"Lieschen, child, I must say adieu.

I know not when I shall see thee again." "Adieu, then, Gustav. A pleasant journey to you! If you didn't come back for fifty years you would find me still here, milking the cows and attending to the household. Life here is much the same year by vear."

"And thou wouldst not fret, Lieschen, if I did not come for fifty years?"

He spcke as though he scarcely knew whether to jest or be in earnest, and stood watching her with a wistful, doubtful smile. She was making buttermilk cheeses at the dresser by the scullery window, and he was leaning in over the window-sill, with a pipe smoldering in one hand, while the other kept breaking off little twigs and roses that clambered all round the window, and made a pretty frame to his sun-burned face and broad shoulders.

Lieschen laughed at his question, as she shaped the little white cheeses all speckled over with caraway-seeds, and did not look

"You would be about a hundred years old then, Gustav, I think," was the only remark

she made. "No. come, Lieschen, that is cruel of you. I am only thirty-eight-more than twice your age, it is true, but not nearly fifty. And it is something to have a fine farm and a good new house, and the only carriage on Regen, even if your husband is old enough to know white from black."

"Yes, I hnow," said Lieschen, indifferently; "but there is plenty of time yet." Gustav Baier bit his lip and frowned un-

easily as he looked at her.

"Thou dost not care, Lieschen, 'tis plain to see," he said bitterly. "I think thou hast no heart at all, for all thine eyes are so sweet and thy ways so gentle. Thou'rt | say : some mermaiden from the sea here, and one day will vanish like the foam. Is it not

"I don't make myself," retorted the girl petulantly, "and I never asked you to come and fall in love with me. If you are not satisfied"-she drew the gold botrotbal ring from her finger-"here's your ring. Give it to somebody that has a heart for you."

He left the window abruptly, and she glanced up, flushed and frightened, not knowing what he meant to do. The next minute he came in at the door from the yard, and went up to the table where she stood with the ring in her open hand.

"Come, come, we musn't quarrel," he said peaceably, replacing the ring, and drawing her onto his knee as he sat on the dresser. "I shall not be satisfied till that ring is on the other hand, and you have come away home with me."

Lieschen hung ber head, and her big | blood. brown eyes filled with tears

"What, orying!" he remonstrated, taking her chin in his great rough hand, and turning her unwilling face round towards him. "Thunder and lightning, why, so she is You speil those eyes my pretty one. What's it all about? Art not happy, Lieschen?"

"Yes, quite," she said, with a gulp, "if you would let me alone, Gustav. I am yours now-what more do you want? You say I have no heart; I can't give you what I havn't got."

"Why, that's true. Give me kisses instead, then," said he, magnanimously,-"enough for fifty years, in case I do not see thee again."

"Stupid old Gustav !" cried the girl laughing and struggling. "There, that will do! Put me down, Gustav."

"Ach! see, now, these lovers, these lovers!" cried an old shrill voice in the doorway. "Tears and smiles and kisses, kisses and smiles and tears! So runs the world away, and the old folk are forgotten."

"Lieschen counts me one of the old folk, nurse," remarked Gustav, pausing to speak, but holding his prisoner helpless the while in his great strong arms.

"Tut, tut, child! Not many maidens of sixteen can boast of such a fine, brave lover as thine, with his broad farm and nice new house and steading, and everything heart can desire. Not but what thou caust bring him linen enough to stock the house, were it twice the size it is; but he had no need to seek out a simple child like thee to be his bride."

"So I tell him, nurse. I didn't want him - O Gustav !" Her speech was smothered in his great read beard.

"Good-by, dearest," he said at last, putting her down. "Take care of her for me, nurse. I don't think it will be fifty years before I come again," he added, turning to Lieschen as he went out, "though to me at least, it will seem twice as long.

Perhaps the wistful look in his eyes, or the sadness that crept into his voice as he said these last words, touched the girl; perhaps she loved him after all; anyhow, before he had crossed the threshold she ran after him and slipped her hand through his. "I'll go as far as the gate with you dear

Gustav." she said; and they walked away down the yard together.

"Look at my young ducks, Gustav; aren't they growing fast? And the chickens too! And look at those lazy geese; they do nothing

but feed and sleep. Do you know, I thought they were all up, every one of them?" "Ay, thou'rt a brave housewife, Lieschen; and it thou leveth thy father now, and servest him so well, I doubt not thou'lt love | through.

me when the time comes. Adieu, herzliebchen! Be good and happy and don't forget me-eh?" "No, you dear, good Gustav! Adieu! Come soon again !" And so they parted.

hearts?"

"Du lieber Himmel! What does the child mean? Hearts? Why, they are born so !" exclaimed the old woman, taking off | dering, seeking, and yearning, that have her spectacles, the better to see her young | sprung from the heart of the German questioner. "What art thou chattering people. about ?"

"Gustav says I have no heart, nurse," he is right. How do we get hearts?"

"Herr Gustav should rejoice that thou hast none," said the old nurse, looking her dim eyes : "it comes by suffering-suffering and sorrow and trial, and weeping a heart is like the steel in iron; 'tis there, but you can not have it till it has gone through the terrible fires and been beaten on the anvil. The good God save thee from thy death, my little flower."

Lieschen, slowly turning the ring on her finger. "I think I do love him; he is so tall and broad and strong-he could kill me with one hand, nurse, I to think."

"Behute! What nonsense the child does talk !" exclaimed the nurse. "But see," she said pointing to the window, "is not that thy Gustay come back again? Run, child, and see "hat brings him."

Lieschen ran out into the yard, but stopped suddenly short, petrified with fear at the sight that met her eyes.

"Bring him in-10-gently," Gustav was saying; and two farm servants followed bim, bearing between them the apparently lifeless body of a young man-the head fallen back, the eyes closed, the lips parted, the hands hands hanging limply down, the clothes stained here and there with blood.

"Run, away, child, run away! 'Tis no sight for thee," Gustav called out, when he | fail," saw her standing there white and frightened.

"We want the nurse."

Then he turned to the old wcman, who had come out, and explained rapidly; Lieschen, instead of running away, listened eagerly to every word :

"There has been a duel-unless it was darker work. We found him in the wood up yender, bleeding to death. Where can we lay him down? The nearer the betterhere on this sofa?"

"Oh, anywhere-yes!" cried Lieechen, brimming over with pity.

And so they laid him down on the sofa ia she little sitting room, and then Gustav, not outside the door.

She stood there with her hands pressed together, every nerve strained to interpref the sounds that came from within, halt muffled by the loud beating of her own

"Ach, Gott! If only he be not dead!" she murmured, as the stillness seemed to grow into erable. Then there came a low gasping mean of pain, and she heard Gustav

"He is coming to: water now, and linen:" Then the old nurse came out hurriedly. her eye fell upon the girl's white face, and she sent her to fetch a bundle of old linen from the press in the garret as quick as might be, while she herself went for water.

When Lieschen came flying back the nurse had returned to the side of the wounded man, and she stole in after her with the linen. She could hardly repress the cry of pain and pity that rose to her lips when she saw the deathlike pallor of the face lying back on Gustav's supporting shoulder; but she felt that she must be very quiet if she would not draw attention to the fact that she had come in unbidden.

The nurse took the linen from her hands without noticing her at all, and then Gustay helped with his disengaged hand, gently un fastening and laying open the young man't coat. disclosing a white shirt all soaked with

"Cut it -cut it !" said Gustav impatiently: "there's no time to locse."

"What a pity! and the linen so fair and fine," lamented the nurse, in an undertone. "The lad is noble, no doubt."

"No doubt," echoed Gustav: "but, noble or not, he must die if we can't staunch this bleeding at once. If only I had both hands free!" he muttered, exasperated at the tremulous slowness of the old woman. "This won't do, and not a soul in the house to help! Here, Lieschen, you must be useful. Come and hold up his head-so, so-upon your shoulder. Lucky I've seen so much of this in the war, and know what to be at,' he remarked to himself. And Lischen knelt and took the heavy, fainting head upon her bosom, and closed her eyes to shut out the

sight of blood that almost overcame her. Now and then, when one of those gasping moans broke from him, she opened them quickly, and gazed in tearful distress at the white face so near her own, and yet seeming, too, so far away-half-way into those cold domains of death that are so very far off to those that are strong and young.

"Yes, he is noble," she thought to herselt, trying to keep still and patient, under the weight that began to make her limbs ache and tremble. "His hair is like the sunshine, and all waving-like that picture of an angel in my Bible," she thought, noting him curiously; "and his forehead is so white that the veins show through. No doubt he is an officer,"-this she merely inferred from the nightly growth that fringed his upper lip,— 'and how beautiful he is! Gustav is handsome, but not like him;" and she oould almost have laughed at the idea of a comparison between great, broad Gustav, with his sun-browned face, fine rough hewn features, and his red beard, and the delicate refinement and almost womanly fairness of the other face. At length Gustav released her, and laid the lad as he called him-he looked about five-and-twenty-gently down on the pillows.

"He may do now," he said, after watching him a while. "I must leave him to your care, nurse, and that of Herr Uterhart. You will explain it—what little we know—when he returns to-night. Good-by, heart's darling! Thou'lt be a first rate nurse ere I come again," and he kissed his betrothed on either cheek, and went away.

It was drawing towards evening. A familiar clatter of wooden shoes on the outside told Lieschen it was time to go amilking. She stole out, tied on her great sunbonnet, took up her stool and pail, and followed the women away to the meadows, as she did morning and evening all the summer

The shadows were growing very long and the colors fading in the western sky when they came back; and Lieschen still had her young ducks and towls to shut up for the lessly. night. As she crossed and recrossed the "Nurse," said Lieschen, re-entering the | yard-now with a can of water, now with scullery, "how do people come to have the pail and stool ready for the morningshe sang in a shrill, sweet voice some of those lovely, plaintive volkslieder-those "songs of love and longing," of endless wan-

Before going into the house, all her work done, she wandered through the garden, shore, and stood there, dreamly looking over the smooth water into the fading sky, and listening to the plash of the little waves thoughtfully into the bright young face with | falling on the sand. She thought of what Gustav had said about the mermaid, and thought if would be sweet to float away on and loving-loving brings it all. They say | the quiet tide, under the glimmering sky, and see the little stars light up one after another in the golden green up there, and watch the flights of birds winging over, and singing beside the boats of fishermen at their finding thine; for truly I think it would be | nightly toil, and dip down at sunrise-down,

"Gustav is very good to me," murmured | strange wild creatures swim in and out, and the sea flowers bloom, and the mermaids sit combing their long, golden hair under the tideless Baltic sea.

She was a strange, romantic child, this sea. Lieschen, full of dreams and longing fancies; and this seemed better to her than to be a creature of flesh and blood, with a human heart and human hope and blessed with the love of man.

"And they live three hundred years," she murmured half aloud, as the light died off the sea, "unless they strive to win an immortal soul by the love of a living man; if they fail they vanish in the sea-foam on the day when he weds another. But there is never, never found a man. He gives his love to a creature of his own sphere, and the foam ever gathers on the sea. If I were a mermaid, though, '-a say, proud smile gleamed across her face, -"I would not shining in his eyes, and then she put her

L'eschen was sitting in the sick-room one little child. hot summer afternoon, her patient asleep on the couch, and the warm, fragrant air floating in with the murmuring of bees at the open window. Her work lay in her lap. but her hands were idle, and her eyes gazing I do for thee? Tell me. dreamily out at the sky, while very, very low and softly, she sang : "War' ich ein

Vogelein.' "Brava! brava! murmured a voice from the couch behind her. "A sweet voice and

a sweet song !"

and knelt by his side. "I thought you were asleep. You are unkindly, but quite irresistibly, put Lieschen | rtronger-you feel better, life is coming back I" she said, in a voice quite tremulous with joy. "Ach, Gott! you have been so

ill : do you not know it ?" He smiled faintly.

"See how thin !" and she lifted up the hand that lay on the coverlet and showed him how wasted it had grown.

He looked at it with a languid sort of curiosity, and then let it fall heavily by his side, and turned his head on the pillow to look at her.

She was a good sight for sick eyes to rest upon, with her pretty brown hair, and great, gentle brown eyes so full of womanly pity, tenderness and submission, and, withal, dreamy and wistful as a child's eyes.

"And who art thou, dear child?" he asked presently.

"I am Eliso Uterhart-Lieschen they call me. Thit is my home; I live here with my father and nurse, and keep the house." "And hast thou nursed me all these

"Yes," she answerad, "and I have prayed for you when I thought you were dying, and see, the dear God has heard. You live and will grow well and strong again."

"Dear child! I owe thee my life. What can I give thee or do for thee?" Lieschen blushed, her eyes faltered from

his face, and she looked down in silence. "Nay, ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine, if I have it to give.

"Indeed, I know not; 'tis nothing I have done, only watching," stammered Lieschen. "Tell me your name," and she raised her eyes to his.

He tried to hold out his band, and she put hers into it. "Let be, then, "he said, slowly;" there is time enough. My name? is Otto von der Lanken: I-

"Ach! You are tired," interrupted the girl, seeing a helplers look come into his eyes as he broke off." Drink this, and do not speak any more."

She raised his head with one arm, and he drank the milk she held to his lips. Then she laid him down upon the pillows, and went back to her seat by the window, he watching her with the idle look of a man still too weak to speculate about things, or think any thoughts, but one or two that seemed of themselves to pass in and out of his brain.

Lieschen smiled and shook her head at him. "Shut your eyes and sleep," said she with a pretty little authoritative air.

"Sing, then," he murmured, inclined to dictate his own terms, and watching her every gesture with passive enjoyment; "sing to me.

Lieschen could think of no song but the one she had been singing when he woke, which was still running in her head and she

Ach! wie ist's moglich dann Dass ich dich lassen kann? "Ah! can it ever be That I should part from thee

When she had finished she turned and looked at him, and saw tears standing in his

"'Tis very sweet," he murmured, "and plain to see that thou knowest what love is. Sing again—the last verse again." So she sang again:

"Were I a birdie wee. And by thy side would be, Fearing not hawk nor kite, To thee swift I'd fly. Pierced by the hunter's dart, I'd nestle next thy heart; If one tear dimmed thy eye, Glad then 1'd die."

And he closed hif eyes and slept.

So the slow summer days went by. Every day he grew a little stronger, and by degrees she gathered from him the story of the duel which had so nearly been fatal to him; how he and his friend had quarreled about a lady and had fought.

"I suppose they thought me dead and left me," said Otto. "One has not much time to waste on these occasions. Poor Rudolf! He will have fied; but he can come back now, since no harm is done."

"And the lady?" asked Lieschen, breath-

"She will marry Rudolf no doubt," replied Otto, with a hard laugh; "and I shall dance at the wedding."

Lieschen said nothing; but the great, dark eyes that rested on his face were lighted with a new fire, a burning worship, an unspeakable devotion; her heart beat, and her pulses thrilled with a new, sweet, mysterious pain. The die was cast.

At last there came a day-oh, those days, those few days that make up the she replied, sitting on the old woman's knee | under the heavy-laden syringa and bowery | earthly history of a life! Some all in white | the girl, with a faint smile. and stroking her white hair, "and I think | wilderness of roses, down on to the sea- | and garlanded with fresh flowers of spring; | now ?" some flaming in gold and crowned with suncoming slowly, surely on, each in its appointed time, neither sooner for our longing nor later for our agony of fear; and we can not choose but take them all and bear them shine; some some there must be - draped deep in black. There they are within the veiled future, till the last sands have run, and there are der Lanken bade farewell. He went through | betrothal ring. the garden looking for his little nurse to say down among the seaweed forests where good-by to her, but could not find her; then he | thing !" said the good people, shaking their | large bottles 50 cents.

sawlittle foot-marks in the sandy path under) heads over it; and they put it away, and the roses and syringas that led down on to the forgot all about it and her. shore. He followed them, and found Lieschen standing by the tide looking out to

"Lieschen," he said, coming up to her, "I am come to say good-by !"

"Oh, not to-day !" oried Lieschen, clasping her hands and looking up at him with her great piteous eyes; "not so soon !"

"Doch ja, liebes kind," he answered, kindly; "I am well again and strong, thanks to my good little Lieschen, and it is time to be up and doing. And now," he added, seeing the tears rush to her eyes, "now what can I do for thee, sweet child? Ask what thou wilt."

She looked up at him a moment, standing there so tall and straight and fair, with the sun on his bright hair and the blue sky hands over her face and sobbed aloud like a

"Donner !" ejaculated the young count softly to bimself, in great perplexity. Then he drew a step nearer. "Dear little Lieschen, don't cry, for pity's sake! What can

"Oh, give me your love-your love!" she cried out passionately. "Love me, if only a little!" and then she broke down utterly and leaned her little brown head against his

arm, crying bitterly. "Why, that thou hast, dear one-not a Lieschen colored at his praise and went little, but a great deal. Who could help loving thee?" he answered soothingly. "Ask something harder, for my love thou and he pushed her hastily aside as a gay

> After a long pause she looked up through her tears. "And thou wilt-thou wilt come back one day?"

"Why, surely," said he, "I am not worth "How long have I been here?" he asked. | all these tears, pretty one! Be happy, shut. "Nearly three weeks," she answered. right happy, till I come again. Adieu now, sweet child! Auf Wiedersehen! auf baldig Wiedersehen!" He stooped and kissed her on the forehead, and went away up the sand, turning under the syringas to wave another farewell, and then she heard his horse's hoofs clattering up the yard, and he

was gone. Gone! How it haunted her day after day as she passed in and out of the house, empty of his presence; down the garden and the meadows, which knew his step and voice no more; and upon the shore, where he had bidden her farewell! Weeks passed before she at all turned from that feeling of missing him so sorely to the hope of his return. He had said "Auf Wiedersehen!" Perhaps in a week, a monthperhaps at harvest-time-perhaps at Christmas-he would come, she thought, as the time went by.

But he did not come-not even when it was spring, and the early leaves came out, and the clouds lifted and shone white in the young sunshine, and the birds sang merri-

Gustav came and went, and began to urge the marriage. Perhaps he saw that his betrothed was losing the pretty roses in her cheeks, and that the light in her eyes was growing sad and strange; and he-knowing as none but he knew how much he loved her-longed to take her to himself in his own home and make her happy.

So they fixed a day at last, and Lieschen, like one in a dream, helped the old nurse to make all preparations, and plied her needle

busily. All was ready at length, and two days before the wedding Lieschen stood on the shore, her work done, and no more to do but to wait now for the dawning of the day that was to bring Gustav and make her his

As she stood there she seemed to hear a voice answering her own thoughts:

"Thou wilt lose all, bethink thee wellall if thou fail. Thy father's love, thy peaceful home, thy fair name, thy good, honest husband-all will be lost !" "Alas, alas, I know it!" she arswered,

weeping : "but I can not, will not fail !" She went into the house and looked into the sitting room. There sat her father in bis chair asleep, the pipe still between his fingers, and the room dim with smoke. Her lips seemed to frame some word they vainly sought to utter, and then with a choking, stifled sob, she turned and stole awayaway out of the house, across the meadows, and on toward the shore of the other side of the promontory, on which lay her father's farm. She was not strong, but something within her gave her power to walk all night in the chill spring weather. Long before noon next day she had caught the Stralsund steamer on its backward way, and was being crrried across the water to Stralsund.

She telt no weariness, no hunger, thirst, or cold, and only longed to be on foot once more. She was quite familar with the quaint old town, and hurried up the quay, across the Water street, and up under the dark, shadowy Zemlower gateway, along the quiet streets where grass grows between the stones of the pavement, and the old gabled houses have looked down for hundreds of years upon the simple burgher life below. She went through the town and out into the country beyond, past many a pleasant little farm, where the storks were patching up their great nests on the thatched barns and cow-houses, and making their ourious rattling cry as they flew to and fro. She remembered that the storks used to bring summer in old days and all good gifts when they came back, and that this spring they had not yet come to her home on Rugen. In one little village she asked for a drink of milk, and they made her eat and rest a little while; but she was restless and anxious to be gone, so they let her go, though the wind was rising and blowing sharp and keen, and little flakes of snow were flying through the air. By nightfall a fierce storm was blowing,

and the air was thick with driving snow. Leschen asked shelter at a farm lying a little back from the high road. "How far is it to Friedenhagen?" she ask

"What, hast thou friends at Friedenhag-

en? In the service of the Count von der | ing." Lanken, then?" "Yes, I have a friend there," answered

"Why thou wilt not walk it, surely? 'Tis a good four hours from here."

"Oh, I am very strong," answered Leischen bravely. "Only let me sleep here, and then I shall be able to do it."

So she slept there; but vary early in the morning she rose and stole away out on the snowy road in the cutting, pitiless wind, leaving behind her as a token of her gratino more. There came a day when Otto von | tude, the only thing she had to give-her

"She has a sad story, doubtless, poor

Meanwhile she pression till it was drawing toward noon, and then the walls and turrets of the great Schloss Friedenhagen rose dimly through the falling snow. At every step her tired feet grew heavier, the snow glared upon her aching eyes, and the cold winds seemed to pierce her through and through; but still she struggled on, and stood at length under the great portecochere, and rang the bell. She had no thought of her soiled and draggled clothes, or of the impression she might make upon the servants; no thought at all of them, but only of him, of Otto von der Lanken, and that another moment must bring them face

She heard bells ringing merrily-was it only phanton music in her tired brain? And then the door opened, and a rough voice demanded her business and her name. "Who are you, and what are you here

about on such a day as this?" Lieschen vaguely fancied he was referring to the anow, and timidly asked to see the

young Herr Graf. The man laughed aloud.

"A pretty request, truly? Come another day, mein fraulein. Know you not that the young Herr Graf has just brought home his bride, and is to-day receiving the congratulations of all his noble friends? The gracious lord would be somewhat lastonished. I take it, to see a beggar-maiden like you among the train. Make way, make way :" carriage came rolling up the drive.

Lieschen turned away faint, stunned, exhausted, broken-hearted, and the guests went laughing and chatting up the steps and into the great hall, and the door was

Two days later a big, broad-shouldered man, with a sun-browned face and a red beard, came riding along the snowy road toward Friedenhagen. The storm was over. but the great dritts still lay plied by the roadside-deep, broad, and white. The green buds of spring were withered on the boughs; sullen clouds moved slow against the leaden sky, and huddled in great banks about the south and west; it was freezing, but the bitter wind was still. The horseman's face was sad and stern, and he looked absently at the snow as he rode along, when suddenly a great cry broke from his lips. He flung down the reins and sprang to the

"Ach, nimmermehr! Ach, du mein Gott! Lieschen, Lieschen! my little Lieschen !"

For there, covered but not hidden by the snow, he discovered something-something that told him all, almost before his eyes had fully seen it-a few shadows, a few curved lines, a sweeping tress of dark-brown hair, He fell down beside the still, unheeding form, and put back the matted hair that was blown across her face, and kissed the frozen eyes, the frozen parted lips, and the little frozen hands in vain; dead, stark dead, his little Lieschen-frozen in the drift-

ed snow. That was the end of it all. He saw his ring was gone from her hand, but how or why he could not guess. He only knew she had fled from her wedding-day and from him, and dimly felt that Octo von der Lanken might be the cause-whether innocent or guilty he could not tell, and little cared

to know, since all was lost. And Otto von der Lanken never knew. "That pretty child will have forgotten me," he said once to himself that spring, when something reminded him of his promise at parting from her," and will have married the good Baier by this time, or I

ALL SORTS.

might send for her to wait upon my wife."

A "fly" fellow—The angler.

High art-The labors of the hanging com-A regular poser—The photographer.

The blind pool is a poor place for small Queen of the May-the scrub-girl. Reducing the price of gas has no effect or

the meters. The speculator loses hope when he lose

A man without a future—a bursted stock When a man's head swims there is gener-

ally more water than whiskey about it. Wrangell land appears to be an appropri ate destination for the Jeannette survivors Of all sad words, the bankers say the sad

dest are these, "We can not pay." Darwin says there is a living principle in fruit. We suppose he refers to the worms "Amature actor" is informed that the

first supe mentioned in history is Godfrey de Bouillon. There is a man in Kentucky who hasn' a bone in his body. What a splendid base ball umpire he would make,

A new kind of monster potato is called the "white elephant." This is carrying the adulteration of food a little too far. It ain't whut a man knows er 'bout hisse'

dat makes him feel proud. It's whut h 'magines udder people thinks o' him. Never speak ill of a man if you can help it If you must say something bad be sure th

orther side pays your witness fee. It is a foolish girl who will ask her love which he likes best, her beauty or brains No mater which way he answers she is sur to get mad.

When a man falls in business there nothing like having a wife to own the rea estate; and if there is too much of that fo one wife to own, he ought to have two

There was a girl with a fine voice but poor ear living in the flat above him whe Bellini composed that tender aris in "Son nambula," "Still so gently o'er me squea Anybody who has examined a doctor

handwriting on a prescript on will not wor der that a drug clerk frequently puts up mor phine when the recipe calls for carraway seed or some such barmless drug. "Will you have roastbeefcornbeefroas

perkporkandbeanshamandbaconorhash?"ra tled the pretty waitress to Jones the fire night at his new boarding house. The bash ful man blushed and remarked that "he be lieved he would, thanks."

Oh I how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I w ever get through this Spring house-cleaning ! Oh yes y will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stoms Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system.