YB BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER II, CONTINUED.

"Well, I don't know anyone who has a better right to know than Spence Tacker's wife," said another with a coarse laugh. The laugh was echoed by the others. Mrs. Tucker saw the pit innto which she had deliberately walked, but did not flinch.

"Is there any one to serve here?" she ask ed, turning her clear eyes full upon the bystanders.

"You'd better ask the sheriff. He was the last one to sarve here. He sarved an attachment," replied the inevitable humo ist of a'l Californian assemblages.

"Is he here?" asked Mrs. Tucker, dierethis subtle witticism.

The loungers at the door mads way for one of their party, who was half dragged, half pushed into the shop. "Here he is," said half a doz n eager voices, in the fend belief that his presence might impart additional humor to the situation. He cast a deprecating glance at Mrs. Tacker and said: "It's so. madam ! This yer place is attached; but if there's anything you're wanting, why, I reckon, boys"-he turned half appealingly to the crowd-" we could oblige a lady." There was a vague sound of angry opposiiton and remenstrance from the back door o the shop, but the majority, partly overcome by Mrs. Tucker's beauty, assented. "Ooly. continued the officer explanatorily, "ez these yer goods are in the hands of the creditors, they ought to be represented by an equivalent in money. If you're expecting they should be charged--"

"But I wish to pay for them," interrupted Mrs. Tucker with a slight flush of indigna "I have the money."

"Oh, I bet you have !" screamed a voice, as, overturning all opposition, the malcontent at the back door, in the shape of an infuriated woman, for ed her way into the "I'll bet you have the money. L'ok at her, boys Lok at the wife of a thief with the stolen money in diamonds in her ears and rings on her fingers. She's got money if we've got none. She can pay for what she fancies, if we haven't a cent to redeem the beds that's stole from under us. Oh, yes, buy it all, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! buy the whole shop, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! do you hear? And if you ain't satisfied then buy my clothes, my weading ring, the only things your husband hasn't sto'en.'

don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker coldly, turning towards the door. But with a flying leap across the counter her relentless adversary stood between her and retreat.

"You don't understand! Perhaps you don't understand that your husband not only stole the lard labor of these men, but even the lit'le morey they brought here and trusted to his threving bands. Perhaps you don't know that he stole my husband's hard earnings, mortgaged these very goods you want to buy, and he is to day a convicted thief, a forger, and a lunaway coward. Perhaps, if you can't understand me you can read the newspaper. Look!" She exultingly opened the paper the Sheriff had been reading aloud and pointed to the di-played head lines. "Look! there are the very words. 'Forgery, Swincle, Embezzlment! Do you see? And priais you can't understand this. Look! 'Shameful flight. Abandons his wife. Runs off with a Note rious-" "E say old gal, easy now. D -n it! Will

you dry up? I say. Stop!" It was too late! The Sheriff had dashed | fellows, it seemed to find expression in a the paper from the weman's hand, but not | singular unanimity of criticism. Patterson until Mrs. Tucker had read a single line, a looked at him with a balf-dismal, half welline such as she had sometimes turned from | come smile. "Well, you are a h-ll of a | terson's words seemed like a revelation that with weary scorn in her careless persual of fellow, ain't you?" the dail, shameful chonicle of domestic infelicity. Then she had wongered if there could be any such men and women : and now! The crowd fell back before her; even the virago was silenced as she looked at her The humorist's face was as white, but not as immobile, as he gasped. 'Christ !-if I don't believe she knew nothin' of it !"

For a moment the full force of such a sup-

position, with all its poignancy, its dramatic intensity, and its pathos, possessed the crowd. In the momentary clairvoyance of enthusiasm they caught a glimpse of the truth, and by one of the strange reactions of human passicn they only waited for a word of appeal or explanation from her lips to throw themselves at her feet. Had she simply told her story they would have believed her; had she cried, fainted, or gone into hysterics, they would have pitied her: She did neither. Pernaps she thought of neither -or indeed of anything that was then before her eyes. She walked erect to the door and turned on the threshold. "I mean what I say," she said calmly." I don't understand you. But whatever just claim you have upon my husband will be paid by me-or by his lawyer, Captain Poincester."

See had lost the sympathy but not the respect of her hearers. They made way for her with sullen deference as she rassed out on the platform. But her adversary, profiting by the last opportunity, burst into an ironical laugh.

'Capt. Poindexter, is it? Well, perhaps he's safe to pay your bill-but as for your husband's-"That's another matter," interrupted a fa-

m liar voice with the greatest cheerfulness-"that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Ha! ha! Well, Mrs. Patterson," continued Poindexter, stepping from his buggy, "you never spoke a truer word in your life. One moment, Mrs. Tacker. Let me send your tack in the buggy. Don't mind me. I can get a fresh horse of the sheriff. I'm quite at home here. I say, Patterson, step a few paces this way, will you? A little further from your wife, please. That'll do. You ve got a claim of \$5,000 against the property, haven't you ?"

"Well, that woman just driving away is your one solitary chance of getting a cent of it. If your wife insults her again-that chance is gone. And if you do-" "Well?"

"As sure as there is a God in Israel and a Supreme Court of the state of California I'll kili you in your tracks! \* \* " Stay!"

Patterson turned. The irrepressible look of humoruous tolerance of all human frailty had suffused Poincexter's black eyes with mischievous moisture. 'If you think it quite safe to confide to your wife in this prospect of her improvement by widowhood -you may!"

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. Patterson did not inform his wife of the lawyer's personal threat to himself. But he managed, after Poindexter had left, | mighty

"You've stot off your mouth at her," he of cattle to live among white men and others said, argumentatively "and whether you've made in His image. Take a piece of pie. hit the mark or not you've had your say. | won't you?" he continued, abondoning this Ef you think its worth a possible \$5,000 and | abstract reflection and producing half a flat interest to keep on, heave aheal. Et you pumpkin pie from the bar. Spencer Tucker rather have the chance of getting the rest grasped the pie with one hand and his in cash, you'll let up on ber." "You don't friend's fingers with the other, and for a suppose," returned Mrs. Patterson contemp. few moments was silent from the hurried tuously, "that she's got anything but what | deglutition of viand and sentiment. "You're that man of hers Poindexter-let's her a white man, Patterson, anyway," he re have?" "The Sheriff says," reterted Pat- sumed. "I'll take your horse, and put it terson surl ly, "that she's notified him that down in our account, at your own figure. she claims the rancho as a gift from her As soon as this cursed thing is blown over, husband three years ago-and she's in possession now, and was so when the execution I don't desert my friends, however 10 1gh was out. It don't make no matter," he things go with me. added, with gloomy philosophy, "whose got a full hand as long as we ain't got the garding the renewed laughter which fel'owed | cards to chip in I wouldn't hev min led it," he continued meditatively, "ef Spencer | irony. "I was only just saying to the Tucker had dropped a hint to me afore he | Sheriff that if there was anything I could put cut. "And I suppose," said Mrs Patterson angrily, "you'd have put out away without letting me know." Tucker too?" "I reckon," sa'd Mrs. Patterson glanced uneasily at Patterson, who continusimply.

ferred, more or less directly, to this lack of pa'ron was roughly but newly clothed, and confidence shown by his late debtor and em. ployer, and seemed to feel it more keenly than the loss of property. He confided his sentiments quite openly to the Sheriff in possession, over the whiskey and euchre with which these gentlemen avoided the difficulties of their delicate relations. He brooded over it as he handed the keys of the shop to the Sheriff when they parted for | jauntily settled himself back in his chair, the night, and was still thinking of it when | and added. "I don't suppose there are any the house was closed, everybody gone to girls around anyway." bed, and he was fetching a fresh jug of water from the well. Toe moon was at this afternoon," said Patterson meditativetimes obscured by flying clouds—the avant | ly. couriers of the regular evening shower. He was stooping over the well, when he sprang he demanded sharply.

"Hush!" said a voice, so low and faint it might have been a whisper of the wind in the palisades of the corral. But, indistinct as it was, it was the voice of the mam he was thinking of as far away, and it sent a thrill of alternate awe and pleasure through his pulses.

He glanced quickly around. The moon was hidden by a passing cloud, and only the faint outlines of the nouse he had just | tated. quit'ed were visible "Is that you, Spence?" he said, tremulously.

dimly emerged from the corner of the corral. Patterson, hurriedly throwing himself upon you bet. They're a team when they pull the apparition. "The Sheriff and his posse | together, they are !" are in there.

encompassed it. "Come quick," he whispered. Letting his grasp slip down to the unresisting hand of the stranger, he half dragged, half led him, brushing against the wall, into the open door of the deserted barroom he had just quitted, locked the inner door, poured a glass of whiskey from a decanter, gave it to him, and then watched him drain it at a single draught. The moon came out, and, falling through the bare windows full upon the stranger's face, revealed the artist'c but slightly dishevell-Spencer Tucker,

Whatever may have been the real influence of this unfortunate man upon his

Spercer Tucker passed his hand through his nair and lifted it from h's forehead, with a gesture at once emotional and theatrical bitterly. "Give me up to the Sheriff, and you'll get five thousand dollars. Help me, and you'll get nothing. That's my d-d luck, and yours too, I suppose."

' I reckon you'r right there," said Patter son gloomily. "But I thought you got clean away. Went off on a ship -"Went off in a boat to a ship," interrupted Tucker savagely; "went off to a ship, that had all my things on board—ever thing. The cursed boat capsized in a squall just of the heads. The ship, d-n her, sailed away,

that they'd make a good thing of my goods —I reckon." "But the girl, Inez, who was with you,

the men thinking I was drowned, likely, and

didn't she make a row?" "Quier sabe," returned Tacker, with a reckless laugh. "Well, I hung on like grim death to that boat's keel until one of these Chinese fishermen, in a 'dug out,' hauled me in opposite Suncelito I chartered him and his dug out to bring me down here."

"Why here?" asked Patterson with a certain ostentatious caution that ill concealed pensive satisfaction. "You may well ask," returned Tucker,

with equal ostentation of bitterness, as he s'g'itly waved his companion away. "But I reckoned that I could trust a white man that I'd been kind to, and wouldn't go back on me. No, no, let me go! Hand me over to the Sheriff !"

Patterson had suddenly grasped both the son; leave him to me when I come back." hands of the picturesque scamp before him, with an affection that for an instant almost shamed the man who had ruined him. But | briously. "He seems to object to my passin" Tucker's egotism whispered that his affection was only a recognition of his own or an angel, superiority, and felt flattered. He was beginning to believe that he was really the in-

jured party. "What I have and what I have had is your, Spence." returned Patterson, with a sad and simple directness that made any further discussion a gratuitous insult. only wanted to know what you reckoned to

to Monterey," said Tucker. "Once there, one of those coasting schooners will bring secured and saddled; a heavy poncho me down to Acapulco, where the ship will put m."

"There is a mustang in the coral you can he once more shook his friend's hand and take-leastways, I shau't know that its gone | issued cautiously from the corral. When -until to morrow afternoon. In an hour cout of earshot from the house, he put spurs rom now," he added, looking from the win- to the mustang and dashed into a gallop. dow, "these clouds will settle down to busi- To intercept the mountain road he was curious," added

might be a power to be placated and feared. | the rea on why Providence allows this kind I'll be back and see you, though, you bet.

"I see you don't," returned Patterson, with an unconscious and serious simplicity that had the effect of the most exquisite have done for you, you wouldn't have out ed. "Ye ain't wanting anything else?" Twice or thrice during the evening he re- Then observing that his former friend and betrayed no trace of his last escapade, he added. "I see you've got a fresh harness."

"That d-d Chinaman bought me there at the landing; they're not much in style or fit," he continued, trying to get a moonlight view of himself in the mirror behind the bar, "but that don't matter here" He filled another glass of spirits,

"Cept your wife; she was down here

Mr. Tucker paused with the pie in his hand. "Ah, yes!" He essayed a reckless suddenly to his feet again. Who's there?" | laugh, but that evident simulation failed bafore Patterson's melancholy. With an assumption of falling in with his friend's manner, rather than from any personal anxiety, he continued. "Well ?"

"That man Poindexter was down hers with her. Put her in the hacienda to hold possession before the news came out. "Impossible!" said Tucker, rising hastily.

"It don't belong-that is-" he hesi-"Yer thinking the creditors 'il get it,

mebbe," returned Patterson, gazing at the "Yes," replied the voice and a figure floor. "Not as long as she's in it; no, sir! Whether its really hers, or she's only keep-'Lay low, lay low-for God's sake," said | ing house for Poindexter, she's a fixture,

The smile slowly faded from Tucker's But I must speak to you a moment," said face, that now looked quite rigid in the moonlight. He put down his glass and "Wait," said Patterson, glancing toward | walked to the window as Patterson glocm ly the building. Its blank shutterless windows | centinued. "But that's nothing to you. revealed no inner light-a profound silence | You've got ahead of 'em both, and had your revenge by going off with the gal. That's what I said all along. When folks-specially women folks-wondered how you could leave a woman like your wife, and go off with a scalliwag like that gal, I allers said they'd find out there was a reason. And when your wife came flaunting down here with Poindexter before she'd quite got rid of you, I recken they began to see the ere your kite pounces on it, tears it from whole little game. No, sir! I knew it wasn't | you, and proceeds to discuss it for the beneon account of the gal! Why, when you | fit of the company. You are good natured, came here to night, and told me quite na- | and let him have his way. Presently Jones, ed curls and moust sche of the fugitive, | t'ral like and easy how she went off in the on the other side of the table, smiling ship, and then calmly ate your pie and | pleasantly, begins the recital of some indrank your whiskey after it, I knew you didn't care for her. There's my hand, Spence; you're a trump, even if you are a little looney, eh? Why, what's up?"

Shallow and selfish as Tucker was, Pat. shocked him as profoundly as it might have shocked a nobler nature. The simple vanity and selfishness that made him unable to conceive any higher reason for his wife's 'I am a man with a price on me!" he said | loyalty than his own personal popularity and success, now that he no longer possess ed that eciat, made him equally capable of the lowest suspicions. He was a dishon ored fugitive, broken in fortune and reputation-why should she not desert him? He had been unfaithful to her from wildness, from caprice, from the effect of those fascinating qualities; it seemed to him natural that she should be disloyal from more deliberate motives, and he hugged himself with that belief. Yet there was enough doubt, enough of haunting suspicion that he had lost or alienated a powerful affection to make him thoroughly miserable. He returned his friend's grasp convulsively and buried his face upon his shoulder. But he was not above feeling a certain exultation in the effect of his misery upon the dog-like, unreasoning affection of Patterson, nor could he entirely refrain fron slightly posing his affliction before that sympathetic but melancholy man. Saddenly he raised his head, drew back, and thrust his hand into his bosom with a theatrical gestur .

"What's to keep me from killing Poin dexter in his tracks?" he said wildly. "Nothin' but his shooting first," returned Patterson, with dismal practicality. "He's mighty quick, like all them army men. It's about even, I reckon, that he don't get me first," he added in an ominous voice.

"No!" returned Tucker, grasping his hand again. "This is not your affair, Pat'er

"If he ever gets the drop on me, I reckon he won't wait, continued Patterson lugubucriticism on your wife, as if she was a queen

The blood came to Spencer's cheek, and he turned uneasily to the window. "It's dark enough now for a start," he said hurriedly, "and if I could get across the mountain without lying over at the summit, it would be a day gained."

Patterson arose without a word, filled a flask of spirit, handed it to his friend, and silently led the way through the slowly "I want to get over across the coast range falling rain and the now settled darkness. The mustang was quickly afforded Tucker a disguise as well as a protection from the rain. With a few hurried Patter: on remained silent for a moment, disconnected words, and an abstracted air.

ness. It will rain; there will be light en- obliged to traverse part of the highway his ough for you to find your way over the wife had to walk that afternoon, and to pass mountain, but not enough for any one to within a mile of the casa where she was. know you. If you can't push through to- Long before he reached that point his eyes night, you can lie over on the Posada on the were straining the darkness in that directsummit. Them Greaters that keep it won't ion for some indication of the house which know you, and if they did they wont go was to him familiar, Becoming now accusback on you. And if they did go back on | tomed to the even obscurity, less trying to you nobody would believe them. It's the vision than the alternate light and with shadow et cloud or the fall glare of moon-

to make her convoious that Mrs. Tucker gloomy philosophy, "but I reckon its light, he fancied he could distinguish its low might be a power to be allowed. Tucker gloomy philosophy, "but I reckon its light, he fancied he could distinguish its low might be a power to be allowed. One of place of resolution in his character, suddenly of Patterson; it was not from any vague lingering contiment for the weman he had wronged-he would have shrunk from meeting her at that moment. But it was full of these and more possibilities by which he might or might not be guided, and was at least movement toward some vague end, and distraction from certain thoughts he dared not entertain and could not entirely dinmiss. Inconceivable and inexplicable to human reason, it might have been acceptable to the Divine omniscience for its predestined result.

He left the road at a point where the familiar to him already as near the spo: a volume. At one time when going dom where he had debarked from the Chinaman's a mountain near Lewiston with no less a where he had debarked from the Chinaman's personage than General Scott boat the day before. He remembered that personage than General Scott as a backer governor. the wa'ls of the hacienda were distinctly senger, the brakes gave way and the visible from the tules where he had hidden coach came on the heels of the wheel all day, and he now knew that the figures he had observed near the building, which had deterred his first attempts at landing, must have been his wife and his friend. H knew that a long tongue of the slough filled by the rising tide followed the marsh, and lay between him and the hacienda. sinking of his horse's hoofs in the spongy sinking of his horse's hoofs in the spongy towards which the four horses dashed, appeared its proximity, and he made parently to certain death. Yet the fine so a light suddenly rose above the distant hand never relaxed its hold nor the dep horizon ahead of him, trembling faintly, and then burned with a steady lustre. It was a in the emergency. On dashed the home bout half its light at the hacienda. Guiding his horse until the narrow deck was reached on the light at the hacienda. half abstractedly in this direction, his pr). gress was presently checked by the splash. ing of the animal's hoofs in the water. But the turf was firm, and a salt drop that had spattered to his lips told him that it was only the encroaching of the tide in the meadow. With his eyes on the light, again urged his horse forward. The rain lulled, the clouds began to break, the landsscape alternately lightened and grew dark; the outlines of the crumbling hacienda walls that enshrined the light grew more visible. A strange and dreamy resemblence to the long blue brass plain before his wife's paternal house, as seen by him during his evening rides to courtship, pressed itself upon him. He remembered, too, that she used to put a light in the window to indicate her presence. Following this retrospect, the moon came boldly out, sparkled upon the overflow of silver at his feet, seemed to show the dark, opaque meadow beyond for a moment, and then disappeared. It was dark now, but the lesser earthly star still shone before him as a guide, and pushing towards it, he passed into the all-embracing

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Social Kite.

Though not described by Audubon, the social kite deserves a word. You, in your affable way, start a topic, novel and interesting. Scarcely have you flushed your game teresting incident which happened down town in the morning. Jones is not a talkative man, and this is the one little morceau by which he hopes to shine at dinner. The kite lets him get as far as the second sent. | vice I began a new treatment." ence, and swoops down as before. Having plucked each feather from this second prey (clumsily, too, rending and tearing it, and not at all in the neat manner in wnich you or Jones would have done it), he relapses into temporary silence, watching with eager eye for his next victim, ready with beak and claw for the first idea that flies. If, happy, you attempt to continue your story, there follows the most disagreeable duet, the kite usually getting the better of it by dogged pertinacity and ill-breeding, and leaving you somewhat nettled for so small a matter. The kite is by no means a rare bird. He is hardy, with a hide of phenomenal trick-Though solitary as regards other kites, he dearly loves the society of men; for, left to himself, there is no one to interrupt or from whom to filch ideas. When by chance two kites meet a spirited contest ensues, the louder mouthed and more ill-bred (there are degrees in kites) carrying the day, aud the rest of the company wishing them at Jericho. There is probably no more disagreeable social nuisance, in a small way unless it be the man who allows you to finish, and then laboriously explains your remarks to the company. Both forms of illbreeding are common enough. The latter arises from stupidity, and both proceed on the caldish assumption that the speaker knows more than yourself of the matter which you are discussing, coupled, in many cases, with a sneaking desire to filch your ideas. Doubtless, like him who steals your purse, he often steals trash; but it is your trash, and you feel entitled to it-"a poor thing, but mine own;" and it is hard to view this social robber with equanimity.-Boston Gazette.

## An Unknown Monster.

For the past seven or eight years differ. ent stories have been told concerning a dreadful monater that inhabited a body of water known as Crater Lake, situated about fitty-five miles west of North Linkville, John Shallook, with others, has just seen the monster. Mr. Shallock says it looked to be as large as a man's body, and was swimming with about two or three feet out of water, and going at a rapid rate, as fast as a man could row a skiff, leaving a similar wave behind it. Its face, or head, looked white, and. although it was a long way off, they could plainly see that it was of an immense size. Several shots were fired at it, but it was so far off that they could not see where their bullets struck the water. Charles Moore says the bluffs around the lake are from 1,500 to 3,000 teet above the water, and almost perpedicular. - Klamath, Ore., Star.

The Fashionable Color.

Bank cashier to tailor: "You may take my measure for a suit of " Exactly

"What is the go this fall?" "Well, for bank cashiers, Canada seems to be the favorite,"

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORI. How General Scott's Life was love. How His Driver Twice Beapel Day The traveller of the present day, at is hurried along by the lightning expression its buffet cars and palace alsopen, at thought to the dom reverts in thought to the time the

the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between dist points. It is rare that one of the old-time stage drivers is met with non! days, and when the writer recently ha across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport N Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of " gotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although of the pioneers in stage driving (he form erely ran from Lewiston to Niagan Fall and Buffalo), is hale and hearty and bid fair to live for many years. The strang He left the road at a point when meadow, stories of his early adventures would fill marsh encroached upon the meadow, a volume. At one time when horses. The only remedy was to whin the leaders to a gallop. Gaining addi. tional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side into the street of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara rive. brain its conception of what must be done mader telescop river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand-still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had on curred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and robust constitution the strain of conting. ous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the neces. sarily cramped position in which he wa obliged to sit, contributed to this end and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said: "I found it almost impossible to sleen at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for." "Did you give up driving en irely!"

"No. I tried to keep up but it wa only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went al to pieces.'

"In what way !" "Oh, I doubled all up, could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant de sire to urinate both day and night, and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment Finally it ceased to flow entirely and! thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?" "What I should have done long be fore; listen to my wife. Under her at-"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonder ful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned, and Iam now well and good for twenty mon years, wholly through the aid of Warners Safe Cure that has done wenders for me as well as for many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An ur known evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

Speaking of matrimonial yokes, a Ner York woman has just run away with Mt thing, the si

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, and Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite fitted up at a cost of one million dollars \$1 and upwards per day. European plan He Restaurant supplied with the best cars, stages and elevated railross to all depots. Families can live belts for less money at the Grand Union Hotel that at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Called back "-The man that forgot to pay his check. Catarrh-A New Treatment

Perhaps the most extrarordinary successite has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catama Out of 2000 patients treated during the pas six months, fully ninety per cent have been oured of this stubborn malady. This is not not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner benefitted, while the patent medicines other advertised cures never record s coll all. Starting with the claim now generally be lieved by the most scientific men living parasites in the tissues, Mr. extermination; this accomplished the osterni is practically cured, and the permanency is the uestioned, as cures effected by him four year tempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and mother treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should or respond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, M. King-street West Treatment Considerable and enclose. King street West, Toronto, Canada, and encion stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montres

Mr. Winks-" Jane, have you fed the dog this morning?" Mrs. Winks-" No; he doesn't need any

thing," "Why, I have not given him any men since yesterday morning ; have you !" "No, but one of Mariar's fellers called last night."

Het another Pill shall go down my throat again, oure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Blood Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and looks makes a splendid Spring Medicine.

vallowstone, Tiles City.

pd put.on

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st one kille all only ben it began with hay, not to sleep, and by rai