Second Choice. Let me kiss you for your sister ; Let me kiss you for you kister;
You're a dainty fittle elf.

If I had not wood and missed her,
I would kiss you for yourself.
So this proffered osculation
Cometh from a commination
Of a present admiration
And a love laid on the shelf.

To be sure you're rather youthful Althi-to appreciate.
You'e ridiculously truthful—
T-nder innocence of ei\_ht.
One unlucky exclamation,
Quite beyond all expectation,
Brought to light a situation.

Which decided there my fate. Those dark eyes would tempt a Titian With the tangled curls above.
You're a miniature edition
Of the girl I used to love;
But you have not reached the station,
Whene your normal occupation
Is a desperate firstation
With some poor, deluded cove.

You are pretty—and you know it— Wi h those eyes of dusky hue. Probably you will outgrow it; Pret y children often do. Free y consoren often do.

Now yor know the situation

That I hold to your relation.

You must not express negation

If I crave a kiss of you.

Let me kiss you for your sister; You're a cainty little elf. It is long since I have kissed her;

## PAULINE.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT FUR LOVE OR MARRIAGE. A week has passed by. I am more in love than ever. I am now satisfied as to the thoroughness of my passion; certain that this sudden love of mine will endure as long as my life; that it is no transient flush to fade away with time or absence. Whether my suit be successful or not this woman will be my first and last love.

A yet I have made little progress in the furthering of my desire. I see her every day, because I watch for her coming and going; and every time I see her I find fresh charms in her face and graces in her Yet Kenyon was right. Hers is a peculiar style of beauty. That pale pure face, those dark dreamy far-away eyes, are out of the common run of woman It may be that this accounts for the strange fascination she has for me. Her carriage is unright and graceful; she walks always at the same pace; her face is always grave, and it seems to me she seldom speaks to that old companion or servant who never quits her side. I am beginning to look upon her as a riddle, and wonder if the key will

I have found out some few things about her. Her name is Pauline-a sweet and suitable name-Pauline Marsh. She is therefore English, although I sometimes hear her saying a few words in Italian to old Teresa, her servant. She seems to know no one, and, so far as I can learn, no one knows more about her than I do-1, at least, know she came from Turin, and that is more than my informants were

I still occupy my rooms, waiting my chance. It is tantalizing to live in the same house with the one you love and find on opportunity of even commencing the siege. Inat old Teresa guards ber charge like a thorough-bred Spanish duenna. Her dark eyes glance quickly and suspiciously at me whenever I meet the two women, and bid them the good-morning or good-evening which a fellow lodger may venture up in. As yet I have got no further than these cold civilities. Pauline's eyes and manner give me no encouragement. She acknowledges my salutation gravely, distantly and apathetically. It is clear to me that love at first sight is not bound to be reciprocal. I comfort myself by thinking that Fate must have something in store for me, or Pauline and I would never have been

brought face to face again.

So all I can do is to lurk behind the thick red curtains of my window and watch my love, grarded by that old cat Teresa, go out and come in. I am obliged now to exercise due caution in this pro ceeding, as the duenna once caught sight of me, and now each time they pass I see her fierce eyes peering into my hiding-place. I am beginning to hate Teresa.

Yet if I have done little, I am in the same house, breathing the same air as Pauline, and I am a patient man and can wait uity. It will be sure to

This is how it came. One evening heard a fall, a clatter of china and a cry of distress. I ran out of my room and found Teresa lying on the stairs amid the ruins

earnestly. My chance had come! With the shameless hypocrisy of love, I ran to her aid, as eager to help her as though she had been my mether. I endeavored, in the most tender mauner, to raise her: but she sank back, wailing out some thing about, "one of ze for a broke

It was clear that Ter sa's English was not her strong point; so I asked her in Italian what was the macter. She brightened up as she heard her own language and I found that she had sprained her kuee so severely that she was unable to rise. I told her that I would carry her to her room, and without more ado picked her up and bore her upstairs.

Pauline was standing on the landing.

Her large dark eyes were opened wide, her whole appearance was that of affeight. paused a moment and explained what had happened, then I took the old woman into the room which she occupied and laid her on the bed. The servant of the house was sent for a doctor, and, as I retired, Pauline thanked me quietly, but I fancied listlessly, for my sindness. Those dreamy eyes met mine, yet sourcely seemed to know it. Yes. was obliged to confess it, my goddess was in manner apathetic-but then, her beauty Those refined regular features, the girlish well-formed figure-the thick brown hair, even those strange dark eyes. Surely there was no woman in the world to compare with her!

She gave me her hand at partingsmall well-formed soit hand. I could scarcely refrain from pressing my lips to it - I could scarcely refrain from telling her then and there that for months I had thought of her and her only-but it judicious as such proceedings might have been at a first meeting they would have been doubly so whilst old Teresa was lying and, in spice of her pains, with suspicious eyes watching every movement of mine; so I could only express a wish to be of further service to her and bow myself out dis-

But the ice was broken-our hands had met. Pauline and I were strangers no

Old Teresa's sprain, although not such a serious affair as she fancied, kept her indoors for several days. I hoped this would enable me to improve my acquaintance with her mistress, but the result was not commensurate with the hope. For the first few days Pauline, so far as I knew, did not leave the house. Once or twice I met her on the stairs and, assuming a fictitious interest in the old woman, kept her in conversation for a minute or two. It seemed to me that she was painfully shy-so shy that the conversation I would fain have prolonged, after a little while, died a natural I was not conceited enough to attribute her shyness and reticence to the same cause which made me blush and

stammer as I spoke to her. At last, one morning I saw her leave the house alone. I took my hat and followed her. She was walking up and down the pavement in front of the house. I joined her, and, after the usual inquiry for Terssa, continued at her side. I must make an attempt to establish matters on a better

footing between us.
"You have not been long in England,
Miss March?" I said.

"Some time—some months," she replied. dress with feverish delight. "I saw you in the spring at Turiu-in church, at San Giovanni." She raised her eyes and met mine with a strange, puzzled look.
"You were there with your old servant-

one morning," I continued.
"Yes-we often went there." "You are English, I suppose-your name is not an Italian one?"

Sue spoke as though not quite certain about it-or as if it was a matter of complete indifference. Your home is here. You are not going back to Italy?"

"Yes, I am English."

"I don't know—I cannot tell." Pauline's manner was very unsatisfying. I made many attempts to learn something a rout her habits and tastes. Did she play or sing—was she fond of music, of pictures of flowers, of the stage, of travelling Had she many relations and friends? Directly and indirectly, I asked her all these questions.

Her replies were unsatisfactory. Either she evaded the questions, as if determined I should know nothing about her, or she did not seem to understand them. Many of them I felt sure puzzled her. At the end of our little promenade she remained as great a mystery to me as before. The only comfort I could take was that she displayed no wish to shun me. We passed and repassed the house several times, but she did not suggest re-entering, as she m ght have done had she wishad to get rid of me. There was no trace of coquetry in her manner-quiet and reserved as I found ner, she was at least simple and naturaland she was very beautiful, and I was very, very much in love!

It was not long before I discovered that cli Teresa's black eyes were watching us from behind the blind of the drawingroom. She must have crept from her bed to see that her charge got into no mischie?. I chafed at the espionage, but as yet it was

too early to escape from it.

Before Teresa could hobble out of doors I had met Pauline more than once in the same way. She seemed, I was glad to believe, pleased when I joined her. The difficulty I labored under was to make her talk. She would listen to all I had to say without comment and without reply, save yes or no. If, by a rare chance, she asked a question or spoke a longer sentence than attributed a great deal of this to shyness and to her secluded life-for the only person the had to speak to was that terrible old Teresa.

Although every word and action of Pauline's told me she was well-educated and well-bred, I was certainly surprised at her ignorance of literature. I quoted an author, mentioned a book by name, the remark passed unnoticed; or she looked at me as if puzzled by my allusion, or distressed at her own ignorance. Although I had now seen her several times. I was not satisfied at the progress I had made. I knew I had not as yet struck the key-note of her nature

As soon as the old servant, duenna, friend, or what she was, grew well, I heard some startling news. My landlady asked me if I could recommend her apartments to any friend of mine-such another as myself she was good enough to say—Miss March was going to leave, and the landlady thought she would prefer taking a gentleman in her place.

I felt ceratio this was a counter move of that old hag Teresa's. She had cast venomous glances at me when we passed each other on the stairs; had responded surlily when I asked if she was quite recovered from the effects of her accident—in a word, I knew she was my enemy; that she had discovered my feelings toward Pauline and was doing her beat to keep us apart. I had no means of knowing the extent of her power or influence over the girl, but I had some time since ceased to regard her as nothing more than a servant. The intelligence that my fellow-lodgers were about to quit showed me that to bring my love for Pauline to a successful issue, I must in some way make matters straight with this

uppleasant old attendant. That same evening, as I heard her com-ng down the stairs, I threw open my door and stood face to face with her.
"Signora Teresa," I said, with high-flown politenese. "will it please you to

step into my room? I wish to speak to She gave me a quick, suspicious glance.

but nevertheless complied with my request. I closed the door and placed a

chair for her.
"Your poor knee—is it quite well?" I asked sympathetically, and in Italian.
"It is quite well, Signor," she preplied

lacontoally.
"Will you take a glass of sweet wine? I have some here."

Teresa, in spite of our inimical relations. made no objections, so I filled a glass and watched her sip it approvingly.
"Is the Signorina, Miss March, well? I have not seen her to-day."

"Sne is well."
"It is about her I wish to speak to you -you have guessed that?"
"I have guessed it." As she spoke Teress gave me a sullen, defint look.
"Yes," I continued, "your vigilant faithful eyes have seen what I have no wisa to conceal. I love Signorina Pauline."

"She is not to be loved," said Teresa sulkily. "One so beautiful must be loved. I love her and will marry her."
"She is not to be married."

"Listen, Teresa. I say I will marry ber. I am a gentleman and rich. I have 50,000 lire a year." The amount of my income, magnificent when reduced to her native coinage, was not without its expected effect. eyes, as they met mine, were as unfriendly as ever, their look of astonishment and increasing respect told me I was appealing

to her tenderest feeling—cupidity.
"Now tell me why I should not marry
the Signorina? Tell me who her friends are that I may see them and ask her in marriage?"

"Sue is not for marriage." This was all I could get from the old woman. She would tell me nothing about Pauline's family or friends. She would only reiterate that she was not for love or for

I had but one chance left. Teresa's eager look when I mentioned the income I pissessed had impressed me. I must con-uescend to the vulgar act of direct bribery; the end would justify the means. As I was so often travelling it was my

habit to carry a large sum of money on my person. I drew out my pocket-book and counted out a hundred pounds in new crisp

notes. Teress eyed them hungrily.
"You know what these are worth?" I said. She nodded. I pushed a couple of the notes toward her. Her skinny nand seemed twitching with the desire to grasp

"Tell me who Miss March's friends are and take these two notes; all the rest shall be yours on the day we are married."

The old woman sat silent for a while but I knew temptation was assailing her. Presently I heard her murmuring, "50,000 lire! 50,000 lire a year!" The spell worked. At last she rose. "Are you going to take the money?" I asked.
"I cannot. I dare not. I am bound. But-

"I will write. I will say what you say to it dottore.'

'Who is the doctor? I can write to him or see him."
"Did I say il dottore? It was a slip. No, you must not write. I will ask him and he must decide." "You will write at once?"

"At once." Teress, with a lingering glance at the money turned to leave me. You had better take these two notes," I said, handing them to her. She buttoned them in the busom of her

"Tell me, Teresa," I said coaxingly, tell me if you think-if the Signorina-Pauline-cares at all for me?"

"Who knows?" answered the old woman testily; "I do not know-but again I say to you she is not for love or marriage." Not for love or marriage! I laughed aloud as I thought of the old woman's absurd and oft-repeated assertion. If on earth there was a woman more than another made for love and marriage it was my beautiful Pauline! I wondered what Teresa could mean; then remembering the fervor with which she prayed in San Giovanni I decided that, being an ardent Roman Catholic, she wished Pauline to take the veil. This theory would explain

every thing.

Now that I had bought Teresa I looked forward to the enjoyment of Pauline's society without espionage or interruption. The old woman had taken my money, and no doubt been compelled to resort, it had been sucnessiul.

I was obliged to defer any further attempt at love-making until the next evening, as an important piece of business had to be attended to in the morning. I kept me away from home for several hours and when at last I returned to Maida vale I was thunderstruck to hear that my fellow-lodgers had left the house. The landlady had no idea whither they had gone. Teresa, who it appears always acted as purse-bearer, had paid her dues and had departed with her young mistress. There was nothing more to tell.

I threw myself into my chair, cursing Italian guile; yet, as I thought of I alian cupidity, not altogether hopeless. Perhaps Teresa would write or come to me. I had not forgotten the eager looks she cast upon my money. But day after day passed

vithout letter or message.

I spent those days for the most part wandering about the streets in the vain hope of encountering the fugitives. It was only after this second loss that I really snew the extent of my passion. I cannot describe the longing I had to see that fair face once more. Yet, I feared the love was all on my side. If Pauline had felt even a passing interest in me she c uld scarcely have left in this secret and mysterious manner. Her heart was yet to be won, and I knew that unless I won it no woman's love would to me be worth hav-

I should have returned to my old lodg ings in Walpole street had it not been that I feared to quit Maida vale, let Teresa, if she should be faithful to her engagements might miss me. So I lingered on there unti ten days went slowly by; then, just as

was beginning to despair, a letter came.

It was written in a delicate pointed
Italian style and signed Manuel Ceneri. Is simply said that the writer would have the honor of callling upon me about noon to-day.
Nothing was hinted at as to the object of

the visit, but I knew it could be connected with only one thing—the desire of my heart. Teresa, after all, had not played me false. Pauline would be mine. I waited with feverish impatience until this unknown Manuel Ceneri should make his appearance. A few minutes after 12 he was announced

and shown into my room. I recognized him at once. He was the middle-aged man with rather round shoulders who had talked to Teresa under the shade of San Giovanni at Turin. Doubtless he was 'il dottore" spoken of by the old woman as being the arbiter of Pauline's fate. He bowed politely as he entered, case

one quick look at me as if trying to gather what he could from my personal appearance, then seated himself in the chair I offered him. "I make no apology for calling," he

said; "you will no doubt guess why I come." His Eoglish was fluent, but the foreign accent very marked. "I hope I guess correctly," I replied.
"I am Manuel Ceneri. I am a doctor by profession. My sister was Miss March's

mother. I have come from Geneva on your account.' "Then you know what the wish-the great wish of my life is ?"

ance, "Yes, I know you want to marry my niece. Now, Mr. Vaughan, I have many reasons for wishing my niece to remain single, but your proposal has induced me to reconsider the matter."

Pauline might have been a bale of cotton. so impassively did her uncle speak of her future. "In the first place," he went on, "I am

told you are well born and rich. Is that "My family is respectable. I am well

connected and may be called rich."
"You will satisfy me on the latter point, I suppose." I bowed stiffly, and taking a sheet of

paper wrote a line to my solicitors asking them to give the bearer the fullest information as to my resources. Ceneri folded up the note and placed it in his pocket. Per haps I showed the annoyance I felt at the mercenary exactness of his inquiries.
"I am bound to be particular in this matter," he said, "as my nicce has noth-I expect nothing or wish for nothing.

"She had money once—a large fortune.
It was lost long ago. You will not ask how or where?

"I can only repeat my former words." "Very well-I feel I have no right to efuse your offer. Although she is half Italian her manners and habit are Euglish. An English husband will suit her best You have not yet, I believe, spoken of love

"I have had no opportunity. I should no doubt have done so, but as soon as our acquaintance commenced she was taken

"Yes, my instructions to Teresa were strict. It was only on condition she obeyed her that I allowed Pauline to live in Eng-Although this man spoke as one who had

absolute authority over his niece, he had not said one word which evinced affection. So far as that went, she might have been a stranger to him.
"But now, I suppose," I said, "I shall be allowed to see her?"
"Yes—on conditions. The man who

marries Pauline March must be content to take her as she is. He must ask no ques tions, seek to know nothing of her birth and family, nothing of her early days. He must be content to know that she is a lady. that she is very beautiful, and that he loves Will this suffice?" The question was such a strange one

that even in the height of my passion I henitaced. 'I will say this much," added Ceneri, she good and pure-her birth is equal to

your own. She is an orphan and her only near relative is myself." "I am content," I oried, holding out my hand to seal the compact. "Give me Pauline, I ask no more.'

Why should I not be content? What did I want to know about her family, her antecedents or her history? So madly did
I long to call that beautiful girl mine that, I
was for the sweet girl who had just vowed believe, had Ceneri told me she was worth-less and disgraced among women, I should hary stipulation kept recurring to my have said, "Give her to me and let her mind—the man who marries Pauline begin life anew as my wife." Men do such March must be content to take her as

things for love! "Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the Italian, drawing his hand from mine; "my next contract could be enforced. As soon as I question will astonish you. You love had succeeded in making Pauline love me, Pauline and I believe she is not indifferent she would surely wish to tell me all her to you-" He paused and my heart beat at the

thought. early marriage—an immediate marriage? secrets would cease between us.

Can I upon my return to the Continent in My wife looked very beautiful as she sat witness against his own clients.

a few days leave her future in your hands

entirely?"
"I would marry her to-day if it were possible." I cried. "We need not be so impetuous as that-

but could you arrange for, say, the day after to-morrow?" I stared at him -I could scarcely believe I heard correctly. To be married to Pauline within a few hours! There must be something in the background of such bliss! Ceneri must be a madman! Yet, even from the hands of a madman how could I refuse my happiness

"But I don't know if she loves mewould she consent?" I stammered.
"Pauline is obedient, and will do as I wish. You can woo her after marriage instead of before it." "But can it be done on so short

"I believe there are such things as special licenses to be bought. You are could persuade the girl to let me pass sevetal to return to Italy almost at once. Now, I ral hours of each day in her company I put it to you—can I, under the present circumstances, leave Pauline here with the bribe had been accepted, and civil. blushed at the expedient to which I had been sucher some been compelled to resort, it had been sucher your wife before I leave or I must take her back with me. The latter may be unfortunate for you, as here I have only myself to consider, whilst abroad there may be others to consult and perhaps I must change my mind."

"Let us go to Pauline and ask her," I

said, rising impatiently.

"Certainly," said Ceneri, gravely, "we will go at once."

Till now I have been sitting with my back to the window. As I faced the light I noticed the Italian doctor look very straight at me.

"Your face seems quite familiar to me, Mr. Vaughan, although I cannot recall where I have seen you." I told him he must have seen me outside

San Giovanni whist he was talking toold

Teresa. He remembered the occurrence and appeared satisfied. Then we called a cab and drove to Pauline's new abode. It was not so very far away. I wondered I had not encountered either Paulue or Teresa in my rambles. Perhaps they had buth kept to the house to avoid the meeting. "Would you mind waiting in the hall a minute?" asked Ceneri as we entered the house. "I will go and prepare Pauline for

I would have waited a month in a dungeon for the reward in prospect; so I sat down on the polished mahogany chair and wondered if I was in my right senses. Presently old Teresa came to me. looked scarcely more amiable than before, of this kind increases the safety of train "Have I done well?" she whispered in

Italian. You have done well-I will not forget. "You will pay me and blame me for othing. But listen—once more I say it the auguorina is not for love or marriage." Superstitious old fool! Were Pauline's

charms to be buried in a nunnery Then a bell rang and Teresa left me. In a few minutes she reappeared and conducted me upstairs to a room in which I found my beautiful Pauline and her uncle Sae raised her dark dreamy eyes and looked at me—the most infatuated man ould not have flattered himself that the light of love was in them. I fully expected that Doctor Ceneri would have left us to arrange matters alone; but

no-he took me by the hand and in a stately manner led me to his niece Pauline, you know this gentleman?" She bowed. "Yes, I know him." Mr. Vaughan," continued Ceneri, "does

as the honor of asking you to be his wife. I could not permit all my wooing to be done by proxy, so I stepped forward and took her hand in mine. "Pauline," I whispered, "I love you since first I saw you I have loved you-

you be my wife? "Yes, if you wish it," she replied softly, but without changing color.

"You cannot love me now, but you will by-and-by-will you not, my darling?"
She did not respond to my appeal, but then she did not repulse me, neither did whe strive to withdraw her hand from mine: she remained calm and nudemonstrative as ever; but I threw my arm round her, and in spite of Ceneri's presence, kiesed her passionately. It was only when my lips touched her own that I naw the color rive to her cheek and knew

that she was moved. She disengaged herself from my embrace. glauced at her uncle, who stood impassive as if he had witnessed nothing out of the common, and then fled from the room. "I think you had better go now," Ceneri. "I will arrange everything with Pauline. You must do on your part all that is necessary for the day after to-mor-

"It is very sudden," I said.
"It is, but it must be so—I cannot wait an hour longer. You had better leave me

now and return to-morrow." I went away with my head in a whirlwas uncertain what to do. The temptation to call Pauline my own in so short a time was great; but I could not deceive myself by thicking that she cared for me at all, as yet. But, as Ceneri said, I could do my wooing after marriage. Still I heartated. The hurried proceeding was so strange.

Ardently as I desired to wed Pauline I wished I could have first won her. Would it not be better to let her uncle take her to Italy, then to follow her and learn if she could love me? Against this prudent course came Ceneri's vague threat, that in such an event, his mind might be changed -and more than all, I was desperately in love. Although it could only be for her beauty that I loved her, I was madly in love. Fate had thrown us together. She had escaped me twice—now the third time she was offered to me unreservedly. I was super stitious enough to think that if I rejected or nostponed accepting the gift, at would withdrawn forever. No-come will, in two days' time Pauline shall be my

wife! I saw her the next day, but never alone. Ceneri was with us all the time. Pauline was sweet, silent, shy and languid. I had much to do-much to see to. Never was a wooing so short or so strange as mine. By the evening all the arrangements were made, and by 10 o'clock the next morning Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline March were man and wife-those who had not in their lifetime even conversed for a time amount ing, say, to three hours were liuked for better or worse till death

ehould part them!
Cenera left immediately the ceremony was over, and to my astonishment, Teresa announced her intention of accompanying nim. She did not full to wait on me fo the promised reward, which I gave her freely and fully. My heart's desire was to wed Pauline, and by her aid it had been compassed.

Then, with my beautiful bride I started for the Scottish lakes, to begin the wooing which should have been completed before the final step had been taken.

CHAPTER V. BY LAW, NOT LOVE.

Proud and happy as I felt when seated

side by side with Pauline in the railway

carriage which was taking us to the north fortunate as I told myself I was to have she is; to wish to know nothing of the past. Not for one moment did I think such a history—there would be no need to ask for it—the confidence would then be given as a matter of cours. When she h d "Will your arrangements permit of an learned the secret of love, all the other

with her head leaning against the dark cloth of the carriage. Her clear of trefined features showed in that position advantageously. Her face, as usual, was pale and calm; her eyes were cast down A woman to be indeed proud of ; to wor ship, to cherish, and—how sweet it seemed to whisper the word to myself-my wife

(To be continued.) Comfort For Travellers.

Railroad men have for a long time been aware of many faults in the common arrangements for coupling engines to passenger trains, the usual plan followed being the use of the ordinary link, formerly the only coupler known for both passenger and freight train service, but at present confined almost wholly to the latter. Although inventors have been at work for half a century improving passenger coach couplers to keep the vehicles from bumping against each other while running, and, efforts have been attended with eminent success, the coupler on the tender has remained practically untouched. In some instances born castings have been attached in the tender drawbar, thus reducing the loose distance by meeting the car buffer, but this improvement was far from being effective, and was merely tetter than nothing. Under certain conditions of train running, this loose coupling would give an uncomfortable vibration to the whole train, and at times the application of the brake would cause a jerking of the cars in a disagreeable way. To remedy the many drawbacks to a loose coupling, Mr. George H. Colby, master mechanic of the Boston & Albany Railroad, has invented an attachment for locomotive tenders, which in effect continues the Miller hook throughout the entire train. This device is easily applied to any tender, is automatic in action and prevents accidents in coupling. When it is remembered that the engine is coupled and uncoupled many more times than the separate cars of a train, it must be acknowledged that these are important advantages. There are no links or pins to break, and no slack to be taken up, thus securing the smooth starting and stopping of trains, resulting in increased comfort to passengers. It also prevents the swaving motion of the tender and forward car, and consequent side wear and tendency to breakage of truck boxes. Being within reach from the platform of the forward car, it can be operated with perfect ease. It practically couples the locomotive to a car just as two cars are coupled, and makes the whole of the train an unbroken unit. As every improvement operating, and tends to weaken the force of accidents, besides increasing the comfort of passengers, it becomes a matter in which every one is interested. The Colby coupattachment consists principally of a heavy casting, which is attached to tender frame and holds the miller hook, a spring bunter and the means of operating the drawbar. The forward end of the drawbar is pinned to a heavy threaded pring-encircled bolt, secured under the tender, between the frames, in a strong asting. A spiral spring, secured to the draw-bar immediately behind the bumper beam, draws the head to the position it occupies when coupled. The act of uncoupling is done by a wheel and staff, which operates a chain and ratchet. The invention is being applied to the passenger engines of the Boston & Albany and several of the eastern railroads, and locomotive builders of the country have adopted it as their standard for all passenger engines.

The Professional Grumbler

Your regular professional grumbler is generally a gentlemen inclined to be stout and partial to a snooze after dinner. effects ample folds of broadcloth; is curious in the matter of worsted comforters for keeping his throat warm, and small India rubber boots for keeping his feet dry. He is a comfortable man-very precise and regular in his babits-and has able house, with everything in it as precise and regular as himself. He has no great misfortunes to bewail, consequently be grumbles at the smallest miseries. very comfort turns into the serpent that stings him. He is perpetually finding out subjects for pathetic complaint. If he is not eloquent upon the dust in the street he will be overpowering on the mud. The weather always seems to be engaged in a conspiracy against him. The east wind he holds to be the ringleader. He is persuaded that it was only created to waft r matiam on its wings and keep up the average sup-ply of sciatics. If, however, the weather be still and close and hot, he knows very well that fever is brewing—he is sure of it mark his words-nothing else can be expected from this confounded choky day. If he goes out without his umbrella and the clouds gather and the rain falls he is almost speechless with indignation. It is always so, always his luck—were he to have incum-bered himself with a great awkward umbrella the rain would never have thought of coming on, never. To hear him you would suppose that the clerk of the weather signal office was a real personage; that he and the grumbler had quarrelled in their youth and that the official in question being of a spiteful turn of mind had never for-

gotten the old grudge.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Blotel in the Sea. The situation of the hotel where I am stopping is especially charming; it is built over the water, so that the sea actually passes under the rooms. There is a long, glass inclosed balcony looking seaward, from which one never tires of surveying the blue Mediterranean beyond and below There is always variety in of the sea. Now its swash is so gentle and soothing that it is the most effective of luliables when one wishes to fall asleep Again, the sea is in an uproar, and the spray eaps up to the very w sion that we are actually at sea is quite hard to shake off at times. The fish have learned to watch for the refuse that is committed to the sea from the hotel galleries, and are consequently very tame. Portly looking fellows a foot or two long come right under the balcony and stare up impertinently at us The temptation is strong to make them atone for their temerity, and not a few of them have been hauled up with rod and line to the broad verandah. One day somebody got up more enthusiasm than usual and cast a torpedo from the balcony into a school of inquisitive marine beauties. A boy sprang in after the explosion and brought three fat fellows to the surface. Many others were stunned, but not sufficiently to keep them from evading the swimmer. Nets are also cast in front of the hotel and many bushels of fish meat captured .- Beyrout Letter to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Countens Returns.

Mrs. Nobody-Ah! how d'e do, countess ? I am so glad to see you home again; but I was in hopes you would bring your busband with you. Let me see, it is three months since you were married, is it not? New Countess, whose former beau wrote for the Philadelphia Call (wearily)-Yes. hree months, three months. "The count is well. I hope?"

Yes, he is, I believe." "And I suppose you enjoyed life in his grand castle?"

For a while, yes; but you see it took all my fortune to pay off the old debts on it."
"Indeed! Poor child! How I wish could help you!"

' Үоц сар.' " How?" "Let me have your family wash

An attorney at Pendleton, Oregon, Fred Page Tustan, was engaged by three horse thieves to defend them. In the examination he ascertained that they had

THE DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.

He Requires Excitement and is Very

A dog requires excitement, and has a craving for the interest of outward objects. Feed him well, and shut him up alone in an apartment, and he will suffer under ennui like a fine gentleman, and become troubled and uneasy for want of occupation or amusement. If the window be left open, he will find resource in looking out of it, and will divers him all and will divert himself with the passing cene, and taking a lively concern in the doings of the other dogs on the street. This is a pleasure which we trace in no other animals, and it is not, indeed, observable in all dogs. Newfoundlands appear peculiarly prone to it. They are eminently social. We shall never forget a Newfoundland dog belonging to a provision dealer, with whom street acquaintance. It was his business to go about in the waggon as a protector of the good things therein, and as he rode along streets most manifest and most lively was the interest he took in the moving scene. No duchess in the land ever lounged in her carriage with a more luxurious or a more graceful air than our friend exhibited in the waggon. His favorite attitude was lying with his fore-awe dangling over the front, and his great head lolling on them. Any long it ppage we remarked made him uneasy, and he displayed his pleasure when his carriage was

again in motion by danoing from side to side like a parrot on its perch, and uttering quick bark of satisfaction.
The curiosity of dogs is another quality which they have in common with our kind. No matter how fatigued a dog may be, if he is taken into a strange apartment he will not lie down to rest until he has taken a survey of the room and smelled every article in it. Dogs, as we have before attempted to prove, are rogues and cheats like men, and they are also murderers, with consciousness of their criminality. In packs of hounds it is not very uncommon to find a dog killed by his comrades, and we once heard a fox hunter describe his visit to a kennel after one of these assassinations. Half-a dozen of the long-eared bow-wows were equatting on their haunches in one corner with par ticularly grave faces, which meant to speak an innocence that was unluckily belied by the spots of blood on their coats. While he was examining the body of the deceased they kept yawning and licking their chops with their long red tongues, as if they had no manner of concern in what was going on; but it was evident that they were by no means easy in their minds The dogs which bore no marks of the fray, and which were presumed to be ignocent moved about as usual, with quite a different air. - Boston Budget.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy. Nervilius. nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name at any drug store.

The oldest person in Connecticut is said to be Isaac Clarke, colored, who is 106 years of age. After working as a sailor and whaleman for about fifty years, he became physically disabled, and entered the New Haven almehouse, where he has outlived two generations.

No such Evidence

Can be offered for any other preparation as supports our claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best and safest corn cure remedy in the world. Dr. Consadine Port Dalhousie, writes: "I can testify to its efficacy, together with many other here." This is a universal opinion. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor avoid poisonous and cheap substitutes. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine.

The latest thing in swell English wed dings is the employment of a page. marriage of Mr. Shirely with Col. McDon-ald's daughter in London the other day the bridegroom's nephew, Master Rugh Chafy, acted as page. He wore a costume of black velvet, with a large Irish point lace collar. The women who seeks relief from

pain by the free use of alcholic stimulants and narcotic drugs finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended. No cure was ever wrought by such means, and the longer they are employed the more hopeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belladonna alone, and use Mrs. Pinkham's Vegstable Compound.

A Little of All Three

Judge (to the witness)-" Are you a married woman?" Witness—" Well, no, Jedge, not exactly.' Judge—" Not exactly a married woman

Do you mean that you are a widow?" Witness-" That's a little more like it. Jedge, but still I'm not exactly a wido Judge-" You will have to explain your You say that you are not exactly

married woman nor exactly a widow. Are you a single woman?"

Witness—"I guess I'm a little of all three, Jedge. I've sued six men for breach of promise."—New York Mercury.

A Great Problem.

-Take all the Kidney and Liver

-Take all the Blood purifiers, -Take all the Rheumatic remedies, -Take all the Dyspepsia and indigestion 

specifics,
-Take all the Brain and Nerve torce revivers. -Take all the Great health restorer —In short, take all the best qualities of al

hese, and tae —best
—Qualities of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —Hop
—Bitters have the best curative qualities and powers of all —concentrated
--In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —combined —Fail. A thorough trial will give posi-

Hardened Liver. Five years ago I broke down with kid-

ey and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that noth-

tive proof of this.

ing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked miracle in my case; otherwise have been now in my grave. J. W. Morey, Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and it one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A Workingman.

ES None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their

THE DINNER TABLE

Sound Advice About Mastication.

Very few people, unfortunately, think nough of the dinner-table for their good. It is the idea of too many persons that dinner should be discussed like politics hurriedly, passionately, or as a pure matter of business. Eating is of more importance to the individual than politics, since healthy frames, which come from dis-cretionary habits in the matter of eating, lead to noble thoughts and heroic deeds battles because of an ill-cooked potato. It may not really have been the unsapotato which disturbed his mind. probably did not take time enough to dis ouss it properly. Time is a great essential at the dinner-table. Good digestion can never wait on appetite unless the mind is undisturbed and the molars can operate free from thoughts which interfere with their satisfactory action. The way to enjoy diuner is to sit down to table after shaking off the cares of the world. Let the soup come in hot and smoking. it with a joyous heart. Converse with your family while you toy with the bread which should always accompany it. Cenversation is an aid to digestion, and bread helps down the soup. Do not be in a hurry for your fish. Have the releves served promptly when the remove is made. Meanwhile conversation should be animated. Nothing helps the digestion or whets the appetite or is more provocative of good feeling at the table than an honest, hearty, talkative mood. Dyspepsia and all its horrors readily give place to good humored talk, which is the pest condiment that the world has known. The Caterer, a magazine which devotes a great deal of attention to this subject, says the pleasures of the table are not confined to the act of eating, and that it might be "laid down as the axiom that a goodhumored fast will brighten the brain and highten the heart more than an ill-himored feast." Do not trouble yourself about the threatened extinction of terrapin or the preducted decline of the oysters. Both these delectable articles of food will last the lifetime of the ordinary man. Think only about the dinner-have no other care. if oare that be. Let the service be simple, but ample. Many a dinner has been spoiled by a combination of diehes. Above all things, recommends a writer in the Caterer, strive to have a change from the usual sterotyped dinner of wines, peculiar dishes and names in French which even

That education is making a rapid stride in the south is shown by the fact that in Florida alone the number of public schools has increased from 676 eight years ago to 1,479 at the present time, while ago to 1,479 at the present which, during the same time the number of pupils in attendance has increased over 80 per cent.

Eating in a hurry, John Mulhall, of Port Chester, N.Y., was choked large chunk of beefsteak. choked to death



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\* \* \* \* FEMALE POPULATION. \* \* \* \* IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FE IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FA-MALE COMPLIAINS, ALL OVAILAN TROUBLES, IN-FLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DIS-FLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT STINAL WEAK-NESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE. \* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS

ALL CHAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAR. NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAD-NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY,
DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

\* THAT PEELING OF BRAING DOWN, CAUSING PAIR,
WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY
CURED BY ITS USE.

\* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUM-THE WILL AT ALL TIMES AND LANDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

\*\*\* ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DIESASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. \*\* FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURFASSED, "

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