The Prescription. They were parting at the gate,

- Man and maid—
 Still he tarried, although late,
 Longing much to hear his fate,
 Yet to ask it half afraid.
- " If I only knew," said he-"Only knew,"
 "Let me give advice," said she;
 "Make a confidant of me;
 I can be of help to you."
- "Ah! I know that," answered he With a sigh.
 "Now I guess it all!" cried she;
 "You're in love, I plainly see,
 And afraid to tell her—fie!"
- "You're a witch to guess so well," Answered he.
 'I would like to have you tell
 How to make a sick heart well;
 Kindly now prescribe for m
- "Every heart will cure a heart,"
 Low laughed she;
 "You must find another heart,
 Then your own will lose its smart—
 Try this olden remedy."
- "Let me have your heart," he pled.
 "Nay!" said she;
 "I have none." "No heart!" he said;
 "Then I go uncomforted—
 Mine a broken heart must be."
- "It is yours!" and she laughed low;
 "Don't you see?
 I prescribed it long ago,
 Seeing that you suffered so.
 What so blind as men can be?"
- "Had I only known before,"
- Whispered he,
 "What a cure you had in store!"
 "You'd have suffered all the more
 Men are foolish things,' said she.

Putting in the Shade

- 'Twas his little daughter's portrait -Twas his note adaptive a potential Child as a lily fair; Clear as some crystal stream her eye, Sunlit her golden hair.

 He blent his colors tenderly;
 Love was in every hue;
 That decked the canvas pale, whercon His darling's face he drew.
- "What dost thou, darling father, now?"
 The little maid would say;
 "And why that darkness on the brow
 I saw not yesterday?
 Such sombre hues are not for me—
 I love the light," she said.
 "My little daughter," answered he,
 "I'm putting in the shade.
- "Twere not a perfect picture, if
 The dark lights were away;
 To show the brightness needeth yet
 The help of shadows grey:
 Be patient, little maiden mine— No shadow without sun!
 How dark was needed thou shalt see
 When all the work is done!"
- O! 'twas the Master Painter, in Her early morning tide, That called that little maiden from Her doating father's side; And left the old man weeping lone Beside her little face, Still smiling from the canvas in Its innocence and grace.
- "Tis well, O Heavenly Master! well!"
 The old man softly said;
 "To make my picture perfect, thou
 Art putting in the shade:
 Be patient, restless spirit, then—
 No shadow without sun!
 That dark was needed thou wilt see
 When all the work is done."

MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A Novel -By FAYR MADOC CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Gardner did not think she would find any amusement at Mrs. Mathieu's little tea-party, and Amy went thither alone. The presence of the stranger lady was, not, however, missed. Mrs. Mathieu's narrow, dimly lighted parlor was replete with goodly company. Not only did Mr. with goodly company. Not only did Mr. Marrable step in for his tea; not only did Rene arrive about five o'clock to fetch his sister; not only did Mr. Fremaine enter about the same time to call for his daugh-ter; but Sir Oliver Clinton made his

appearance also.
In less than three months Sir Oliver had ingratiated himself with all Delysford. If he had cared to know it, he was a complete success. But he was too much accustomed to win good-will to be surprised at receiv-

ing it.
When Clinton entered Mrs. Mathieu's parlor, he found Amy and Rene poring over an old Bible, and tracing the ramifications of an involved pedigree, assisted by their hosters . while Melicent and Mr. Fremaine were seated on high-backed chairs at the other end of the room, and Mr. Marrable hovered between the two groups, amiably doing the honors to each in turn. The young man was anxiously bent on making amends for what he thought Melicent would consider as very strange behavior on the previous evening, and as soon as he could disengage himself from Mrs. Mathieu's hospitalities, and Mr. Marrable's profuse and nomnous courtesies, he took a seat e her. Melicent and Mr. Fremaine had been conversing pleasantly. Melicent liked her friend's father very much. He was polished, clever, kind. Above all, he was Amy's parent. But she drew the new comer into the conversation at once.
"Mr. Fremaine was just telling me of

some of his foreign experiences," she said.
"He advises me to travel, but indeed I need no excitement. Mine is naturally a roving spirit."

"I do not recommend you to travel, Miss Du Lys," said Clinton. "The farther afield I go, the more melancholy I become. For instance, I go to Paris, and anticipate gayety, and instead there are gamins fighting and girls crying! I hasten to Rome ing and girls crying! I hasten to Rome, in search of spirituality, and a monk tells me a deliberate lie! I betake myself to Hindostan, and expect to find primitive customs, and lo! court intrigues and spiteful scandals dog my feet! I rush to Egypt, and hope for sublimity, and as I e at the Sphinx I am devoured by mosquitoes!

Both his auditors laughed. "You are, indeed, a miserable creature," said Mr. Fremaine, with playful raillery. "I am," confessed Clinton. "The more I travel, the more sure I become that the world is bad and unhappy. It is a fair apple, rotten at the core; a gaudy dress, with rags and leprosy underneath! I believe," he added, lowering his voice, "that, with all its fine absurdities, there is less dissimulation in Delysford than any-

where else in the world." "I am glad you think so," cried Melicent, pleased that a travelled personage and a stranger should prefer her native town to the entire universe beside. "Delysford has no need of dissimulation. It has nothing to conceal."

So it amuses itself by an extravagance of harmless fooling," observed Mr. Fremaine, in a tone which made it difficult to decide whether he was laughing at Delys ford or at his companions. dened. She was peculiarly sensitive to ridicule. But she was not beaten.

You may sooff, Mr. Fremaine," she said, reproachfully. "But I, at least, have found everlasting goodness and ex-

haustless joy in Delysford."
"And I have found the deepest repose,
the most profound peace, and the most

godlike elevation of thought in one spot in Delysford," said Clinton. "Where?" asked Mr. Fremaine.

"In Miss Du Lys's garden," returned "In Miss Du Lys's garden!" said Mr.

Fremaine. "And pray where can your garden be, Miss Du Lys?" Oh! do you not know?" said Melicent "It is on the top of the house. It is very unusual-I am not sure it is not the only one in England. But I wonder you don't know of it, Mr. Fremaine. Amy has been in it often. Besides, it is of historical interest

Henry Du Lys, 'A scrpent will possess Delysmere, but the wiles of woman will circumvent the serpent, and he will be

"That is an interesting legend," said Mr. Fremaine, with his peculiar smile.
"Why a legend?' demanded Clinton.
"Why should old tales be false, and old predictions valueless?"
"I am afraid the astrologer knew what he was about," said Melicent. "He had

knowledge, and he wanted to please Sir Henry."
"It was a remarkably consoling pro-

phecy," said Mr. Fremaine.
"You may laugh," said Melicent, "but it was not inapposite. The truth was this. Sir Henry had just completed Delysmere. At the time he had no son, and it was feared that a rapacious servant, Nicholas Barry, would seize his revenues. In effect, he lived at Delysmere, avowedly to superintend the builders, while Sir Henry moned intend the builders, while Sir Henry moped and brooded at the Retreat. But he was saved. Some friend persuaded a widow lady, Dame Emily de Courtenaye, to make her way here, and though Sir Henry was very old, and had had three wives already, the marked him and the lady that had been wived him and the same tready. she married him and they had a son. I have always thought Nicholas Barry was the serpent, and Dane Emily the wily woman.

woman."
"You explain away everything," said Clinton, almost petulantly. "The world is uninhabitable if all our giants and dwarfs and serpen's are explained."
"One cannot eat bread and milk after

one has outgrown one's pinafore," said Mr. Fremaine.

"There are monsters still," said Melicent, soothingly. "Though I live so qui-etly in this good happy little town, I am not ignorant of the sin and sorrow

"That is what I mean," Clinton burst out. "The world is one festering sore, one mass of sadness, and shame, and intolerable failure. We could not bear it for a moment if we thought about it. And we can only forget it by believing the old Mr. Fremaine?" myths are true."
"By the bye," said Mr. Fremaine, "]

met an angler to day, on the towing path, not far from the Lock Cottage. She was a pretty little black-eyed girl, and she lay upon her side as gracefully as a young nymph, and watched herfloat upon the water with alert, bright intentions of the contraction of the contract been plucking ferget-me-nots, and they lay in a blue and green pile close to her red pinafore. She made quite a picture. I asked her name, and she said 'Kıtty' so prettily that I gave her sixpence. She was delighted. She sprang to her feet, was delighted. Sie sprang to her leet, and rushed nimbly away, scattering her forget me nots in all directions, and gleefully shouting to her mother. I lost sight of her where the river bends by the poplars. I wondered who she was.

lars. I wondered who she was.
"She belongs to the woman I put into
the Lock Cottage," said Clinton. "They
are not poor. Mrs. Cambridge is a married woman, though her husband does not live with her. But he maintains her and her children. I assure you they do not want alms.'

wantams.
"I did not suppose so," said Mr. Fremaine. "But I thought little Kitty would

mane. "But I thought little Aitry would like to buy herself a fairing next week. In fact," he added smiling, "I wished to make her life less unhappy."

"That you can never do," said Clinton, rising. "Good-bye, Miss Du Lys. I am going to rid you of my moodiness and depression." depression.'

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Fremaine, when he had gone; "I feel deep compassion for him. Evidently he has some trouble of which we do not know. Probably he has experienced love, and love has bruised

"It is more than likely," assented Melicent, softly." "I wonder—" She paused.
"You wonder who could have repelled a creature so gentle, so childlike, so almost feminine," said Mr. Fremaine. "But, remember, Daphne fled from Apollo." Melicent did not speak. She felt an un-wonted shyness in discussing Sir Oliver.

After a moment Mr. Fremaine went on. "Love," he said, meditatively, "is as inexplicable as nature. We cannot account for his vagaries. We cannot foretell them. We cannot gainsay them. Love is himself without law, beyond conjecture."
"I thought you took Rene to task last

night for believing in love," said Melicent, smiling, and glad that Clinton was no

longer the topic.
"So I did," said Mr. Fremaine, candidly. "I fancied that love—as an influence—was almost extinct among the young men of the rising generation. I was glad to find I was wrong. For myself, I devoutly believe

was wrong. For myself, I devotely believe in the power of love."
"Papa, dear," said Amy, coming across the room, "I am afraid I have kept you a long time, but I have been so much interested. Mrs. Mathieu has been telling me so many curious things.

"I have been in no hurry, my child," said her father, affectionately. "Miss Du Lys has been entertaining me." It was nearly six o'clock, and the Du Lyses and Fremaines left the house together. Mrs. Mathieu stood at her open

lattice and looked after them. "That is no ugly sight," she observed.
The Fremaines are upstarts, certainly, but they are nice people, and it is well they and the Du Lyses should foregather. Besides, I see prognostications of a good day The Du Lyses may enjoy their coming.

own again yet." "You see wonderfully far," sighed Mr. Marrable. "I trust it may be for the dear young lady's happiness."
"Who talked of her happiness, my dear
Mr. Marrable?" exclaimed Mrs. Mathieu,

sharply. "How could the girl be unhappy whom Rene favors?" "Rene?" cried the old gentleman, with start. "I never thought of him. I was a start.

thinking of dear Melicent Du Lys and Mr. Fremaine."

"My dear Mr. Marrable," said Mrs Mathieu, overcoming her momentary irri-tation, "pray do not indulge such a notion. Old Mr. Fremaine is not at all likely to marry in my opinion, and as to Melicent-when she marries she will go to Clinton. Besides the affair you dream of would not give the property back to the Du Lyses. No, no! Rene is the bridegroom I picture to myself."
"I see," said Mr. Marrable.

"I cannot be mistaken," said the old lady.

Then Mr. Marrable consulted his watch. "I am afraid I must be running away," he said, as he had said nearly every afternoon for a score of years. "I dine at six, and Sarah is very punctual. I know I cannot persuade you to forego your tea, and share my mutton-chop, but if I could induce you to come in at nine o'clock, when I shall be

taking a glass of wine and water, I should be infinitely pleased. If you will honor me so far, I think I can answer for it that Sarah will be able to offer you some

You are too good," murmured the old

lady.
"You flatter me," returned he. "Goodafternoon, Mrs. Mathieu. By-the-bye, if you have nothing particular to keep you at home, might I expect you about eight? You are fond of cribbage, I know."

"Certainly, certainly!" "You indulge me too much, Mrs. Ma "It affords me pleasuere, Mr. Marrable.

"I am indebted to you, my dear Mrs Mathieu. Au revoir!"

Then the old gentleman departed to reiterate to Sarah his instructions concerning the fricandeau of chicken and delicate custard which were to be served for Mrs. Mathieu's evening meal; and the old lady went happily up stairs to don her evening

silk gown and a becoming cap.

Even in private the little comedy was admirably played.

CHAPTER V.

that is, locally. It was in that garden
that a certain astrologer predicted to Sir fully. Mr. Fremaine surveyed his guests of its mouth.

with satisfaction. He was watching the game narrowly, and constantly changing his tactics with practiced adroitness. But no one else knew this, and, with the exception of Mrs. Gardner, no one was aware

that a game was being played at all.

Rene devoted himself to Amy. Clinton had thrown off his despondency of the day before, and was joyous and playful. Mr. Fremaine thought Melicent invariably charming, even when she evinced most predilection for Clinton's society. But this evening she appeared specially fascinting. She rallied Sir Oliver with gentle pleasantry; she appealed to Mr. Fremaine with sweet womanly deference; she won smiles from Mrs. Gardner; ever and anon she interrupted the tete-a-tete between Amy and her brother with a grace that was

not intrusive.
"How lovely your roses are, &my," she said, regarding the epergne.
"Ah! if there were not a worm i' the

bud!" said Clinton. You should not talk about worms i' the bud, Sir Oliver! Should he, Mr. Fremaine?" cried Melicent. "In a typical June like this, one ought to forget such things. One ought to be happy. Don't you think so?"
"I do, indeed," replied Mr. Fremaine.

"There is so much to make us glad," pursued sho. "Worms i' the bud! Nay, nay, Sir Oliver. Red fruit among the green leaves, and shouts from the hay field, and gladness everywhere! Only the night must come!" she added, with sudden pensiveness.

"Do you object to the night?" asked Mrs. Gardner. "Well, it takes away the day," said Meli-

"Well, it takes away the day," said men-cent, laughing.
"It is the time when the immortals carcuse," said Clinton. "Come with me to the fairy-ring, Miss Du Lys."
"And get my feet wet, and catch a bad cold?" oried she. "Oh, no! Rene, you do not believe in fairy rings—you must instruct Sir Oliver. What do you think, Mr Framine?"

"I certainly think you should run no risk of getting your feet wet," said he. "You might have thick boots," suggested

Amy, dreamily.
"To dance with fairies, dear!" exclaimed
Molicent. "Why, I should crush my partners to death." "As if fairies could die," murmured Clinton.

Clinton.
"I am afraid they have died," observed
Mr. Fremaine. "Rallways and the cheap
press have killed them."
"I don't think they are dead," said Clinton. "Railways and newspapers have made them shy, but they still lurk in the

woods and fields. Did one never hop on to your foot as you walked through the clo-"Never!" said Melicent and Mr. Fremaine. "No?" returned Clinton, in surprise.

"Have you really never seen the little green coated fellows? I often meet them. Today one stroked my hand as I was gathering a strawberry."
"Our eyes are not fine enough to see such_things," said Melicent. "Are they, Mr. Fremaine?"

host. "When did you leave the nursery, Sir Oliver?" asked Mrs. Gardner, with con-"Once—when Rene was at the sea-side

"Do they speak, Clinton?" asked the

-he looked for a mermaid for a whole month," remarked Melicent. "Amy, you should ask Rene to tell you about his mermaid. But Amy shook her head. She did not

much like talking about the supernatural and she rose. When the gentlemen followed, they found the ladies seated on the stone terrace outside the windows of the drawing-room.

"Will you show me your ross garden now?" said Rene to Amy. She assented, and they descended the steps to the garden, and, crossing the dewless lawn, passed through the shrubbery which had been faint with syringa perfume a month before, but which now seemed to be the tomb of vanished sweetness. "Do you know the history of this gar

den?" she asked. "Yes," he said. "It was laid out by Lady Anne Murdoch, who lived here with her father about a hundred and fifty years

ago."
"Like me and my father," said Amy.
"But how was that? I thought Delysmere belonged to you until it belonged to us."
"So it did. But after the '15 my ancestor let the place for a time to Lord Murdoch, and then Lady Anne made several improvements. It was not till after the '45 that

your ancestor bought the whole estate." "It seems a pity," said Amy, musingly.
"You should not think so, Miss Fre-

maine." "But I do! Melicent would queen it here with far more grace than I do."
"I never trouble myself about spilt milk," said Rene serenely. "I am content with what I have. I do not care for pos

"Then you would not like to be very Melicent and I have enough. We have the Retreat, and enough money to live in

"Why do you say 'Melicent and I' Some day you will lose Melicent.' " Very likely, but at present she is mine. "And you are so fond of her!" sighed my. "I wish I had had a brother!"

Amy. "I wish I had had a brother!"
"We all have wishes," said Rene. "We
must bear to keep them wishes." "They say you are very proud, Mr. Du ys," remarked Amy.

"Perhaps they are right. It is partly oride that weds me to Delysford." "It is a pity to be proud," said Amy

"I am not proud." 'Have you ever found me proud?" he asked suddenly. "Oh, no!"

"Then why do you accuse me?"
"Because," she said, hesitatingly, "I feel that—that—you are a person who would give, but never take."
"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I cannot explain if you do not under stand," said Amy, plaintively. "But I feel it. You would not pick a rose out of this garden, for instance."
"To take to my own house! No.

"You would not take it, but you might coept it," she cried. "See! let me give accept it, you this bud." She plucked a creamy, half-blown rose as she spoke, and tendered it to him. "Miss

Fremaine, you offer me this? You do not know what you are doing! You are playing with edge tools!" cried Rene, hotly.
"Take it!" she commanded, imperiously.

"I cannot. It would pine in the town."
"Why should it pine? It will not pine."
"It will die for lack of its own rich home, Miss Fremaine."

"It must die, anyhow—whether I keep clicking off:

it or you. Take it.' 'I cannot," he repeated. "It would be a mistake." "It is you who make the mistake," she

oried. "You are a proud man, indeed! But now you shall never have it!" With sudden passion she threw the rosebud from her, It fell among the bushes with a soft crash. Then all was silent. She was trembling with excitement. She deemed Rene altogether cold and impassive. She would have told him so, had not the estraints of custom girt her in. He stood before her speechless. Yet he could have wrapped her round with an endless embrace 'she said,

"Why did we come here?" she stamping her foot. "Let us go back."
She was transmogrified. She was Amy Rene had never seen before. But he could not trust himself to speak.

(To be continued.)

Now about the Tongue River, in Montana—you wouldn't be surprised, of course, to hear that it was perpetually running out

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Philip Hart, a notion dealer in this city,

Apart.

has been missing since last Thursday, says a Wednesday despatch from Trenton, N.J., returned. His wife tells a singular story. She says her husband was in the habit of going to New York every month to pay bills for goods and to order new lots. He always stopped at the house of his parents, in Greenwich street, near the Cortlandt street ferry. When he left home on Thursday morning at 7.30 o'clock he had in his possession \$140. He reached his parents home in New York at 9.30 and remained there until 2 o'clock in the after-noon. It was his intertion then to go and pay his bills, and he asked his sister to accompany him. She was teeling unwell and did not go, and he then left. This was the last seen of him. Le had a sister living in Seventy-seventh street, whom he intended to visit, and as he did not come back to his parents' house on Thursday night they concluded that he had stayed at her house. Next day a member of the family visited the sister and found that he had not been there. The most singular thing about the whole affair is the part two dreams play in the matter. Both the wife in Trenton and the sister in Greenwich street, New York, dreamed on Thursday night that they saw the missing man on a bridge, with a railing on one side of it, struggling with another man, and saw him fall off, while the other man ran away. Mrs. Hart described her dream in a vivid manner this morning She said she had no uneasiness about her husband's going away when he left, as he had been in the habit for the past three or four years of going to New York every month. But on Thursday night about midnight she says she had the dream. She saw him on the bridge plainly, saw his face and saw the man he was struggling with. The dream distressed her so that she woke up and slept very little the remainder of the night. Next day she felt depressed all day and looked forward anxiously for the hour when he was expected to arrive at home. He was to have left Jersey City at 7 o'clock and was looked for at home by 9. When this hour arrived and he did not come the wife grew more uneasy, but thought he would be back or the midnight train and she sat up waiting As he did not come she sat up till 3 o'clock

in the morning and lay down on a lounge, but slept very little.

In the morning a telegram came from his sister in New York asking if he had arrived at home. In greater suspense than ever she sent back a telegram that he had not, and at once started for New York. When she arrived at his parents' house the sister of the missing man, without knowing anything about Mrs. Hart's dream, related her own draam. When she had finished and Mrs. Hart told her dream both were astounded; the dreams were almost identical, ev.n to the railing on the bridge. The New York police are endeavoring to find some trace of him. His wife thinks he has been murdered for his money.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Bride Winning.

The natives of Australia facilitate the eremonies of wooing in a wonderful way If a young man fancies a pretty girl, he just knocks her down, slings her over his shoulder and carries her home.

A love-sick Kalmuck gathers his friends together, makes a raid on the house of his inamorata, cudgels his intended father-in-law and bangs his prospective mother-inlaw, and carries the maiden off viet arms. An Esquimaux youth must first show his ability to boss a household by slaughtering a bear. If he can do this he is thought fit to grapple with the dangers of matrimony. Having accomplished this feat he casts his eye about for a spouse. He forthwith seizes her. She bites, kicks, scratches and yells, while all the women in the village rush to her rescue. But if the young man can catch her twice more after being rescued, she is his. As some of the Esquimaux have brawny arms, and use whips of untanned sealskin, the chase is quite ex-

citing to the young man. In Central Asia the tribes give the girl a show. They mount her on a fleet pony and she starts off on the plain with a tribe of youths after her. She generally manages to let some especial favorite come up with

In the great Eastern Islands they have a race for it. A course is staked out, the gir is given a start, and if she can get three times round the stake first she is free, but it is generally noticed that the fleetestfooted maidens are often slow on such

In Singapore they have a cance race. The girl has a big start, paddles her own canoe, and can generally escape or get caught as she sees fit. In the country of the Khurds a man wraps his bride up in a red cloth and carries her home like a sack of meal, all the ladies pelting him with stones. This custom

affords an admirable opportunity with alighted beauty to get even with a gay Lothario. In France a man dickers with the parents of his intended, of whom he sees little or nothing till the trade is fairly com-

pleted. In England a youth makes love to prospective mother-in-law, and toadies his angel's father. If they see fit, he begins the chase after the object of his affections. A long purse or a good rent-roll have been found excellent weapons for this species of

hunting.
In America the young people take the whole business into their own hands. It is a kind of go.as-you-please chase all through, and if the goal is very often the divorce court, it saves an immense amount of responsibility to the old folks, and smooths rough ways most effectually. It is the girl, too, who often does the hunting if the quarry browses on banking stocks and railroad bonds.

A Tale of Telegraph Ticking. (Lowell Courier.)

A well-to-do young man recently married and started west on his bridal tour. The happy young couple were breakfasting at a station eating house. During the repast two smart Alecks came into the eating room and seated themselves opposite the con-tracting parties. They were telegraph operators. By delicate poising of their knife and fork they were able to make sounds in close imitation of telegraphy. In the mystic language of the key one said unto the other;

"Ain't she a daisy, though?"
The party thus addressed replied by "Wouldn't I like to kiss her, the little fat angel!" "Wonder who that old bloat is that she

has married?" "Some gorgeous granger, I reckon," re plied the other. The groom stood it until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when he also balance his knife, and click, click it went in rapid succession. It was intelligible to the very cute twain that had recently made fun of

its author. When interpreted it read:
"DEAR SIRS: I am superintendent o the telegraph line upon which you worl You will please send your time to head quarters and resign your positions at once Yours, Superintendent of Telegraph."

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Times gives the

following description of the dulness that

sets in there at the close of the invalid "No baseball, no yachting, no money. rowing, no fast driving, no gymnasium Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co. mighty little sparking—nothing but dreary loafing and the labor of holding up the \$5 to \$20 per day at home Samples worth lamp posts."

HEROISM OF A GIRL.

Visions that Came to Two Sisters Fas How She Floored Three Burglars After They Had Tied Her Up.

An Adrian (Mich.) despatch dated Friday night says: Three burglars last night entered an upper room through the window to the New York Times. He left for New of the residence of A. N. Towne, of this York on that morning and has not yet city, and engaged in rifling a trunk, which awakened Miss Amelia Lochner, sleeping there. They beat her brutally about the head and body and then gagged her. The plucky girl got loose, however, and seizing a chair dealt blows right and left, driving the scoundrels out of the window, each receiving a parting whack as he drew his body through. The burglars got only \$4.

Important.

Mhen 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 botal in the city.

hotel n the city. -Silk trouserings are among the last developments of dudeing.

Consumption Cure.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumptior, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out. ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark,

-The man of all others most celebrate for his self-denial was Annanias.

Decline of Man. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Re newer." \$1.

-It takes the moon to bring a dog to Answer This. Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

-A centre of attraction - Your best girl's

CORNS! CORNS! CORNS Discovered at last, a remody that is sure safe and painless. PUTNAN'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dargerous, and fiesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

—The starting point of many a love match—The old man's boot,

The " Golden Bloom of Youth may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorit Prescription," a specific for "female com plaints." By druggists.

The fashionable salad is invariably well Elles and Bugs. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

-Railway rule-In case of a break down down brakes.

Our Progress. As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By drugists.

-What the strong minded woman pants for-Pants. Wells' " Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete, permaneut cure, Corns, warts unions. -When are a ship's bulwarks like a gambler?-When they ring in a cold deck. -"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."-Dr. G.P. Holman, Christiauburg, Va. 50 cents at

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequalled for brilliancy. -Sailors are the most eligible

since with them it is always marry time. *.* "Slow and steady wins the race." Steadily ** "Slow and steady wins the race." Steadily but not slowly. Kidney-Wort is distancing al competition for universal popularity and useful ness. This celebrated remedy can now botained in the usual dry vegetable form, or ilquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency is either form. Read advertisement. either form. Read advertisement.

-It is the chairmaker who is accom-

plished at giving a man a good sitting down THAT NO MISCHIEF MAY BE done, it is necessary that romedies placed before the public for general use should be the outcome of medical minds, experienced in the nature and action of drugs and the form of energy they express in the organism. The mix ture in the sauldron of the witches of "Macbeth" ture in the cauldron of the witches of "Macueting would be as rational medication as much of the villainous stuff eyery day taken by the credulous for the cure of disease. It is a gratifying and notable fact that since the introduction of WHEELER'S PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA OR DARMING PROBLEMS AND CALISAYA. no harmful results have ever been

by its use. -Paganini was called a magician be cause he could draw a wail out of his fiddle.

Young Mensuffering from early indiscretions ask brain and nerve force. Magnetic Medicine advertised in ahother column, supplies this want and thus cures when all other preparation.

-He was fond of singing revival hymns and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

—"I am happy to say Dr. Benson's Skin Cure ha cured my Eczema of the scalp, of four years' stand ing." John A. Androws, Attorney at Law, Ashton Ill. 91 at druggists. Endorsed by physicians. Song for our watchmakers-" The spring will come again.'

*Persons whose blood has been corrupted, and the circulation deranged by foul secretions—the result of the disordered chemistry of the body— need for their purification something like an in-ward baptism at the hands of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose laboratory is at No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn., Mass. Her Vegetable Compound is fairly inundating the country as with a river of life.

When are watches easily stolen? - When hey are off their guard. A" fast" man runs quickly through fortune.

A CURE GUARANTEED. MAGNETIC MEDICINE TRADE MARK.

BEFORE BRAIN & NERVE FOOD, AFTER

PERONG DAAIN & NERVE FUUD. AFTERFor Old and Young, Male and Female.
Positively cures Nervoueness in ALL its stages
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tration Night Sweats, Spermatornhea, Leucorhea, Barrenness and General Loss of Power
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Exhausted Generative organs. With each
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we will send our Written Guarantee to refund
the money if the treatment does not effect a cure
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FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. 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 herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's Safe Care has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidnoys 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. leware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

For sale by all dealers.

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If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptie, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. KIDNEY-WORT

Remember This. If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney Disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, spidemic, bilious and internitent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

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In short, they cure all diseases of the Stomach.

fort.

In short, they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

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42. [FI you have either of these troubles]

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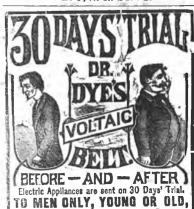
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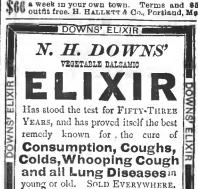


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