Put Vourself in His Pince.

- We stood within the corridor;
 I had just stepped inside the rail
 To get my tickets, when I saw
 The state of patters and turned paleI had put on now clother throughout
 Upon this jaunt with her to come;
 I'd brought this heavenly creature out,
 Leaving my pocketbook at home.
- I stood there vexed and mortified;
 'Twas cruel as it was absurd;
 Then did a little gloved hand glide
 Straight into mine without a word, Straight into mine without a word, Leaving a dainty portemonnaic Of gold and pearl most quaintly made, From which, scarce knowing what to say, I for the evening's tickets paid.
- When I sat down along with her-
- when I sat down along with her—
 "Now, don't look so annoyed," said she;
 "Of course mistakes sometimes occur,
 And people lose their property."
 Confused I answered: "I agree,
 But must feel vexed about it, though; What's yours does not belong to me -Said she, "Why shouldn't it be so?"
- She spoke unthinkingly, then blushed "Oh, do you mean it?" straight I crie
 My wild delight she would have hushed
 A feeble "No" in vain she tried;
 But I'd not hear it, so at last—
 "Yes—just to keep you still," said she
 "There, there, don't hold my hand so
 The usher will be sure to see."

HERMAN'S CHOICE:

A Novel

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY STUART SMITH.)

Eugene wanted to beg, beseech his friend to desist from his purpose, the aim of which he only dimly suspected, but already it was too late. A skirt rustled outside the too late. A skirt rustled outside the pavilion door, and immediately afterward a young lady crossed the threshold.

Countess Antoinette Arnau was certainly

one a mere sight of whom was sufficient to one a mere signt or whom was sunctient to justify the passion of a young artist. Her tall, slender figure was possessed of truly poetic beauty. Her pale face was illumined by a pair of dark eyes that shone with the fire of feeling, and her classically arranged black hair floated down in long curls upor her white morning-robe, that was richly embroidered, and fitted to perfection. Her bearing was that of finished elegance, and yet there was a certain something about it that betrayed the fact that the Countess was perfectly aware of her own attractions and claims upon the world.

She held out her hand to her cousin in a familiar way, while she only responded to Eugene's greeting with a smile, and then said, playfully:
"I expected to be the first one in the

park this morning, but lo! I find you gen-tlemen here before me, doubtless holding a most important conference.'

Herman sbrugged his shoulders, "Important, yes, but utterly fruitless! I have been laboring for the last hour to convince Eugene of the necessity of accompanying me on my trip to Italy."
"How is this, Mr. Reinert?" and the young lady's beautiful eyes rested wonder-

ingly and reproachfully upon the young painter. "Are you still hesitating? I con-sidered your journey a settled affair, and confidently expected to meet you in Rome next winter, at Herman's side."

Eugene kept silence, darting at his friend a look half threatening, half of entreaty. but the latter must have been wholly unconscious of this, for he quietly ans

You are mistaken, Nettie, Eugene has altered his plan. He declines the trip and prefers returning to his native town, in order to set up a modest establishment there, and lead his bride——"

"Herman!" menaced Eugene, who had hitherto attempted to interrupt him, but "And lead to the altar his bride, a young

lady of the place, just as speedily as possible threafter," said Herman, finishing his sentence, without being in the least thrown off his balance.

The effect of these words upon Antoi

nette was something frightful to behold. At first she turned deathly pale, and as though bereft of consciousness, her hand sought the back of the arm chair in order to save herself from falling; then her face suddenly flushed crimson, and her dark eyes flashed with a light that made her eautiful face look almost ugly, as she fixed them upon Eugene (who stood there almost senseless) with a look that was almost withering. Then, summoning up all her power of self-control, she turned from both to the window, thus shielding herself at least from Herman's watchfully

observant eye. He felt indeed that a third party would be superfluous in view of the explanation that he was sure would now follow, especially as Antoinette had already given sufficient evidence as to the true state of

her feelings.

He picked up his hat from where it lay on the table.
"Excuse me for a few minutes. I forgot

to give an important order at the castle.

I'll come back directly."

He need not have troubled himself to

find a pretext for leaving, since neither Antoinette nor Eugene seemed to hear a word he said, and so, young Count Arnau who had an abhorrence of scenes so-called, and foresaw here the approach of a stormy one, made haste to leave the pavilion, the door of which he closed behind him.

The two left behind stood opposite to each other in the beginning, without exchanging a word. Autoinette was still struggling for self-command, while Eugene ound not a word to say in his own defence He was divided between spite toward Her man, and shame at the painfully humiliating position in which the latter had placed The Countess it was who spoke first :

regret, Mr. Reinert that I should fust this moment have been made aware of your engagement by my cousin, else I should long since have offered my congrat ulations.

The frozen look, the coldly cutting ton of her speech aroused Eugene from his bewilderment, and he made a step toward

her.
"For Heaven's sake, Antoinette, do not

speak to me in that tone!"

With a proudly contemptuous gesture she waved him back. "Sir, you seem to forget that you are speaking to the Countess Arnau."

She could not have chosen words mor insulting. Eugene turned pale, and his sense of self-respect being aroused, once more his lost spirit returned to him Wounded to the quick he returned:

" Pardon me, most noble Countess! It is the first time that you have found it ne sary to remind me of the chasm that lies between us, and I give you my word that it

shall be the last."

He bowed, and moved toward the door while Antoinette looked after him unsteadily. She felt that she had gone too far, that at least she should not have spoken thus, and quick to repent as to give way to anger, she called him back.

Reinert !" He turned half around.

I await your orders, most noble Count

Now it was all over with the pride and self-control of this passionate woman, who, totell the truth, possessed no large share ofeither. Accustomed to yield to every impulse, she sank upon the sofa, and broke out into a violent fit of weeping.

Eugene heard this weeping, and stood till. He looked back, and seeing that lovely, tear stained face turned toward him, in another minute he was at her side.
"Do you shed tears, Countess? May I speak with you? Antoinette, will your

condemn me unheard?'
This time no harsh repulse followed his assumption of a familiar mode of address. She looked up at him still struggling between anger and love, but Eugene saw that he must plead his case, and lost no

he looked up at him still strugging far, the young girls countenance had between anger and love, but Eugene saw remained untouched by it—her childlike hat he must plead his case, and lost no forehead showed not a fold, the mouth not ime in setting about it.

"It has never "What is the matter, Gertrude? What is als you?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" She evidently strove to conquer herself and succeeded in a minutes. It has never observed, watch in her also you?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" She evidently strove to conquer herself and succeeded in a minute and a half. time in setting about it.

wretched bond has been the curse of my life. Years ago, when I paid a visit to my native town, I renewed my acquaintance with a former playmete. She was an orphan, hardly anything more than a child, She was an and I believed myself to be in love with her; her guardian urged me to declare myself-and she became my betrothed. I

know I acted precipitately, but wore my chain, and would have continued to wear it patiently, had I not come here and seen you, Antoinetto. From that moment began the long and frightful struggle between duty and passion. I must tear myself away from you, from every thought of you, if I would not succumb to it. Let my gifts, my whole future career perish within the narrow limits of your contracted circle, let despair fasten upon myself bound by the vows of a joyless union. What is art, or life itself to me, if I must needs renounce

He had spoken with ever-increasing pas sion, and Antoinette's tears had ceased to flow, auger had yielded to pity, and when he had finished all reproach was swallowed up in the agony of losing him whom she loved. Countess Arnau was not the woman to admit the claims of a stranger, when

they came in conflict with her own.
"Renounce?" asked she softly with lowered evelids, but there was a suggestion of infinite sweetness in the tone with which she said this.

" And why so?" "Can you still ask? May I then venture to woo you? I am poor you know; I have nothing but my art, while you occupy so exalted, so brilliant a position-

His burning glance as it rested upon the beautiful woman, gave the lie to what he said about renunciation. She looked up at him and smiled. "And I am free, Eugene, free as the

winds. Had you forgotten that?"
"Antoinette!" In an outburst of passion he threw himself at her feet. "Give me this hope, give me the certainty that you will be mine, and I shall burst my fetters, cost what it may. Tell me that you will marry me in spite of your high rank, in spite of your name and family, and I will overthrow all barriers, and wrest fortune from fate, if need be, by force l'

Antoinette stooped down to him who knelt before her, her eyes glistened with the light of love, and at that instant she was ravishingly beautiful. "I dread no barriers. In a marriage of cold conventionality I should have tasted the emptiness of wealth and show; no, I want only love, only my Eugene. Free yourself, follow the bent of your genius, and when your first work shall have won you the name of artist, then come and receive the price of victory !"

CHAPTER III.

The freshness of the morning was over, and the noontide heat of a June day was brooding over the village that lay about a mile and a half from the castle, where Count Arnau and Eugene Reinert were at present visiting. The mail coach that had passed through the village about an hour age, had put off two passengers here, an old gentleman and a young maiden. Their close, narrow quarters in the inn seemed to have proved equally intolerable to both, for the old man had taken a seat in the back vard, while his companion had step ped to the front door, and was thoughtfully

looking at the environs.

The village was as still as death, the people, for the most part, being busy in the fields, and only a troop of children were to be seen playing in the middle of the wide street, undisturbed by the burning rays of the sun. From afar off was heard the rolling of carriage wheels, and immediately afterward an elegant hunting chariot came in view, as it turned the corner of a grove of trees. The coachman sat on the back seat while the gentleman himself guided his spirited steeds. He must have seen the children playing there; but if so, was of the opinion that they saw him, too, and that it was their business to get out of the way, for he drove at a very brisk trot right through the middle of the road, although there was plenty of room in the wide street fo driving on either side. Upon his approach the little troop did indeed disperse to the right and left, just as speedily as possible; only one, a little boy, probably about two years old, remained, sitting quietly, per-fectly unconscious of his danger; and when the terrified cries of the other children scared him up, the carriage was already close at hand. Now, at last, he made the effort to rise, but shocked, and still unused to running, he stumbled at the very first step he took, and fell down

just in front of the horses. The driver of the carriage, who had only The driver of the carriage, who had only at this moment caught sight of the child, immediately pulled up the reins with all his might, but the fiery animals, checked in full career, did not stand at once, but took a few more steps forward, and the child seemed lost. Just then the young girl darted forward with the rapidity of lightning, snatched the child from under boofs of the horses, as it were and, with him in her arms, sprang out o the way. She had been none too quick. One minute later and the horses halted; but their hoofs stamped the ground on the very spot where the little one had lain. The child while the danger lasted, had been perfectly silent through fright and stupefaction; but now, finding himself in safety, broke out into a loud fit of crying. Count Arnau gave the reins into the hands of his coachman, jumped out of the carriage and drew near the two. "E anybody been hurt?" he asked quickly.
"Not I, but the child——" "Has

Without wasting another word, Herman took the little fellow out of her arms, examined and felt him all over, not very tenderly, but very thoroughly, and speedily convinced himself that not the slightes injury had been sustained.

"It is nothing," said he, calmly. "He was only frightened; be comforted, young howler, you have made a lucky escape!"

Carclessly he set the child down upon the ground, who, awed by the severe tones of the gentleman's voice, had become silent and was now gazing up at him anxiously, with wide open tearful eyes. Count Arnau then turned politely, but coolly, toward her

who saved the boy's life. "You have shown a great deal of cour age, young lady. I could not by any possibility have brought my horses to a halt in time, so that without you the little fellow must have been lost."

As he made this speech his eye quickly

and keenly scanned the person of the young girl. It was a very youthful creature that stood there before him-she might have been sixteen years old, at most only seventeen slender, delicate, and very simply clad. By the violent movement made in picking up the child, her round straw hat had been displaced, and now hung loosely on her neck, allowing the hot noonday sun to pour down upon her head and reveal all the glory of a rich suit of golden hair, that was brushed smoothly back from her forehead, but twisted up in magnificent braids upon the back of her head. Perhaps the brilliant light thrown upon her, at this moment may have given her a peculiar charm, for her face was not exactly beautiful, at least not yet, although the lines of future beauty were already discernible in her features. As yet they were soft, undeveloped, and utterly childlike; the only thing that lent to the face a peculiar fascination, was a pair of superb, deep blue eyes, of unusual, almost puzzling expression. There was an earnestness in them, not at all commensurate with her sixteen years; nay, more than that, a shadow, such as generally augurs a whole lifetime of care, suffering, and burdens untold. It is true that, so far, the young girl's countenance had

reproachfully, lifted it to the Count. "A human life seems a very little thing in your estimation—you make but light of

this danger." Count Arnau looked astonished upon receiving this unexpected admonition, and measured his youthful monitress with a long look of amazement.

"Why, the boy is sound and whole," said he in a deprecating tone, "he is only crying for the love of it." "But one minute more, and he would

have been under your horse's hoofs." Herman shrugged his shoulders. "Would have been | Why, if we were to grieve over everything that might have happened, the day would not suffice for our lamentations over all sorts of supposable cases. By good luck no harm has been done—your courageous interposition has relieved me of an unpleasant responsibility.

I am very sorry to have frightened you."
"I am not frightened." The words sounded cold and sincere. would seem as though the young girl felt burt at the manner in which the Count had treated the whole accident. She knelt down beside the boy, and endeavored to cleanee his face and little hands from the sand, which, happily, was the only trace left of the accident. Herman stood still, and gazed upon her.

He had hitherto held the conviction, that, with the exception of his grandmother, who, in consequence of her masculine, energetic character, he hardly deemed as belonging to the female sex, every woman must either fall into fainting fits or convulsions at the sight of danger, and was extremely surprised to find her a second exception. "I am not frightened," had been her declaration, and she was not so, either. Her face had retained its natura color, her hands did not tremble in the slightest degree, as she gently and dexter ously accomplished her task, in short, displaying now as much coolness as just now she had shown prompt presence of

Now, the door of an adjacent house opened, and a day-laborer's wife, wretchedly and right untidily clad, with disheveled hair, and a dull, meaningless face, came forward to take the child out of the stranger's arms. The Count felt in his

pocket.
"The child came very near being run over by my carriage; take better care of nim in future. Here is something for your

fright. The woman's stolid features, which had scarcely shown a sign of solicitude, grew animated at the sight of the bright dollar, which was offered to her in a lordly, careless manner. She courtsied low, thanked the noble Count, for his goodness. The young lady had half risen from her knees, her large eyes passing slowly from mother to child, and then again to the money that the former held in her hand; then, she suddenly rose, turned her back upon the group, and, without wasting another word, set out to return to her hotel.

With a few hurried steps Herman had

overtaken her.
"You see the harm has been quickly atoned for. At all events, that woman blesses the accident which has brought her in one day the wages of a whole week.' The words had the sound half of a sneer, The words had the sound half of a sneer, half of a sort of apology. The person to whom they were addressed closed her lips tightly together.

"I would not have believed that a

mother could have shown so little self-respect as to allow herself to be bought off that style from anxiety about her

child."
Herman smiled sarcastically.
"Self-respect! In a day-laborer's wife?
I beg your pardon, young lady, but you must certainly come from a city, and know nothing of our country people."
"We can learn to know what poverty is

even in a city, especially when we are not separated from it by so broad a gulf as you are, Sir Count. Herman bit his lip.
"I think," retorted he, quite sharply, too, now, "that the culture which sepa

rates you from those people is just as broad a gulf. Have you really such intense sympathy for these poor, stupid country folk?"
"I have sympathy for all who are wretched and oppressed." Meanwhile they had reached the inu,

where the young lady slightly inclined hor head, and would have put her hand on the door knob, had not Herman been beforehand with her. He opened the door ushered her in, and followed her into the public parlor.

She paused and, looked at him in surprise, with a forbidding glance which made it apparent that she did not wish to prolong the conversation. But the Count renewed it in spite of this.

"Really?" he repeated, then adding, in a somewhat piqued tone: "It seems that you count me among the oppressors. I hope you do not accuse me of having seen the child and driven over him purposely? "Nc; but you must have seen the whole troop of children. Wby did you not drive

out of their way?' "Of village children?" cried the young Count, with such unbounded astonia as made it evident that such a thought had never dawned upon his mind. "Am I to drive out of the way of children who are

my uncle's subjects?"

The idea evidently struck him as some thing quite preposterous, and the young stranger seemed to be on the point of reply ing, but suddenly paused, and bent forward in the attitude of a listener. A half suppressed cry of joy escaped her lips; inve luntarily she threw up her arms, and was about to rush off, when, all at once, she remembered Herman's presence. A deep blush suffused her countenance as she slowly let her arms drop, and again stood still, as though rooted to the ground. The Count had followed the direction of her glance, and now discovered the cause of this sudden change, for Eugene Reinert entered the room, after pausing to ask a few questions in the hall, and approached without taking any note of his friend's

proximity.
"Gertrude! You here?" She flew up to him, holding out both hands, with a radiant smile, that fairly illumined her youthful countenance, but one low word from her mouth seemed to tell him, at the same time, that they were not alone. Eugene looked up and almost

'Ah, Herman, is that you?" A moment of oppressive silence followed this reunion. Amazed, Gertrude looked up questioningly at Eugene, who, with pale face and visible embarrassment, retained her hand, without speaking. Count Her-man silently leaned on the table with folded arms, and gazed fixedly at the pair at this moment the harsh, unamiable fea ture in his countenance became disagree-

ably prominent. "Pardon me, Gertrude," began Eugene finally, with difficulty composing himself, "I expected to find you alone. You are acquainted— "No," inter

interrupted she promptly. "] only met this gentleman by accident."

It seemed to cost Eugene a terrible effort of self control, but he took her hand and led her up to the Count. "My-my betrothed, Herman. Gertrude,

my best, most intimate friend, Count Gertrude was about to respond, in like manner, to Herman's very formal bow, but she had no sooner heard his name called than a shudder passed over her frame. A dcathly pallor suddenly overspread the countenance that had been just now so bright, and her rigid, wide-open eyes were fastened upon the young Count with an expression that frightened Eugene, although was perfectly enigmatical to him. "What is the matter, Gertrude?

some measure, but that strange look remained, as ever in her eye, while she retreated as though involuntarily terther and further, drawing Eugene almost forci-

bly along with her.

Horman turned abruptly on his heel. "I will not disturb your first interview with your betrothed," said he, laying a sharp, scornful emphasis on the last word "I am on my way to the castle. Au revoir

With a hasty salutation he left the room and stepped out into the open air. "That—that then was Gertrude Walter, Eugene's betrothed, the little village maiden, who seemed so repulsive to his noble friend, because she stood as a stumbling block in the way of a man's career, and threatened to drag him down to her own level." Yes, indeed, he had pictured her to himself as something entirely different, and yet there was a strange contradiction between her childlike appearance and her very unchildlike way of expressing herself.
In neither point of view did she meet the
Count's approval, on the contrary, he was
angry with himself for having allowed nimself to be struck by this girl. And then why did she hate him? Herman was much more quick to observe than his impulsive friend; he knew very well that it was neither fear nor dread, but quite decided hatred, that flamed forth from her eyes at the mention of his name, a fierce, glowing hatred, such as he had never before seen on the face of a woman. What reason had she for hating "Pshaw! I can well imagine

Eugene may have betrayed in his letters, that it was I who was perpetually denounc-ing this match, and Miss Walter now sees me the hostile element that threatens her happiness, and accordingly honors me with her hatred. 'Tis a pity that such feel ings should be excited by so trivial a cause !"
The Count's lips curled contemptuously; it was in the worst of humors that he got into his carriage, took the reins out of the coachman's hand, and drove off at a very fast trot. His countenance wore a sinister definit expression, as he urged his horses to the top of their speed, but on the out-skirts of the village two old women who were in the road, and were doing their best to get out of the way of the gentleman's carriage, saw to their great astonishment that he turned aside, and flew past them

at a considerable distance. To be continued

> Debut of a Princess. (London Letter to Chicago Tribune.)

The two eldest children of the Prince of Wales are now at Lausanne with a tutor. They are there chiefly for French. After their French is perfected they will spend certain holidays in Germany for conversational German. All highly-educated people in England speak these two Continental languages. All the royal children are exceptionally accomplished in language. The scherer of the two. His beautiful character is that of his mother, and great hopes are entertained of him. His life is ingularly pure and thoughtful, and he is singularly pure and thoughtful, and he is said to be a great joy to his parents. The second young Prince has his father's blood in his veins, and sometimes breaks locse in frolic like a horse colt. The oldest daugher, Princess Louise Victoria of Wales, has the lovely and gracious Princess will have

ust passed her sixteenth birthday, which been celebrated with unusual honor and festivity. The Princess of Wales, it is stated, means to make this a very orilliant season for herself. Her eldest daughter will be brought out next year, and to stand up by the side of a grown-up daughter, and perhaps no mother quite likes the suggestion of rivalry which this fact raises and never lays to rest. Good fact raises and never lays to rest. Good breeding and good education are the tradition of the royal family. The Prince Consort was a gentleman, and a very scholarly and intelligent gentleman and his children when very young began to atudy with definite aims the most exact methods and under the wisest of guidance. No family in Europe has more rigid hours of study, from eldest to youngest, than the royal family of Eng-lann. The purity of the English Court is

as giving a clear and crystal tone to Eng-lish social life.

worthy of all praise in itself, and especially

Late Irish News. Foot-and-mouth disease to a considerable extent has broken out about Mullingar. Last year 89,566 emigrants left Ireland.

This is an increase of upwards of 10,000 compared with 1881. compared with 1881.

Mr. John Bagwell, of Marlfield, in the
county Tipperary, and East Grove, Queenstown, died recently, aged 74 years.
On the 14th March, Mr. Sterne, Manager
of the Newcastle West branch of the

National Bank of Ireland, blew his brains out with a revolver.

There died at Cheltenham, lately, Mrs. Murray Simpson, second daughter of Major General Henry Green Barry, ot Ballyclough, in the county of Cork.

Peter Murphy, the carman who bought Kayanagh's horse and car, has sold the forse used in the flight from the park, and

again at the attempted assassination of Mr Field for £80 Mr. Trevelyan stated two weeks ago that the cost of working the Irish Land Act up to this time had been about £200,000, and the reduction of rents through its means

had been over £200,000 a-year. A shocking affair has occurred at Kings-bridge Station, Dublin. On the 13th, Mr. Tidd, paymaster of the Great Southern & Western Railway, an old and trusted official of the company, blew out his brains at his residence there. He had just parted from his son at the time.

Side Show Science.

There has recently been exhibited in the Circus of the Champs Elysees, in Paris (we learn from La Nature), a curious example of the ability to remain a considerable time under water without asphyxia. This is "Miss Lurline, the Queen of the Water," as she is called. The aquarium in which she performs consists of a large rectangular vessel with glass sides (the larger about 10 feet long by 7 feet high), and filled with water which is slightly tinted green, and is strongly illuminated by means of five or six oxyhydrogen lights. Miss Lurline dives, swims, lies down and eats at the bottom of the water, passes between the bars of a chair, etc. At a certain moment the music ceases, the girl draws a few long breaths, then lets herself sink to the bottom, where she kneels on one knee, crossing her arms on her breast. A man outside stands with watch in one hand and hammer in the other, with which latter be counts the half minutes by striking. One half minute—one minute -a minute and a half-two minutes-two ninutes and a half! During the silence nterrupted only by the sound of the hammer, the minutes seem very long, the spectators are painfully intent, and experience a reliof when the diver returns to the surface. To appreciate what is implied n passing two minutes and a half without taking breath, let any one (says M. Kerlus in the journal named) make a small ex-periment, holding his breath as long as possible, while watching a seconds watch. Few persons reach one minute; the ma-jority are obliged to take breath before forly five seconds have elapsed, and it is only exceptionally and with much difficulty that some attain one minute fifteen seconds. The fishers of sponges, motherof pearl, and of pearl oysters in the Medi terranean and elsewhere do not ordin arily remain under water longer than two minutes. It has never been authentically observed, watch in hand, that they effected a voluntary immersion of more than three minutes. The mean time is one minute to

Making Good Chine-Marge With It.

The use of seaweed in Ireland as an rticle of food as not new to the recycle who well along the coast. In the very best of times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medicinal purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly upon rocks that are submerged during high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in the other part it is winter. The present such a way that it will catch the sun. The dwellings in Quito in architecture have effect of this treatment changes its greenish degenerated and fallen far short of that old color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it dilusk, and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western watering places to see the children munching it during the mid-day airings on rock and heath. But as the effect of this blocks there is not a space sufficient to insert the edge of the thinnest paper. In the edge of the thinnest paper. use, the natives of the coast line cannot be expected to derive much nourishment from it as a continuous diet. As a matter of fact, they do not. A woman in the County Clare, a few years ago, through the desertion of her husband and her inability to walk to a village a few miles distant, was compelled to subsist wholly on seaweed. She ultimately died of starvation, and the stomach was found to be almost full of seaweed. In the County Donegal, according to the latest cable report, the residents of the vicinity of Gweedore, a little postal village, have been driven by the scantiness of provisions to make the principal meal of the day on seaweed. It is, therefore, not surprising that every house has one or more of its inmates on the sick list. If the kind of seaweed which is known in this country as Irish moss, and in Ireland as carrageen, was more plentiful in Donegal, the suf-ferings of the people would not be so great. That is really capable of affording a much more agreeable and nutritious food than any other of the five hundred or more varieties. Scores of peasant women live by gathering it from the rocks in summer. They spread it upon the grassy slopes near the ocean until it whitens and hardens in the sun, and then pack and ship it. It is like Irish "mild-cure" bacon—too valuable to be kept for home consumption. Carrageen is still used by well-to-do Irish fam-ilies for blanc mange making. It is first steeped in cold water, then strained and the liquor boiled in milk. When poured into moulds, sweetened, and flavored with lemon or vanilla, it becomes as stiff as corn-starch, and far more palatable. Before its medical virtues were proclaimed to the world the peasants of the coast had it nearly all to themselves. During late years they have been content with an occasiona

meal .- New York Times. Snukes as Life Destroyers. The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thou-sands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular con-sumption is only a form of scrofulous dis-ease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of sorofulous disease, or king's evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin discases. By druggists.

When a man has earned the respect and confidence of his fellow-men, it ought to be paid over to him before his heart starves.

Taken Gut of Bed.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo. N.Y.: Dear Sir,-I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.—Respectfully, Amanda K. Ennis, Fulton, Mich.

The mania for adulteration is so great that you cannot buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.

Fits, Fits, Fits, successfully treated by World's Dispen sary Medical Association. Address, stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has also enacted the law to punish a person who treats another to a drink of liquor of any

THE POINT ON WHICH THE CELEbrated Abernethy most insisted was the STOMACII, and through that important organ he maintained that all diseases could be cured. The truth of this observa tion is evident when we reflect that the whole aim of treatment in all forms of debility is to correct errors in nutrition arising from failure of the digestive apparatus to convert food enough into healthy blood to maintain the daily wants of the system. For the cure of stomach troubles we have probably the most reliable remedy yet originated in Dr. WHEELER'S Phosphates and Calisaya.

The story is told of a minister who said when one of his flock wept over the fluancial deficit in connection with a Christian enterprise: "My dear friend, never mind the tears; this thing cannot be run by water.'

The Whole Country

Speaks as one man in reference to the reliability and efficacy of Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is a radical, efficient, prompt and painless remedy for corns. have corns to annoy you hesitate no longer, but try the great and only sure corn cure, Putnam's Extractor. Sure, safe and pain-less. Dangerous imitations are being offered by some. Be not imposed upon by such. Putnam's, the genuine. Ask for it. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

"Liquor," said the lecturer, " is responsible for much of the misory in this world."
"That's so," said an old toper in the audience, "I'm always urhappy when I can't get it."

A young man writes: "I have used Mack's Magnetic Medicine and am much pleased with the result. It has cured me after doctors and other medicines had Sec advertisement in another column.

A scheme is proposed for lighting the whole of the Swiss Canton of Vaud by elec-tricity. The motive force would be derived from turbines of 5.000 horse power at Vallorbes, and the water supply being constant and abundant it is believed that gas, which is very costly in Switzerland, may be entirely dispensed with throughout the district.

Importan .

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel n the city.

and pray.

gigantic race of Indians, who with the Incas of Peru, joined their cities by massive and grandly constructed highways. There still exist vacant remains of colossal buildings

Where Kummer and Wister there Equa

At Quito, the only city in the world on

the bas of the equator, the sun sets and rises at 6 o'clock the year round. Your

clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here. When it disappears from sight for

the night it is 6 o'clock, and you can set

your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and it

silver was used for cement. If the journey s long and difficult to reach this old Spanish town there is much to compensate one's troubles in its interesting structure. It is ten thousand feet above the sea, and contains some sixty thousand dwellings. am almost afraid to say how old is thi ancient city, for it dates far back in the dark ages, when the "memory of man goeth not to the contrary." When you goed not the contrary. When your realize that everything of modern invention found here has been brought a six days; journey, through difficult mountain passes, on mules' backs, then you understand how highly luxuries are appreciated. In this way all the supplies from the outer world and all their exports are carried. aro in Quito scores of heautiful piano brought by ships to Guayaquil that have been carried on Indians' backs this long distance of 300 miles, up through mountain passes 10,000 feet above the sea to their

The test of the capacity of a fool's excitement in certain circles in New York has stimulated some Philadelphians to stask even more difficult. A wager ha been made between two sporting men that man could be produced by one who would drink a quart of Schuylkil water within ten minutes every day for six lays.

rich owners in the city.-Cor. Rochester

Autumn leaves-Nov. 30th

(N.Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.



(IDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's wate tirre has achieved its great reputation. It nets directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. I exare of impostors, imitations and concections said to be just as good.

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DECTRICITY FEEDS THE brain and muscles; in a word it is Nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application as an internal and external remedy for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in Nervous Diseases, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia and kindred diseases, it has no equal. For Throat and kindred diseases, it has no equal. For Throat truly a marvel. The Oil, besides exciting appetite, promoting digestion and checking fermentation on the stomach, antidotes or counteracts the effect of uric acid, which produces rheumatism by destroying the exclusive and phosphate of lime in the bones, and the membranes enclosing the joints. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.



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Copaiba. INFALLIBLE, HYGIENIC, CURATIVE, PREVENTIVE Price 31.50, including Bulb Syringe. Sold by Druggists, or sent free by mail. securely sealed on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free Application AMERICAN AGENTS. "66" MEDI CINE CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold by all Druggists

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER Parifies as well as Beautifies the Skir



naue. Accept feit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. LA. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient) "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gour-aud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will lest six months using it every day. Also Poudre Subile removes superfluous hair without injury to the chin

superfluous hair without in jury to the skin.

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IT, IS A SURE CURE

Letter from Mr. Wm. Marris, Bread and Cracker Baker, 14 Market square, Hamilton. Hamilton, 12th July, 1882

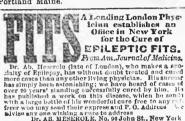
J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., St. Catharines. St. Catharines.

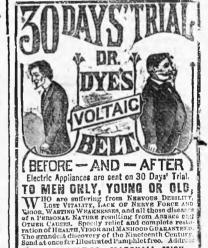
After years of suffering with rheumatism gave your Rhoumatine a trial, and am happy to say with the best result, a cure.

Yours truly,
W. J. HARRIS

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I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City. 4

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