Archibald Stone's Mistake

- Archibald Stone is Archie's name, And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy; Mamma's and Papa's are just the same, And mine-why, I am Maisy.
- Daisy and I are twins, you know, Exactly eight years old; Ve are just alike from top to toe, And our hair is just like gold. And Archie he is almost ten,
- And figures on a slate,
  But does not add up rightly when
  He says we are not eight.
- For I have learned a little song— Its name is "Two Times Two;" That's why I know that Archie's wrong, For 'course the song is true.
- Papa says not to worry more, Nor vex my little pate; But Dairy's four and I am four, And that makes us just eight. -Emma C. Dowd, in St. Nicholas for July

## MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A NOVEL-BY FAYR MADOC. CHAPTER X.

All through the short summer night Melicent slept fitfully, and at an early hour she finally awoke. She tossed for a while upon her uneasy pillow. Then she rose and commenced writing a letter, the composition of which, though she had been cogitating for hours, cost her much anxiety and many tears. But reflection had opene and she blushed scarlet as she recalled to mind that she had suffered herself to be wooed by a man who was confessedly bound to another woman, that she had listened to him without unwillingness, that she had even seemed to encourage him in the treacherous design of breaking his plighted troth with an affianced bride. She was forced to own that her weakness had been humiliating, if not sinful. But she would not criticise Clinton's conduct. It would be ignoble to reproach him for a guilt which she had tolerated; it would be ungenerous to blame him for the indulgence of feelings which had run riot her own sense of right. In her remorse her errors seemed to be a glaring enormity, while that of Clinton faded into insignificance. At the first moment of temptation she had yielded. The greater offence was hers; would that the sorrow and the desolation might be hers, and here Full of these sad thoughts, she accom

plished her task, and promised herself to post the letter with her own hands.

"DEAR SIR OLIVER"—she wrote, tracing the letters with difficulty through her blinding tears-"I cannot let a day pass without expressing to you my contrition for what occurred between us yesterday. Do not imagine for a moment that I blame you. I am far from doing so. I feel that i was entirely in my hands to have prevented all. That I forbore to silence you is my shame, and I rue it bitterly. As I feel that after this, we cannot meet with any pleasure for some time, I beg you to quit Belmont at once, and not to return thither at Do not think me unkind; I am thinking of your good as much as of mine. Let me entreat of you, also, to fulfil the engagement of which you spoke. Believe me, yours sincerely,
"MELICENT DU LYS."

With this letter Melicent was amply dissatisfied; in one light it seemed too cold, in another too kind. Yet, after sitting before her desk for a couple of hours, and making several attempts to express herself more concisely, she could find no mode of communication which displeased her less. Sick at heart, she at length descended to her solitary breakfast, and then went out. But she did not immediately betake herself to the post-office. Instead, she sauntered down to the river-side, and walked slowly along the towing-path, thinking regretfull in how different a frame of mind she had pursued this road on the previous day, and looking enviously upon the waters gliding by so smoothly, upon whose placid bosom the little bark containing herself and her had been so gently rocked such few hours before. She passed the Lock Cottage, and she was glad that it was shut up and silent. She was approaching the weir, and its melancholy music made her shudder, for it reminded her of Clinton's unhealthy fancies. But a vague hope still fluttered in her breast. Among his other strange imaginings, was it not possible that he had conjured up this phantem also to come between himself and her? Might it not be that she should meet him even now coming through the glad hay-fields to tell her that morning had dissipated his gloom and that only a fancied barrier separated them? Thus thinking, she reached a small tenement, where dwelt a laboring man and his wife, whom she knew well. sheAs neared the cottage, the man came out, and made his way toward her, touching his hat.

"Good-morning, John," she said. "Good-morning, miss," he answered,
"There be a sad sight in my cottage, miss, if so be as you'd please to step in and see.' What is it?" she asked, following him

mechanically.
"It be death, miss," replied the man.
"I found him drowned and drowned he

"Whom did you find drowned, John?" she inquired.
"His honor, Sir Oliver, miss," said John.

"Step in, miss, if you please."
The room into which Melicent stumbled was dim, for the small casement had been

carefully curtained. She was stunned. She took no notice of John's wife, but sank down upon a chair which was close to the She was utterly bewildered. almost seemed as if she had died herself. and had entered an unknown world.
"There, John!" exclaimed the good

woman, in suppressed wrath. "You be clumsy to be sure! Don't you know the quality can't abide sudden news? Be off. will you? You men do want a peck of looking after, to be sure! There, miss," she added, soothingly, as John slunk away, much abashed, "he's gone now. Don't you be frighted."

"Do you mean," said Melicent, finding voice at last, "that Sir Oliver Clinton has been drowned?"

Sure-lie, miss," returned the woman. "My man found him with his poor feet all laced together as tight as tight, and he's just a-lying in there till they can get him

to Belmont."
Let me see him," cried Melicent impetuously. "He was a great friend of my brother's."

This request seemed by no means strange This request seemed by no means because i ally the good Delysfordians nad rejected the to the cottager. The spectacle of a corpse i ally the good Delysfordians nad rejected the to the cottager. The spectacle of a corpse i ally the good Delysfordians nad rejected the special spe once with great pride to conduct Melicent into the chamber of death. But she was quickly shorn of her expected joy.
"Do not come in, Mrs. Humphries,"

said Melicent, as the good woman held the door open for her. "This has been a great to me, and I should like to be alone.

Mrs. Humphries fell back, disappointed. But no one in Delvsford ever questioned

the will of a Du Lys.

Melicent closed the door, and advanced towards the bed. It was covered with a white sheet, and beneath lay a motionless form. She paused for a moment. Then she drew the covering from the face of the dead man. It was the most solemn moment she had ever experienced. She was unable to think; her powers seemed benumbed as she stood looking at the man whose living and responsive lips she had kissed but a few hours since. There was no response now. He lay before her, mute and still. The hair rested in thick curls bove his brow. The eyes were closed, and the long lashes lay upon the smooth cheek. A smile lurked about the corners of the mouth—that amused smile which often

plays upon the countenances of the dead plays upon the countenances of the dead, as if they, having learned all the unguessed secrets man pines to know, were diverted to trace the harrassing doubts and weary speculations on the faces of the living.

Clinton looked profoundly peaceful.

Long and passionately did Melicent gaze
upon his features. "Thank God!" she
murmured," "he will never get my letter."
Then she stooped and kissed the lips which had been warm and loving when she had met them once before.
Suddenly she heard a barsh voice in the

next room, and she recognized it at once as that of Mrs. Cambridge.
"You should not have let her go in,"

Mrs. Cambridge was saying, loudly. may have fainted." " She

Instinctively Melicent veiled the dead face and turned to flee. A little door behind her opened into a smaller room, and that had a door leading into the open air. In this way she made her egress, and, scaroely conscious of what she did, hurried through the fields, till she found a quiet nook where she might sit down and be undisturbed. For a long time she wept unrestrainedly. It was only now that she knew now much she had loved. To Clinton's deception she did not give a thought. She had loved him, and he was dead. With some natures love precludes the faintest tinge of displeasure.

She was interrupted by the same harsh voice which had scared her from Mrs. Humphries' cottage. Mrs Cambridge stood looking down at her. Her face was hard

and stern.
"What are you crying for?" she said.

Melicent rose from the ground.
"I have been very much shocked," she said, with simple dignity. "I have lost a great friend."
"I, Miss Du Lys, have lost a husband,"

said Mrs. Cambridge, emphatically. But Melicent did not understand. "I am very sorry," she said.
"I am much obliged to you for your sympathy," said Mrs. Cambridge, with a

bitter laugh. "He is dead you know."
"What do you mean?" asked Melicent. "Did you love him, Miss Du Lys?" Whom?"

"He! My husband." "Love your husband!" repeated Meli-

cent, blankly.
"Yes. He was my husband—he, Sir Oliver Clinton."

For a moment Melicent knew nothing, She swooned away, and when she recovered consciousness she was lying on the ground

and Mrs. Cambridge was bending over her, with a troubled look on her austere face. "Pray, pray leave me!" she said.
"Did you love him, Miss Du Lys?" repeated Mrs. Cambridge.
"What if I did?" said Melicent. "Pray

leave me."
"Did he love you, Miss Du Lys?" "How can I tell? He is dead now.

"How can I tell? He is dead now."
"He was not dead yesterday when he was in the boat with you, Miss Du Lys."
"Hush! do not speak evil of the dead!"
oried Melicent. "Miss Du Lys, he has wronged you very much! Do you forgive him?"
"From my very heart," said Melicent,

mournfully.

There was a pause. Mrs. Cambridge's manner softened.
"You are a good woman, Miss Du Lys,"

she said. "Do you think you can walk home alone?" "Yes, thank you."

"Then I will wish you good morning."
"Good morning," said Melicent.
Then Mrs. Cambridge turned away, and
Melicent was left with her grief and her

despair. That evening she received a little note

from the Lock Cottage.
"Dear Madan!"—it ran—"It may be a poor consolation to you to know that I am not as evil as I appear, and that I bear no malice to my fellow-viotim. I shall kee your secret as fast as he will keep it. S. C.

## CHAPTER XI.

For some time after the eventful week which had terminated in the death of Clinton the friendly intercourse that had prevailed between Delysmere and the Retreat slackened, and degenerated into mere formalities. Rene abstained from visiting Delysmere; Melicent held aloof from Amy, being unwilling to place herself in Fremaine's way, and fearing that Amy might not be ignorant of the repulse her father had sustained in the old garden on the roof; and Amy, for similar reasons, was reluctant to claim Melicent's society and friendship, unencouraged. Fremaine knew why Melicent tarried at home, and, altho ugh his daughter had made him ne confidence, he partly guessed why she chose to seclude herself at Delysmere. But he was not displeased. He knew that Melicent's sensitiveness had greatly attracted himself, and he hoped that Amy' coyness would attract Rene. His hand was indeed much strengthened. He no longer regarded Melicent as a puppet in the play he was arranging. He loved her now, and he believed devoutly in the power of love to conquer at last. Clinton's decease had removed a large stumbling block from his path. For he had not been slow to observe young man's admiration for Melicent and, though nothing in Melicent's demeanor warranted him in concluding that she reciprocated Clinton's feelings, he had been well aware that in the young man with his boyish beauty and his unusual and poetic fancies, he beheld no mean or unlikely rival. But since Clinton was dead Fremaine felt himself more secure He had but to play a waiting game, and both Melicent and the Retreat would be his. But intimate relations must be established between the two houses; and as Amy seemed disinclined to invite Melicent to Delysmere, Fremaine determined on taking the initiative himself. Accordingly, about three weeks after Clinton's demise, he presented himself one afternoon in Melicent drawing-room. He found her sitting listby the window, with Tom purring

on her lap.
"This hot weather makes me very idle, she said, half apologetically, and blushing slightly.
She would have preferred that he should find her busily engaged. She could not bear it to be supposed that she was suffer-ing from a misplaced attachment. She would have hoodwinked the whole world by wearing an appearance of gayety, and by assuming a particular interest in her ordinary occupations. To this end she had striven, almost beyond her strength, to bear herself unconcernedly in her late trial—to appear simply moved at the loss of an intimate acquaintance. She hardly knew low well she had succeeded, nor how loy absorbingly conscious of her own wretchedness to realize that the estimation in which she was held, and the circumspection with which she had always walked, placed her above the reach of vulgar suspicions. Like the murderer, who fancies that every whis-per in his ear is the shout of the avenger of blood at his heels, she imagined an sign of languor or dullness must betray her secret, and she strove to conceal the unsuspected fact with superhuman energy.

unwariness. "Surely it is hotter than usual." she said. "It is very hot," said Fremaine. "And it is particularly hot in the town. I wish I could persuade you to come up to Delysmere We always seem able to find a cool

Now she had been caught in a melanchol

attitude, and she was vexed at her own

nook there."
"You are very kind," murmured Melisent.

'Have you seen Amy lately?" he asked. "Not for two or three days. I saw her for a few minutes at Mrs. Philland's on Wednesday.

annov you, but I have come on purpose to broach a disagreeable subject.

She did not speak and he presently resumed. resumed.

"You must a little guess what I am going to say, but you need not fear that I am going to torment you," he said. "All I want to do is to put our intercourse on a pleasant footing again. What I said in your garden a short time ago cannot possibly be effaced, but its effects may be swept aside, if you will. Can you so far forget what happened as to continue friends

with Amy, and to come to Delysmere as you used to do?" You are very, very kind." "But will you return to the old state of things?'

"Oh Mr Fremaine! you are too good. I will inded—if you can forgive me, and if you don't think I behaved badly."

"I never thought so," he said, eagerly.
"There was a misunderstanding, and I was premature. But you did nothing wrong. Far from reproaching you, I tell you that, whatever comes, you are the light of my eyes, the entire charm of Delysford. In your presence is my only happiness. Nothing can undo that now. You have refused to grant me perfect felicity—well, you could not help that. How could I expect you to love me? But at least you might grant me some degree of solace. I am never easy but with you."

"Indeed, indeed you say too much!" cried Melicent, the tears filling her eyes What have I done to deserve such affection?"
"You are yourself," he said, gently.

"And I love you. " What shall I do?" she exclaimed, des pairingly. "If you will let everything be as it was," replied he. "That is all I ask—that, and

one other thing."

She looked at him inquiringly.
"I mean," he said, "that you should aways keep before your mind the recollection that the theory was the said.

lection that there is a man who loves you more deeply than he can say, and that he is only awaiting your word to throw himself at your feet. I am not speaking dra-matically. I speak the simple, sober truth. You are far, far dearer to me than anything else in the world is, or ever has been, and I would do anything in the world to win

you?'  $M \in \text{licent shook her head sorrowfully.}$ "I could not," she said.

'Let us leave it thus," he went on. "Mclicent, I ask you sclemnly, earnestly, entreatingly, to be my wife. You shall give me no answer now. I will wait for the answer as long as you choose—for years if it so pleases you. Nothing but your will separates us. From henceforth, my fervent petition lies before youhetween us. unanswered-until it is your pleasure."
He stopped, half hoping she would

answer him at once. But she kept silence. She was struggling to repress her emotion. She was deeply touched

(To be continued.)

Timely News Notes.

Charles E. Brush, the Cleveland inventor of the electric light of that name, is worth million and a half of dollars.

The length of the Nile is estimated at 3,000 miles, of the Congo at 2,900, and of

the Niger at 2,000. The Aberdeen Royal Lunatic Asylum is overcrowded. It has 568 patients, and is the only lunatic asylum in which catmeal

cakes and brose are given. Loch Tay, Loch Lomond and Loch Ness are the three largest fresh water looks in Scotland. Look Tay discharges itself into the River Tay, Loch Lomond into the Leven and Loch Ness into the River Ness. There are now 93 police and three rounds

nen on the Brooklyn Bridge force. Twelve of these are ex-officers from the New York and Brooklyn forces. Fifty of the men are over six feet in height. Seventy are now provided with uniforms, and all are furnished with clubs.

New Orleans has now a deeper barbor

than New York. The White Star and Guion lines dare not load their vessels above 26 feet, while the French line stops at 24 feet. At New Orleans vessels drawing 26 feet of water have no difficulty or delay in getting to sea.

The London Daily News says a Civil List

pension of £70 per annum has been conferred on Mrs. Scott Russell, the widow of the eminent engineer and inventor, in con sideration of her late husband's services to the science of naval architecture. Mr. ussell was the projector of the Great-Eastern steamship.

There are several universities in Aus-

tralia. There are the universities of Sydney and Melbourne; Dunedin University, Zealand; and Adelaide University, South Australia. They all confer degrees. Education is provided in all the Australian colonies and New Zealand largely at the expense of the Government.

The seven Scotsmen who along with a citizen of the town met in an upper room in Manchester and formed themselves into the Anti-Corn Law League, were Edward Baxter, W. A. Cunningham, Andrew James Howie, James Leslie, Philip Thompson and Archibald Prentice (editor of the Manchester Times and author of the "History of the League") -all of whom were Scotsmen.

## Morality and Digestion.

The question," Is life worth the living?" and the answer, "That depends entirely upon the liver," express more than merely verbal play. Dr. Holmes' remark, that a arge amount of piety originates below the diaphragm, is an example of his fine fun that indicates no disordered digestion. Byron's physical health was far from robust, and he professed to look upon life as simply a bore: When we have made our love and gamed our

gaming, Dressed, voted, shone, and maybe something more:
With dandies dined, heard senators declaiming,
Seen beauties brought to market by the score—
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming,
There's little left but to be bored or bore.

Carlyle's digestion was still worse. Always a martyr to dyspepsia, his great mind seemed to find expression in one prolonged growl. What can be more savage than the following extract from one of his letters to Emerson, in which he expresses his abdominal view of the human race:

"Men, all men, seem radically dumb jab bering mere jargons and noises from the teeth outward; the inner meaning of them of them and of me, poor devils-remaining shut, buried forever. Certainly, could one generation of men be forced to live without rhetoric, babblewent hearsav-ia short, with the tongue well out out of them altogether, their fortunate successors would find almost an improved world to start upon.'

"You needn't take on so dreadfully!" exclaimed one of the group of ladies around the bride, whose husband had just been left at the last station; "he'll come on the next train. I sup-pose so," sobbed the bereaved one:

'in-indeed. I know he-he will." "Then what are you crying about?" demanded the sympathiser. "You have only

a few hours to wait."
"Y-yes, I—I know, but—but we made such a fuss over e-each other when we first c-came aboard that ev-everybody knows we-we're married, and there won t an any young man ask me if-if this seat's on gaged !'

Bella—"So you were engaged to both of us at once? Very honorable, I am sure: and as for me—" Augustus—"Oh, well, what's the use of making a scene? Father says our house is going to suspend payment before March, and I knew one of you, least, would break off with me then, and "Miss Du Lys, it troubles me greatly to things would have been all right again."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Roy 12 Venry Old who has Only Spoken to Members of His Enmily and the

Schoolmaster During his Life. An Oswego reporter, while in Gilbert's Mills the other day, encountered a boy named Melvin Carey, who is an oddity in his way. Melvin is 13 years old, and to all appearance bright and intelligent. His organs of speech are all right and he is able to talk fluently, but in spite of this fact he has not spoken to any person except members of his own family and his schoolmaster during his life. He is not sullen in any way, and plays about with other child-ren in perfect harmony, but never says anything to them. When he wishes to cal the attention of any of his rlaymates, he does it by catching him by the arm and making gestures. When he was sent to school he adopted the same tactics with his teacher, and refused to say a word, but by the liberal use of a stout rod the teacher persuaded him to speak. When our re-porter saw him he was standing by the roadside, whistling to a couple of girls that were passing. When addressed, and asked the direction of a certain person he apparently did not hear the question, and turned his back upon the speaker and would pay no attention to repeated ques-tions. Afterward he was seen in the barn on his father's farm, pitching hay, and was again asked a question, but rewarded the questioner with the same vacant stare, and went on with his work, apparently oblivious to the presence of any other person. Afterward he was heard in conversation with his brother, when he spoke in a sharp, quick his prother, when he spoke in a sharp, quick voice and without the slightest impediment in his speech, but he did not know that anyone outside the family was listening. The moment he observed that there were other listeners he became silent and would not say another word. It is certainly a most remarkable case, and one not easy of explanation. He is industrious, and when at school seems to delight in the society of his school seems to delight in the society of his young companions, but is resolute in his refusal to open his lips except when he comes before the teacher, when he recites his lessons and answers when he is spoken to. There is no explanation of his reamrkable conduct.

Mr. and Mrs. Speopindyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke rubbing his hands gleefully and contem his wife from the opposite seat of plating the railway car with a pleasant smile "Now, my dear, suppose we take a look at the lunch of which we have had such remarkable accounts. If there is anything nice when a man is travelling, it is a home made lunch. Develop the viands, and let joy be unconfined!" and Mr. Spoopendyke laughed outright in anticipation of the

gustatory delights in store for him.

"All right," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, opening the backet with trembling hands. "Now you hold that, and don't you open anything until I get it all out," and Mrs. Spoopendyke banded him a long roll of something done up in a coarse brown

"How much more of this is there to ge at the paper and detecting Bologna sausage, a thing he detested. "What is this, anyway, a club to keep the rest of the lunch in order? Is this thing the police force of this lunch? Fetch forth the law-abiding ele ments, if you've got any! Never mind the executive of this feast, produce the laboring faction, the tax paying end of the business!'

"Here's some cheese," murmured Mrs Spoopendyke, " and a rie and some smoked

beof and some herring, and——"
"Haven't ye got some salt somewhere? hissed Mr. Spoopendyke, planting the Bologua on end in the centre of the pie.
"How m I to quench my thirst after eating all this truck, unless I have salt? Where's the mustard that goes with these mercies? and Mr. Spoopendyke dove into the package of beef and scattered the contents over his wife's lap. "I'll bet the Bologna can whip the cheese in four rounds!" he yelled, hauling the offending sausage out of the pie and jabbing it through the cheese Now, we'll spouge him off with the herring for the next round!" and Mr. Spoopendyke seized a fish by the tail and slammed it into the basket.

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke looking helplessly on. "I like those things,

if you don't.' if you don't."
"Cau't ye let the lunch have a little?"
squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, hammering at
the cheese with the sausage. "Of course
you like these things! They're right in your line! All you want is a strike and a step ladder to be a salt mine! Where's my lunch? Bring on the delicacies calculated to supply the waste tissue of Spoop endyke!" and the worthy gentleman drove the sausage clear through the pie and im paled the herring on the other end. "Here's a Charlotte and a-" com-

menced Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Hand me the blushing Charlotte! howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had fixed his mind on cold chicken and saw no realization of his anticipations. "Show me the Charlotte just budding into woman hood, and she shall have the pie! Give m -hey! What's that?"
"This is a can of beans!" exclaimed

Mrs. Spoopendyke, brightening a little. "You know you always liked beans." "Let's have 'em!" growled Mr. Spoopen-dyke, reaching for them. "What have you got to open 'em with?" afraid I left the can-opener at

home," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke rummaging through the basket. 'How d'ye propose to open 'em then ? roared Mr. Spoopendyke, setting his teeth and breathing hard. Show me the spring that busts this cover off! Guide me to the combination of this stem-winding can of beans! Maybe this'll do it!" and Mr. Spoopendyke again grabbed the sausage and wentfor the can. "How'm I getting on!" he yelled, as the bologna flew in all directions. "Think you begin to smell those beans any more plainly than you did Wa-h-h!" he shrieked, as a huge chunk o the pork broke off short and landed in his ear. "This hog don't know who he's fooling with! Let me introduce you to Spoopen

murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke in great dis tress. "Now watch the triumph of mind ove beans !" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, opening the window and placing the can on the sill. "The reward of genius," he roared as he brought the window down on the can Mrs. Spoopendyke dodged just in time, and her unfortunate spouse caught the bean part of the feast fairly in front, and was covered from his eyebrows to his

dyke!"and he ground the sausage flat against

the can and dropped the debris on the floor.

" I don't know what we're going to do I

ankles. "That what ye wanted?" he gasped, as the full extent of the calamity dawned on him. "That what ye been trying to get me to do? Dod gast the measly beans!" and Mr. Spoopendyke made for the smoking car, and was seen no more till

dark. "I don't care" soliloquized Mrs. Spoop endyke, assuring herself that the Charlotte had not been injured. "He might have waited a moment, and would have had some cold chicken. But, of course, if he has made a lunch on beans he won't care for anything else." And with this consola tory reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke ate the chicken and Charlotte in alternate bites. and composed herself for a comfortable nap

—Drake's Traveller's Magazine.

"In my early days," remarked the old man, as he shovelled coal into the school-house cellar, "they did not use coal to keep us school young 'uns warm, I kin tel you." A sad, far away look seemed to pass over the old man's face as to the question by a boy—"What did they use?" be quietly responded, "Birch, my boy, CORNS! CORNS! CORNS

Discovered at last, a remedy that is sure safe and painless. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Pujnam's Corn Ex ractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and fiesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is not a trifle.

Young Mensuffering from early indiscretions lack brain and nerve force. Magnetic Medicine advertised in another column, supplies this want and thus cures when all other preparations ail.

The first sign of spring is the feeling that your hat is shabby.

\*The great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all discuses of women is demonstrated by every day experience. The writer of this had occasion to step into the principal pharmacy of a city of 140,000 inhabitants, and on inquiry as to which is the most popular proprietary medicine of the time, was answered, that Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound occupies a most conspicuous place in the iront rank of all the remedies of this class now before the public.—Journal.

Never act in the heat of emotion; let reason answer first.

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Discase A medicine that destroys the germ or cause 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 Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have the proof by it. who have been cured by it.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

Flies and Bugs. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mico, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. Lord Dufferin is a sanguine man, and

he uses flowery language.

coming into fashion.

Wells' " Rough on Corns." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts bunions.

The engaged girl is now known as a du Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Re newer." \$1. -For trimmings a delicate rose-pink is

TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER. R. V. Pieroe, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir,— Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kepi continually discharging. After spending hundred of dollars, with no beneft, I tried your "Golder Medical Discovery," and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thank months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours,

WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N.Y.

-Sponges are improved by being soaked in cold buttermilk.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierco's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those dorangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general deblity, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fover," congestion, inflammation or ulceration. By druggists.

-In London a man cook for a dinner party charges two guineas.

WRECKS OF HUMANITY,

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-Nun's veiling dresses are nearly all trimmed with lace matching in color.

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-A lace shawl is held in place at the shoulder by a bunch of large gold thistles.

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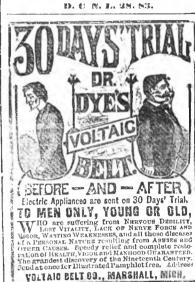
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