
Thus Albion's and Columbia's flags maintained the right that day.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

"Thank You!"

I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever. MRS. A. MANDA PAISLEY, 176 Land Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, &c. &c.



Mrs. Paisley.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever. MRS. A. MANDA PAISLEY, 176 Land Street, Newburgh, N. Y.