Fair are the flowers and the children, but their surface the nowers and the chindren, but their
subtle suggestion is fairer;
Bare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that
precedes it is sweeter—
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning
outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing; Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing:

Never a Shakepeare that soared, but a stronger
than he did enforce him—

And never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer
foretold him.

of feeling—
Orowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing:
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the woolng.
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin votes and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

A Woman's Work.

One hand on the glory supernal,
One hand on this world of unrest,
Her heart for the pity eternal,
A faithful and sheltering nest.
No serge of the cloister enfolds her,
But happy and hopeful and sweet,
She brightens the eye that beholds her,
In mart, or on roadside or street.

She shines for the darkened who need her, She shines for the darkend who need her,
She speaks for the sorry and sore;
Art, science and nature all feed her,
That more she may give from her store.
Courageous against all oppression,
She fearlessly stands for the right,
Her pure accents calling truth's legions
To quit them like men in the fight.

While oft in the sunset's red gloaming
She murmurs a lullaby low,
Or charms back the wanderer roaming,
With word-magic loving and low;
Her white hands fierce fever-heat soothing,
And rev'rently robing the dead,
Or deftly the bright needle using,
And moulding the sweet daily pread.

For this is the true woman's mission,
Its field as humanity wide;
To see with love's clarified vision
Man's needs and their cure side by side.
As free as the winds or the angels,
All fetters all meanness above,
To hearts and to homes God's evangels,
Our calling, His calling, is love.

Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory, Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory: "Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story.

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell Love brought medown to death, and death to hell For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree; Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be, But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again, And comfort him one hour, and I were fain To pay a thousand years of fine and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay; repent That wild vow. Look! the dial finger's bent Down on the last hour of thy punishment." But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go;

I cannot rise to peace and leave him so! Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!" The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar, And upward, joyous, like a rising star, She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset trailing, And, like a wounded bird, her pinions trailing, She fluttered back with broken-hoarted wailing

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea. Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee; She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin; I have been fond and foolish. Let me in To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul; go higher To be deceived in your true heart's desire Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A NOVEL-BY FAYR MADOC.

There came sounds as of people coming towards them through the shrubbery. The sound was an unspeakable relief to both A light laugh—that was Clinton; an affect ed reprimand—that was Mrs. Gardner Amy and Rene walked forward to meet

"Here you are," said Clinton. "Mr Fremaine sent us to look for you. I have brought you a shawl, Miss Fremaine."

"We might go back by the other shrub-bery," suggested Mrs. Gardner.
"Are Melicent and papa still on the terrace?" inquired Amy, as she walked by They were on the terrace certainly, and

alone. At first their conversation had been desultory and vague. After a time it assumed a more pointed character. "Rene's new book will be out soon," observed Melicent. "We are longing for

"Ah!" said Mr. Fremaine, "it must be an interesting moment to an author when

he sees his manuscript converted into printed book-after unspeakable toil and "Rene has taken immense pains over

this," said Melicent. "At first when he was collecting his data, he almost lived at the British Museum, and it has cost him innumerable journeys to London "I almost wonder that your brother doe

not live in London, or, at least a great deal nearer," said Mr. Fremaine. "It must be somewhat disadvantageous to a literary man to live so far from the haunts of lite rary business. Besides. he seems almost thrown away here among a set of people so much below his calibre." 'I don't think that at all," said Melicent,

"Rene is very modest." But even modesty might know its own

"I dare say Rene does know them, said Melicent, "although he has never said What I meant is that he is not a man that feels superior. He is never tormented by the thought that he is a giant among

"But he is," said Mr. Fremaine, ear-nestly, "and I regret it. To be Frank with you, my dear Miss Du Lys, it vexes me to see your brother in a sphere so narrow and confined, and which can hardly fail of being, more or less, uncon genial to him."

"But Rene does not feel it so, I assure you," cried Melicent. "Indeed, you mis-take his character, Mr. Fremaine. He is quite simple and friendly. He assume

He has no conceit." But, unconsciously his surroundings must clog his wings."
"He does not think so, I am sure. He

can be quiet here. He has time to think."

"That is a danger," said Mr. Fremaine.
"Thought is one sided. A man needs personal intercourse with other minds. He ought to meet contradiction—divers opin-

ions-animated discussions." "Indeed Rene is not one-sided," said Melicent, warmly. "Even the adverse critics owned he was comprehensive,"

"I meant no blame," said Mr. Fremaine, gently. "But surely the intellect of any man needs friction with other minds?"

"My father did not greatly esteem lite-ry circles," said Melicent thoughtfully. He considered that too much association with literary men rather engendered an undesirable orthodoxy of thought and

but not to original thinkers," replied Mr. Fremaine. "Contact with others may cramp mediocrity, but it can only render originality more piercing. In London such a one as your brother would expand into a man of repute. London is the place for

But Rene has a good name already, "He would have a better, were he better

known."
He is acquainted with numbers well known people," said Melicent. "He is in London on an average once a month, and he meets a great many clever people every time.

"I hope I am not impertinent," said Mr. Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite tissues of feeling—

of feeling—
irrude with the world. I don't want to introduce the joy that is felt lie the infinite tissues of feeling—
irrude my advice but I cannot help say. as an older man, and as one who has mixed much with the world. I don't want to intrude my advice, but I cannot help say ing to you, in confidence, that if your brother really wishes to make a name, he ought to live among men.'

"Do you really think so?" said Melicent.
"I do, indeed. Look at your father, Miss Du Lys; he made no lasting name and why? "He did not work nearly as hard as Rene," said Melicent. "He had much less ambition. He studied for pleasure.

Besides, he always said Rene would surpass him."
"His ambition would have been stirred up, if he had not been always secluded

"I don't suppose Rene would care to force renown," said Melicent frowning

slightly. There are more substantial advantages in a well-known name than the mere

emptiness of fame." Rene does not want money," said Melicent stiffly.
"Now I have offended you," said Mr.

Fremaine. "Miss Du Lys, you do me an injustice." He spoke deprecatingly, and Melicent's heart was instantly touched. "I did not mean to appear ungrateful," she said. "Please forgive me if I seem ungracious. But-"

But you don't like your brother's plans to be questioned? I can understand your feeling," said Mr. Fremaine. "But most men of distinction have exiled themselves—for a time at all events—from their Shakspeare left Stratford, Descartes went to Holland, Goethe to Wei-

"And Milton stayed in London!" "Ah | but it was London !"

They both laughed. "Still I should be sorry to change my nome," said Melicent.

"But why should you go?" "Rene and I should never part," said

"Not if you married?" "Ah, if we married! But that is another thing."
"And a most important one. Your

brother will marry, and then he will see things in a different light. A wife, Miss Du Lys, will never be as patient and self-denying as you have been. She will exact more of his society. She will be impatient of distance. Probably he will find it expedient then to settle in the midst of some bright coterie at Hampstead or Kensing-"I think Rene's wife will love Delysford

for Rene's sake," said Melicent. "Yes, but she will love his society better She will not brook repeated absences."

He paused, but as she did not speak, he proceded.

"I envy him his youth," he said. "I envy all young men, who have the chance of winning devoted brides. As for me, I am, comparatively an old man. I have no wife and no son, and my daughter will marry is sure to marry—and leave me in solitude. The young have the best of it. And they think their elders are shrivelled up—imper vious to feeling—half-dead. I suppose they would say I had had my day. But it was so

brief, and so long ago."

Melicent looked at him with eyes full of mencent looked at him with eyes full of pity. But she could not speak. With Clinton she could be openly sympathetic. But with Fremaine her sympathy was respectful, and a certain timidity restrained

her impulses.
"My wife was less than eighteen when she died," Fremaine went on. "We were married barely a year, and that period seems to me like a dream. Even Amy fails to make me realize it. There is a bank of primroses that I could show you now, on the top of which I stood once when I was a little boy, with the vernal sunshine all about me, and a great joy in my heart. I filled my hand with the pale, chaste flowers -I stuck them into the ribbon round my straw hat -I even thrust them into my pockets, and into the sides of my shoes. Then a lady drove by, with a scarlet rug over her knees, and a white dog lying on the rug. 'Why, that is a fairy-child!" she oried. 'It is little King Primrose.' I remember this incident distinctly, but cannot believe that King Primrose and are the same. In a like manner, I remem ber the few months of my married life. could show you the church where I stood by my child wife in her bridal dress, and I could show you her grave in the Pyrenean village, where I stood sobbing in the autumn radiance, with the everlasting hills looking solemnly on. But I feel I am not the very man who stood there heart-broken.

I recall it as one recalls a touching play But I have long ceased to be an actor in it. "How strange that the dead should leave so little mark!" murmured Melicent. "It is strange," he rejoined. "I have marvelled at it mpself, for I am not heartess. I speak only the plain truth. I have

finished a fairy tale. I have awakened from a dream. I have risen to full manhood, and the love has come to me which no time can efface—no after-happi ness eclipse. And yet-He looked fixedly at Melicent, and she dropped her eyes. She could not help

remembering some foolish gossip she had heard which coupled the names of Fremaine and Mrs. Gardner.

maine and Mrs. Gardner.

"And yet," he continued, "I suppose young people call me old. They think I am a widower—that my virgin heart has been given away long ago—that my feelings are blunted. They are keener than ever, but I am alone."

"I suppose every one is more or less lonely and sad," said Melicent, gently. She was very sorry for him, but she did not know in what way to offer him consolation. She began to wish that the men of her equaintance would confide in her less

She was glad to hear voices not far off and to perceive the approach of the four absentees, who presently came up the steps, and joined the pair on the terrace. Clinton was full of talk. His sportive jolity was almost excessive. "Per Bacco!" he exclaimed. "This is a

place and an hour in which to play Romeo and Juliet. See! there rises the crescent moon! She has climbed to the horizon, and presently she will flood the earth with poetry. Oh, Moon, Moon, Moon!" he postrophized. "Wherefore art thou so cold, so fickle? We cannot love thee, for thou art a changing beauty, and thy irregularity, if fixed, is still singular. But, ah poor Moon is it perchance thy Man who causes thee thus often to hide thy countenance, or to distort it? Is it thy coarse rude inhabitant, who, with unruly masculine tastes, vexes thy maiden sobriety, and, by his insolence and his roughness, so fre-quently necessitates thy displeased retirenent, thy coy disappearance? Is it so my pensive Moon? my shy, demure Night-

He burst into a wild fit of laughter at his own conceit, and Melicent re-echoed his mirth. Amy smiled faintly. She was ill at ease, and unhappy. Rene leaned back in his chair, thankful that Clinton's nonsense should cover his own dejection.

" How uproarious you are, Sir Oliver!" style."
"That may apply to common minds, wrong, for Clinton was never noisy. In his

greatest excesses of spirits his tones were invariably modulated and his manner else?" Why don't you make it say constrain the close?" partially subdued. He resembled one who

"There is always too much heaviness abroad," he said. "Let us be light hearted while we can. Listen! do you not hear the goblin-ringers jangling the wedding-bells with unseen hands? You are sur-prised to see a bridal in the night, but the oride, in her high heels, and the bridegroom in his satin bravery, care nought. Do you not hear how sweetly they discourse?"

He began whistling the changing cadence of a marriage-peal in a sweet, low voice. They all listened, surprised and fascinated. Not even Mrs. Gardner attempted to silence this music, which sounded almost mysterious in the increasing darkness. It seemed and sympathetic imagination the air seemed alive with noiseless, invisible creatures.

"Whose wedding-bells are they?" Fre-naine whispered to her. "They sound maine whispered to her. melancholy to me, to whom no bride will ever come.

"They are for a phantom bride and bridegroom," murmured Melicent. "Sir Oliver said as much." "But he speaks in parables," said Fremaine." "He is dreaming of some peerless bride—for a young man, not for me."

"Do not say so, Mr. Fremaine."
"You are hard-hearted, Miss Du Lys. ask you for consolation, and you give me ommon places. Will you give nothing

else?";
"Yes." said Melicent, frankly. "If I may, I will give you sympathy.'

The whistling suddenly ceased.
"They have driven away in a coach and four," said Clinton, pathetically. "Who knows whether to untold joy, or unutterable sorrow? They have crushed the flowers have also crushed a human heart which stood in their way. Who knows-who knows?

"You make me quite unhappy," said Amy, rising and shivering slightly. "Let us go in. Melicent shall play us her favorite Lieder, and I will sing something to make us cheerful."

But Melicent would not play. Her Lieder would not tend to cheerfulness, she said; it was in a doleful key. So Amy took her seat at the piano, and her father begged her to sing "I attempt frem love's sickness to fly." It was not the song Amy would have chosen on that occasion, but she was not in the habit of disputing her father's wishes, and she commenced the quaint old song with gentle compliance. She sang with perhaps more tenderness and feeling than she was aware of, and as the liquid notes floated through the room, they communicated an unspoken pain to Rene's distressed heart. It had been but a rosebud thrown away in angry haste; now it was but a song vibrating through a lamp-lit room. But the rosebud and the song had drawn a veil from before his eyes. He was aware now that he loved Amy. Unconfessed, he had been thinking of her and loving her for

weeks—for months. And vet and thanked her. "You have sung remarkably well to night," said Mrs. Gardner, dryly.

"I do not like that song, papa," cried Amy, with sudden petulance. "I don't think I will ever sing it again." "It pierces me, but I like it," said Fre-

maine. Some people like to be pierced. It is like the peculiar pleasure they take in tragic representations," said Clinton. Then he recommenced whistling the wed-

"He will drive me mad," said Fremaine

to Melicent. "He seems to keep on whist-ling, There is no bride for you! There is no bride for you!" "Nay, there is—there must be," said Melicent, remembering that she had promised to give him her sympathy. She glanced in the direction of Mrs. Gardner, and hoped that the bride who should make

Fremaine happy would not prove an unkind stepmother to Amy.
"You think so?" said Fremaine eagerly.
"Every Jack has his Jill they say," she

replied, concisely.
"I do not like that proverb," said he, "It means that any Jack and

impatiently. Jill can make a pair. It is an ugly proverb to a chivalrous man, and an uglier to a much prized woman. Forgive me, my dear Miss Du Lys, but I hate the idea that any man can marry any woman-that any woman will consent to marry any man. I

I thought the proverbonly implied that it is the man's part to woo" said Melicent, surprised at his energy. "Ah! that is different. And if he woo?

"Must not a fixed purpose win at last?" said she.

"Will you promise that I shall not w in vain? that I shall win at last?"

"Most likely."
"Thank you," said Fremaine. His voice and manner would have been significant to any one less self-conscious than Melicent. But she was thinking of Mrs. Gardrer. Surely the woman who had voluntarily married a disagreeable recluse, and now found it hard to live on the scanty hundreds he had bequeathed to her, would never refuse this wealthy and charming man. Surely she had not bidden him hope in vain.

The peal of whistling bells were still ringing through the room. Rene looked down at Amy as she sat with folded hands' lcoking out into the quiet darkness.

"Miss Fremaine, can I hope to be for given?" he said, mournfully. She raised her dark eyes to his, and he saw they were

"I am only a spoiled child," she said, pathetically, "and I have been very, very cross. Forgive me!"

"Nay, but am I forgiven?" he urged.
"Yes. Oh, yes!" she answered.
They both looked forth into the shadowy

garden. A falling star suddenly cleft the sky and disappeared. "It has passed away and left no trace,"

said Rene. Nevertheless, the scene in the rose-garden had left an indellible mark on both of them. They were miserably unhappy, but possibly they were the happiest people in that party of six. Truly they stood upon a wide moor whose limits their eyes could not discover, but the ground they trod was firm, although it blistered their feet, and a reality encircled them, although no end was visible, and a certainty, dim but convincing, wrapped them round, although they might not yet

discern its form or grasp its hand. Half an hour later, Melicent and Clinton, walking home side by side, paused to say good-bye where their paths diverged They were waiting for Rene, who was lingering behind, lost in meditation. Standing there in the palid moonlight, Melicent shawled in white, and with hooded face, Clinton bareheaded, and courtly of gesture, they might have been taken for the phantom pair whose bridal bells Clinton had so

ately whistled forth.
"Do you know why I have been so jocund all the evening? Do you know why I whistled?" he asked her. " No, indeed! I hope because you were

happy."
"You are mistaken. It was because the weir-which we could not hear in realitykept crying its weary invitation in my ears. "And what is that?" asked Melicent

almost fearfully. "It keeps on saying, sometimes loud, and sometimes low, but always clearly,

Come! Come! Come!" dust resembling "Is that all?" said Melicent, relieved. dust resembling pollen of flowers.

"I have tried. I have tried to make it dances upon the brink of a precipice, but say, Melicent! Melicent! and I have tried warily, lest a false step should be his destruction. And his very joviality was only repeat, Come! Come! Come!"

"Sir Oliver," said Melicent, firmly, " you must not stay at Belmont." "No," he returned, sadly. "I think I shall go away in a few days.

CHAPTER VI.

Melicent was in her quaint garden on the following afterneon, when a servant came to tell her that Mr. Fremaine was elow. For some time she had been leaning idly on the broad, low parapet which surrounded the roof—a position which gave her an easy view both of the quiet Green and the busy little High street, bough she was herself invisible. To say that she had been musing might not be strictly true. She had been rather emptying her mind of all volition, and permitting involuntary fancies to chase each other through its void yet dainty recesses. stood (as it were) apart from herself, listening well pleased to the siren voices which she neither conjured up nor exorcised, and gazing content at the tender illusions which she neither created nor dispelled. Of what she was thinking she scarcely knew. Perhaps of geranium petals blown to her feet by the soft west wind; perhaps of laughing wavelets hurrying to overtake and kiss the fringes of her garments; perhaps of a sweet and spontaneous symphony played by seraph hands. Who shall pry into the sorets of a maiden's folded heart?
She was loth to break the spell that had

enchained her to the roof. But she did not tarry long, and soon descended to her draw ing room. Earlier in the day she had sat there painting, and her unfinished picture lay drying upon the easel. Fremaine stood

"It is very beautiful, Miss Du Lys," he said, earnestly. "You are an accomplished artist." "I am very fond of painting," said Meli-cent. But I seldom please myself."

"This ought to please you."
"It did yesterday. Now I begin to see its defects But it is very clever. Its defects can

"Do you think so? You are very kind," she said. "But Sir Oliver Clinton was here this morning, and he pointed out a defect—a huge unpardonable defect. He said it was all sunshine."

"It was indeed. It was a long, narrow picture, representing a village street at noonday. A bridal procession trooped from noonday. A bridal procession trooped from the church; merry boys and girls pelted the happy pair with primroses; a jolly landlord stood at his inn-door laughing and teckoning; little toddling children played outside their simple homes; pretty young matrons, with crowing babies in their arms, stood upon their thresholds to welcome back the sunburned husbands who came striding along, perhaps with an urchin upon their backs, or a shy little maid clinging to their strong hands.

"He said it was all sunshine," repeated Melicent. "He wanted me to put in a grim shadow here, with the idea of a mysterious figure in black stealing into the midst of this happy group, or a venomous toad grinning here in the foreground. Shall I do you think?"
"Why should you?" said Fremaine. "If

life is not perpetual sunsaine, it is some-times quite happy for half an hour." Melicent looked doubtful. "Have you never been quite happy for half an hour?" said he. Oh yes! I am always happy," sh

said, brightly. "But I am an individual. This represents a whole community." "But communities are made up of units, and you are one of the units." "Ah! but every one is not so happy as I

am. I have known no care and very little sorrow. I have never been separated long from Rene, and he has been everything to me all my life." "And does he approve of the toad and "I don't know. He has not seen the picture yet. But he thinks Sir Oliver's views of life just, though melancholy. He

says that because he admires a rosy-cheeked apple, that is no reason why he should reprehend Sir Oliver for seeing under its skin to the rotten core." "Sir Oliver is a very eccentric young man," said Fremaine. "People who see

below the surface are always more or less abnormal." "Rene says Sir Oliver's melancholy is the result of temperament, and that he

cannot help either his exuberance or his And what do you think, Miss Du Lys? Melicent blushed slightly.
"I don't like to think of these things at

all," she said, after a moment. "If people cannot help themselves, where is our vaunted free will? If they can—" She paused. 'If they can?" repeated Fremaine

"They are mad, or bad, or both," said she, reluctantly. "But I dislike to think about it. God moves in a mysterious way, and it is our part to trust. Sir Oliver was very cheerful this morning."

"I fancy his health is not good," observed Fremaine. "I don't wonder he finds your

quiet house restful. By-the-bye, may I see your garden?" Melicent acceded willingly, and she led the way up an ancient staircase, with wide, shallow steps, and a massive carved balustrade. They ascended a second stair case equally handsome, and then mounting a narrower and less imposing flight o steps, they emerged on to the roof itself. The so-called garden consisted of an arrangement of curiously-shaped boxes of mould, filled with flowering plants, and over the sides of which ivy had been trained to grow to conceal the woodwork. Turf there was none, nor gravel. An awning on rollers afforded protection from the heat, and care had been taken to hide the chimneys, and to mitigate the ill effects of their smoke, as much as possible. conducted her guest to some chairs beneath the awning.

(To be continued.)

Popular Fallacy Concerding Beef Tea. "You will even hear some doctors talk about building up their patients on beef tea. Now, the fact is that there is in a bowl of beef tea but little if any more nutriment than there is in a glass of lemonade. How could there be? We know that the principal constituent part of beef, besides its 75 per cent. of water, are albumen and fat. Now, albumen coagulates at 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and at 212 (the boiling point) it becomes like eggs hard boiled. As a consequence, the albumen contained in the becomes entangled in the meshes and is firmly held there. Of course, then the albumen does not find its way into the beef tea. As for the fat, the only remaining strengthening ingredient, that comes to the top and is always carefully skimmed off, for nothing is more disgusting to a sensitive appetite than greasy beef tea. And yet they will say that well-made beef tea is very palatable and seems to do good in many cases of weak and disordered stomachs. Stimulating, not nourishing. So it is and so it does. And yet beef tea is not nourishing, however, and when we are sick and have no appetite we know that if we can get the stomach to retain a cup of beef tea it will not be long before the organ will call for something that is really substantial and nourishing."—A "Professor" in N. Y. Herald.

A few days ago what is known as "sul occurred at Richfield Springs phur rain' N. Y. After the shower water standing in pools or vessels was covered with a yellow dust resembling powdered sulphur or the

The question is often asked: Can fluids be charged with electricity? And if so, will they retain it? We find by experience that all or nearly all minerals, gums and vegetable substances, in their crude state, are capable of receiving and retaining electricity. We also find that any electric in its crude state is an electric when held in solution by chemical or other means. As for example, steel, one of the strongest electrics when held in solution by chemical means, is capable of being strongly charged and retaining electricity, and so are all other electrics to some extent. We also find that rock sand and glass, containing nominerals, are not electrics. We find also that pure animal grease is not capable of being charged to any extent with electricity; but all mineral gums and vegetable oils, we believe, are capable of being charged with and retaining electricity to a greater or lefs extent. Bones, blood, muscles and sinews are not composed of rock sand or glass, but of mineral and vegetable substances, mysteriously combined, rendering thom capable of being acted upon by electricity. The system of man, as with animated nature, is capable or orcceiving and imparting electricity. It is a part of our being without which we could not exist. Briggs Electric Oil contains no animal grease.

being acted upon by electricity. The system of man, as with animated nature, is capable of receiving and imparting electricity. It is a part of our being without which we could not exist. Briggs' Electric Oil contains no animal grease, rock sand or glass, and is highly charged with electricity; hence its great success in the treatment of diseases such as rheumatism, neuralgla and nervous diseases. It stimulates to action the weak or dormant functions of our beings. It assists nature to overcome disease. The want of proper action of the liver and kidneys is the cause of more mortality than all other causes combined. Electricity strengthens and tones the liver and kidneys. It acts directly on the digestive and urinary organs. destroying or counteracting the effect of the overflow of deadly poisons from the vital organs above named, which is dispersed through the system by the medium of the life fluid, the blood.

George W. Williams, the author of "The History of the Negro Race in America," in a recent lecture at Chickering Hall, New York City, said that the negro race came to America against their will, but now that they were here they would stay.

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The best thing to take before singing-Breath. " Mother Swan's Worm Syrup."

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartig; for everishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 5 cents. The liquor question-" Weel, what'll you

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What is it that ties two persons, but

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Victims of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices, suffering from Premature Decay or old age, Nervous Dobility, Lack of Solf-confidence, Impaired Memory, Loss of Manly Powers, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

-Women can vote for school directors in

Sydney Smith being iil, his physiciau advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Btill botter steps to take would be the purchase of Dr. R V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pelleta," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sodentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

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Chamomile pills if they cost \$1 a pill. They cured me of neuralgia of nine years' standing. Joseph Snyder, Paxions, Pa. 50 cents per box at druggists. -Cool weather is playing hob with the

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.

A medicine that destroys the germ or causs of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bittors, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

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-Yachts are now having a boom-A jib-

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To Consumptives,

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Affection which is never reciprocated-Neuralgic affection.

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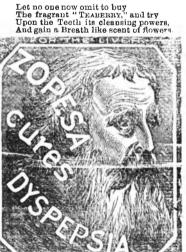


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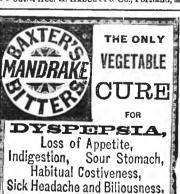
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