Lift to the air Their glistening towers

And still from day to day Along the way Beckon us ever, To follow, follow, follow, O'er hill and hollow, With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay, The bugles play And trumpets sound From out those glistening towers, And rainbow showers Bedew the ground;

Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way," We smiling sav. We smiling say,
And forward press
With swift, impatient feet
And hearts that beat
With eagerness

Yet still beyond, the gay lagging waste, The hours that go;

Still far and far away, Till comes the day
We gain that peak
In Darien; then, blind
No more, we find, Perchance, what we do seek

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER I.

"What station was that, Shirley?" 'That was Amiens, dear; we are quite

half way there now."
"Half way to Boulogne, perhaps, but our journey will not end there." "I am afraid you are very tired, darling," the girl said, in a pitiful tender voice; and the invalid answered

wearily—
"Yes, very tired—very, very tired." They were the only occupants of a first-class railway compartment in the tidal train from Paris to Boulogne on a gray October afternoon in the year of grace 187—, and both were weary and sad. There was something besides fatigue and sadness on the elder woman's face, as she lay back half resting on her daughter's strong young arm, half upon the cushions which had been piled one upon another to give her support.

It was not pleasant weather for traveling; the sky was gray and forbidding, and a chill wind blew against the carriage windows, bringing with it occasionally a swift sharp shower of rain, which made Mrs. Ross shiver. Shirley drew her mother's wraps more closely around her, and pulled the blind over the window to keep out the draught, while the tender pity on her young face deepened as she watched the invalid resting with closed eyes and faintly drawn breath upon the

Such a lovely face it was! Years of sorrow and privation and months of suffering had not been able to rob it of its beauty; it was beautiful, and would be beautiful to the last. Delicately regular features, large lustrous eyes, and soft dark hair without a silver thread among its glossy braids, made up a tout ensemble of rare loveliness, even peside the fair young face near her. Mrs. hood—she wanted yet three years of forty but she was dying, and she knew it well— ay, and Shirley, although she tried to blind herself, knew it also—dying, and at a period when to many life is at its best and prightest, when the stormy troubles of youth are over, and calm settled sunshine has succeeded—at a time of life when many a happy mother sees her children growing up around her, able to appreciate her care and love, and to repay them by their own-when many years of health and happiness may be anticipated—dying, yes, and glad—oh, so glad to lay down the burden of life!

The gray October day wore on—the clock at the last station they had passed had pointed to the half hour after two. Mrs. Ross raised herself slightly, and opened her Has it grown much colder, Shirley.'

she said, in her low faint tones, "or is it my imagination?"

her brave cheerful voice, although the question struck her painfully, "especially as one gets nearer the sea. Let me get the plaid, darling, and wrap it round you."

"But I am like a mummy already, little

daughter," said Mrs. Ross, with a faint Never mind; there is no one to see you

As she spoke, the young girl left her mother's side for a moment and moved to the other end of the carriage, where some supplementary rugs and shawls were strapped together. The straps were easy enough to unfasten, but somehow Shirley was a long time over the task, perhaps because her little fingers were so unsteady, and because her eyes were so full of great unshed tears, which she would not let fall. When she returned to her mother, the tears had been resolutely forced back, and there was a brave little smile on the sweet red lips. Mrs. Ross tried to smile also struggling against the feeling of faintness which was stealing over her, and which made the closed carriage, into which no draught penetrated, seem so chilly. But her daughter's quick eyes saw the increas-ing pallor of her face, and she bent over her in grievous alarm.

Mother darling, what is it? You ar faint—let me give you something," she said hurriedly; but Mrs. Ross' gentle hand

detained her.
"It is nothing," she returned faintly.
"I am a little tired, a little faint. Don't be frightened, Shirley. See-I am better

She strove to smile into the loving anxious face: but the beautiful eyes wer dim, and the faintness seemed to shut out the lovely startled face bending over her so tenderly, as she lay back almost breathless

against the cushions.

With swift deft hands and the selfpossession of an experienced nurse, Shirley applied restoratives, and presently Mrs. Ross was able to open her eyes and thank her smilingly; she was better—she was much better. And then Shirley sat down once more beside her, supporting her in her arms and resting the weary head upon her shoulder; and the train sped on through the chill gray October day, drawing nearer the sea momentarily, the sea which lay between them and England.

Mrs. Ross remained with closed eyes, her face resting against Shirley's shoulder, and looking deathly pale in the gray light against the dark brown sealskin of her against the dark brown sealekin of her daughter's coat; but her breathing was more even, and Shirley hoped that she

It would have been a touching and pathetic sight to any one who could have seen it—the girl, frail and pale herself, with no color in her sweet face, save in the vivid red of her lips, bending with such tender protection and fostering love over the frail pale mother, who needed all her care and fove, and who was totally unfit for the journey she had undertaken. Would she ever reach her destination? Would the spirit, which was so brave and high, spirit, which was so brave and nigh, support the weak body until she had per-formed the task she had appointed for her-self? Looking down at the still face, with eyes sharpened by love and pain, Shirley thought that it was very likely, terribly smiling. "It prevents thought, and it man's brow,"

reach Scotland, that she would die before her eyes rested once more upon her native

land.

They had left Paris at midday, having rested there for one week, which had seemed like months to the impatient woman, who felt that her days were numbered, and who wanted to leave her child in safety ere she passed away. The kindly old French physician, who had at length consented to their undertaking the journey, had only done so because he saw that the fever of unrest which burned in Mrs. Ross' veins was consuming what little strength she had, and his science told him that, even if the journey accelerated her end, it would only hasten what must be rapid and certain, no matter what care, or repose, or

Very sad were Shirley's thoughts, as she sat holding her mother in her arms, and the train sped on through the grey uninteresting country; very heavy was the young heart which beat close to Mrs. Ross' pale cheek as it lay on her daughter's breast. Shirley had tasted the cup of sorrow many time during her short life: but now it seemed to her as if she were draining it to the dregs. But, although her mother's death would leave her lonely and forlorn, would leave her and her brother dependent on the charity of their relatives, whom she had never seen, and who had treated them with but scant kindness hitherto, Shirley was too unselfish to wish to keep her. She knew that she longed, with a great unspeak-able longing, to be at rest, and that she was weary—oh, so weary!—of her life. For

Marian Ross had known suffering such as falls to the lot of few. As she sat watching her mother's face with loving pitiful eyes, Skirley Ross was thinking that she could never remember it without the look of suffering and resigna-tion which it wore now. Even during her father's life-time-although husband and wife had loved each other with a great love
—when the beautiful face had brightened visibly when he entered the room suddenly in repose it had always been grave and sorrowful; there had been no frequent

smile on the sweet lips, no brightness the lustrous eyes, no gay music in the low sweet voice. It seemed to Shirley that her mother could never have been happy, even when she loved her husband and lived in perfect harmony with him.

And yet what could have been the cause

of her sorrow? Looking back into the time which preceded her father's death, Shirley could think of nothing to bring that troubled look to the beautiful eyes,

that droop to the sweet lips.

They had loved each other—ah, how deeply and truly! Never in the ideal of books could husband and wife have been dearer to each other than these two; but the shadow had always been there, and Shirley even in her childhood had felt it,

dim and impalpable. It was not want of means. Roland Rose had been an artist, and he had earned more than sufficient money to support them in their simple unpretentious mode of living. They had had every comfort, every luxury even, in the old foreign towns in which they had lived, and the life had been a pleasant and picturesque one. Shirley and her brother had had first-rate professors and every educational advantage, and they had never been denied any reasonable enjoyment; but, although they had had many foreign friends in their wanderings they had never settled in any place where there had been many English residents.
They had seemed to avoid their own country-people—and Shirley was not sorry; for, if English people at home were like English people abroad, she could very well dispense with any further knowledge of them. As a rule, such specimens of her country-people as Shirley saw at hotels and stations were noisy, ill-bred, and dressed; and this girl, English though she was, had never passed an hour on English soil during all her seventeen

vears of life. Three years before she had lost he father; and then Mrs Ross had obtained through the interest of her brother. Si Gilbert Fairholme, a situation for her son who was two years his sister's senior, in the counting-house of a wealthy English merchant; and there Jack Ross had spent two long years, seeing his mother and sister only during the fortnight's holiday which he was allowed, and which he spen with them at the little German town where Mrs. Ross had settled for economy's sake, for her own income was but small, and i

Thus it happened that, though Shirley was going home to England, it was a strange land to her—although she was far "It always seems to grow colder travel too absorded in her care of her mother now ng, I think, dear," answered Shirley, in to give that a thought; besides, Jack was to meet them at Charing Cross, and it would be so good to see him again—dear Jack, with his sunshiny blue eyes and curly yellow locks, who had always a jest and a merry word ready! Shirley though that the sight of him would be the best cordial her mother could have; she loved Jack so dearly, she was so fond of her

Paler and paler grew the beautiful still ace. darker and darker the shadows under the long-lashed eyes, heavier and heavier the weight on Shirley's shoulder. Once or twice the invalid moved slightly, but she did not speak; and for a time Shirley hoped that she was sleeping; then as the train sped on, the white lids were slowly lifted and her dark eyes—lovely eyes still, and the counterpart of Shirley's—went straight to her daughter's face, with a look of unutterable anguish and pity in their

You have been asleep, dear?" said Shirley tenderly.

"No," came from the faint pale lips. But I have been thinking, Shirley."
"Pleasant thoughts of home and Jack, I hope, darling?" Shirley said tremu-lously, for she had read the look in the

beautiful eyes, and guessed its meaning.
"Oh, Jack, Shirley—I cannot die until I
have seen Jack," she said, with sudden eagerness, as she raised her head from the girl's shoulder. "Heaven would not be so ruel ; I must see Jack." " Of course, mother darling! Don't you

remember? Jack is to meet us at Charing

Cross when we arrive."
"Yes-I have not forgotten; but, Shirley, I am so cold and faint and tired," said the invalid wearily, as she sunk back upon the cushions, gasping for breath; and Shirley hastened to pour out some of the restorative which the doctor in Paris had given her, and held it to the pale parched lips, watching anxiously for a shade of color, which stole into them as the restorative

'It was cruel to let you come with me alone," Mrs. Ross sighed faintly. "Poor little girl, what a terrible journey for

"Don't, mother darling!" the girl said pitifully. "You feel tired and languid now, because you have been traveling; but when you have had a rest you will feel

better and more cheerful." ' Do you think it is merely the fatigue of travelling, Shirley?" was the feeble answer, given with a sorrowful smile, which went to her daughter's heart. " I hope it is; because I have so many things to tell you, dear, before I go."

"You will tell me when we are in Scot-

land, mother?" Shirley said cheerfully, choking back a sob which rose in her throat.
"When we are in Scotland! I wonder if I shall ever see Scotland again?" the elder woman said faintly. "My ain countrie! How I loved it! How I love it

countrie! How I loved it! How I love it even now, although it was so cruel to me so cruel!" she repeated drearily, with a terrible anguish in her dark eyes.

"Is it wise for you to talk, dear?" Shirley, whispered fondly, bending down to the sweet pale face.

"I think it is," answered her mother,

likely, that her mother would not live to does not tire me much. Your uncle's letters are quite safe, Shirley?
" Quite safe, dear."

"And you will take grea care of them, hirley? I think he will be good to you, my child."

"He writes very kindly, mother,"
Shirley faltered; "and Aunt Geraldine, he

says, sends her love. Did you know her, "Yes, dear." Mrs. Ross answered, the pain deepening about her lips and in her dark eyes; "I knew her a little, years ago, before she was married."

"Is she nice, mother?" "She was very beautiful then. Shirley." said her mother wistfully, with a look in her eyes and a quiver of the lips-

"very beautiful."
"Were you married first, mother, or Uncle Gilbert?" Shirley asked innocently, encouraging her mother's wish to talk and

unconscious of the pain her questions might give.
"I-I was married first," her mother

answered.

Then Cousin Gracie is about my age, madre?" Shirley asked.
"No, your cousin is a year older than Jack," said Mrs. Ross steadily; but the effort to speak without showing her daughter emotion it caused her made slight frame tremble; and Shirley took

"You are cold still, darling," she said tenderly drawing her wraps round her, when her hand came in contact with her mother's, and she felt the burning heat of the slender attenuated fingers. you must not talk, mother," she added " Let me make you more com-

fortable. "I am quite comfortable, Shirley, and resting nicely. What a careful little nurse you are!

"But, if you were to lie down, mother and place your head here upon my lap, you would be more at rest. There-is not that "It is very nice, dear," the invalid

answered gratefully, guessing that Shirley had suggested the change of posture so that her own face might be For a short distance they went on thus

Shirley's hazel eyes, blinded with tears, looked steadily out of the window, seeing nothing of the country through which she was passing, only picturing to herself the pale still face at which she dared not look, while her mother lay with closed eyes thinking of the past and wondering dimly thinking of the past and wondering dimiy if life, which had been so cruel to her, would be equally cruel to her children, especially the fair young daughter who possessed, even as she had possessed. the "fatal dower of beauty."

Presently Shirley was aroused by a quick gasping sob from her mother. "Lift me up, lift me up!" she said

Shirley obeyed instantly. Startled as she was at the terrible change which had passed over her mother, she did not lose her presence of mind. She dropped the window to let the chill wind blow upon the pale pinched face, and forced some of the moment she thought that this must be death, and became ill and faint herself at the thought of her mother's condition and the impossibility of obtaining assistance; but in a few minutes the death-like pallor vanished, and the invalid's breathing be

"It is nothing," she said feebly, and tried to smile into the startled anxious face bending over her. "I am better, Shirlev.' Trembling now in every limb, and almost

entirely unnerved, Shirley sunk upon her knees by her mother's side, half support-ing her; and Mrs. Ross put both her feeble arms around the girl's head and drew it close to her breast.
"Mother—oh, mother!" Shirley said,

trying to stifle the great choking sobs which rose in her throat; and Mrs. Ross drew her closer and rested her own wan cheek on the closer and rested her own wan cheek on the girl's acft chestnut hair.
"Shirley—my darling!" her mother whispered tenderly. "No--do not move, childie. Let me hold your head upon my breast a little while. It does not tire me

It makes me think of the day when you were a happy little baby, with big eyes and such rings of curly hair, Shirley!" Yes, dear," the girl said firmly enough

although even her lips whitened in the effort to retain her calmness. "Can you be very brave, dear, and let ne tell you now what I have to tell?"

But, mother, it will tire you !" the girl " And you need all your strength Let us wait.' " Dear, I dare not wait," Mrs. Ross said

emulously. "There may not be time."
"Mother"—there was no mistaking the heart-broken anguish in the girl's voice — "mother, not now—I can not hear it—not low. We will rest at Boulogne."

"No-I must go on. Shirley, I insist"and in her eagerness the dying woman lifted herself up and stood resting her hand upon herself up and stood resting her daughter's shoulder—"I insist on going on. You hear me? I will not stay—I will not rest anywhere until I reach London. Shirley, you promise?" she added, as she sunk back again exhausted.

Yes, yes, mother, I promise," the girl said earnestly; and once more she drew her mother's head upon her shoulder and supported her tenderly in her arms.

The train sped on. The gray October

twilight would soon spread over the face of the earth; in the stations through which they passed lights were beginning to glimwhile the trees on the road side now stood up grim and ghost-like. There was a lamp in the carriage, and Shirley closed the blinds to shut out the gloomy landscape, which looked so dreary under the falling

rain and lowering sky.
"We shall soon be there now, mother," Shirley said cheerfully. "It seems abourd to say so, shut up in this carriage, but I think I can smell the sea already."
"Do you, dear?" her mother said with a

faint smile, remembering how often she had fancied that she could smell the heather and wild thyme of the Scotch moors when the sea and land lay between her and

"It is wet, but there is not much wind," Shirley continued. "We shall not have it

rough, dear."
"I dare say not, Shirley. Darling"—
and Mrs. Ross' eyes went wistfully to her
daughter's face—"will you listen now?" I

"There is not time for anything now," Shirley said cheerfully. "These lights mean Boulogne station, dear. We stop here for a few minutes, you know, to set down any travellers for Boulogne; then this nice good-natured train takes us right down to the boat. Do you really feel stronger, mother?'

"Really, Shirley. The sea air, know!" Mrs. Ross replied, smiling a little. "Will you collect the wraps, dear? And don't you think you had better give me a dose of that nice mixture of Doctor Le-jeune's before we get out?"

The train glided into the Boulogne station and set down some of its passengers there. There were a cheerful sound of voices, a bright glimmer of lights, and quick footsteps hurrying by; then the train left the station again, and went along the quay to the boat, the masts of the ships in the docks and harbor rising grim and ghostlike in the gray autumnal twilight, the lights glimmering feebly through a haze of fog and mist. (To be continued.)

It is said that early in the war a woman from Virginia appealed to Mr. Lincoln to return her slaves to her on the ground that she was a Christian and had always treated them with great kindness, and that he re-plied: "I have a poor idea of religion that gets one's bread out of the sweat of another

PEOPLES ON THE GOLD COAST.

Their Savagery Equals That of Auy Known Community-Terrible Punishment.

Although a great portion of the Tshi speaking peoples have for two centuries been under our rule we know compara tively little about them-a fact which is no doubt, attributable to the deadly climate and impenetrable forests in which they live. Maj. Ellis tells us much con-cerning these peoples which will be found interesting; but he has gone so completely nto the grosser customs of native life that his book is more suited to the anthropolo gist than the general reader. The condition which they occupy in the intel-lectual scale is, we are told, probably owing to the enervating influences of the climate, which renders any great amount of mental labor out of the question, and to the readiproduced. That the climate is un as it is the cause of diseases unknown else

Their religion is not allied with any moral ideas, sin being limited to insults offered to or neglect of the gods; murder, theft, etc., are merely offenses against the person, and \$1,300 for a box when she went to the capi-in which the gods take no interest. The tal city to sing. Dollars in those days were deities may be divided into four classes. viz.: 1. General, those worshipped by whole tribe or several tribes. 2. Local those worshipped by the inhabitants of certain towns or districts. 3. Family. 4. The tutelary deities of individuals. The priesthood forms a large and powerful without whose aid nobody can hold any intercourse with deities of the first, second or class, large sums being frequently paid for their services; they have to take are, however, to make their communications ambiguous, as in case of their predic-tions being falsified they are not infre-quently put to death.

In chapter 11 it is stated that the practices of sacrificing human beings at funerals does not arise from the bloodthirstiness of the people, but rather from affection for the dead. This may be true, but the frightful This may be true, but the frightful cruelty shown in their executions seem to contradict this theory. We quote the following as an example :

"On June 5th a murderer, with his hands bound behind him, a knife through his cheeks and two forks piercing his back, was

Everybody was a capitalist in the old days,
dragged past our rooms. Commencing at
midday, the punishment increased in innow I don't know why they ought to be ensity till 8 o'clock, when the poor wretch was gashed all over, his arms cut off, and himself compelled to dance for the amuse ment of the king before being taken to the place of execution. If he could not or would not dance lighted torches were applied to his wounds. To escape this essive torture he made the efforts to move, until the drum was beaten and the head out off " Strange to say, in spite of the frightful

punishment, murder is more frequent in able wedding. The parties to the suit were Ashanti than in the British protectorate a church sexton and a physician who was The ceremonies at birth, marriage and death are, we think, rather too fully gone into. The criminal laws appear to be extremely severe, and the following ridicuously trivial offences are punishable by leath: Whistling in Coomassie, suffering an egg to be broken in the town, looking at the king's wives, or not hiding when the king's eunuchs call to announce their proach, and picking up gold that has en dropped in the market place. From this it will be seen that every-day life in Coomassie must have its drawbacks.—London Field.

Annie Wakeham, writing to the Philadelphia Record from London, Eng., about prize-fighter Sullivan, adds; Pugilism in the prize-ring is illegal in hence the brutes have to go on the continent to train for their contests. Spanish bull-fights and prize-fights are regarded by refined people as barbaric amusements Yet this creature Sullivan is feted as though worthy some great honer. His laurels are blood and bruises. A noble showing, is it not? War is bad enough in all conscience; at least, though, it is in a neasure scientific. Norman Proctor, an ex-nrize-fighter here in London, has suggested that when nations should quarrel the better way than to train armies to kill would be send two prize-fighters, one from each country, to fight it out, the victorious

one to settle the issue. At least this method

would rid the earth of these disgusting objects one at a time. appeal to the women of America to put down such degrading shows as Sullivan and o speak to every man of attends their public exhibition. brand as a "coward" a man who presumes to call such sports courageous. Soon the prize-fighter would find his occupation Let such men as Sullivan be hissed off the public streets and treated as outlaws, wild beasts or highway footpads.

And as for the women of England, let them implore their gracious Queen to administer public reprimand to her son, who has so far forgotten his princely training as to speak to professional prize fighters save in terms of withering scorn. I am sure she is ashamed of her eldest son in this last ex-Indeed, I almost hope she does not know of it.

"Lion?" I insult the proud beast of the jungle and desert when I call John L. Sulivan "London's Latest Lion."

The Queen's Message to the Pone. The following is the address of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the Queen's Special

Envoy to express to your Holiness, in a day when he met a couple of panthers public and formal manner, her sense of the Mr. Carty was driving along the road lead public and formal manner, her sense of the courtesy shown by the mission of Monsignor Ruffo Scilla to convey your Holiness' congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, I have the honor to present to your Holiness Her Majesty's letter accrediting me for that purpose. Her Majesty has commanded me to say that, in confiding twenty paces ahead of the horse, and as to me this high mission, she has been moved not only by a desire to acknowledge this proof of your Holiness's good-will to adopt towards them. After a moment's thought he decided to keep right abendance. wards her, but also to give expression to thought he decided to keep right ahead, her feeling of deep respect for the elevated and if the panthers molested him in any character and Christian wisdom which you way he would arrest them for obstructing have displayed in your high position. The the highway. The scheme proved successhave displayed in your lings, positive temperate sagacity with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might be useless to make any attempt to devour it while the constable was on the ground. with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your may long be granted to you, and that you beneficent action may be long continued. In conclusion, I beg leave to be permitted times of late and it is probable they will soon fall victims to their own temerity. conferred upon me by my gracious Sovereign in selecting me for this high sion and in making me the interpreter of Her Majesty's sentiments on

A Pointed Rebuke.

"Georgey, behave yourself!" said the "Georgey, behave yourself!" said the little girl, severely, to her younger brother, who was throwing snowballs at people on the street, yelling like a young Indian, squaring off at imaginary foes, and otherwise conducting himself in a bofsterous manner; "Behave yourself! Folks will think you're a member of the Board of Trade!"—Chicago Tribuse Trade !"-Chicago Tribune.

School of Pharmacy." Miss Skeen (with Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—"Are you surprise)—"Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city! But, if I remember rightly, your randfather was a farmer, too."

New York Sun.

FLUSH TIMES IN "PRISCO!

When Hack Drivers Made \$50 a Day an Theatre Boxes Were \$1,200.

the purpose of seeing some of my old friends of the Argonaut days of 1849, that

is, as many of them as are alive. I can tell you some interesting things about early

times in this city. I owned and drove the

Col. Mike Brannigan, the celebrated guide and hackman of El Paso, Tex., is on visit to this city. Mr. Brannigan said "I have come back to San Francisco for

first hack that ever rumbled over the streets of San Francisco. In 1851 Igot \$50 night to drive Catherine Hayes, the famous singer, and her mother, between the Razette House and Tom Maguire's Theatre which was then situated on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearney. ness with which the necessaries of life can I also got the same sum from several other be produced. That the climate is unat the time for the same trip. Those healthy even to them there can be no doubt, were good old days, and I as well, I suppose, as very many others, would wish to see them back again. I saw \$1,200 paid for a box in Maguire's theatre on the open ing night of Catherine Hayes' season. Limerick butcher at Sacramento paid more plentiful than nickles are now the mail steamers would arrive I have seen 2. Local, a gambler give a man an ounce of dust that is \$16) for his place in the long line of anxious people waiting their turn outside the old post office, which was then at the corner of Brenham place and Clay street. Then you would have to pay \$12 a dozer for articles to be laundered, and men used to throw soiled underclothing away and buy new articles rather than pay for

washing. "I remember when Lotta Crabtree first appeared in this city. She used to play a panjo and dance jigs at Gilbert's Melodeon band and cance liga as a the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, and got \$6 a week. I think that was in 1854 or 1855. She went to Virginia City n 1860, and made a hit. Twenty dollar gold pieces were showered on the stage for her benefit. My charges then as a hack-driver were \$50 a day and all expenses paid. I would like to see that state of things again, and we would have less complaints shout capitalists and the like now I don't know why they ought to be blamed. We all had a chance to become millionaires, and if we did not, it cannot se helped, and there is no use repining.-San Francisco Examiner.

HE GOT HIS FEE. How a Syracuse Bridegroom was Force to Settle with the Sexton.

A novelty in law suits has been adjudicated in Syracuse as a secuel to a fashion a bridegroom not a great while ago. Or the 23rd of September, Dr. Amos W Jennings was married by Rev. Dr. George B. Spalding in the First Presbyterian

Church and the elegant and stately edifice was elaborately decorated for the occasion with flowers. In order that the ceremony might pass off smoothly and impressivel ceremony. The groom and bride elect, and bridesmaids, the groom's best men and the ushers all turned out to these full dress evening rehearsals for which the great church was heated and lighted by Sexton Henry A. Tompkins. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by a large throng and the affair was a fashionable success Sexton Tompkins himself thought it was a pretty nice wedding, and worth a fat fee He waited for his fee for a month, and ther egan dunning the bridegroom. and letter brought the reply that Dr. Jen nings would pay when he "got good and ready." The sexton then referred the matter to a lawyer, and a lawyer to a justice of the peace. There was no

efence, and the sexton got judgment

or \$40

Winter Styles in Suicide The winter styles of suicide for 1888, aid Coroner Hertz, "will differ but little from that of last year. Hempen ties still continue in favor for neckwear, and throats will be cut a trifle deeper as spring ap proaches. This latter fashion, however is far from popular, and is affected only by the outre, such persons, for instance, as t ' roug on rats.' These things, I need scarcel say, are not counted good form—in fac are vulgar. The most fashionable mode his tribe are reviving this season. How can are those of legitimate poisoning and by it be done? Well, let every woman refuse shooting. If you want to be in style dear shooting. If you want to be in style, dear indorses these revolting "s ports" or are affected by the elite, and you cannot g wrong in following them. There is nothing like a good reliable revolver for this sort of thing. By referring to my annual report just handed in, you will find that exactly 33 per cent. of the suicides for the fiscal vear adopted this mode of departing for the other shore. True, an equal number tried the poison route, but there are poison and poisons. There are poisons that allow a man to slip quietly out in a gentlemanly way that excites the admiration of ever man on the jury, and again there are others which cause a man to shuffle off his coil in a way that is decidedly bazarre, not to say fussy. I am sorry to see the growing ter dency to use 'rough on rats' and paris green. These can never find devotees in the best circles, and you can safely set down those addicted to them as decidedly loud.' If you go in for poisons, try lauda num, or morphine, or pure strychnine."-Chicago Times.

of Nortolk, the head of the Queen's Special
Mission to the Pope, His Holiness' reply
to which has been published:

"Holy Father,—Her Majesty the Queen,
my Most Gracious Sovereign, having been
pleased to select me as Her Majesty's special
Constable Carty said the day before yester-The panthers were both very large and Excess of Politeness

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as the vainly endeavored to dissect the turkey, if you aren't the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methu-selah." "Possibly," said Fogg, unabashed, but my dear, it is a female bird and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."—Manchester Union.

An Of-fees-ial View, Reporter—How many criminal case have you for the next assizes? Deputy Sheriff-None. Reporter—That's good.
Deputy Sheriff—Well, not so very good.

Miss Skeen—"Where did you graduate Dunley (at the supper table)—"Yes, 1 from, Mr. Gill?" Mr. Gill—"From the have spent most of the day at the dentist's."

School of Pharmacy." Miss Skeen (with Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—"Are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley?"

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTED !

The Difficulty of Rooting Up Prejudices Learned at the Mother's Knee. One bright June morning, some year

ago, a party of travelling men were gazing out upon one of the most charming landcapes in t'e Susquehanna valley. In the party was an English gentleman, whose prejudices were stirred by the laudatory tone of the conversation. He grew

restless and exclaimed: "This may seem to you rawther a pretty scene, but if you want to see really beauti ful scenery you must go to England, where the air is softer, the grass greener and the

flowers more fragrant than here." As he finished, one of the party, whose ancestors were of good old revolutionary Yankee stock, turned to him, and, with more candor than politeness, said :

"My friend, in childhood, at my mother's knee, I was taught three things First, to revere the great Creator; second to love the stars and stripes; and third, to hate a Britisher. This is one of the many occasions when I fully realize the beneficial influences of early training."

Among the obstacles that obstruct a

man's upward progress in this world are the prejudices which, planted in the character-forming period of early youth, he finds have become firmly fixed in his maturer nature.

It is difficult to root them out. Men may battle as they will; they can seldom en-tirely overcome their early impressions. The progressive man discovers that he

must leave his prejudices behind, if he would "keep step" in the ranks. The barriers in the way of the trutheeker have been broken.

Do you doubt it? Wend your way to

the sanctuary some Sabbath morning, and behold! Universal and Methodist clergymen occupying the same pulpit!

Do you doubt it? See, as may now fre quently be seen, physicians of different schools joining in consultation over their patients. See eminent members of the patients. See eminent members of the medical profession, like Dr. Rabson, of London, and Dr. Gunn, of the medical college, of New York, publicly recommending a proprietary medicine, like Warner's safe cure, the only sure specific for kidney disorders and the many diseases caused by such disorders, and their views attested by hundreds of regular practitioners of various

Note the fact, too, that the leading clergymen, like Rev. Dr. Rankin, ex-Chap-lain of the U.S. Senate, and Rev. Dr. Kendrics, of the Rochester University, one of the international revisers of the New Testament, and thousands less well known publicly recommend this remedy, because it not only cures kidney diseases, but the many common-named diseases caused directly by them.

When medical men and ministers unite in such a course, who can doubt that intolerance has ceased to rule in the earned professions at least?

Chronological Curios. Paisley handkerchiefs were first made in

The first public school for the blind wa established at Paris, by Valentine Haug, in

1784.
The first sea fight on record was that be tween the Corinthians and the inhabitants of Corcyrs, 664 B. C.

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and

Romans. in Latin or French, the earliest known instance in English is the indenture between the Abbot of Whitby and Robert Bustard, dated at York in 1343.

What is known in English history as the "short-lived" administration, was the ministry which William Poultenay, Earl of Bath, undertook to form Feb. 10th, 1746, and whose term of office closed in two England obtained formal possession of Gibraltar by the treaty of Utrecht, April 11th, 1713. The great fortress had been

taken from the Spaniards by the English nine years before, and held in spite of repeated attempts at recapture.

" Just Hear that Child Scream !" said Mrs. Smith to her sister. Mrs. Davis across the garden from a neighbor's house What kind of a woman have you for neighbor? Does she abuse her children? No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see, she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. ild needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then come the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

Four Satisfy Them.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called "Five Kings." A work of only four kings is sacred enough for a great many people in this country—though a man often wishes he had five kings when the other fellow holds four aces.-Norristown Herald.

The Little Seed. A little seed lay in the carter's path; A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast; Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—'twas only light; A little chill shivered the hours of night; A little pain came and began to grow, Then consumption laid all his brave strength

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispel the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time is a remedy for these ills.

An English Sensation.

Cardinal Manning has astonished his friends by announcing himself a convert t the teachings of Anarchy. "Every man,' he says, "has a right to life and a right to the food necessary to sustain life. Necessity natural right to his neighbor's bread.'

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experi-ments, the combination of Nerviline was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever-ready, prompt, efficient and cheap remedy at han l. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nerviline and test its great power over pain of every description? Polson's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side and back, rheumatism—in fact, all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

The Poor Man's Grievance. Beggar-Oh, yes, the charitable associa tion gave me a present for Christmas.

Charitable young lady—But you don't

appear to be very grateful for it.

'To tell the truth, miss, I ain't very grateful. When I think of the fact that my legs are both cut off at the knees and then think of the present I got, I can't rake up much gratitude.

"What was your present?"
"A pair of roller skates."—Nebraska

Strong Evidence. A Baltimore bookkeeper has committed suicide and left his accounts all straight. It is regarded as certain that he was insane,—

way I was

face wore a pained expression, and there was an uncertainty, a sort of hesitancy in her movements as she advanced to the car that stopped at her hail. As she lifted her skirt and stepped on the rear platform, the cause of her uneasiness became apparent to a group of interested onlookers. About her ankle, almost hiding her boot, a silken stocking hung, and to it was attached a fragment of stocking support. She made her way to a seat, gracefully hoisted the foot so she could sit upon it, and waited patiently until the car should be emptied so that she could arrange her hosiery. But the passengers were obdurate and refused to leave the car. The end of the line was two gentlemen entered to make the down trip. The lady paid her fare again and resigned herself to her fate. Believe it or not as you please, but my informant says that she made three round trips before the desired opportunity came, and then she was so lame from sitting in such a posture for so long a time that she had to ride a dozen blocks beyond her destination before she got the "sleep" out of her foot. The poor girl told her sister, and she told my sister, and my sister told me. Isn't that

HER TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Why a Young Lady Made Three Round

Trips in the Street Car.

I heard a yarn yesterday that may or may not be true. If not, no harm in its relation; if it be true, however, will the

heroine of my tale please forgive me? I do not know her name or I would apologize in advance. A sprightly lass, 18 perhaps, stood on the corner of Fifth and Wabash waiting for a University avenue car. Her

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

straight enough to be correct information

-St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Sleeping Car Gymnastics.

The Minnesota Railroad Commissioners have not yet got to that part of the sleeping car trouble by which a man travelling rent a lower berth only to be expected to give it up to a lady. Gander legged gentlemen who have delicacy about displaying their limbs in mounting to the upper perch are still hoping for some sweeping reform.—

Louisville Courier-Journal.

ing, tongue coated, titter or had taste in mouth, irregular appetite, diziness, frequent headaches, blurred cyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritulility of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

ng calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Mcdical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions.

oms. No matter wind stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Micdical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Discases, Heart Discase, Rheumatism, Kidney Discase, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their discases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both fiesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred discases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

GURES ALL HUMORS.

from a common Blotch, or Eruption to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sore." Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all disease caused by had blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medi-cine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Ezzenn, Erysipela, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Plerce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir's, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrotula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed renedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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