WHY

I did not love him. Long ago
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage-notice. Pray,

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered No? But why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace: and yet
A woman never can forget

The man who once has loved her: and
To-day I seem to see him stand,

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead.

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

DAY.

Alike the human life is day,—
Alike our birth its dawning ray,
So young so bright,—
And if at morn the sky's o'ercast
The storm it broods will seldom last
Until the night.
Alike stern manhood is the noon
Doomed to set in darkness, how soon
So too is life:
For though life's morn be bright and fair,
It soon may set in dark despair,
And like day's tempest strife,
Perthrow our morn's brightest hopes with a breath
Nor beam again till life be wrapt in death.

THE TWO BACHELORS.

PART I.

It was in the summer of '61 that Jack Ferrars and myself, then gay bachelors of 30, weary of the business that had surged in upon us during the winter months, rented between us a small shooting-box in the Western Highlands, with a view of recruiting our wasted energies in a pastime of which we were both very fond. I admired Ferrars almost passionately. He was a fine, handsome fellow, with yellow hair and blonde moustache, and possessed the gentlemanly manners and easy flow of conversation which I esteemed above all things. But my attachment to Jack was no mere passing admiration of his brilliant parts and fascinating manners; it dated as far back as the days when we were boys at school, and had gone on in an uninterrupted flow ever since, strengthened by the test of time. We had, moreover, numberless things in common, among the most important of which was—we were both confirmed bachelors; in good truth, bachelors proud of the name—bachelors who never intended to be anything but bachelors, and who took peculiar pleasure in saying so, and in vowing allegiance to each other in a manner that would have done credit to the Corsican brothers.

It was therefore with brilliant anticipation of the delight we were to experience in each other's society, that we found ourselves the occupants of a pretty villa on the outskirts of a little outlandish place in the Highlands, so far removed from all friends and acquaintances. With a sigh of relief and a delightful feeling of freedom, we wheeled our chairs into the open bow window on the night of our arrival, and lighting our cigars, sat down to enjoy the beautiful scene before us. In the foreground lay our own smoothly cut lawn and rectangular flower-beds, with the moonlight falling in pale bright bars over the sleeping flowers; and beyond the silver loch, whence we could distinctly hear the light laugh of some late pleasure-seekers, as they rowed slowly homewards; while above the loch the hills rose in dark majestic outline against the pale beauty of the sky. Jack, as apropos to the scene, had been repeating as best he could, between the whiffs of his cigar, Lord Byron's "Lake Leman;" and an animated discussion, which had afterwards arisen on the merits and demerits of that much maligned poet, was suddenly interrupted by a burst of the finest music I had ever heard. It was a splendid soprano voice, accompanied by a guitar, singing the old pathetic Scottish song, "Auld Robin Grey." The expression thrown into the voice was simply exquisite. When the mournful minor key was struck Jack snatched his cigar from his lips, leaned forward in a breathless, listening attitude, as if afraid to lose a single vibration, and did not move again until the song had ceased. I felt strangely affected myself. I had often listened to the same song before, but never with the soul-thrilling of to-night. As the last cadence died away, borne over the silver waters to the dark hills, it seemed to me as if it were an angel's whisper over the death-bed of a child.

The sounds proceeded from the open drawing-room windows of the villa next to our own; and when at last they ceased, Jack, resuming his cigar in the most prosaic fashion, remarked: "By Jove! that was good singing, Bob. This is better than a box at the opera; eh, old fellow?"

"It's the finest singing, without exception, I ever listened to," I answerd. "I hope I won't meet the fair possessor of such an exquisite voice."

"What an absurd fellow you are! Why?" asked Jack, blowing a long curl of smoke out of the window.

"Oh, because, if she's pretty, I feel as if I should fall in love with her."

Jack winced at this betrayal of weakness. "Pshaw! Harding, don't talk like an idiot. Ten to one she's an ugly old wretch, with sunken jaws, with powder enough on her face to last a lord chief justice's wig for six months."

"I almost hope she is," I returned, "for then my heart won't run such a chance of being captured."

"You are a consummate fool, Harding," was the flattering encomium of my friend Ferras.

"Sorry you think so Jack," I said; "but fool or no fool, if that's a pretty young girl, I wouldn't give sixpence for your own chances of retaining your bachelor notions much longer, Jack Ferrars."

I leaned forward, smiling, to catch a glimpse of his expression in the dim light. A haughty curl was on his lips, and a look of scorn in his blue eyes, which disappeared with a ludicrous rapidity as soon as he observed I was rallying him.

"Ah! Bob, no fear of that," he said; "you and I are too jolly together to care about pretty girls, however fascinating else we'd have been married long ago."

"I begin to think so, Jack," I returned; "and, upon my word, I often wonder how a fellow like you, upon whom a score of designing mammas have had their envious eyes, was never caught."

"I was just going to make the same remark about you," said Jack, with a laugh, as he stroked his handsome moustache.

"It seems to me we're a couple of extremely lucky fellows, at any rate, to have safely escaped all the snares and fascinations laid for us," returned Ferrars, shrugging his broad shoulders and looking the personification of happy bachelorhood as he thus disburdened himself of his anti-matrimonial notions. "But what do you say to a bit of supper, old boy? It is getting late."

I agreed, and we both descended to the dining-room. Mrs. Mason, the worthy housekeeper, had lit a fire in honor of our arrival, and the dying embers now cast a dark red glow on the walls, making a decidedly comfortable appearance, notwithstanding it was a fine autumn night. When we turned up the gas, a cosy little supper laid out for two was displayed, and the wine and fruit we had been using at dinner still stood on the sideboard. Never was there two happier, jollier, or more amiable bachelors that Ferrars and I that night as we sat chatting over our walnuts and claret, and laying our plans of enjoyment, until the small hours warned us that it was high time we were in the primary enjoyment of sleep.

"Good night, Jack," I said, as at last we separated for our respective rooms.

"Good morning, rather," echoed Jack, as he shut his door; "and I hope the ghost of 'Robin Grey' wont disturb your slumbers."

A sharp rat-tat on my bedroom door, and the familiar "Hallo, old boy?" of Jack outside, awoke me from one of the most delightful and refreshing sleeps I had enjoyed for a long time. To say the least of it, I felt fierce to be thus awakened. "Confound you, Ferrars," I shouted; "what do you want? Be off?"

"Get up, old boy, get up; if you're not out of bed before I count 10, you shall have no breakfast. One-two-three—"

The threat was too awful to be anticipated, and before he had completed the given number, I had unlocked the door for him. He came in with a merry look in his blue eyes, and throwing himself down on the bed I had so unwillingly vacated, began kicking the white counterpane with his dirty boots.

"Jack, man, look what you're doing," I said, pointing to a mud patch on the clean linen. "Mrs. Mason will think I tumbled into bed last night in the disreputable condition of not knowing very well what I was about."

"Just tell her I did it, Bob, and she'll be delighted to put on a fresh counterpane, I am sure. But do you know what I was doing this morning while you were driving your pigs to market?"

"Feeding the chickens, probably," I answered, feeling cross at Jack's good humor.

"Guess again," he said, laughing.

"No; if you don't choose to tell me, my curiosity can wait," I returned, as I arranged my necktie.

"Well, then, I've been getting on good terms with Mrs. Mason, and finding out who our friends of musical repute next door are."

"The dickens you have!" I ejaculated, pausing in the adjustment of my shirt studs. Jack nodded, his blue eyes fairly dancing with merriment. "And the result of your inquiries is—"

"That the household consists of a Colonel Hallam, his wife and daughter."

"Is that all you know about them?" I asked, somewhat disappointed at the meagreness of the detail, as I put the finishing touches to my toilet.

"You ungratetul scoundrel!" returned Jack. "Why, the people only arrived here two days ago, and Mrs. Mason herself only got the information this morning from the baker's boy at the door."

"Ah! then, it's sure to be correct. But come, let's go down stairs and try if we can get a look at Colonel Hallam or his pretty daughter."

It was a glorious morning. The sunshine was dancing gleefully on the rippling surface of the loch, and the flowers were lifting their dewy heads and filling the breakfast room with their fresh fragrance. A very tempting repast stood awaiting us on the table, and Jack's blue eyes looked not amiss behind the coffee-urn.

"Altogether this is very pleasant, Jack," I remarked, as I took the cup he handed to me; "you look almost pretty enough to kiss, my dear."

"Come, no chaff. Is your coffee sweet enough?" he returned, affectionately twirling the ends of his blonde moustache.

"Oh, it's there all right," I said, alluding to the handsome appendage; "I didn't make any mistake about that." He turned his laughing eyes on me for an instant, and no sooner had they wandered to the window again than he started, uttering a long whew! I stood up too, following his eyes enquiringly, and there, over the low hedge that divided the gardens, I caught sight of a young girl in a fresh morning dress, engaged in cutting flowers, and daintily arranging them into a bouquet. What we saw of her face under the broad-brimmed hat that shaded it was bright and beautiful.

"Good heavens! Miss Hallam," said Jack.

"By Jove! Miss Hallam," echoed I. And we both looked into each other's faces and laughed outright.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Jack, with the utmost inconsistency, as he sat down and resumed his breakfast.

"Just what you're laughing at," I returned, breaking my egg.

"She's not old or ugly, either," he remarked after a pause.

"By Jove, she isn't!" I answered, as I gulped a mouthful of my highly-sugared coffee.

"Are you sorry?"

"No. Are you glad?"

"It doesn't matter a rap to me what she is, or is not."

"You are a cynical old bachelor, Ferrars."

"Allow me to return the compliment, Harding."

"I rather meant you to keep it, I think."

"I decline it with thanks, as not suitable. I'm not cynical."

"When I wish to expatiate on the charms of a nice young lady, you get as sour as vinegar; now, you know its true; so not a word in reply; but hurry up, old boy—*tempus fugit*," and I pulled out my watch.

We were both in a hurry to be off to our sport, and soon all thoughts of Miss Hallam were forgotten in the bustle of arranging our shooting-gear. The wagonette was brought round to the door, and two very happy heart-whole bachelors sprang lightly into it, and were bowled away down the gravel path, through the gate and out of sight. We had a pretty good day's sport on the moors, and returned home in the best of humor with ourselves, and tired enough to enjoy thoroughly an after-dinner lounge in our drawing-room, which we had converted *pro tem.* into a smoking-room, and ornamented in every available space with meerschaums, tobacco and cigar boxes.

Upon this evening, Jack, who was a fair player on the pianoforte, was performing the "Blue Bells of Scotland" with much elaborate flourishing and crossing of hands, and I, as the audience, was stretched on three chairs at the window, lazily smoking my cigar in that half-dreamy, comatose state that one feels in the enjoyment of well-earned leisure and rest. I cannot say that I was altogether in raptures over the "Blue Bells," but perhaps they helped to promote the pleasant tenor of my thoughts as I lay with my eyes half-closed, letting the smoke from my weed curl affectionately in the folds of Mrs. Mason's lace curtains. "How jolly Ferrars and I are together," I chuckled to myself; "this little trip of ours is going to be altogether a success. Girls are well enough to meet occasionally, but they become a bore. Now, suppose I had a wife with me here instead of Jack, she wouldn't be content unless she had the house filled with visitors and servants, and ".

Just at this interesting juncture of my ruminations, the flourishing and dashing at the piano stopped, and presently the chairs on which my legs were resting were pulled from under me, and I was left ignominiously sprawling on the carpet, with Jack's face grinning down at me in evident enjoyment of my discomfiture. But my fall did not make me forget the thread of my meditations, and as I gathered up my elegant limbs, I remarked: "My wife would not have done that, Jack."

"No; she would have kissed the poor, tired darling, and thrown a shawl gently over him, to keep him from catching cold," said Jack in a tone of mock affection.

"Picture of domestic happiness!" I returned, laughing, as I readjusted the chairs. "Hark! what is that?"

The stillness of the night outside was broken by the same exquisite music we had listened to on the previous evening. In an instant our banter was hushed. It was a gay, lively air, which I recognized as a selection from the "Student's Frolic," and the singer seemed even more at home in this style than in the pathetic. It made me feel as joyous as a bird in spring, and had I not been too lazy, I could have danced, in the very exuberance of my spirits.

"Jack, we must get an introduction to that little girl," I cried enthusiastically, throwing my half-finished cigar out of the window.

But, to my surprise, Jack seemed in no mood to talk, and kept staring out of the window, taking no notice of my remark. Feeling aggrieved at not being met with the storm of opposition and contempt I expected for proposing such a thing, I went over and slightly shook him, at which he ran his fingers through his blonde curls, and, looking up with an expression of innocent surprise asked: "What is it?"

"Wouldn't you like an introduction to Miss Hallam?" I repeated.

"Why, yes; of course, Harding; you needn't have shaken a fellow half out of his senses to ask that silly question," and Jack readjusted his broad shoulders and relapsed into silence again. I tried to talk to Miss Hallam, music, literature, politics, but all to no purpose. He sat staring out of the window, as if the seven wonders of the world were visible on our path of moonlit lawn. Rather disgusted, I left him star-gazing and retired to bed; but as I went up stairs I went up stairs I must own a little curiosity as to the cause that had made my amiable and talkative friend suddenly so laconic and disagreeable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Terrific Balloon Adventure.

BY F. S. MILLS.

"You are about to witness Professor W's ascension," said a gentleman to me, as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display.

He was an entire stranger to me; but not being superstitious in matters of etiquette, I did not object to this brusque mode of introtion, and so civilly answered "Yes."

"But I shall go farther to see it than you will," continued the gentleman. "I intend to ascend with Prof. W."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I.

"You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examination of those upper regions for myself, to see whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether theirs is as much a sinecure as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with us?"

"No, thank you kindly," I said; "in getting into the clouds one might lose oneself the way is likely to be *mist*. Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I would not change a spadeful of it for cubic miles of the blue empyrean. I am no poet."

Vane declaration! How little did I imagine the horrors that awaited me! How little did I foresee my dreadful fate in hanging betwen and earth, a spectacle to laughing men, giggling women, and insensate hooting boys.

We entered the enclosure. There was the vast silken bunble, puffing out its hollow cheeks like the face of a fat clown when laughing, and rising and tugging away at the ropes, as if it were impatient to be out of our society.

"You will not accompany me?" said my friend, and I replied in the negative.

"Perhaps the gentleman would assist in cutting the ropes," said the professor.

"Certainly," said I, "with pleasure."

"Thank you." said the aronaut: "please take your station."

He and my friend entered the car. I grasped one of the ropes and awaited the order. In a moment more it came.

"Cut," said one voice. "No, hold on," said another.

I was bewildered and did both. When the others cut I did the same, and with the direction to hold on I grasped the end of the rope still near me and held on. In a moment more I was fifty feet from the ground.

Imagine my suspense. There was I, like a freshly caught fish, dangling at the end of a line, with the balloon representing the float. I cried out to my friend and the aeronaut, but in vain. The spectators below, thinking I was some aerial acrobat who was about to turn fifty double somersets and then alight on his feet before them, cheered sufficiently to drown my voice.

The parties in the car could not see me. But by the hat swung over the side occasionally, I knew they were bowing to the crowd, below. Meanwhile I was swinging like a pendulum below them, with only ten fingers to sustain the weight of a hundred and eighty pounds (I'm rather stout), and to prevent me from being thinly spread over the ground beneath, from "larding the lean earth" with my human form divine! What an age of terror!

In the meantime my fingers stiffened, but I clutched the rope with the energy of despair. I had long ceased calling; I had exhausted myself. Suddenly a cold perspiration broke out upon me, and I knew my hour had come. My fingers were slipping down the rope! Oh, those agonizing moments. Inch by inch I approached my doom. First the left hand lost its hold, and then, as I felt the end slipping by the little finger of the right—I gave one brief prayer and fell—

OUT OF BED.

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole house, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from their slumbers, were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my terrific balloon ascent was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced I am led to believe by the festivities usual on Thanksgiving Day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat. No. I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you, dear reader, that such a Thanksgiving dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.

The Population of India.

The population of India, subject to British control, is officially ascertained by census to be 238,830,097, and the area 1,456,744 square miles. Of this mass the part not subject to native princes in mediatized States is 190,563,048 people, and an area of 904,049. The enormous population of China is often said to be fabulous. But here is an exact census, and the aggregate is so great as to give color to the Chinese statements. Yet in all India there are only 59,000 British-born inhabitants. The human ocean is so vast that if the entire British race were gathered there it would be lost completely. Even the Mahomedans in India are more numerous than all the British race subject to Victoria, while the Hindoos alone number about 140,500,000. The castes are so numerous and the lines between them are so rigidly drawn, and the races and dialects so many and so incongruous that the task of government is one of extreme difficulty. The interest and importance attached to India by the English statesmen and writers for the press increase from year to year, but no effort seems to be made to encourage the migration thither of people of British races, and of late years the natives have begun to crowd the English employes out of the railways and the civil service. Yet the language seems to make progress there.

ALL interested in making money for the holidays should consult Messrs. Baxter & Co., Bankers, No. 17 Wall Street, New York City. We are authorized to say, that, besides being the largest and leading house in their business, they are publishers of a work on the best method of operating in stocks, bonds, gold, etc., in their market, without risk. It also gives the highest and lowest prices of leading stocks for the last ten years. This work must prove not only interesting but valuable to parties desiring to operate in Wall Street. The road to fortune has been found by many through its columns. See their card, in another column of this paper, and remember that their standing and responsibility is of the highest order.

THE Wanzer F. Family Sewing Machine manufactured by R. M. Wanzer, of Hamilton, Ont, is without cogs, cams, or heart motion; is noiseless; sews as well backwards as forwards; fastens its own thread at the beginning and ends of seams; threads the bobbin without running the machine; lengthens, shortens, or reverses the stitch without stopping the machine; has a large bobbin and solid shuttle. The Wanzer machines have received the *highest honors, diplomas and medals* of any machine in the market. We are not surprised to learn that the manufacturers are running their Factory and Foundry to their fullest capacity. Where a few years ago hundreds was their limit of supply per month now many thousands are turned out, and still their orders on hand are very large.

PHILADELPHIA.

Obsequies of the Vice-President.—Moody and Sankey.—Centennial.—Weather.

OBSEQUIES OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

At midnight last Friday the casket containing the remains of Vice-President Wilson arrived in this city; they were taken direct to Independence Hall, where they were laid in state. The scene surrounding was perfectly magnificent. The remains were placed in the centre of the Hall upon a catafalque erected for the purpose. A beautiful harp and cross shaped with the choices flowers supplied the back-ground of the scene, while above hung a crown and bell of camellias, tuberoses and jessamines. The face of the deceased bore but a faint resemblence to that of the statesman; the haste of the *post mortem* examination to which the body was subjected, prevented a more perfect embalming. The arrangements made by the Committee for visitors to the Hall were complete. From a quarter-past six until ten o'clock the people continued moving through the Hall and around the remains, at the rate of about 200 in every five minutes, ascending the steps from the street and passing out to the square in the rear of the building. On the line of march, when leaving the city, several buildings were draped in mouring, flags were at half-mast—these, with the chiming of the muffled bells of St. Stephen's, recalled to mind the obsequies of President Lincoln a few years ago.

Henry Wilson was born at Farmington, New Hampshire, on the 16th of February, 1812. He was of very humble parentage. The real family name was Colbaith, which in later years was changed by an Act of the Legislature to Wilson. At ten years of age he was bound out to a farmer, with whom he worked until he was twenty-one. During the eleven years of his apprenticeship he was sent to school at odd intervals, only receiving twelve months' schooling in all. Too poor to buy even the cheapest books, and able only to get furtive glances here and there at country newspaper, he obtained access as a special favor to two or three libraries in the vicinity of his home, and was permitted to take books to the farm-house, which he read on Sundays and in the winter evenings by the light of pine knots, or the beams of the full moon in summer and autumn: in this mode he perused during his apprenticeship about one thousand volumes. His apprenticeship having expired, he took his worldly gear in a pack and footed it to Natick, Mass., where he learned the shoemaking trade; after a couple of years he went back to New Hampshire, attended several High Schools, and finally, in 1838, settled down in Natick as a shoemaker. In the political campaign of 1840 he was noted as an ardent Whig, and was celebrated in newspaper paragraphs and doggerel verses as the "Natick Cobbler." From that time until 1855 he was active in politics, gradually rising to prominence. At this time (1855) the Republican party was formed, and he has since acted with it; and as a member thereof he was in 1872 chosen to the Vice-Presidency of the Nation, having for eighteen years occupied a seat in the United States Senate from Massachusetts. But now that he is dead even his opponents will concede that he was a well-meaning and honest man.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

Yesterday Messrs. Moody and Sankey commenced their work among the unregenerate, and three meetings were held at the New Tabernacle (as the old depot has been styled), all of which were densely thronged; the morning meeting for which admission tickets were required, was attended principally by church members; the afternoon meeting was for the unconverted women, and every portion of the building was filled. Near the close of the service an invitation was extended to all who desired to be prayed for to arise, when immediately several hundreds arose from their seats. The evening meeting was exclusively for men, who came to the meeting in vast numbers. The proceedings at all these services were marked by a high degree of enthusiasm, and the Evangelists never appeared to better advantage.

At the close of the meeting this (Monday) morning, Mr. Moody said, "Before we close I wish to give out a few notices. The Father's meeting which was opened last night, will be continued every evening, and a third inquiry meeting will be opened. The meetings now are not for Christians, but those out of Christ, and he hoped the Christians would not crowd the latter class out, but allow them to come to the front. There are many who cannot make it convenient to come here early or secure seats, who are anxious to find God, therefore to that class we will issue tickets, which can be had at the office. The ladies' committee will also distribute tickets in the different denominations to the poor who cannot spare the time to come for them." The building in which the meetings are held is indeed remarkable. A few weeks ago, it was in appearance a dilapidated structure, unfitted for occupancy except as a storehouse, now it is a commodious and attractive audience room, admirably designed for such purposes as it is now made to meet. When well lighted and filled it presents an imposing appearance, nothing like it in commodiousness was ever before secured in Philadelphia for a public gathering of any character. Some conception of its magnitude may be formed when it is said that the gas bill for last week was $317. Now that the meetings have been in active operation for over a week, to all outward appearances they are a success; not only are the meetings filled and a deep earnest spirit pervade them all, but it has been found necessary to hold extra meetings in the adjoining churches, which, like those at the old depot, have been densely crowded.

The services that are held are simple. Mr. Moody gives out a hymn, Mr. Sankey leads the same, after which requests for prayer are read, Mr. Moody calling upon some one to lead in prayer. After singing another hymn, Mr. Moody reads a passage of scripture, and from this passes into his discourse, which rarely exceeds half an hour in length. The invitation is then given for those present who desire prayers for self to manifest it by rising. After singing again the meeting is closed with the benediction, the anxious ones passing into the inquiry rooms, where Mr. Moody and a committee of helpers are waiting.

CENTENNIAL.

Centennial affairs are progressing as rapidly as possible. It has been decided to close the Exposition buildings on Sundays. The great majority of our citizens belong to the working classes, and are compelled to earn a livelihood by the work of their hands, and are unwilling to bear the pecuniary loss to which a visit to the grounds on working days would subject them, thus leaving Sunday only available for that purpose, and by closing the same as intended, they will be deprived of the only chance they have of participating in its benefits, therefore quite a number of the said working people are opposed to the decision to close on Sundays, and accordingly printed protests have been circulated for signatures.

The President of the Centennial Commission, and the President of the Board of Finance have sent a letter to the members of Congress, asking them to visit the Centennial grounds, either on their way to Washington, or at any convenient time thereafter. They are promised courteous attention during the visit. It is to be hoped that most of them will accept the invitation, for as yet Congress has done but little toward helping on the Centennial, and it is believed that after once witnessing the work that has already been done, they will be unanimous in favoring any reasonable amount of assistance from Congress. Up to the present time

THE WEATHER

has been quite moderate for this season of the year, and with the exception of a thin skin of ice which we have had upon several mornings, there is nothing to denote the near approach of winter, but within the last forty-eight hours there has been a decided change, and ice is forming everywhere. We have as yet had no snow, but the feeling of the atmosphere, and the clouds that are forming, would seem to indicate the near approach of a snow storm. CARLOS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29, 1875.

A Famous Medical Institution.

[From the Chicago Times.]

"The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as 'household words.' His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The *Times*, in the present issue, presents a whole page communication from Dr. Pierce, and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has at Buffalo a mammoth establishment, appropriately named 'The World's Dispensary,' where patients are treated, and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr. Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of large medical experience, and his extensive knowledge of materia medica has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequaled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by Druggists.

Two men at sea, passengers in the same ship, but enemies; as they were standing on deck a man fell overboard, and the two men instantly laid hold of a barrel, and by their united strength hove it overboard, and thus gave the drowning man the means of salvation. Having thus together labored in a work of mercy, they were struck with the folly and sinfulness of being at variance, and, shaking, hands, from that time onward were bosom friends.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all billous attacks, prompt to start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a heretofore free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious tendencies is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific researches; and those who use the Mandrake pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the field.

These pills open the bowels and correct all billious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills, as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, and disappearing of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills.

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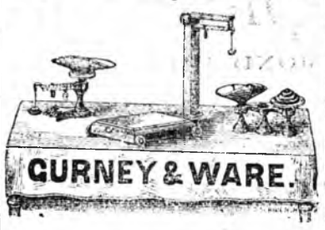

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