So much a yard, and so much an ounce; Natural curl with spring and bounce; Patent "wave" with a crimp, or a "bang," Fluffy or stiff to cling or hang. No matter what feature or tint of skin, No matter what feature or that of skin, Sallow or rosy, or plump or thin, Juno or Payche, or sprite or Clytie, Medusa, or Gorgon, or Aphrodite, Fair as an angel or woefully plain, Or matron solver or litrick vain—The head of a woman to-day must be Amass of frizzy absurdity; A curly, wavy forehead of floss, With toc-visible net drawn well across, Or, loop on loop, still plastered down in labored rows from brow to crown, Or puffs that match or puffs that vary, Falling still to catch the wary—Anything, everything, so that it be False in effect and a shame to see.

These are the thoughts that make me blue When I ride or drive the city thr ugh, Or walk the streets, or tread the shops, Or crowd through "tess," "receptions," Or seek, alas! in a happy home For one from whom I ne'er would roam; And I sigh for something that's not in to A woman whose hair is her beauty's crow

O, Berenice, crowned in the skies. Are these things right? are these things wise No, by the light of thy tresses glow!
No, by all canons of beauty, no!

Then, girls, dear girls; scorn ye to spoil Then, girls, dear girls; scorn ye to spon The shoining grace of a simple coil Though, raven or gold, we will not be loath To let it ripple, float your tresses free; And, matrous, crown your dignity With the one thing luvely beyond compare— The beauty that dwelleth in a woman's hair.

Youth Exultant.

The tide of life within my veins is swelling.
The morning sun has risen up red and strong.
Earth is to me a vision-haunted dwelling.
Where birds and streams sing ever a new song:
Still dreams the dawn—its misty hours are mine;
O life, O life, thou art a gift divine.

In youthful days remember thy Creator So whispers in mine ear the ancient preacher But ah, not yet-come with thy wisdom later— In age perchance I'll take thee for my teacher. Must now I tithe to heaven, lest at the last Into the burning lake I may be cast?

Commerce would have me for a votary, But shall I learn the trickeries of the mart For fear grey hairs shoul 1 feel chill penury, And misery's blasts blow o'er my naked heart Shall gold seduce me as it does the rest, And rob the rosy hours of half their zest?

The prudent call me to their beaten ways,
To seek cheap bonors and a little name,
Where each hie part with nice decorum plays,
And finds the grave without a breath of blame
Shall I subscribe to fashion's modish rules,
And live the common life of common fools!

Fame in her hurning temple shines afar. And beckens me to come with whispers sweet What boots it though I climb up rock and scaur To kiss with ravished lips ber lily feet! Shall I lay bare my heart to eun and shower For the poor riches of her glittering dower?

I do not know where I lost it, For it slipped from a broken string. And far away from my sight to-day It lies, a neglected thing.

Or worse, since it may be another Is wearing my pearl of price, And the gem that was mine, with its lucent shine, May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it: was just as the dawning burst ough the crystalline bars of the lingering stars

That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps when the moonbeams lay With their delicate quiver o'er field and river And night was fairer than day. I never dreamed half how precious

Was my beautiful pearl to me Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross, I bore over land and sea.

You marvel! You do not divine it! I have ost what I could not lend, What I'll mourn white I live; for no art can give To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

A little stranger to our care,
A tiny baby form,
A little claimant for our love
To shield and guard from harm.
Our bearts to bind more firm and true,
And in the years to come,
If spared, with winning smiles and play
To gladden hearth and home.

Sweet messenger of peace and love, so innocent and fair, May angels bright our blossom keep From every chilling air. To teach us well thy steps to guide In paths of truth and light, May He who sent thee to our care Direct our hearts aright.

Upon thy little baby face When meeting the caress.
Our souls are filled with thoughts more pure
Our hearts with peace and joy,
As o'er the cradle-bed we pray—
God bless our baby boy.

MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture

A NOVEL-BY FAVE MADOC.

PROLOGUE.

"I shall not forget that you are a queen among women," said I. I hope I did not speak offensively. She was married, and I

So we parted, and I went on my way far from rejoicing. I had been for a moment admitted within the precincts of a secluded and mysterious presence, and now that I was driven thence, the world appeared to me blank and worthless, I was engrossed by the thought of Mrs Fremaine, whose dwelt perpetually upon the anticipation of seeing her again. But I was soon after called several years. Directly I re-trod my native shores, I made my way to the elm-encircled house where I had met Mrs. Fremaine. I

painting. It hung now against the wall, and a curtain concealed it.

No one came to disturb my solitude, so I presently passed through the French window, and roamed musingly through the shrubberies where I had walked with Mrs Fremsine, till I found myself at last at a tile leading into the churchyard. Crossing this, I wandered about among the graves. eveing them cursorily. The October sunshine lit up alike the sculptured tombstones of the rich and the turien mounds of the poor; and as I reflected upon the luxurious squires and the toil-stained clowns who reposed there side by side, I wondered whether to many of them death had been a welcome bridegroom. Suddenly a name upon a small white cross arrested my atten tion. My heart seemed to stand still as I read the word Melicent. I bent forward eagerly and devoured the inexorable inscription. It was simple and very short—

In Memory of MELICENT.

was filled with anguish. Tumultuous by side for many years, by no means in thoughts chased each other through my amity, and sometimes in open hostility. soul. The warm sunshine seemed to mock As son succeeded to father, each Fremaine

ture—a narrow grave—had dimned my serenity and unmanned my fortitude.

After a time I loitered back to the house. autumnal fire. It was not very long before I adverted to the shock I had sustained in the churchyard. A shadow fell across her face as she replied: "It is a sad story. Melicent was the sweetest creature I ever knew, and the noblest. She had suffered deeply. She conquered her grief, but it left an indelible trace upon her. As far as I know, Mr. Fremaine was a perfectly good husband, but it was not given to her to be happy. I believe she was fond of her husband, and he idolized her, but she had no child, and this disappointed him greatly. He is a large proprietor, and coveted a direct heir. Last year it was hoped that one might be granted. Every one was pleased, and Melicent was delighted. But after all, when the babe was born, it was a girl. It was an immense disappointment to Mr. Fremaine, and Melicent never recovered. She died about six months after He had brought her here for change, not dreaming her end was near. But her spirit was broken. She passed away, and he left her lying here, as you saw. They say he mourns inexpressibly for her, but that her brother is inconsolable, even by his young wife and his beautiful little son, who will probably now inherit the bulk of Mr. Fremaine's estates and fortune. Some day I will tell you the whole story as far as I have been able to glean it. To me it is very painful, but to you it may be interesting, for you did not love her." •

The Story of Melicent.

CHAPTER I. In the middle of the remote and old-fashioned town of Delysford there stands an ancient Louse called the Retreat. It lies between the two principal quarters of the town-the sleepy little High street, where such business as Delysford main-tains is indolently transacted, and the prim and aristocratic Green, where the dignity of countless ages seems to repose— and connects the two by a public thoroughfare running through its midst, and into which, on either hand, its front and back doors open. This narrow communication doors open. This narrow communication is called Page's Passage, probably from the fact that it originally presented, to the pages of Du Lys House, a short-out from that stately mansion upon the Green to the booths and markets of the town. The necessity which impelled this extraordinary construction has long since perished. Pages no longer rush from Du Lys House to despatch some secret errand, or emerge thence, trim and alert, to snatch a brief recreation in the fair. Du Lys House has long ceased to be the residence of the descendants of the Sieur René Du Lys, who received from William the Conqueror large tracts of land well watered by the river May, and who eventually gave his name to the town which soon sprang up in the vicinity of his baronial residence. The Du Lyses have long ago retired to a humbler residence, but Page's Passage still leads the pedestrian through the heart of their Retreat, whose parlors embrace it on either side, and whose upper chambers form its roof. Part of Du Lys House has degenerated into the Du Lys Arms, and the remainder has been subdivided into small private tenements. But no Du Lys has ever attempted to dispossess his fellow-townsmen of their right of way through his

dwelling.
The inhabitants of Delysford are mostly quiet, stay-at-home people, whose wealth does not exceed their wit, nor their wit their wanderings; whose health is generally abundant, but whose enterprise is usually dormant. Their families have dwelt at Delveford from time immemorial: they have all intermarried, and most of them bear names of French origin. Strangers have not often settled in this man forgotten spot; the surnames on the tombstones in the churchyard by the May recur over and over again. But the place is favored by Heaven. The prayer of Agur has been granted to it. Nature has fed Delysford with food convenient for it, and she has given it neither poverty nor riches. If the Delysfordians cannot afford to travel on the Continent, or mingle in the gayeties of London, they never lack new raiment from Mr. Vevay the draper, and Mr. Lunnell the tailor, nor in vain desire a copy of the Delysford Gazette, which appears every Saturday, and is almost the sole organ from which Delysford drives its potions from which Delysford derives its notions both of trifling and momentous affairs. Delysford is perfectly and childishly happy. Possessed of no ambition, it knows no disappointment. Devoid almost to a man of any vicious propensities, still less of any criminal tendencies, it knows no fear. Innecent and loyous, its life glides smoothly on, excited by no sabtle pleasures, torn by no acute pains. An occasional case of insanity is its one bugbear. But insanity is of God's sending, and whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. So the Delysfordians bear their cross, when it comes, without repining. They live piously, and their ways are ways of pleasantness and peace, beedless of the advance of science, with its steam-engines, its telegrams, its restless and infectious activity. Once it was proposed to the Delysfordians to bring a railway to their doors. But they rejected the proposition with unanimous horror. So the world passes by at the distance of nearly a dozen of miles, and wots not of

speak offensively. She was married, with gentle dignity. "I do not often speak as frankly as I have spoken to you; but your sympathy claimed my confidence, and you have been very forbearing to my crotchets."

The parted and I went on my way far the control of t talent and energy of Delysford seemed to be concentrated. The obligations of their birth defended them from the possibility of mediocrity. By virtue of this circumstance they were raised above the level of by the thought of Mrs Fremaine, whose exquisite beauty was only surpassed by her merits they retained their position. Rene extraordinary conversation, and my mind dwelt perpetually upon the anticipation of painted well. Both were readers; both seeing her again. But I was soon after called could converse. To the mind of Delysford, away from England, and did not return for the brother paid amazingly frequent visits to the metropolis. Nevertheless, Rene Du Lys was a poor man. Always clever, invariably handsome, and

Always clever, invariably handsome, and did not own to myself that I hoped to meet her there again, but I did not hesitate to admit secretly that I looked for news of her.

My hostess was not at home, but as she was expected back very shortly, I went in. I looked round at once for Mrs. Fremaine's relative to the rela tious extravagance of the restored Court, and culminating in the fatal enterprise of 1715 and 1745, impoverished them so greatly that at last the then head of the family—driven to bay, with the wolf and the creditors alike at his door—made up his mind to sell the entirety of his fine estates. They were immediately purchased by a Delysford gentleman who claimed as long a descent as himself, and whose name was Fremaine. But if the pedigree of the latter was long, his origin was obscure and his antecedents ignoble. The progenitor of his race had come over in 1066 as the

Sieur Du Lys's barber. Every inch of the Du Lys property now passed to the family which had once been humbly domesticated in the household of the Du Lyses. The unique residence around and above Page's Passage only remained to the fallen race, and to this they retired, while the Fremaines took up their residence at the beautiful manor which the Du Lyses had erected, in the MELICENT.

After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

This was all. But as I stood there bareheaded, I knew instinctively that this was the last resting-place of Mrs Fremaine. I my unreasonable grief. A robin carolling strove his utmost to obtain possession of hard by vexed me. I felt that the world the one house which still belonged to the

should be draped in black. A veiled pic. Du Lyses: and as son succeeded to father. each Du Lys resolutely refused every offer, however brilliant and tempting, to part with his one foothold upon the lands of his forbeurs.

Jealous and bafiled, the Fremaine who owned the Delyamere estates in the middle of this century at length withdrew from the field, after using every means to persuade the father of Rene Du Lys to reli quish his holding in Delysford, and finding that every argument and inducement was futile. For twenty five years Fremaine absented himself from the home of his birth and of his ancestors. It was said that the very name of the place was dis tasteful to him. True, in many generations both spelling and pronunciation had undergone a change, and the whilom Du Lys Mere had been transformed by frequent repetition into the more familiar sounds of Delsford and Delsmere. But gall and wormwood to the proud young It was well known that, in the eat of his earlier days, Fremaine had not ious and unnecessary vowel from the name of his house and his native town. In defiance of custom, and with the ardor of three-and twenty, he had caused the y to be dropped as far as possible. He had it omitted on his carts and wagons; he had dated his letters without it. But the attempt was vain. More than once the answers to his letters miscarried; his vehi cles were jeered at; and at last a lampoon—the composition of a youth who soon afterwards proved himself an exception to the generality of Delysford folk by departing from his native place and making a name for himself elsewhere—appeared in the streets, and ran as follows:

The barber's son he could not spell; Why was he not a scholar?

'Cause why—we know extremely well,
Why! it provoked his choler! After this Fremaine took flight. Some men might have lived down the affront, but he was not of this sort. Thoroughly disgusted, he turned his back upon England, and sought solace in marriage. For a quarter of a century he remained abroad. or, at least, if he had from time to time returned to England, he had never visited Delysford But on a sudden there was a change. A certain Christmas brought change. A certain Christmas brought back life to the solitary mansion of Delysmere. Fremaine reappeared, bringing with him a pretty, dark-eyed daughter. He found his tenants and fellow-towns-

men glad to welcome him. The affair of the lampoon was forgotten, or only chuckled over occasionally by the gossips who had been middle-aged men and women when the unseemly joke had been perpetrated. Rene Du Lys had become a man, and his father, who had so strenuously opposed Fremaine's wishes, had long been dead. The aspect of the place was changed, and Fremaine himself was outwardly altered. But, notwithstanding his serene exterior,

he was still dissatisfied at heart. The poverty, proverbial in the Du Lys family for three or four generations, and which the haughty and reserved race had not mended by obstinately adhering—for at least a century, from father to son—to the pursuit of letters as their sole profession, still clung to Rene Du Lys. Neversion, still clung to Rene Du Lys. Never-theless, by virtue of his name, he exerted an influence in the place which Fremaine might claim in vain. The two men con-fronted each other, with equal talents, equal urbanity, equal beauty. But to the one was added a long tale of goodly ancestors—titled grandees, crusading barons, mediaval knights, dignified ecclesiastics, Elizabethan and Caroline gentlemen while to the other there clung, like a vampire, the remembrance of obscure and nameless graves, which yet contained his dead; of vexationaly precise records in old registers, which disclosed that many a Fremaine, barber and chirurgeon, had married the homely Joans and Gillians of the still room or the scullery; of imperishable title deeds which demonstrated only too planly that the rise of the Fremaine had commenced in the reign of Anne, when the fortunes of their whilom masters were beginning to wane. It was a long enough pedigree, in good sooth, but by the side of the Du Lyses it seemed of mushroom growth. Fremaine still longed to drive the Du Lyses from Delysford, but he was too wise now to cross lauces with his rival. He had rushed away in anger; he came back full of sobriety. He had departed an impetuous youth, he returned in the sobriety of mature manhood. He was resolved to be a worthy lord of the manor, and to extend the right | seemed to know what I was afflicted with, hand of his patronage on every side. His daughter returned all visits, and left cards upon such persons as were too diffident to take the initiative in calling upon her. She was at home once a week from eight in the evening till nearly midnight, and every one who had any pretensions to gentle birth was not only bidden, but expected to appear frequently at her Monday receptions. In a few months Fremaine was a popular man. Still, his happiness was imperfect. Like the beauteous queen in the fairy tale, who is ever conscious that a greater beauty than she exists, Fremaine was quite aware that, however popular he might be, a yet more popular man existed. He knew that if a question of fealty were raised, the men and women of Delysford would range themselves on the side of Du Lys. It was never likely that a question of this sort should arise but it nettled Fremaine to know how the possible case would be settled. He liked Rene Du Lys no better than he had liked his father. His jealousy burned as fiercely as ever. The Retreat was still to him as the vineyard of Nahoth to King Ahab But with the coolness of fifty years he hid these sentiments in his breast, and was outwardly more than commonly cordial to Du Lys. He had, indeed, designed a secret scheme whereby the obstacles in his way might be successfully removed, and, to accomplish this scheme, an absolute concord between Delysmere and the Retreat was essential. For this reason he encouraged an intimacy between Miss Du Lys and his daughter, and as the two young ladies had a natural affinity for each other, his difficulty on that score was small. Friendly relations were quickly established between the two houses, and Rene Du Lys was soon drawn into an intimacy, to which he was not reluctant. He harbored no enmity towards the man whose progeni-tors had lawfully purchased the estates of the Du Lyses. He had no intention of ever giving up his own holding in the place of his forerunners, nordid he ever mean to quit Delysford, for which he had inheto quit Delysford, for which he had inherited a passionate affection; but he was quite willing to accord all due deference to the owner of Delysmere, to whom he bore no grudge, and with whom he was anxious to live on good terms. That his sister should have a charming friend pleased him, and that he should take delight in the society of his sister's friend was not surprising. Neither was it surprising that the handsome widower should admire the beautiful Miss Du Lys. But that Fremaine should suffer the semblance of an attachment between his daughter and the man he detested would have bee surprising, had any one observed it. Fre

maine's design, however, ramified according to circumstances. (To be continued.)

"Oh you better talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith to her lord and master, who was joking her upon her "running after him." 'You know you were dead in love with me, and it was only because I was afraid you'd sicken and die that I took compassion on you." "Well," replied Smith, "if Idid love you so desperately, you cured me, dearest; I'll give you that credit; but it was the heroickest kind of heroic treat-

A MINISTER'S ESCAPE.

From the Asylum to the Bosom of His Home-How it was Done. A prominent minister residing in Vermont has made the following statement,

which is herewith reprinted entire :

To the Editor of the Herald : I have always shrunk from appearing prominently before the public, but a sense of the duty I owe humanity and the world

prompts me to ask this opportunity for making a brief statement in your paper. Whether it be true with others I cannot say, but during my entire life I have frequently been conscious that something was slowly and silently working to undermine my health and life. What it was I could not tell, but that some enemy of my being was devouring me within I was certain. At sounds of Delsford and Delsmere. But times I would seem comparatively well and the derivation could not be forgotten; time then I would be attacked with the most refused to eliminate the y, and this was distressing symptoms. I would feel peculiar pains in various parts of my body, my head would seem heavy; my respiration labored; my appetite would be ravenou one day and I would loathe food the day only cone all in his power to wreat the cone day and I would loathe food the day Retreat from Mr. Du Lys, but that he had also used endeavors to obliterate the obnoxinterest in life; would feel weary without exertion; would become sleepy at midday and restless at night. Occasionally my breathing would be labored and my heart almost motionless, while at other times it would palpitate violently. I thought these troubles were the result of malaria, and I treated them accordingly, but I got no better. Shortly afterward my stomach became deranged, my food failed to digest, and the fluids I passed were of a peculiar odor and color. And yet I did not realize that these things meant anything serious. Finally I consulted a number of a different view as to the cause of my troubles. One said I was suffering from troubles. One said I was suffering from brain disease; another spinal difficulty; others heart affection, kidney disease, etc. My symptoms were terrible, and in the hope of relief I was cauterised, curped, blistered and subjected to almost every known form of treatment. During one of these attacks while at Red Bank, N. J., a physician was called and left a prescription. After he called, and left a prescription. After he had gone, I requested a friend to go and ask him what he thought of my trouble. The reply was: "Oh, he will be all right in a few days; it is only an attack of delirium tremens. He was at once informed that this was impossible, as I had never used any kind of intoxicating drinks; whereupon be returned, made inquiries, and changed his prescription. But all the care of my friends

> worse constantly, and what was most terrible to think of, I did not know what ailed me, nor could I find any one who did. During the summer and fell of last year my pulse ranged from 120 to 130 per ninute: I had no relish for food, and was indeed a most pitiable object. I continued in this state until last December, when I became unconscious and lost my reason, though I had two physicians in whom myself and friends placed implicit confidence. In this condition I was taken to Brattleboro', Vt., for the purpose of being placed in an meane asylum. I remained there until last April, being attended all the while by my faithful wife, who never left me and believed that some disease and not insanity was the cause of all my trouble. I regained consciousness in March last and insisted upon being taken home. The physicians advised that I remain, but I insisted upon leaving, and we began the journey, travelling slowly. way met at the dock by a friend whom I recognized and then I became again unconscious and remained so for over a week. When I once more recognized my friend and knew my surroundings I determined to try, as a last resort, a treatment of which I had heard much but knew nothing. Neither myself nor friends had much faith that it myself nor friends had much faith that it or anything could help me, but we resolved to try. We accordingly dismissed the physicians, gave up all other remedies, and I rejoice to say that with the blessing of Him who guided us, I am to day a well man; having not been so vigorous for many years, and I owe it all to the wonderful almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe

and physicians availed nothing. I grew

Cure, the remedy which I used.
You can well imagine how grateful I must feel under the circumstances, and, like a new convert, I earnestly desire that all who are suffering should know and avail themselves of this means of recovery. Had and I am positive that thousands of people in America to-day are in the same or similar condition, and do not know its cause. Kidney troubles are the most deceptive of all diseases. They have no symptoms of their own, but often show the symptoms of nearly every known complaint. I know that people are dying every day from supposed consumption, apoplexy, heart disease, spinal complaint, and many other disease, when, could the real cause be known, it would be found to originate in the kidneys. In their advanced stages kidney troubles are the most terrible of all known maladies, as my own experience can fully verify. That I had Bright's discose of the kidneys there can be no doubt. That the symptoms were those of many other diseases is equally certain, and that I was doomed to a terrible death had I not been saved as I was, I am positive. The following letters just received, confirm this

VERMONT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, BRATTLEBORO', Vermont, Oct. 30, 1882.)

Rev. E. D. Hopkins : Dear Sir,—Yours of the 21st instant received. We congratulate you not only upon the continuance of your health, but also upon its apparent continual im provement. Few persons, I think, have passed through so exhausting an experience as you and rallied from it. Certainly I cannot recall one who came to us in so critical, and for days and even weeks in so hopeless, a state for amendment as you, and who survived and recovered from it; for, I think, you may now consider yourself recovered and no longer on the convidescent list. Hoping for the continuance of your present health, with the best wishes from all here, I am, yours truly, J DRAPER. DEAR SIR, -Yours of the 21st instant received

OCEANIC, N.J., Nov. 2nd, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Replying to your letter I would say, I have been acquainted with my highly valued friend, Rev. S. E. Hopkins, about eighteen months, and very intimately acquainted for about six months past. For a little more than five months he was an inmate of my house, and we enjoyed constant intracte of my house, and we enjoyed constant intercourse with each other. When he came in April last he was almost a perfect wreck in point of health. I thought he had come to us but to die. Soon afterwards he be, an the use of some of H. H. Warner & Co.'s remedies, namely, the Safe Cure, Sate Nervine and Safe Pills. From almost the time he began their use his improvement was very marked and wonderful, and whon he left us, after having taken some two dozen bottles, he was like a new man. The chaffee was the most remarkable I over witnessed. OCEANIC, N.J., Nov. 2nd, 1882.

ver witnessed.
SAMUEL MILLER, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

In view, therefore, of these facts, and with a hope that all who read this may take timely warning, I make this open statement freely and for the good of my fellow men. Sincerely. (REV.) E. D. HOPKINS.

East Richford, Vt., Nov. 7th, 1882.

No less than four Canadian artists have nad pictures accepted for this year's exhibition at the Salon, Paris. The fortunate ones are Miss Richards, eldest daughter of the ex Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, now and for some months back studying at Paris; Miss Frances Jones and sister, daughters of the Hon. A. J. Jones, ex. Minister of Militis, Halifex, and Mr. Paul Peel, of London, Opt. All are associates of the Canadian Academy of Arts and

-What the years will bring a man is nothing. How he is to get that coal stove yes out into the back kitchen is everything.

all native Canadians.

Saw an Opening.

"When I was a young man," he said, as he walked up and down the platform, "we did not depend on our fathers. We made our own start in life. There is a much better show for young men to-day, and yet none of them strike out for themselves."
"Do you know of a good opening?" timidly inquired a young man sample trunk under him.

"Yes, sir; go to Tennessee, sir, there are mountains of iron in that State which can be had for fifty cents an acre." "Is that so?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the young man, as he bit off the end of a twenty-center, "if you'll buy two or three of those mountains, set up a blast furnace, and get things booming, I'll come down and jerk the stuffing out of a set of books for you at \$150 per month."

The self made man took a walk down the track to hide his disgust.—Wall Street

INVALIDS WHO TAKE WITH disappointment so many of the new remedy sations advertised, and lose faith in medicine disappointment so many of the new remedy sensations advertised, and lose faith in medicine, should retlect that most of the pretentious panuceas are products of minds entirely ignorant of medical science, and designed commonly to trade on the reputation of standard preparations and impose on the credulity and receptivity of the gobe-nouches. A therapeutical agent, to stand the test of universal experience and secure the condidence of physician and patient, must formulate the crystalized experience of many years' medical practice, as in Wheeler's Phosphates and Calisaya—a tonic restorative now everywhere prescribed in all forms of debility.

Slight and modest in manner is John Ruskin, says a correspondent, with blue eyes of ethereal mildness, and the animation and wit of a practised conversation

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.

At Winona, Minn., two children were killed by lightning while playing in the

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Disbetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

The other day in one garden in Jackson-ville, Fla., 2,201 Japan lilies were counted,

The Governor-Generalship.

The Governor-Generalship.

Many press comments have been made in reference to the rumor that Sir John Macdonald was likely to be elevated to this important position. We ask why his name should receive special prominence, unless it is claimed he has given us the N.P. and has not given the disputed territory. Dr. Scott Putnam, the inventor of that great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is hereby placed in nomination for the pesition. His record is the highest that can be claimed, for by his Corn Extractor he has ministered to the relief of human suffering. Putnam's Corn Extractor is sure, safe and painless. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

-The dynamite fiend is the man who

Nothing so simple and perfect for colo ng as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rags, bette and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs.

The Ogeen has returned to Windson * Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compou

Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves

in silk or velvet. -"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills

P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 50 ets, at drug The Holy Scriptures are published in

250 languages or dislects. -"Five Dr.'s: no end of medicine: no relief. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has driven away all eruptions and I'm nearly well." Lia C. Young, Humitton, Ill. Druggists keep it, \$1 per package.

-A man in Alexandria, Va., has been fined \$2 for cutting off a cat's tail.

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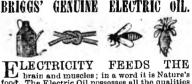
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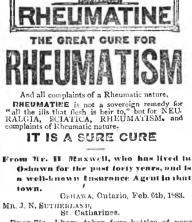
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