Tis meeting in the ball-room,

'Tis whirling in the dance; With something hid beneath the lid Besides a simple glance. 'Tis walking in the hallway,

'Tis resting on the stair;
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips
(If mamma is not there).

'Tis going out for ices,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
And eyes that talk of love.

'Tis tucking in a carriage,
'Tis asking for a call; Tis lifted eyes and tender sighs, And that is—no, not all.

'Tis parting when 'tis over, And one goes home to sleep; Tra la! my friend, best joys must end— But one goes home to weep.

HERMAN'S CHOICE:

A Novel. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY

STUART SMITH.) " I was in my father's study that morning, although it was a place I seldom frequented. I was led there that day through an act of childish disobedience. The day before my father had taken away from me one of his library books, as unsuited to my years, but my childish fancy had been too deeply smitten with a tale of adventures to forego so easily a knowledge of its conclusion. I knew that the book was in my father's study, and so profited by the first opportunity of getting possession of it again. Hardly was it in my hands before I heard voices in the corridor. Conscious of my misdemeanor, I took refuge with my book, in a deep window recess, as I sup posed, for a few minutes only, since my father was accustomed to take a ride at this hour. But now he entered, accompanied by the treasurer Brand. The cur tains, which had been lowered to shut out the sun, hid me perfectly from view, and thus I became a witness to an interview that I did not at the time understand in the least, but whose significance was indelibly impressed upon my memory by the frightful catastrophe which was soon to follow. What I heard in the beginning was of no importance, for the conversation moved in a strictly business channel. My father must, at an earlier date, have made some proposition to the treasurer, which he now repeated, but which was declined in the most decided manner. He knew that if anybody crossed that threshold his honor was irredeemably lost. I

saw my father's hand clutch at the weapon. saw the flash of the explosion—and Brand fell down dead." After a few seconds the Count continued, drawing a heavy breath: was petrified by horror. I could not utter was pennied by horror. I could not utter a sound. I saw my father open the door and call for help; saw my mother rush in —what happened afterwards, you know.

They succeeded in fixing the crime upon ad man --"Oh, yes; they succeeded!" interrupted she, cuttingly. "The sole voice uplifted in behalf of truth, the complaint of the widow, was put down as the shameful slaudering of a highly esteemed man. Count Arusu took his oath to the correctness of his depo-

He silently bowed his head. "Upon handing over the sum in question, my father obtained a written receipt from his superior in office, your father.

Did you know of this?"
"No. But my father himself superin tended the examination of the treasurer's papers. He must have destroyed it." It was not destroyed. An accident kept it out of sight for years. It is in my

In speechless horror Herman started back—at the same instant the portiere was thrown violently back and Lady von Stern-

feld stood in the room.
"You lie, mademoiselle! That is impossible, that cannot be!" Gertrude had turned around, in surprise

but not alarm, and firmly met the old lady's threatening looks.
"I do not lie. I repeat that the receipt has been found, and has been in my pos-

session for the last hour."
Meanwhile Herman had recovered himelf, and once again summoned up all his

"Have you this paper with you? May I She shrunk from this suggestion, and

involuntarily laid both hands protectingly over her breast. He smiled bitterly.

"Do you dread another theft? I give you my word of honor that the paper shall

he raturned uninjured to your hands." Slowly Gertrude drew out her paper and handed it to him. He unfolded it, and the eyes of Lady von Sternfeld hung in breathless suspense upon his features. spoke during the following seconds, but the Count leaned more and more heavily upon the table, and his countenance was deadly pale; with averted face he finally handed the paper back without speaking a word, and drew his hand over his eves.

Gertrude !' She shuddered slightly, but did not retreat from the position that she had taken "I have no right to ask forbearance at your hands. Do whatever your conscience dictates. You cannot prosecute the elder Count Arnau, who is dead; but upon the testimony of this document you can demand public restitution of the property unjustly withheld from you, and thereby wipe all stain from your father's memory, while

you equally defame mine."
Gertrude's resolution did not stand so firmly against his words; she lowered her

'I-know it." "You know it! Well, then, you know likewise that my ruin ensues. I have sought to forget the curse entailed upon me in ceaseless activity. I had gained much, and hoped to conquer everything by my career—an end is put to all this. the very minute that public disgrace becomes my portion. Neither my office, nor my relations to the princely house could longer be held. I must resign them, in order, henceforth, to hide a dishonored name in obscurity and inactivity. For a nature like mine that were to pronounce sentence of ruin. Gertrude, the power and might to do this rest in your hands. You only practice retaliation; annihilate me, then,

A sob rent the bosom of the tortured girl; she would have fled, but the spell of his eye and voice was upon her, and rooted her to the spot. He stood before her, without entreaty, and equally without reproach, but the light of passion burned in bis eye, which dived deep, deep into hers, as though he must and would fathom the

inmost depths of her spirit. The question lies between

heart-rending expression she looked up at him, as though suing for pity, and her eye met his. A second elapsed-an eternity for both of them—then, suddenly, Gertrude convulsively seized the fatal in both hands, tore it into pieces,

that flew in fragments at her feet. Lady von Sternfeld stood speechless; she had not understood that last scene between the two, especially Herman's inexplicable conduct, and not until she saw him draw the maiden rapturously to his heart did the truth flash upon her. The haughty old lady tottered, and lean d for support upon the back of a coair she had gone through

too much in a single hour.

Meanwhite, Gerurude lay half fainting in

his cold, decided features. The certainty which he had so vehemently longed for was his at last; he knew now for whom she had trembled yesterday. But the energetic girl only succumbed

for a few moments to this fearful excitement, and speedily recovering, freed herself from his arm You are saved, Count Arnau. Fare-

weli l' "Gertrude, for Heaven's sake what meens this?" He stood like some one thunderstruck.

"I shall leave this house within an hour's Do not detain me. It must be so. time. "And do you really believe," cried Herman, "that I shall let you go? Oh, now your incomprehensibility affrights me no more. By this sacrifice you have given me a right to yourself, and I shall know how

Gertrude looked at him for a moment with deep earnestness.
"No," said she, then. "By this sacrifice I have forever sundered every tie between us. What has been done has no existence for the world, and the daughter

f the defaulter, Brand, can never become Count Arnau's wife."

Re tenderly took both her hands. "Gertrude, not this bitterness? Will you not trust to me for the power to pro-

"Your wife against prejudice?"

"Your wife, perhaps, but not yourself.

My true name cannot be suppressed, so soon as I emerge from dependence and obscurity, and I have lived too long in aristocratic families not to know how such points are regarded there. They would hardly pardon you for taking a wife of plain family, even though no aspersions had You would ever been cast upon her name. have to yield at last before petty persecu-tion, and be equally obliged, as in the other case, to have recourse to the obscurity of private life-for my sake."

CHAPTER 1X.

Six months had elapsed; the reign of winter had already been inaugurated with due severity, and the approaching Christ-mas holidays heralded by a seasonable fall of snow. From the church tower of the village of M--, rang forth the noonday bell, everywhere a welcome sound, and nowhere more joyfully greeted than in the Parsonage, where a large family of children came trooping into the house with sharp ened appetites, from a hot battle, at which they had been playing in the garden. fresh looking faces, the roses in their cheeks brightened by the cold, were ranged around the dinner table, discussing the emoking dishes with equal ardor and en smoking disease with equal ardor and enjoyment. The pastor, quite an elderly man, with a mild, friendly countenance, seemed to day unusually earnest and thoughtful. He divided his attention between the children and their governess who sat opposite to him, the two smallest on each side of her. There was something lovely in the gentle but firm manner in which that lady quieted and kept in order the merry little group, who seemed to cling to her, however, with fond devotion. Miss Walter found it hard to divide ber attention among the many eager little claimants for interest in the stories and

communications which they vied with one another in making.

At last the noonday meal was over, and the wild little troop clamored for permissions. sion to go out of doors again, this time to spend the last hour of their holiday in a her. more peaceful occupation—viz, the construction of a snow man.

Gertrude had taken up a barket of stockings and was just about to leave the room, when the minister detained her, with the request to follow him into his study for a few minutes, as he had an important communication to make to her Willingly she set her basket down, and acceded to his request. It was not hard to guess what the tenor of this important communication would be, for Christman would soon be here, and five little tables

were to be heaned with presents. Meanwhile, the introduction to this very harmless subject seemed to cost the minis ter some embarrassment, for he coughed several times, and finally began with vis

ible diffidence: 'In the first place, Miss Walters, accept my most heartfest thanks for all that you have been, up to this time, to me and my children.

Gertrude looked up in surprise, this introduction sounded strangely formal.
"I have only done my duty," said she, quietly waiving off his expressions of grati-

"Oh! no, you have done more, far more than that." The man's embarrasament in opening conversation now melted before the genuine warmth of his feelings. "You only undertook the duty of imparting instruction to the children, and you have been the sweetest friend to them, the very main stay of my orphaned household. Since you have been here I have felt as if I had once more a home, a domestic circle

Gertrude was still perfectly free from embarrassment and unsuspicious of what was coming.
"I have only done what I could. A

stranger can never supply a lost mother's place to ber children." "Yes, it was about this that I wanted to speak with you," interposed the minister, impetuously. "In spite of all this, I cannot conceal it from myself that my child-ren need a mother, my house a mistress, and that I——" he suddenly paused, for Gertrude had retreated from him with a

sudden gesture of horror. "Do you wish me to say no more?" She had turned pale, but gently shook 'Speak on, please."

He stood up and grasped her hand.
"During the five mouths that you have been with us, these words have been frequently upon the tip of my tongue, and just as often been repressed. There has been and still is something in your manner. that—let me be candid with you that chilled and kept me at a distance. When I saw you keeping house so cheerfully and pleasantly, with everything prospering under your hands, I could never rid my-self of the thought that you were really fitted for a wholly different sphere of life. But, for once, let it be spoken out. You are young, beautiful, and richly endowed in all respects, while I am an elderly man, in moderate circumstances, charged responsibility for five uneducated children. If the love of these children, and the gratitude of a man who esteems and admires you from the very bottom of his heart, can compensate you for the many

sacrifices that your consent will entail upon you then—you would make me very happy."
Gertrude had listened motionless with downcast eyes, the pallor of her face had become yet more striking, but her voice sounded perfectly composed. "I feel honored by your offer, sir, but you do me injustice, if you suppose that

my nature is averse to plain, homely duties. For the first time, in your house I have had your father's honor and my ruin—prcnounce my condemnation!"

The maiden's arm fell limp; with a hand away, but then, instead of laying it in the sastor's, suddenly pressed it to her heart.

"Does anything ail you," asked he, with

solicitude. She forced berself to smile. "Oh no! it is nothing. May I ask you to allow me a short time for reflection. In

a few hours you shall have my answer."

The pastor could hardly have been prepared for so favorable a reception of his proposal. A short time for reflection is generally only the preliminary to an unconditional surrender - a form suggested by maidenly coyness. With cheerful cordiality he shook both of her hands, as he thus

"As you like, my dear young lady, as Herman's arms, who stooped over her with an expression of tenderness, such as his have you hurried at all in making up your grandmother had never before seen upon mind. Go and think over! the matter

thorough y, and then tell me your decision

candidly.'
An hour had gone by, and still Gertrude sat in her own room, in the upper story, absorbed in reverie. As awhile ago, she pressed her hand involuntarily against her breast. There was a rebillious something there that would not be kept under such rigid restraint! Just now it had pierced er with a keen and smarting pang, as she had been about to yield her consent. Had it not dragged her back with foreboding voice, as though from the brink of an abyss, and stifled the "yes" that she was about to pronounce, with a loud "no, no?" If not forgotten, she was nevertheless entirely given up, and need not have troubled herself to conceal her place of abode so carefully, in view of probable inquiries. Herman had made no effort to discover her, nor had he even troubled himself to send her a last word of farewell. He had recogvized the sincerity of her resolve, the truth of her conclusions, submitted with firmness and strength to the inevitable, but still it grieved the poor girl to the heart to find that he could be so strong and firm. To be sure, he had left him that brillant future, for whose sake he had given her up; and what was there left for her? She had de-

termined to accept the pastor.

The fall of snow had begun again; Gertrude opened the window and looked out, without heeding the wintry keenness of the cold—this was the last free hour of her life; in the next she would be irrevocably bound. Far across from the distant high-road, sounded a coachman's horn, through the faling snow. Thickly and without sound fell the flakes from out a gray and dismal sky, thickly and silently they lay upon the stark, stiff earth. The fields and meadows round about, the boughs of the trees and roofs of the houses, all hore this cold shapeless mantle of snow, and the village was as still and quiet as though laid out in a white shroud.

But suddenly this quiet was disturbed by an unusual occurrence; the post horn did not, as was commonly the case, die away in the distance, but rang out loudly and merrily as it drew nearer and nearer, and now there were joined to it the creak-ing and groaning of wheels. Drawn by four smoking horses, a postchaise was working its way toil omely through the snow, that was now a foot deep, until it drew up before the door of the Parsonage. The coach door was thrown open, a gentleman in furs jumped out, and with a of horror and rapture, Gertrude flew back from the window.

Herman! "Meanwhile, down stairs, the unwonted event of the arrival of a guest in a coach and four, had put the whole house in commotion. The whole troop of children rushed out into the hall, the study door was hurriedly opened—talking and answering grew loud, until finally, the firm voice of a stranger rose commandingly above the

Do not trouble vourself, reverend sir. Miss Walter will excuse me for ap, earing unannounced. I have important tidings to communicate to her."

A quick step mounted the stairs, the oor flew open, and Count Arnau stood upon the threshold. Gertrude was incapble of motion or speech, trembling in every limb, she stood on the same spot as she had done awhile ago. He closed the door, and approached

"So you fled from me to this remote little village? Gertrude, did you really believe that I would not find you?" His eyes rested gravely and reproach-

fully upon her face.

She made an effort to recover her self possession.
"Count, I do not indeed know how I am to understand your sudden appearance,

"After so long a silence? What, Gertrude, have you, too, misunderstood me? Did you think that I could be weak and

cowardly enough to accept unconditionally your magnanimous sacrifice?" She looked down. A "no" to that question would have been untrue. He drew quite near, and grasped her hand. "I understood you well enough that your declaration had the significance of an

oath, and that any attempt to persuade you would have been followed only by a re-iterated 'no,' and it is foreign to my nature to vent my feelings in useless lam entations and asservations. I prefer to keep silent, until the time for action Action?" She looked at him uncer

tainly, doubtful. "Yes, you reasoned rightly in your words of farewell—as nobody knew better than myself. In our provincial capital, where no tale of scandal is ever allowed to fall into utter oblivion, but some news-monger is ever ready to revive it in time to ruin the family it concerns; in our princi-pality, where every important office is dependent upon court favor; in the midst of a nobility whose prejudices are not in the least modified by the advent of modern ideas —my career would, indeed, have been obstructed, if I had called Gertrude Brand my wife. A union between us under these conditions was an impossibility."

" Well, then --? "Then these circumstances must be altered. I am free."

" Herman! What have you done?" His face again lighted up with that ex pression which hitherto none but she had ever seen there, and beneath which his stern, hard features were suftened into mildness and sweetness. In spite of the dread her words implied, there was an unmistakable tenderness in the tone that revealed more of her truer feelings toward him than it had ever yet been his privilege

I have sent in my resignation. Do not be alarmed, for this fact implies no abandon-ment on my part of the active pursuits of life. Mine is not one of those natures, capable of contenting itself, year in and year out, with merely vegetating upon wealth already laid by, taking no interest in what is going on in the great world out side, nor were you made for a contracted sphere of life. A full year ago I had been solicited to accept an office under government in the State of -..... I declined at the time, because my connections and prospects seemed to insure me a first position in our own country. Immediately after your departure these solicitations were again renewed. I had voluntarily to descend a few steps lower in the scale, in order to mount up again, somewhat more toilsome, per haps, than before. But mount up again I shall, you may depend upon that."

He said this simply and quietly, but, nevertheless, Gertrude deeply felt the extent of the sacrifice which the ambitious nan had thus made for her sake; her breast heaved in joyful pride, for she knew now

what she was to him. "Now all is settled," continued ho, after a momentary pause. "Next month I enter upon my new office at ---, but will not go there without taking my wife with ne. Gertrude, will you follow me?" His arm inclosed the no longer resisting maiden in a firm and loving embrace; she

leaned her head upon his shoulder. "Herman, do you really believe that

there we ——"
"In —— we are strangers. Nobody there knows anything about that crime and the miserable associations connected with it; and even supposing that hereafter some floating rumor of it may reach there—in the stir and tumult of a metropolis like that, no room is left for the revival of old tales from out the olden time. Moreover, I have no connection with the court there. and if any objection is made to receiving my wife, it will be easy enough for me to forego the privilege, for which we shall find indemnity in other circles. Let it be my care to introduce my wife, the Countees Arnau, into society which will know how to appreciate her as she deserves.'

A deep flush suffused Gertrude's count-

enance as she heard these last words, pro nouncing as hers for the future that name which she had once so cordially hated. "And your grandmother?" asked she in

low tone. The Count's brow darkened.

"I had to go through a severe contest with her, for she alone knew the ground of my action. She may thank her own obtinacy if the hand of a stranger shall one day close her eyes." "Oh, Herman, you break with every one on my account!"

He gently raised his head, and looked her in the eye.
"And did not you resign what you held as most sacred, when you resigned the de-fence of your father's memory, in order to save me? Sacrifice for sacrifice! Ger-

trude, I am no longer the cold egotist, car ing for nothing but the gratification of my ambition. You know what made me hard and bitter, poisoning my youth, and even as a child took from me love for, and confi dence in, man: it is for you to restore them to me.

beautiful eyes gave him the only answer he asked. "I have only one request to make of you, Herman; it is my first. Let the past be buried between us, never to be referred to by a single word. We are to forget it ferever.'

'Forever !"

The love that beamed forth from her

Out of doors the snow was still falling fast and noiselessly, laying a mantle of vestal purity upon the bosom of the sleeping earth; but here, within doors, two hearts were throbbing in unison, beating high with fond hopes of a bright and happy future. The old curse which had so long darkened the lives of these two, and threat ened to part them forever, had been lifted by their own strong hands. The orime had not been avenged, but expiated, and both now felt what old Lady von Sternfeld had expressed, when the last bit of that accusing document had shriveled into dust and ashes: "Thank God! We are rid of that evil now.

KILLED A DRUNKARD.

A Woman Brains Her Drunken Hus A Paris letter says: An extraordinary

trial for murder commenced to day before

the assizes of the Cotes du Nord at Saint Brieuc. On Feb. 12th last a sack containing the head and shoulders of a man was found in a mill stream at Plerin. The remains were horribly mutilated and the arms had been cut off near the shoulde joints. Several witnesses recognized the head as that of Pierre Henry, a peasant belonging to Plerin. On the judge d'instruction appearing at Henry's the wife of the eceased fainted away, and it was not until the next morning that she sufficiently recovered her senses to make a full confession of her crime to the judicial authori ties. Mme. Henry, a very powerful woman of 30, explained that for some time past she and her husband had lived on bad terms, owing to the drunken habits of the latter. Although a good worker, all his money went to purchase drink; and his wife, who a few months ago inherited a little property, determined that the "windfall" should not be disposed of in a similar manner. On February 9th Henry returned from his work in a state of intoxication. and, after some words between the two, the woman seized a stout stick and literally beat her husband to death by striking him on the head. Having accomplished this deed, the woman dragged the body nto the cellar, covered it with straw, and went to bed. According to her own confession, she slept quietly all night, and at break of day called on a neighbor to borrow a hatchet, with which she cut up the body into sections. After separating the arms and legs from the trunk, she divided the body in halves, and severed the head from the neck. Of these portions she made three bundles, and sewed them up in corn-sacks.

Sending her little child to bed, the assassin started out at nightfall with the largest eturn to Constantinople eack and threw it into the Covet, a stream If Nearly Dead about two miles from the cottage. accomplished a second journey, but, being overcome with fatigue, was obliged to leave the third sack, containing the legs, until the next night, when she was seen carrying it by two peasants, who supposed her to be a smuggler. The first sack thrown into the stream' caught fast in the water-wheel of a earth. mill, and thus led to the discovery of the crime. On being confronted with the remains of her husband the prisoner calmly observed: "He used to drink, and I killed

would not be so many drunkards.' Some Egg LAYING -A citizen for whose truth and honesty we can vouch says: " I ave seven hens, and there are no others than these within a quarter of a mile of my place. Saturday these seven hens laid eight eggs, and performed the eggstraordinary feat of laving ter on Sunday. Some mer have all theluck going in this world.

If all women would do as I did, there

Decline of Man. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health ewer." \$1.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has cleared \$48 000 thus far for his share of the receipts

of his American tour. Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, hed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough or Rats." 15c. A farewell banquet will be given to Sig

Salvini in New York on the 26th just., and he will sail for Italy on May 2nd. Men and women are equally benefited by the use of that great brain and nerve rejuvenator, Mack's Magnetic Medicine,

an advertisement of which appears in

The rent of Covent Garden Theatre London, in 1813 for 248 nights perform

The first real skin cure ever discovered was Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cures all rough and scalv skin diseases and makes the skin smooth and healthy. It is an ornament to any lady's toilet.

Little Corinne and Jeannie Kemble sail for Europe next month, to be absent six

"Dr. Berson's Colery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia."—H. M. Cocklin, Shepherdtown, Pa. 50c. at druggists.

Annie Russell, theoriginal "Esmeralda, is only 17. She is under engagement for three years.

Wells' " Rough on Corns." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick omplete, permanent cure. Corns, warts bunious. Percy Lyndall, a young actor of good

Emportant.

Henry Irving to America.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hottel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to al 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 in the city.

A new Mexican loan to meet current expenses of government is to be floated. The source of Frank Mayo's new play, 'Nordeck," is said to be the popular novel entitled "Vineta."

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

Mrs. Wm. D. Ryckman, St. Catharines, Ont., savs : " R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. -I have used your 'Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—' made

n wagain ' are the only words that express I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting. could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work.

"In the sentence 'John strikes William. remarked a school teacher, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. V. I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His preunder the care of a physician. His pre-scriptions did not help me. I grew worse coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully. JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

Bengstran murdered his wife and buried ner in Minnesota, and his story that she had sloped was so implicitly believed that no suspicion of his crime arose. But after ear of remorse he committed suicide eaving a full written confession. N THE MODERN KEEN RACE OF

I business competition the dyspeptic is heavily handicapped, and is like a man fighting with one hand tied. The brain is disabled from insufficient phosphorized fat co carry on the mental processes, and the eeling of intellectual paralysis is very distressing and a serious drawback to mental workers. There is poisoning from the products of indigestion getting into the blood, fogging the brain, exciting head-aches, neuralgic pains and a general sense of discomfort, wretchedness and mability of consecutive thought. In WHEELER'S PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA we have a remedy for stomach troubles as nearly a specific as quinine in ague.

A Chinese pedlar in Oregon being offered an English shilling, observed that it did not bear the effigy of the American eagle, and refused to accept it, saying, "No good. M heap sabe—no chicken on him!"

Teacher Questions

Small boy: Which is the most delicate of senses? Small Boy — The sense of touch. Teacher—Give class an example Boy settles down on teacher's corns and exclaims—You can feel them, but we cannot see them. Grand transformation scene. This even occurred before the introduction of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, that positive and paintess remady for corns. Putnam's Corn Ex tractor acts only upon the part affected, makes no cavities in the flesh, leaves no ulcers, and is satisfactory in every respect Beware of dangerous substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., prop's., Kingston

Oats, buckwheat, vegetables and plenty f broken bones or oyster shells is the food for laying hens.

_ "Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performances." A magnifi-cent exception to this is found in Kiduey-Wort, which invariably performs even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern rela-"She took bitters for a long time tives. but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver com-

Lord Dufferin left Cairo yesterday on his

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on

The Grand Duke Constantine has arrived at St. Petersburg.

Lynn, Mass., always was a good place for health, but it has become a modern Betheada since Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of 233 Western avenue, made her great discovery of the Vegetable Compound, or panacea for the principal ills that afflict the fair creation. This differs, however, from the ancient scene of marvelous cures in this important particular: The healing agent with all its virtues, can be sent to order by express or mail all over the world.

Richard Dessy, Judge of the Court of

Appeal for Ireland, is dead. Pierce's "Pleasant Pargative Pellets are perfect preventives of constipution Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

The meeting of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria has been postponed until November.

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

Hollingworth, the new Attorney General of Ohio, served through the war as a private soldier.



And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature, RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEU. RALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature, IT IS A SURE CURE

From Mr. George Bench, Travelling

Agent for Messrs, Lucas, Park & Co., Hamilton, and one of the oldest and epute in the provinces, will accompany most popular commercial men on the HAMILTON, Feb. 17th, 1883.

To C. THOMSON, Esq., Druggist, Tilsonburg, Ont. Tilsonburg, Ont.

DEAR SIR—When in Tilsonburg last January, as you remember, I was very much used up with the unatism—in fact so bad that I should not have been on the road. Many thanks to you for recommending me to try "Sutherland's Rheumatine"—the bottle I purchased from you cured me entirely, and I was able to go on with my work.

George Beach.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. The Rheumatine Manufacturing Co. ST CATHARINES, ONT.

The Bnd and Worthless

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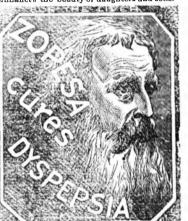
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