The Georgetown "Herald,"
IS
PUBLISHED Every THURSDAY,
AT THE OFFICE,
BLACK & DILTS
[illegible]

Medical.

DR. WEBSTER, NORVAL, On-
[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

WM. WATKINS, ISSUER OF
Marriage Licenses, Collector in B. [illegible] Post Office, Main Street.

GEORGETOWN CARRIAGE
WORKS.—Wilson, Culp & McKenzie, manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies &c.

WILLIAM BARBER & BROS.,
Paper manufacturers, Georgetown, Ontario. Printing and wrapping paper constantly on hand and made to order.

DAVID GANT, O. K. BARBER
BROS., Clark's Hotel, Georgetown, Ontario. Children's hair Cutting, 10 Cents. Entrance on Mill Street. A Call is solicited.

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Surgeon, Graduate of Graduated Medallist of the Ontario Veterinary College. Office—Main street, Georgetown. Residence—Thompson's Hotel.

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GOODWILLIE & MATHESON,
Georgetown, Ontario—MATHESON & GOODWILLIE, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. J. D. MATHESON, Q.C. G. M. GOODWILLIE, Office, Georgetown.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST.—
Licentiate of Dental Surgery, member of the Dental Association of Ontario. Every operation in connection with the profession attended to on the latest and most approved principles. Special attention given to the regulation of children's teeth. Office, Trafalgar Buildings.

ONTARIO HOUSE, CHELTEN-
HAM, John McKILLOP, Proprietor. Mr. John McKillop, late of the Victoria Hotel, Cooksville, Chingacousy, having leased the Ontario House, Cheltenham, from Mr. Tracy, and having made temporary improvements for the special comfort of the travelling public, solicits their patronage. The table is spread with all the delicacies of the season, and the bar is always stocked with the best brands of liquors and cigars. An attending hostler in attendance. Terms moderate. A call is solicited. John McKillop, Proprietor. 872-1y.

CAIN'S FASHIONABLE HAIR
CUTTING AND SHAVING PARLOR, Opposite Thayer's Furniture Warerooms, Main-Street, Georgetown. James Cain still continues the Barbering Business in his old stand. The very finest patronage he has heretofore received in Barber line to secure the services of a first-class assistant, and the public can always rely on being promptly attended to. His charges are reasonable and workmanship unexcelled by any shop in the Dominion. Children's hair cutting specially. Razors made to order. [illegible] A Call is solicited.

G. H. GOODWILLIE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

JOHN HOLGATE,
CLERK OF DIVISION COURT,
COMMISSIONER IN Q. B.,
Accountant, and General Agent.
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SCHOFF & BEST,
Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c., Victoria Chambers, 9 Victoria Street, Toronto. Branch Office, Main Street, Georgetown. Money to Loan.
E. SCHOFF. W. H. BEST.
April 10, 1870. 715-3m.

LAW OFFICE AND GENERAL AGENCY.
GEORGETOWN.
Conveyancer, Commissioner in H. R., &c. Patents obtained. Land and House Agent. Accounts, Rents, &c. &c., collected on reasonable terms. Money loaned for parties having the same to invest. Marriage settlements carefully drawn.
ROBERT FORSAYETH.
March 27, 1870. 711-3m.

STRAW & FELT
WORK
MADE OVER IN THIS SEASON'S STYLES. Satisfaction guaranteed.
PRICES REASONABLY.
MRS. J. H. WATKINS,
Main Street, Georgetown.
April 17, 1870. 714.

STRAW & FELT

MISS MINNIE SEARCH wishes to inform her friends and the public generally that she is prepared to do work in Straw and Felt at moderate rates, at the residence of Edwin Search, Corner Edith and Factory Streets, near the Market Square, Georgetown.
April 17, 1870. 714.

PILES Of all kinds, TUMORS, or tubers, and all diseases of the Rectum quickly and perfectly cured by a simple and soothing REMEDY. For information address
Dr. J. Fabre & Co., 23 Ann St., N. Y.
707-6m.

NEW
Enterprize.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the public that she is prepared to Clean, Dye and do over very neatly Ladies' and Gentlemen's Straw and Felt Hats in the latest and best styles. Opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church; and also Hair Dressing done up very neatly to order. Charges very moderate. Give me a call.
MISS MAGGIE HALL,
707-12. GEORGETOWN.

The Georgetown Herald,

"It is the Freedom of the Free, the Tell-tyrants fear and all my Slaves beside."

VOL. XIII. No. 53. GEORGETOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1870. Whole Number 714

STEAM
SASH & DOOR
FACTORY
Main Street, Georgetown.
Crawford Bros., Proprietors.
HAVING now fitted up our establishment with a lot of new machinery, we are prepared to fill orders for
SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
BASE, DOOR AND
WINDOW FRAMES,
SCROLL WORK &c.
Lumber Matched and Dressed
TO ORDER.
Charges Moderate
Nothing but thoroughly seasoned lumber used.
CRAWFORD BROS.
March 22nd, 1877—1y.

The World's Boon.
DR. L. D. WEYBURN'S Alterative Syrup.
A remedy used THIRTY-FIVE Years in a private practice, and never failing to radically cure
Rheumatism,
Dropsy, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Secondary Syphilis, Gravel, Diabetes, and all diseases in which the blood is implicated, is now offered to the public.
Sold by all Retail Druggists, and (wholesale only) by The Weyburn Medicine Co. P. O. Box 538, Rochester, N.Y.
707-6m.

Georgetown
COLLEGE!
REV. N. BURNS, B. A., PRINCIPAL.
THE INSTITUTION WILL BE RE-OPENED on the
9th Day of September,
For both Boarding and Day Scholars under the principalship of Rev. N. Burns, B. A., formerly Head Master of Upper Canada High School, and later of Milton Boarding Academy.
For Board and Tuition, $120 per Annum; $32 per Quarter of 10 Weeks; Tuition per Quarter $8.
For Further Particulars, Address
REV. N. BURNS, B.A.
Georgetown, Ont.
Georgetown, Aug. 15, '78. 680-tf.

Santa Claus is Coming.
For cheap and attractive
Christmas Goods
GO TO
Mrs. Wheeler.
DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLL!
The largest and handsomest assortment of dolls ever shown in Georgetown.
A large stock of
Toys & Fancy Goods
At prices to suit the times.
Work Boxes, Writing Desks, and Pocket Books
Very cheap. Motto Frames from 25 cents. Mottoes from 2 cents. Slippers from 60 cents. Ottomans from $1.00. A large stock of Fancy Wool Work at equally low prices.
Sets of Ladies' Underclothing from $2.50 to $7.00. Infant Clothing of all descriptions on hand and made to order.
Christmas Cards
In great variety.
VICTORIA PLEATERS. CALL AND SEE THEM.
LADIES—
COMBINGS
DONE OVER AT
25 CENTS PER OUNCE.
CURLS
40 CENTS PER OZ.
Mrs. J. H. Watkins.
Next door to Kahn's Photo Gallery, Main Street, Georgetown.

T. J. Wheeler
has on hand a large and constantly increasing Stock of,
Gold and Silver Watches,
GOLD JEWELRY,
ELECTROPLATE,
CLOCKS AND
FANCY GOODS.
All marked at prices to suit the times. Second hand Watches taken in exchange for new at a fair valuation. Agent for the Self-Illuminating Alarm Clock.
NOTE SOME OF THE PRICES:
Thirty-hour Time-pieces from: $1 00
Striking Clocks from..... 3 00
Bath Thomas' Clocks from..... 3 00
Eight-day Clocks from..... 4 00
And all other goods at equally low prices.
April 6th, 1877

TO RENT.
HOUSES to rent, with other [illegible] apply to
PIERCE.

BOOTS
AND
SHOES.
THE CHEAPEST
EVER OFFERED.
Men's Calf Boots $3, worth $4.
Men's Alexis $1.25, worth $2.
Ladies' Prunella Button Foxed, only $1, worth $2.
Misses Feb. Button only 75c., worth $1.50.
Boys' Bals. & Alexis $1, worth $1.75.
Infants' shoes only 25 cents.
Infants' shoes only 10 cents.
JAS. WIDGER,
Nos. 30 & 32
King St. West.
Hamilton, Ont
Hamilton, April 16, 1870.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
PURE COD LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA
Is combined in a perfectly palatable form that to take readily by children and sensitive persons without the slightest nausea. It is the finest food and medicine ever offered to the weak and debilitated patient. It restores failing digestion, enriches the blood, adds flesh and strength, and for Consumption and all affections of the throat, bronchia, Rheumatism, and all disorders of the Blood and General debility, no remedy has been found to equal it. It is also a splendid specific for Coughs and Colds. For sale by all Druggists at $1 per bottle.

500 CORDS
OF
WOOD WANTED
Plows,
Gang Plows,
Strawcutters,
And other IMPLEMENTS in Exchange.
R. W. KING,
Georgetown Foundry.
Jan 11th, 1870.

SCOTT & BOWNE'S
PALATABLE
CASTOR OIL
Is prepared in a form perfectly agreeable to children and sensitive persons. In its manufacture the properties of the oil that produce pain and griping are eliminated, and it is rendered not only mild and pleasant in its action, but absolutely tasteless and palatable. It is pre-eminently the most active and cathartic known, and as a remedy for Costiveness, Constipation, and all functional Derangements it is unequalled, and is destined to take the place of crude oil and all drastic pills and purgatives. For sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. Don't fail to try it.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotence, Nervous Debility, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.
Before Taking. After Taking.
☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free, by mail to everyone. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.
☞ Sold in Georgetown by all druggists everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

EMPIRE
MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company
OF ONTARIO.
HEAD OFFICE
NO 26, WELLINGTON ST., EAST
TORONTO.
President, - - - JOHN SHAW, Esq.
Vice President, - - A. WILKES, Esq.
Manager and Secretary, - - T. WOOD.
Bankers, - - - BANK OF TORONTO.
Solicitors, - - - FOSTER & CLARK.
The Mutual System is the only true principle of Insurance. This every one will admit.
The EMPIRE is formed on a sound basis, and it is the intention of its Directors and Manager to have the Company rank amongst the highest in Canada. Our motto is to use care in the selection of risks, and when legitimate claims present themselves, prompt attention will be paid to same, both in regard to adjusting and settling.
Economy at the Head Office has a great deal to do with the success of an Insurance Company. The running expenses of the EMPIRE are very light when compared with other Companies, and it is our sole aim to give the public the benefit of a cheap insurance and at the same time good security.
W. GEO. TUBBY,
Agent at
Georgetown.
Dec. 19th, 1878.-1 yr.

DOMINION
HOTEL,
KING STREET WEST, - HAMILTON, ONT.
H. McKILLIOP, PROPRIETOR.
THIS commodious Hotel is situated in the central part of the Wholesale and Retail business part of the city, and in close proximity to the Street Railways. Good sample rooms for Commercial Travellers.
TERMS, - - $1 PER DAY.
Omnibuses to and from all trains.
Hamilton, March 14, 1870. - 658-1y.

To Consumptives.
The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription will please address, Rev. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N.Y.
707-6m.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY
EMPRESS RELIEF.
THE FRIEND OF MANKIND.
AN INTERNAL & EXTERNAL REMEDY.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND.
It cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia and kills all pain instantly—"deny it who can." It is the only known remedy for Rheumatism on the "American Continent proved by thousands." As soon as applied it gives instant ease to the unfortunate sufferer. It is rapidly absorbed, penetrates to the very bone, entirely kills the affection, neutralizing all "Rheumatic Poison" circulating in the blood, and expels it from the system through the natural outlets.
IT CURES
Toothache, Earache, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, Inflammation, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Pain in side, Pain in Back, Pain in Chest, Pain in Shoulder, Coughs, Colds, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Summer Complaint, &c., &c.
It will cure the most agonizing pain internal or external in one instant of time.
Pocket your prejudice and give it a trial the investment is small and relief certain.
The great secret of its success with all classes is owing to the fact it is safe and harmless, pleasant to take, gives instant ease, and can be applied to a wider range of disease in every day life, with greater success, than any preparation which research, skill and "Medical Science" has yet produced.
As a proof of its great power over disease, any person, no matter who it may be, rich or poor, old or young, who is suffering from any of the above painful complaints, will call at the Office in Toronto any day of the week, will get practical proof, "free of charge," of its magical power over pain in one application.
Testimonials from all parts of the Dominion are constantly coming to hand giving expression to the most grateful gratitude for astonishing relief which it has performed, and we would be pleased to receive testimonials from all others who use it successfully.
Physicians of the highest respectability recommend it as a most effectual "domestic remedy" for the relief of pain in cases of sudden emergency.
Carry it to your house and it will prove a blessing to your families and afflicted friends.
Druggists are calling enormous quantities of it wherever introduced.
Challenge the world to produce its equal.
The trade supplied through the wholesale Drug and Patent Medicine Houses of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and London.
Price 25 Cents Per Bottle.
☞ Sold by all enterprising druggists

Poetry.

Wine.

[illegible]
It will make us glad, free, bright and happy;
And guard them when drunkards shall fall.

How many proud families have fallen,
And lost lands and houses so fine,
Lived and died in mean degradation;
And the cause is the rich sparkling wine.

Then let us all hail the blue ribbon,
With gladness and joy and delight,
And wear it when he who first gave it
Is dwelling in realms of light.

He Loves Me Not—He Loves Me.

Fannie G. Flanagan.

I gathered a blue violet,
A small and worthless thing,
But my heart throbbed high with wonder,
At the song that it would sing.

I pulled the flowrets slowly,
Fearing I knew not what;
For how could any dower
Predict a mortal's lot?

He loves me not—he loves me—
Each petal in its turn,
He loved me not—he loved me—
I had yet to learn.

Each petal dropped unheeded,
Until the last same round;
He Loves me not, it told me,
And I cast it on the ground.

But soon there came a footfall,
One that I knew so well,
I saw a form approaching,
His love for me to tell.

I care not now for violets,
They caused my heart to pain,
I know he loved me truly,
No flower I'll trust again.

The Old Man to his Wife.

'Twas in the blessed spring time,
Sweet sang the bony bird,
And music from the happy stream
Amid the brake was heard.
Young zephyr, waked from slumber,
[illegible]
King the green dreade.

Dear Jennie, you remember
That happy, happy day;
Love's sunbeam fell upon us then,
And chased the night away.
I whispered, low my passion,
You gently leaned to hear;
Thou, in strong words of eloquence,
I charmed your willing ear.

I loved you then, my Jennie,
I woo'd you then, my love;
The earth all beautiful around
And bright the sky above,
And soon we wedded, Jennie
You remember, too, that day,
When, side by side we stood within
The old church, far away.

The old church wreathed with joy,
Amid the old gray stones
Where have been laid, for ages past,
Our old forefather's bones:
Oh, often now, dear Jennie,
I think of that old place—
'Twas in that old church, far away,
I first looked on your face.

'Tis many years, dear Jennie,
Since that May time of life,
When you, so young and innocent,
Became my happy wife.
We've pass'd the warm, ripe summer,
We've reaped the golden grain,
And, now it is the autumn time,
And we're alone again.

Alone, we, for our birdies,
Well fledged, have left their nest,
And on strong wings, have gone to seek
Some other place of rest.
Oh, tenderly we loved them,
When pure, and sweet, and young;
And tenderly we love them still,
To riper manhood sprung.

As in the early, happy years,
Our sun is warm and bright,
And though the days are shorter now,
We bless, as then, the light—
But we're thinking now, dear Jennie,
Of another, better clime,
Where love has still a warmer ray,
Beyond the bounds of time.

The Story Teller.

ROMANCE OF A POSTAGE-STAMP.

I breathed more freely after it was over. It was a temptation resisted, but I felt better after having done it. As I was assorting the letters, preparatory to putting them in the mail-bag for New York, one letter turned up and sent a jealous shock through me that set my heart throbbing and my brain swimming with a sudden dizziness. I might have expected to have seen it, but not the less did it affect me when I did see it—"Joseph Morris, Lydia dock, New York." That was the address, and I knew that it was his. I bear a dear little note in that same handwriting next to my heart then—a few graceful words thanking me for a book I had sent her—a little note that I had read over countless times, and kissed as often, wondering would it displease her to know how fondly I cherished it. I thrust the hateful letter out of my sight, and, leaning my head on the table, lived over again the hopes, the fears, the wretchedness of the last twenty-four hours.

The day before, while distributing the mail matter, I came across a letter addressed to myself, and superscribed in a female hand. I thought it strange that I should receive a letter, and, thinking it might be from some one in difficulties on account of my position, I opened it. It was from a young lady in New York, whose name was unknown to me, but who was evidently a friend of Annie Marrill's, who had written to her about me. Annie had written to her friend, and, in the warmth of her heart, had given her a sketch of my history, and, of course, had spoken of me in the highest terms. The letter was a long one, and, after some preliminaries, it stated that Annie Marrill was separated from me by my poor circumstances; my salary barely supporting my mother and myself, and how could I ask any woman to share my poverty! Now that the burden of poverty was most unexpectedly lifted from me, I felt at liberty to tell her the hopes I never dared to entertain till now. What would her answer be? That I would learn that very night. In the same mail with my letter was one addressed to her, postmarked New York. Her correspondence all passed through my hands, but I had never seen that writing before. That was no weak, wavering, feminine style. It was large, clear, decisive, the writing of a self-possessed man. Who could the writer be? Annie's uncle, Dr. Merrill, had male correspondents in New York. But this letter was the first that had come to her since she came orphaned from the great city a year before, and had been received into her uncle's heart and home. But other thoughts put the question of the letter out of my mind. I sent, by a messenger, a few hurried lines to my mother, to prepare her for our good fortune, and then counted the hours that would pass before I could offer my inheritance to Annie, unencumbered with its possessor. When I reached home I found her there before me. My mother, who had taken her into her favor from the first, her sweetness and orphaned situation proving a passport to heart, had sent for Annie to communicate the good news to her. She was st[illegible] that I thought [illegible] before. In fact, after a while, a subdued feeling stole over us all. Annie's disquiet seemed to impart itself to us. I was thinking how I could venture to tell her all my hopes, and my mother, guessing what my thoughts were, left us together most of the evening, but my heart failed me. It was only when I was walking home with Annie to Dr. Merrill's that I found courage to speak. She led me on by saying that I must not think, from her silence, that she did not rejoice in the happy change in my prospects, but no one could be more sincere in their congratulations than herself. I answered that my good fortune would be valueless to me unless I could share it with the girl I loved.

"The girl you love?" she repeated, questioningly.

I felt her hand tremble on my arm.

"The girl I love," I answered, in tones that she might have interpreted, but failed to do so.

"She ought to be a happy woman," she continued. "May I ask if I know her?"

"If you know her?" I cried. "If you know her! O, who could it be but you?"

"Me?"

She drew her hand quickly away from my arm, and stood quite still before me.

"Me! O, did you say me?"

And then I saw the moonlight falling on her face, and it was not the face of a girl shining with happy confusion when she hears the story of his love from the man whom she prefers. It was pale and shocked, and then she hid it from me in her hands and burst into tears.

I needed no other answer. I knew my suit was hopeless.

"Don't cry, dear!" said I. "I never thought to wound you."

"I thought you know," she went on, sobbingly. "I thought my uncle might have told you. I am going to marry Mr. Morris. I got a letter from him to-day. O! can you forgive me?"

She stretched out her little hands imploringly. I took them in mine, and I kissed them—they were sacred to me; they belonged to another, and I kissed them while my heart was breaking.

"Forgive you! my darling?" I said. "I would forgive you if you killed me, I think. Don't grieve, Annie; I will try to bear it."

We parted at her uncle's without another word, and I went home to the motherly heart that I knew would suffer with me, but whose tender sympathy would uphold me in this hour of bitter trial.

The next day I sent off my resignation to Washington, for my mother and I agreed to leave the village where we had passed so many quiet years. It was in the afternoon of the same day that the letter of which I had spoken, that I now knew was for my rival, attracted my attention. I took it up reluctantly—I hate those who do [illegible] Marrill as separated away from me by my poor circumstances; my salary barely supporting my mother and myself, and how could I ask any woman to share my poverty! Now that the burden of poverty was most unexpectedly lifted from me, I felt at liberty to tell her the hopes I never dared to entertain till now. What would her answer be? That I would learn that very night. In the same mail with my letter was one addressed to her, postmarked New York. Her correspondence all passed through my hands, but I had never seen that writing before. That was no weak, wavering, feminine style. It was large, clear, decisive, the writing of a self-possessed man. Who could the writer be? Annie's uncle, Dr. Merrill, had male correspondents in New York. But this letter was the first that had come to her since she came orphaned from the great city a year before, and had been received into her uncle's heart and home. But other thoughts put the question of the letter out of my mind. I sent, by a messenger, a few hurried lines to my mother, to prepare her for our good fortune, and then counted the hours that would pass before I could offer my inheritance to Annie, unencumbered with its possessor. When I reached home I found her there before me. My mother, who had taken her into her favor from the first, her sweetness and orphaned situation proving a passport to heart, had sent for Annie to communicate the good news to her. She was st[illegible] that I thought [illegible] before. In fact, after a while, a subdued feeling stole over us all. Annie's disquiet seemed to impart itself to us. I was thinking how I could venture to tell her all my hopes, and my mother, guessing what my thoughts were, left us together most of the evening, but my heart failed me. It was only when I was walking home with Annie to Dr. Merrill's that I found courage to speak. She led me on by saying that I must not think, from her silence, that she did not rejoice in the happy change in my prospects, but no one could be more sincere in their congratulations than herself. I answered that my good fortune would be valueless to me unless I could share it with the girl I loved.

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[illegible]

"Dear Annie—[illegible]

I wrote to you, notifying you of my readiness to fulfil my part of the agreement, and requested you to be ready to return with me on Saturday as my wife. You say to me that I must not come. There is but one explanation to this refusal, and that is that you have seen some one who pleases you better than your humble servant. It is but natural, child; I cannot blame you. The young should mate with the young, and I am too much your senior to expect to awake in your youthful heart feelings that have long been lifeless in my own. I release you from a promise that I am now aware was made by you under the pressure of the sad circumstance. But this fact can never affect the fatherly regard I have ever entertained for the only child of my dear old friend.

I read no further. Here was my reward. And how nearly I had lost it by the desire of gratifying an ungenerous impulse! Annie has since assured me that, had Joseph Morris arrived on the day designated, so great was her awe of her father's old partner that she never would have the courage to contend against her destiny. Indeed, the circumstance of having made the error she did, in misstamping the letter, seemed to her troubled mind significant of a deep meaning, and that even beyond the grave her father sought to control her actions.

Annie did not return to the parlor. I found her seated in the [illegible] moment of my return, to hasten to a victorious conclusion.

"Check—"

"Mate," I cried, finishing the word for him, and, catching Annie in my arms, heedless of the astonishment of the elderly pair, I demanded my reward.

Well, Joseph Morris, gray-haired, commonplace and undemonstrative, came to Greenwell to other nuptials than his own. He gave away my dear one with the best of grace, and after, the marriage congratulated me on my admission into the firm. My ignorance of his meaning was so apparent that with a grim smile he enlightened me. With my bride I acquired a half interest in an East India firm in New York and Calcutta. If Annie had chosen to appeal as an orphan, dependent on the bounty of her uncle, she had the after satisfaction of knowing that the love she had won was offered to herself alone, and not to the golden store that attracts so many suitors.

"My dearest," I sometimes say to her, "who would think that in a great measure we owe our happiness to a little postage-stamp?"

"Ghosts."

Not Col. Ingersoll's "aristocracy of the air," but real human ghosts. Ghosts that were once healthy men and women, but are now simply the "ghosts of what they once were." As we meet them, and inquire the cause of all this change, they repeat the old, old story, "a cold," "neglected cough," "catarrh," "overwork," or "dyspepsia," "liver complaint," and "constipation," with unsuccessful physicians and remedies. In offering his Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets for the cure of the above affections, Dr. Pierce does not recommend them as a "sure cure" *in all stages*. For if the lungs be half wasted away, or there be a cancerous complication, no physician or medicine can cure. The Discovery is, however, an unequaled pectoral and blood-purifier. It speedily cures the most aggravated cough, or cold, and in its early or middle stages, consumption. By correcting all irregularities of the stomach and liver, it readily cures blotches, pimples, scrofulous ulcers, bunches, or tumors. Hundreds testify that it has restored their health, after eminent physicians had failed. For constipation, use the Pellets. As a local remedy for catarrh, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A tower of strength—the towboat.

"Why was Hawdon so badly beaten by Hanlan?"—Because he had bad hanlin'.

A marble maul—Stealing a tombstone.

Honey is hived up by the powers that be.