Beautiful Grandma.

Grandma sits in her quaint arm-chair,
Never was a lady more sweet and fair:
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow its own calm story tells,
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fresh as the morning dew—
Cheeks of roses and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself;
When you was little what did you play?
Was you good or naughty the whole day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?"

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls and some beads like mine?
A new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandma smiled at the little maid,
And, laying aside her knitting, she said:
"Go to my desk and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away and ran,
Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."

Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with a throat like snow,
Lips just tinted like pink shells, rare,
Eyes of hazel and golden hair;
Hands all dimpled and teeth pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh, who is it?" cried winsome May.
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything?
Give her my doll and my new gold ring.
Say, dear grandma, who can she be?"
"Darling," said grandma, "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace
And then at the saint-like fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this;
Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like *you* best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her her history,
What plays she played and what toys she had;
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad;
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?—
Was to grow to a beautiful grandma for me."

MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A Novel—By Faye Madoc.

"I can hardly explain my meaning. But though I always had such a happy life myself, it touches me keenly to see people who are very happy."

Mrs. Hungerford was puzzled. She had no clew to Melicent's mind. "Why does the sight of happiness move you?" she said uguely.

Because—because—there is so much, less happiness than there ought to be."

"You have been studying social questions, and they have made you dismal," said Mrs. Hungerford, with playful severity. "Don't you know that people who study misery should neutralize the effects of study by vigorous action? It is a mistake to think. If you study disease, you should be a doctor or a nurse. If you study crime, you should rescue the children of the criminal classes. If you study poverty, you should try to mitigate the condition of the poor."

"And if you are religious, and abhor sin, you should try and reclaim the prodigal," exclaimed the ubiquitous curate from behind her chair. "Mrs. Hungerford, I am told you are an atheist."

"And I am told that *you* are an atheist," returned the lady. They all three laughed. Melicent felt unusually low-spirited, and she feared lest Mrs. Hungerford should see behind her mask. So she gladly joined the little burst of merriment, and felt grateful to Mr. Bostock for having disturbed a *tete-a-tete* which was becoming awkward. Their laughter brought Mrs. Bertrand to the corner whence so much gayety was issuing.

"What is the joke?" she asked.

"Mrs. Hungerford and Mr. Bostock are accusing each other of atheism," exclaimed Melicent. "It is not a laughing matter, is it?"

"It is not, indeed," said Mrs. Bertrand, gravely. "I think it is a woful sign of the times that people of position—married women and clergymen—should make a jest of religion."

"Indeed, dearest Mary, we were not jesting at religion," said Mrs. Hungerford. "You did not hear what passed."

"I hear quite enough which passes from Mr. Bostock," returned Mrs. Bertrand, with severity. "As to you, my poor Isabel, you are married to a stranger, and you live in Yorkshire! Mr. Bostock ought to know better. But he has destroyed my peace of mind, and led my only brother to profanity. Robert's soul is on his head."

Mr. Bostock began to stroke his hair, and was about to speak, but Melicent interrupted him.

"It is not quite clear to me what atheism is," she said. "Rene says that there are many more atheists than the few who say, *There is no God.* He says it is a species of atheism to do any wilful wrong, or to make any complaint. He considers that to murmur at God's dealings implies a disbelief in His goodness and wisdom, and consequently in Him."

"Quite true," acquiesced Mrs. Bertrand. It was sufficient for her that Melicent had quoted Rene.

"But many low, bad people believe superstitiously in God," said Mrs. Hungerford.

"Yes, they believe superstitiously in a god whom they have degraded to the level of their own low conceptions," said the curate. "But I maintain that the striving after the highest life testifies to a man's appreciation of God's holiness and purity and wisdom. The conception of the highest life must be the gauge of the conception of God, and the carrying out of our conception of the highest life must be the gauge of the strength of our faith."

"And what is the highest life?" asked Melicent.

"Perfect submission to God's will," said Mr. Bostock, reverently.

"Self-sacrifice," said Mrs. Hungerford.

"*I* think—doing one's duty," said Mrs. Bertrand, rather sharply.

"Are not the three ideas one?" observed Mr. Bostock, diffidently. "A trinity in unity!"

"I dare say you are right," said Mrs. Bertand, more kindly. She rose, and moved away to the side of young Mrs. Belamour.

There is some good in Mr. Bostock, my dear," she said. "He has been talking quite nicely of the Trinity."

"Has he?" said Mrs. Belamour, with interest. "I am glad to hear it, and it confirms my husband's opinion that he is trying to improve. He sent him quite a nice article for the *Gazette* last week, and it will appear on Saturday. It contains no mention of Scripture at all."

"And a very good thing too!" approved Mrs. Bertrand. "Scripture and Mr. Bostock do not agree."

"This is about the archæological aspect of Delysford, and is very interesting," pursued Mrs. Belamour. "My husband was forced to refuse his articles on the Mosaic Law. Their tendency was quite unchristian, and my husband says a clergyman is bound to be orthodox."

"It would be *too* shocking of a clergyman to pass criticisms on the Mosaic Law!" said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Quite so," affirmed the editor's wife. "It does not do to encourage young clergymen to think for themselves. *They* are not the pillars of the Church, and they ought to be modest, and accept the views of the bishops and learned divines. I suppose Mr. Bostock thinks that because Rene Du Lys writes a little daringly and freely he may do the same. But Rene Du Lys is a scholar, and knows what he is about. Mr. Bostock's business is to teach and preach the Gospel."

"If he would only teach the Gospel and leave the Bible alone!" said Mrs. Bertrand, querulously. "The Bible *is* the Bible. There is no gainsaying that. We don't want it explained. I always notice, when people begin explaining a thing, they generally explain it away. Now my brother Robert insisted on explaining the circulation of the blood to me the other day, and he explained and explained, till there was no blood left, and it appeared our blood was all air!"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Belamour.

"That's what I said to him," said Mrs. Bertrand. "I said, 'Robert, you may tell me black is white, but pray don't pretend that blood is air!' And he just shrugged his shoulders and said, 'What becomes of the sugar in your tea?' There is no sequence in his conversation. It is my unhappy belief that the poor boy is half crazed with all the scientific humbug he got hold of in London. And since he came back his religion has been unsettled by bad company. Mr. Bostock has Robert's soul on his head."

"They are talking about me," said the young doctor to Louisa Philland. "But they won't have me to talk about much longer. John Hungerford is quite willing to have me, and I am going into Yorkshire in November."

"Oh, Robert! how can you?" cried Louisa.

"Delysford is driving me mad," said the young man. "I can't stop here any longer. Bostock is going too, and then I shan't have a single person to exchange ideas with—except the Du Lyses, and of course I can't expect to be very intimate with them."

"I thought you liked talking to me," said Louisa, pouting.

"So I do, Louisa. I like talking to you better than to any one else in the world. But you are always vexed with me if I say anything particular."

"I am vexed with you, Robert, only when you talk profanely."

"But I don't talk profanely."

"Yes, Robert, you do. You talk as if you thought you were cleverer than the prophets and the patriarchs."

"So I am, Louisa. That is, I know more about physical science than they did."

"Robert, it is scandalous to hear you talk! I think you had certainly better leave Delysford as soon as possible."

"Oh, Louisa! I wish you wouldn't think so much of the prophets and patriarchs!"

"Robert, your language is monstrous!"

"Then you really wish me to go away, Louisa?"

"Certainly."

"Then go I will. But when I come to see my father and mother, may I come and see you?"

"If you like."

"And if you should be married to some Delysford fellow—"

"Robert, I wish you would not talk of my marrying a Delysford fellow. It is not a nice subject."

"It seems I can't please you in any way," he said, sighing.

"Oh, Robert! if you would only be quite different," she murmured, relenting a little.

"Then I should not be myself at all."

"Yes, you would. You would be you, only you would be like a better person."

"The same with a difference," suggested he. "Louisa, beware of metaphysics!"

His caution sounded formidable, and it seemed to Louisa as if he had suddenly leaped into her place, and that in his turn he had become her judge, and was accusing her of something unorthodox and heinous. She was confused and unhappy, and she looked round the room for a means of escape. She saw Melicent rising to go, and she rose too, and made a parade of saying good-bye to Miss Du Lys.

"It is pleasant in the fields," she said at last, with an air of desperation.

"Is it?" said Rene, absently. Yet he was looking fixedly at her. So, finding ceremony of no avail, Amy went straight to the point.

"Mr. Du Lys, do you still think of me?" she said.

"Still think of you?" he repeated. "Good heavens! I think of you night and day! I am consumed with thinking of you."

"I wish you would cease to think of me."

"I cannot. I long for you and I shall forever."

"Pray, pray do not!"

"You have ceased to love me, Amy!"

"I have not; I have not!" she cried. "But it is of no use."

"Because you and your father will never give way?"

"Papa will never unsay his words.'

"And you?"

"I cannot go against papa. Oh, don't ask me!"

"If you love me, Amy, why do you not press *me* to give way?"

"I would not ask you to give way," she said, quietly. "You would not be yourself if you gave way, and it is *yourself* I love."

"Oh, my darling, my darling, you kill me!"

"Pray, pray, don't say so! Oh, Mr. Du Lys, I cannot bear it!"

It was a moment of intense anguish to both. Rene groaned aloud, and Amy, burst into uncontrollable tears.

"I have been so unhappy," she sobbed. "I *am* so unhappy. I can't bear it any longer. You must go away, and not let me see you again for a long time."

"My darling! my darling!" cried Rene, remorsefully. The style was between them, but he put his arms about her, and kissed her as he had kissed her in the rose-garden.

"My dearest! my dearest!" he kept on saying. Then she disengaged herself from him, and told him he must go, and he went, not crossing the style, but turning away to follow a circuitous and longer path to the town.

When Melicent reached the place where this sad and unpremeditated tryst had taken place she found Amy leaning against the style, with her face hidden in her hands, and crying bitterly.

"What is the matter, Amy, dearest?" she cried. In a moment she forgot her own sorrowful cogitations, and hastened to fold Amy in her arms, and kiss her tenderly.

CHAPTER XV.

When Melicent had parted with Amy, she walked back to the town deep in thought. Her nobility was struggling to emancipate itself, but her heart was inanimate, her will was clogged. She had no inclination for duty—for self sacrifice—for submission. She was, indeed, forced to endure. But why should she oppress herself with the fulfilment of the farther exactions of an over-sensitive conscience? Her submission had been uncomplaining, if sullen. What need was there for her to embrace the rigorous tyranny of inevitableness? Why should she invent for herself duties which dimmer eyes would not even have seen? Why should she impose upon herself a sacrifice of which accident alone had rendered her capable?

It was nearly six o'clock, and her shadow fell long before her. The air was crisp and chill. She thought of the empty house at Belmont, and of the fateful weir. "Oh, my darling!" she thought. "I cannot be angry with you. Why—why was life so cruel to you, and to me?"

Melicent's heart was very full. She felt as if it must burst. Even at that moment, when a great sacrifice seemed to be taking possession of her, tumultuously selfish feelings were surging within her and fighting for the mastery. She went away to open the window, for she felt choking. A great cry was ready to rush forth from her panting breat. She struggled proudly to repress it. Yet she strove almost fiercely to withstand the abnegation that her higher self demanded of her. Why, she asked herself passionately—why should Rene and Amy be made to rejoice, when her life's happiness lay buried in Clinton's grave? Why should she alone break her heart in silence? For a moment it seemed to her that Rene and Amy were no man and woman, but mere whimpering children crying for a toy that was but denied to them for a second. For an instant they seemed contemptible to her. What was their grief compared to hers? Theirs was not hopeless; theirs was not wrong; theirs was not forbidden by the past and blemished in the present. Amy had not been misled—Rene was unfettered. It was a hard and evil hour to Melicent.

Then she hated herself for her irrational anger. Softer feelings stole over her, and her madness passed away. For many minutes she stood looking out into the twilight, and every minute seemed to her an hour. Scalding tears rolled down her cheeks, and the effort with which she stifled her sobs almost suffocated her. At last the old church clock slowly struck seven. Melicent counted the strokes, and as they vibrated on her harassed ears, the wildness of her yearning seemed to subside. Submission—duty—sacrifice—she half repeated to herself, and she thought of the love of which Dr. Hungerford had spoken. And did she not love Rene? did she not idolize him?

She leaned her head against the shutter, and pressed her cold fingers over her burning eyes. She was exhausted. Her passion had been so intense. But she had conquered.

The room was quite dark when she stole back to her brother's side. He had not stirred or spoken for an hour.

"Rene, dear, come and get ready for dinner."

"Yes, dear."

He spoke kindly as was his wont, but his tone was that of utter dejection. Yet she dared not bid him be of good cheer, for he should win Amy, and not lose Delysford. Her crowning sacrifice must be to hide the sacrifice she was about to make.

That night Melicent wrote a letter which she posted with her own hands early the following morning. This is what she wrote:

"Dear Mr. Fremaine,—I know that you have not forgotten the question which lies between us, awaiting—as you said—my answer. You said when you asked it that you would do anything to win me. I am ready to answer it now. Only grant me this one favor. Give Amy to my brother unconditionally, and I am yours, unreservedly, and always,

Melicent Du Lys."

So Fremaine lost the game after all, and the old prophecy was fulfilled, that the wiles of woman should circumvent the serpent.

CHAPTER XVI.

Early in the spring Robert Phillote returned from Yorkshire to see his father and mother. He had been away but a few months, but many changes had transpired in his absence. Mr. Bostock had departed, and Mr. Marable's nephew was curate in his stead. Delysmere and the Retreat had recently changed mistresses. Delysford had lately seen two weddings.

Miss Fremaine's wedding had been magnificent. Splendor had been befitting to it. The bride was young and pretty, and she had married the greatest man in Delysford, who was, besides, handsome and young himself. Miss Du Lys's nuptials had been celebrated in a much quieter fashion. But its simplicity had been becoming. For her bridegroom had been twice her age and a widower, and no extraneous pomp could add to her innate dignity and loveliness.

The excitement which had prevailed among the Delysfordians had been great, and it did not yet slumber. The sound of marriage-bells seemed still to linger in the air. No one spoke of aught but weddings. The subject of matrimony occupied a prominent place in the familiar *tete-a-tete* and in wider convivialities. Marriage was the universal topic.

The theme did not displease the young doctor. He was glad to find Delysford aglow with the fire of Cupid. He liked nothing better than to ensconce himself in a quiet corner beside Louisa Philland, and listen to her lively descriptions of the two bridals.

"I wonder who will be the next bride and bridgroom," he said at last.

"I wonder, too," acquiesced Louisa, blushing a little.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Langtry in the Surf at Coney Island.

Around the Oriental Hotel everything was particularly still. Half a dozen young dudes in white suits played lawn tennis, and ladies looked from the hotel in a dreamy way at the sea.

There was one lady there, rather tall, with brown hair and a white, loose, flimsy cloud floating around her shoulders. Near her was a young man with one hand resting on the lady's swinging chair. Curiously enough, so it is said, the other ladies do not go near this couple, although there are but few of them who can rival the lady in beauty or conversational powers. She is Mrs. Langtry and he is Freddie. They are quite well known in some parts of the United States.

Early yesterday morning she did not have the white mantle on her shoulders. Not much! She walked down to the beach in a pair of tightly-fitting knee-breeches and a jaunty jacket belted in around the waist. A Turkish towel fell around her form, which she cast off by the margin of the ocean. The brown hair is waving and rustling in the breeze and half the white, ivory arms are gleaming in the sunlight as she throws them over her head and clasps them at the back of her neck. What few people were at the beach gazed and gazed, while others ran down from the hotels as the word passed from mouth to mouth that the Lily was about to take a plunge and a swim. She waded out slowly and yet more slowly, the water creeping up on the little knee-breeches by inches and gaining slowly on the jaunty, belted down jacket. Suddenly the ivory arms gleam for an instant and she plunges out of sight. The billow rolls in upon the beach and the white arms shine out again, shaming the foaming surf. The brown locks fall heavy on her back. The knee-breeches and the jacket make a plunge for a bathing just as Freddie, half frantic, rushes from the billiard room of the Oriental towards where the billow had rolled in upon the beach.

This was the Lily's first dip. She will bathe no more, but leaves the hotel next week.

"Do the ladies here like Mrs. Langtry?" a report of the *World* asked the clerk of the Oriental.

"Wouldn't like to say. You know he's here," responded that official.

Clear as Crystal.

"You have pretty good water in this part of the country, don't you?" inquired a passenger at a railroad eating house, on the Canada Southern, handing the proprietor a dollar for his dinner.

"Splendid, sir; splendid," replied the eating house cormorant; "pure as dew and clear as crystal. Good water, you know, has great magnifying properties. Why, you can look 20 feet down into one of our lakes, and a minnow on the bottom will look as big as a six-pound pickerel. Wonderful magnifier, sir."

"I guess you are right about that," said the passenger; "I looked down into my soup at dinner, and a hair lying on the bottom of the plate looked as big as a two-inch rope."

When to look for a rise in gas—When balloons begin to go up. Men who always give down weight—Pile drivers. Wood cuts—Well, they always said he would. Why is the boarding of a ship at sea by pirates like a tower clock?—It's a high-handed affair.

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Forecastle Reasons for Thinking Certain Things Unlucky.

The prevalent idea that superstition exists only among the very ignorant is far from true; yet with the sailor superstition seems to be inborn. Let one attempt to deny Jack's theory about "Davy Jones locker" in the bottom of the sea, and he will be met with strong if not convincing argument that he is mistaken. Davy Jones is credited with having many set laws which, though they may be unwritten, must be rigidly observed. To go to sea on Friday, the carrying of dead bodies at sea, the killing of a cat, the harming of one of "Mother Carey's chickens," the dropping of a water-bucket overboard while washing down decks, are believed to be offences for which Davy Jones will demand satisfaction, either by the sacrifice of one man or the pulling of a ship and its entire crew into his locker. The carrying of a corpse on the ocean longer than it is necessary to sew it up in canvas with heavy weights to insure its sinking below the depths which fishes frequent, will cause a panic among a ship's crew. The killing of a cat on board a vessel is thought extremely unlucky, and woe to the person who should be found guilty of such an act. A naval vessel on a voyage from Peru to New York, by way of the Straits of Magellan, had on board an ill tempered and generally disreputable cat which no one had any love for. This animal mysteriously disappeared one night after the vessel left Valparaiso, and, though one of the firemen was suspected, the proof could not be obtained. For the remainder of the voyage the captain and several of the other officers as well as all of the sailors predicted that the vessel would surely be lost. They daily watched for the king of the mighty deep to appear and demand satisfaction for the crime. Yet the vessel reached the New York navy yard after a remarkably pleasant voyage throughout. In this case the wives and sweethearts who had longingly waited for three years for the ship's return were given the credit of hauling on her (imaginary) line and bringing her safely past Davy Jones' minions. There is scarcely a sailor who does not verily believe that it is unlucky to go to sea on Friday, yet it has been asserted that the masters of some of our big steamships would as soon sail on Friday as on any other day. Yet the records of Fridays do not support the assertion, and this can be seen by anybody who will peruse the ship news column of the Saturdays' papers. Let one go around among the officers of the many steamship lines and see if he will find any whose vessels regularly sail on Friday. Only two weeks ago one of the large ocean steamships steamed away from her pier on Friday, and anchored in Gravesend bay until the following day before she went to sea. It was said that the captain's excuse was "to make repairs," but it came from good authority that he had a strong aversion to starting on a voyage on Friday. The "ocean tramp" steamship Rhimindda, which was wrecked on the Nova Scotian coast on Tuesday, sailed from this port on the previous Friday. This superstition seems to prevail in yachting circles as well, and the question was asked a few days ago: "When was there ever a yacht regatta on Friday?" Regattas do sometimes occur on that day, however, but it is seldom. For instance, of the many yachting contests in the country for this season Friday has been religiously avoided for all excepting by the Chicago and New Haven yacht clubs, which will sail their annual regattas on August 3rd, and the Quincy, Mass., yacht club, which has appointed August 10th. A well known story is told of a captain who tried to prove that Friday was not an unlucky day. He laid the keel of a new ship at Hyannis, Cape Cod, on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her Friday and set sail on Friday. Her record was made complete when she was wrecked on Friday and everybody on board lost.

Jack has many curious ideas. For instance, if the moon has sharp horns it betokens fine weather; and if it is lying on its back with both horns up bad weather is at hand. Again:

When the sun sets in a silver bell,
An easterly wind is sure as ——.

When one of Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels, is seen near the ship, a storm is approaching, for these birds are rarely seen in fair weather. It is a forecastle notion that the petrel is so named from St. Peter, on account of its running with closed wings over the surface of the waves. This brought to mind the walking of St. Peter upon the water, and the sailors think the bird was therefore called "petrel" as a sort of diminutive of the apostle's name. These birds have been known to follow a vessel during a storm for many days, apparently with neither food nor rest, and without flapping their wings. If one of these little birds should be swept aboard in a great storm, as is frequently the case, no sailor will touch it.

The dolphin and porpoise are unwelcome to the sailor when they suddenly appear during a calm, and if they skip about a severe gale is expected. If sharks follow a ship for several days it means that a death is to occur. Any one who has seen the haddock must have noticed a mark on each side of the gills. This, sailors assert, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb when he took the tribute money out of the mouth of the fish. This, perhaps, accounts for the belief of Scotchmen that it is the "richest" fish that was ever put on the table. The most superstitious sailors are the Scandinavians, who believe in the existence of Neck, a merman, having the head of a man and the flowing ringlets of a girl. Neck, wearing a red cap, sits upon the waves and plays upon the harp. His melody is so attractive that sailors become charmed by it, and in this way many have perished. The Norwegians are firm believers in the "kraken," a monster devil-fish whose body is over a mile long, only to be found in the deepest waters. It feeds upon fishes, and devours whole schools at a time. Fishermen who have mistaken it for an island and taken refuge on its back, have been drowned in the whirlpool made by the sudden sinking of the monster.—*New York Tribune.*

How Beauty was Dressed at Ascot.

At Ascot, on Tuesday, the Princess of Wales looked charming in a cream colored gown of some soft woolen material, and with a little red in her bonnet. The Duchess of Albany wore a lovely shade of wall-flowered red. Lady Brassey was as gorgeous as usual, but her gown appeared rather hot and heavy for the day. The Duchess of Manchester looked splendid in black, made over red. Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury wore the same gown she had on at Monday's wedding. Lady Dudley, "gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape," looked poetic. Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, in gray, suggested the thought that in no other color could she possibly look so well. The sight of her on a succeeding day in mauve totally subverted any such narrow idea. But I heartily wish that she had not worn a bonnet made of a sea gull. She can so easily set fashions that she ought to be careful not to set cruel ones.—*London Truth.*

"I should like to be excused, Your Honor," said a Chicago man who had been summoned on a jury. "What for?" "I owe a man $5 and I want to hunt him up and pay it." "Do you mean to say you would hunt up a man to pay a bill, instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?" "Yes, Your Honor," "Do you belong to Chicago?" "Yes, sir." "You are excused. I don't want any man on the jury who would lie like that."

A New York doctor knows of a husband who kissed his wife on the ear and made her deaf. She would not have been deaf if he had kissed some other man's wife, and it had come to her ears.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on consumption, send two stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

—The funds available now for the Brant memorial reach $16,000.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

—A ball dress of pale yellow is trimmed with rows of tiny black velvet.

Wells' "Rough on Corns."

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

—Voltaire's house is used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for bibles.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

If you would succeed in life, rise early and be an economist of time.

"A dream of fair women"—Rich men.

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rat" clears out rats, mice roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmonks gophers 15c.

First editions of Shelley are in demand in London at high prices.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

Ill treatment—Medical attendance.

Don't You Do It.

Don't wait an hour before buying a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It is safe, painless, prompt in action, never leaves sore spots behind, and therefore perfection itself. Substitutes are being offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. See that the name of Polson & Co. is on each wrapper. Sold by druggists and country dealers; only 25 cents.

Always out of countenance—The nose.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

An old lady in Georgia, having lost all her patience, has sued a neighbor for $8 for coffee borrowed a cupful at a time.

THE LOSS OF POWER TO digest and assimilate food in any one who has a weak spot, whose weakness renders perfect nutrition a necessity, requires immediate attention; the lungs impaired by inflammation, the heart by rheumatism, and the liver or kidney by over-stimulation, will soon cry out from starvation when the blood is insufficiently fed and the tissues ill-nourished. Failure of nerve power and a weak stomach are the chief factors in these troubles, and the elements of nerve nutrition and essential agents of the gastric juice in WHEELER'S PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA the best remedy.

A meerschaum deposit has been discovered in Saline, Ark.

—"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."—Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore.

The Dickinson family, to the number of 1,000 or more, will hold a reunion at Amherst, Mass., on August 8th and 9th.

*If Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has not really discovered the *Elixir Vitæ*, which the ancient alchemists sought by so much patient research and persistent experiment, her medicine seems, at least, likely to command an immense sale and universal popularity in the future. If rapid progress and eminent success furnish any basis for a correct judgment, Mrs. Pinkham is a most promising competitor for such honorable distinction as the alchemists failed to achieve.

Lord Walter Gordon Lennon, son of the Duke of Richmond, and suite are at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls.

***"Troubles often come from whence we least expect them." Yet we may often prevent or counteract them by prompt and intelligent action. Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole system.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always first to be touched by thorns.

☞The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily died, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package.

Prince Albert Victor will occupy the "Bachelor's Cottage" at Sandringham during the greater part of the summer for the purpose of study.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

One can, to an almost laughable degree, infer what a man's wife is like from his opinion about women in general.—*J. Stewart Mills.*

"*Your Skin Cure is superexcellent. It is fast curing my daughter's ring worm, which had spread all over her body.*" *Mrs. F. L. D. Merriam, Blue Hill, Mass.* Druggists keep it. $1 per package.

President Arthur is said to have sixty pairs of shoes. Gentlemen who would like to be in Mr. Arthur's shoes are doubtless persons of great leisure.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
☞If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

NERVOUSNESS
MAY BE ENTIRELY CURED in a short time by using one of
NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS,
without any fear of injury. Try one and be convinced.
GUARANTEED GENUINE
Circular and Consultation Free.
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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. True & Co., Augusta, Me

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
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 Cure has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys 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. Beware of impostors, imitations and concections said to be just as good.
For Diabetes ask for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.
For sale by all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N. Y.; London, Eng.

Home Items.

—"All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—*Fail.*

—The weakest woman smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good d tor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.
☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.
PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.
☞For all Weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*
☞KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.
☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*
☞Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.
☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (x)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED
BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
☞For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
☞But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*
It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.
☞And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
☞BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
☞If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (19)
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, 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.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

THE WILLIAMS EVAPORATOR, for the preservation of all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Manufactured by S. E. & J. M Sprout, Hamilton, Canada. Send for circular.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR
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And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature,
RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature.
IT IS A SURE CURE
From Mrs. James McCourt, of St. Catharines, wife of the late James McCourt, who was for many years Proprietor of the Sail-making Establishment in that city.
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Dear Sir,—I was suffering with rheumatism in my shoulder—so bad at times that I could not get my dress off without assistance. I took two bottles of your Rheumatine, and am happy to say I am completely cured. Yours truly,
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E verybody high, everybody low—
A ll, who, desiring their Teeth to look white,
B rush with "Teaberry" each morning, each night.
E ach speck of Tartar will yield to its power,
R emoves instantly all substances sour;
R eally, you'll find it a very great treasure;
Y ou'll prove by its use—try it at leisure.