A BEGGAR'S ROMANCE.

Did you ever notice a little old woman who turns the crank of a wheezy hand-organ on one of the railroad viaducts? Day after day, summer and winter, rain or shine, she is seated there on a little camp-stool grinding out the same old distracting tunes. Hot or cold, she always wears the same faded gown, and the same threadbare shawl is always drawn tightly across her shoulders. A little black bonnet, rusty with age, is well pulled down over her forehead so as to hide her pinched and careworn features. Perhaps, you have caught a chance glimpse of her pale face and saw something in the pitiful expression that caused you to pause for an instant and drop a coin into the little tin cup. It probably never has occurred to you that the life history of this street beggar is interlined with a choice bit of romance. You certainly never dreamed that the humble creature before you was once the belle of Salt Lake City, a leader of fashion, and the heiress to millions. Yet she was. She is the eldest daughter of John Brigham Young, one of the wealthiest men in Utah, and a favorite niece of the once famous Mormon prophet. She was reared in luxury and received a liberal education. Gifted with rare musical talents she became celebrated among her people as an accomplished vocalist, and at one time was the principal contralto in the choir at the tabernacle. She was her father's joy, and just as she was budding into womanhood he pledged her hand to a rising young elder who had been active in proselyting for the Mormon Church. The daughter remonstrated, but without avail.

A short time before the day set for the wedding she was secretly married to a young newspaper man. He was a Gentile. When her father got wind of the marriage he renounced his daughter, and cast her out of his house. She fled with her husband to New York, where he obtained employment as a reporter on a morning newspaper. Shortly after, his eyesight became affected, and he was unable to retain his position. Then came the struggle for an existence. Their little savings were soon exhausted in trying to restore the husband's eyesight, and after three years' treatment he became totally blind. Though disinherited and reduced to poverty, the devoted wife remained true to her marriage vows. She wrote to her father, begging him to aid her, but receiving no reply, sought for employment. Every one turned a deaf ear to her appeals for work, and as a last resort she accepted an engagement in a concert saloon. There her splendid voice attracted attention, and she was able to earn enough to give her blind husband a comfort home. Their prosperity, however, was short-lived, for not long after she was prostrated by sickness and the fever robbed her of her voice and left but a wreck of her former self. Disheartened in spirit and feeble in health she began the life of a street beggar, wandering from place to place, and finally locating in Chicago, the Mecca for poverty-stricken Bohemians. Although dragged down to the very depths of despair and degredation, she has steadfastly clung to the sightless old man who unwittingly caused her downfall. Recently a woman who knew the beggar many years ago saw and recognized her, and by close questioning elicited the sad story of her unfortunate career.

A BRAVE GARDENER.

MAKES A PERILOUS LEAP TO SAVE A BOY'S LIFE.

A boy about 13 years of age named James Atkinson, who lives with his parents on River street, Toronto, at noon yesterday had a very narrow escape from being drowned in the Don River, he having gone twice to the bottom, when he was rescued by the presence of mind and bravery of a young man named William Hewitt, who is employed as a gardener. Young Atkinson and two comrades about 1 o'clock went down to the Don to bathe, and while floundering about in the water near the Winchester street bridge Atkinson got beyond his depth. He screamed to his companions for help, but they could not go near him as neither of them could swim. Hewitt was driving across the bridge at the time and heard the boy's cries, but paid little attention as he thought some children were at play, but on reaching the eastern end of the structure he happened to look down and saw the head of a boy sinking under the water. Without a moment's hesitation Hewitt threw off his coat and boots and leaped over the railing of the bridge, falling from a height of 18 feet and alighting squarely on the feet. When he came to the surface he could see nothing of the drowning boy, but by diving into the muddy water he found the body lying in the bottom in the deepest part of the stream. When brought ashore young Atkinson was insensible. The companions of the boy were so frightened that they ran to Atkinson's house and told the parents that their son had been drowned, but by the time they reached the scene the lad had recovered sufficiently to express his thinks to his rescuer.—*News.*

How to Make a Good Straw Stack.

Straw may be so stacked that it will keep in good condition until it is fed out during the winter. It is the common opinion that the straw stack furnishes the hardest positions about the thresher; hence, the men usually take the others positions, leaving the straw stack to be mismanaged by the boys. If you wish the straw properly stacked, you must see, first of all, that capable men are put upon the stack, and you must insist upon their doing their work well. A very common fault is to start the stack too wide. It will always spread of itself, and become so wide that it must be drawn in abruptly, and the water sinks into it. Another fault is, no to keep the centre highest and trampled solid. Let one man be delegated to law the outside, and each of the other men to stack and trample down a certain section of the interior, and not to stand in a hole and throw the straw idly about him. It requires close supervision and good work to make a straw stack. And when it is made, do not allow the top to be blown off for lack of a few "keepers," or the cattle to waste half of it—being allowed to run to the stack. Put a fence close around the stack, and build racks or mangers close to the fence. Then, during the winter, cut down the stack with a knife, and fill the mangers. Put the chaff in a pen and roof it, or else have it evenly distributed through the stack. Do not allow it to accumulate in a mass around and under the straw carriers, to spoil. The above is written for the benefit of those who have not mow room or barrocks for the straw.—American Agriculturist for August.

Small Fruits on the Farm.

To stock a small garden with the best varieties requires only a few dollars outlay, and the skill necessary to keep them in good condition is within to reach of any one who is interested in the matter. We generally see a few scrubby and neglected currant bushes in the grass along the garden fence, but not in one garden in a dozen do we see much more in the line of small fruits. That men are fond of these fruits is proved by the avidity with which they dispose of them when placed before them in the shape of pie, shortcake, or eaten with sugar or cream. They seem to forget, or overlook the fact, that the season of enjoying these luxuries need not be confined to summer. Canned fruits are nearly as good during the winter, if properly put up, as when fresh, and the expense and trouble of putting them up is not great. More money is usually spent for prunes and other dried fruit during the winter in families where fruit is not put up, than it would cost to purchase jars and sugar to supply at home. The women will take care of the fruit if they only have it to take off, and will be glad to have the chance to do so. Should more fruit be produced than the family can consume, it will meet with a ready sale at the nearest village, and usually bring the grower better returns than if sent to the overstocked markets of a large city. Sell none but the surplus.—American Agriculturist for August.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WALES ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE. LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BED. 2

MR. EDITOR,—While spending a few days at the pleasant seaside town of Aberystyth, Cardiganshire, Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous cure.

The story was of a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in bed for six long years, given up to die by all the doctors had been speedily cured by some patent medicine. It was related with more implicit confidence from the circumstance, as was said, that the Vicar of Llanrystyd was familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report.

Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty while the village of Llanrystyd to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, to enquire about this wonderful cure. Though a total stranger to him, both he and his wife most graciously entertained me in a half hour's conversation, principally touching the case of Mr. Pugh, in which they seemed to take a deep and sympathetic interest, having been familiar with his sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed to them a most remarkable cure.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having mentioned the case to Mr. John Thomas, a chemist of Llanon. He said Mr. Pugh, was formerly a resident of his parish of Llanddeinol.

He strongly vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's character as a respectable farmer and worthy of credit. I left the venerable Vicar with a livelier sense of the happy relations of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truely sympathised with all who are afflicted in mind, body, or estate.

On my return to Aberystwyty, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying above the the dingle, situated near the summit of a smooth round hill, overlooking a beautiful valley in which is situated the lovely ivy mantled Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pugh, apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face. I told him that I had heard of his great affliction and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own lips, what there of truth in the reports.

Mr. Pugh remarked that his neighbors had taken a kindly and sympathetic interest in his case for many years, but of late their interest had been greatly awakened by a happy change in his condition. What you report as having heard abroad, said he, is substantially true with one exception. I never understood my case was ever given up as hopeless by any physician. I have been by several doctors hereabouts, as good as any in Wales, but unfortunately no prescription of theirs ever brought the desired relief.

Fifteen years ago, he said, I first became conscious of a sour and deranged stomach and loss of appetite which the doctors told me was dyspepsia. What food I could hold in my stomach seemed to do me no good and was often thrown up with painful retching. This was followed after a time with horseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that, but with little success. Then came shortness of breath and a sense of suffocation, especially nights, with clammy sweat, and I would have to get out of bed and sometimes open a door or window in winter weather to fill my lungs with cold air.

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep in bed, but had to take my unquiet rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an armchair. My affliction seemed to be working downward into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and throat. In violent coughing spasms which grew more frequent, my abdomen would expand and collapse and at times it would seem that I should suffocate. All this time I was reduced in strength so that I could perform no hard labor and my spirits were consequently much depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbors became alarmed, believing that certainly I would not survive, when a neighbor, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, sent to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight, no less than my own the spasm ceased, I became at ease, and my stomach was calmed. My bowels moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort as though such as I had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and breathe comfortably in a few hours after I had taken the medicine. I continued to take the medicine daily now for something over two months, and I can lay down and sleep quietly at nights and have not since had a recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweats. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not tried to perform any very hard outdoor labor, deeming it best to be prudent lest by over-exertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I feel that my stomach and bowels have been and are being throughly renovated and renewed by the medicine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by my neighbors, especially by the good Vicar of Llanrystyd, who with his sympathetic wife have come three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovey.

I bade Mr. Pugh good bye, happy that even one at least among the thousands had found a remedy for an aggravating disease.

Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic Asthma should be known to the public I beg to submit the above facts as they are related to me. F.T.W.

Dr. Andries, a British physician, asserts that accidents faom lightning have increased from three to five-fold during the last fifty years. He attributes the main cause of this increase to the enormous increase in manufactories, locomotives, etc., which fill the air with smoke, steam and particles of dust of all kinds, while the increased populations contribute their share to the impurity of the atmosphere. His own experiments, and those of others, have shown that all the electrical phenomena of the air in intensity with the increase of dust in it. The doctor does not volunteer the information as how accidents by lightning may be avoiding; but a very common error that people caught in a storm make is to seek shelter under a tree. Experience has proved this to be the worst possible expedient that could be adopted. The best place for timid persons is in the house, and in the middle of the room, at a distance from all walls, and especially from the chimney. In all cases accidents from lightning are more frequent in elevated situations than in the plains, and in villages in the open country than in populous cities.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,

For Children and Pulmonary Troubles

Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary troubles, and general debility, and have been astonished at the good results, and as a remedy for children with Rickets or Marasmus, it is unequalled."

A wonderful discovery was made recently by Mr. Robt. Reeves, of Eganville, County of Renfrew, which will tend to revolutionize the locomotion of machinery in the near future. The discovery was made by throwing a plough-point on to the tread-board of a dogchurn, the instant the point touched the board is revolved one half turn, Mr. Reeves could see "perpetual motion" at once. The tread-board of the churn requires very little weight on the side to set it in motion. The discoverer thereupon obtained a wheelbarrow and placed the wheel upon the side of the board and secured the handles firmly to a beam in the machinery hall. Everything ready the breaks were loosened and the board began to revolve, the wheel of the barrow travelling up hill, serving the same purpose as the tread of a dog. We understand word was immediately sent to Ottawa to secure a patent. There is a standing bounty of $500,000 offered by Queen Victoria to the discoverer of perpetual motion, and steps will be taken to secure this premium. The machine can be seen in motion by all who wish to call. We congratulate Mr. R. on his discovery, and trust he will be fortunate enough to secure this handsome bounty.

In the Dilke case Mrs. Crawford has testified that she "never loved Crawford," and that was the cause of it. There is always danger in attempting to make love go around among half a dozen. "It is wise to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

NEWS ITEMS.

Canada Presbyterian: "Gladstone's position to day is a splendid illustration of the fact that chhracter is indestructable. He has been beaten at the polls, but he is still the greatest living man.

Though an election was held in Great Britain less than a year previously, 136 of the 670 members of Parliament returned to the new Parliament have never sat in the House before.

The match for the Kolapore Cup was shot at Wimbledon on Wednesday; England was victorious with a score of 666 points, Canada making 646, Australia 642 and India 595. The Canadians won the chief prizes in the Corporation series of matches.

A young colored lady entered a Fredericton, N.B., store and asked for a pair of flesh coloured stockings. The clerk immediately passed her down an assortment of black ones and ever since he has been expecting an invitation to seek another situation.

Dr. Charlatan—"Good morning! Is the family at home?—Biddy—"Phat family are yez lookin' for?" Dr. Charlatan—"Why, any of the human family, of which I am a friend and benefactor." Biddy—"Shure, they may live on this strate, but it's the Brown family lives here, sir."

An Indiana newspaper is responsible for the statement that some woodchoppers in Rock Creek township, cutting down a big white oak, found the tree hollow. When the axe entered the cavity air rushed out with a whistle, followed by a flow of coal oil. Two barrels were filled, and the hole plugged up for future use.

At a Scott Act trial in Peterboro', Mr. Wood, County Crown Attorney, asked a witness, "Who handed you the flask?" Witness—"I don't know." Mr. Wood—"Who did you hand the flask to after you got through with it?" Witness—"I didn't hand it to anyone, there was nothing in it when I got through with it."

The notorious Rev. Arthur Waite, who, some years ago, was prominent as the converted clown, and a temperance agitator, and who managed a "Good Tidings gospel tent" in most of the cities of New England, has recently been seen in London. He deserted his family, eloped with a young woman, and is now engaged as a scenic artist in the Drury Lane Theatre.

The question of a parsonage for the minister is being discussed by the trustees.

"I don't see what Mr. Milton wants of a parsonage—he isn't married," said Deacon Presbury.

"That's very true," replied another, "but I have it on very good authority that four young women of the church are holding off their consent until this question is settled."—Tidbits.

A pretty young lady appeared at the Troy Post Office on Tuesday with a money order sent her by her husband. Her signature and the name of the office record did not correspond; but the order was cashed after she had explained that she had been married but a short time, and that her husband wasn't accustomed to spelling her first name; he had always called her dearie.

When Isaiah Thomas, of Massachusetts, was printing his almanac for the year 1780 one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the "13th of July." Mr. Thomas, being engaged, replied, "Anything, anything." The boy, thus ordered, returned to the office and set, "Rain, hail and snow." The country was all amazement when the day arrived, for it actually rained, hailed and snowed violently. From that time Thomas' almanac was in great demand.

The deservative qualities of salt water are well shown in the difference between ocean and fresh water vessels as regards length of life. A Pittsburg steamboat man recently mentioned as among the oldest packets on the Ohio two which were built about the year 1868. On the Hudson, however, there are low boats forty years old, and some of the Long Island sound steamers are old stagers. Some of the freight boats on the eastern lines were looked on as floating palaces two generations ago.

An Ottawa despatch to the Montreal Witness says: It is positively stated here this morning that Sir John Macdonald will resign the Premiership on his return from the Northwest. To ill health is attributed the unexpected change in Canadian politics which this event will bring about. At a meeting of the Cabinet prior to Sir John's departure the matter was discussed as to who should succeed him. On this point the Cabinet were not united, but from what can be gathered the fight for leadership will be between Sir Hector Langevin and Sir Alexander Campbell.

According to a report just to hand, Lady Dufferin is indebted to the tack and courage of Lord William Bereseford for an escape from imminent peril at Simla. Her Ladyship was, it appears, driving on the Mall, when her pony became unmanageable, and bolted off at a furious pace. Attempts to stop the animal were made in vain, but at the critical moment Lord William Beresford came along on horseback, and instantly dashed at the runaway, but could not retain it. Quick as thought, His Lordship went ahead, leaped from his horse, and threw himself on the pony as it came up, and, by desperate effort, stopped it in its headlong career.—Modern Society.

A Dakota editor made the following statement in his paper last week:—"Times being rather hard we are going to take our wife to the home of our mother-in-law next week for a short visit, and we will give our readers a little vacation by not issuing any paper. They won't loose much, for there is little news going just now, and we print this week an editorial on the tariff which would have appeared next week. The only thing we have had to leave out on this account is Bill Jones' ad about a farm for sale; but that is of no consequence, as he hasn't paid us anything for it yet. Brethern, white paper is too blamed dear to fool it away when our mother-in-law will keep us a week for nothing."

The late Mr. Tracy, of Buffalo, about whose will there is some dispute, was one of some of the most distinguished beer-drinking champions has probably the best record in history as an absorber of fluids. From the testimony of one of his physicians, his regular daily allowance in the course of the twenty-four hours was twelve pint bottles of champaigne, one quart of brandy and from six to ten bottles of clysmic water. What he absorbed when he was bent on a little hilarity is not set forth. Mr. Tracy's ordinary yearly consumption, therefore, was 4,380 pint bottles of champagne, 365 quarts of brandy and from 2,000 to 3,000 bottles of clysmic water. The question at issue is whether a man whose system was engaged in taking care of all this liquid could find time to make a legal will. Possibly comparisons of an interesting character will be forthcoming to show how much a man can drink and remain sane. The one undoubted instructive feature about Mr. Tracey's case so far is that what he indulged in will kill a man within a certain time.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week a fatal accident occurred at Port Credit, an unknown man having been run down by a train. The passenger train from Hamilton arrived at Port Credit at about half-past 4 o'clock, and was detained there to await the arrival of the 3 55 train from Toronto. Some of the passengers got off the train and wandered about the station, among them being a man who had a ticket for Toronto. He was standing on the main track alongside his train, when the train from Toronto thundered up. Apparently he did not hear its approach until too late to avoid it. The engineer noticed the man's perilous position and reversed his engine, but he was helpless. Just before the train reached him the man evidently realized his danger and attempted to jump aside, but he was too late. The engine struck him and knocked him about fifteen feet ahead. When he slighted he bounded like a ball and fell prostrate alongside of the track. When picked up he was quite dead, there being a ghastly wound in the side of his head, his skull being crushed in. His coat was literary torn into shreds, and his body was one mass of bruises and cuts. The conductor of the train searched the clothes of the dead man, but could find nothing that wound give a clue to his identity.—Toronto News.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND

is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.

Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.

FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.

Price Retail, 25 Cents.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY *Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.*

TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY, EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.

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Universal Perfume. THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOILET AND THE BATH.

A Chicago jeweller has invented a watch which requires no winding. An arrangement something like the nicely-balanced lever of a pedometer is so applied to the spring of the watch that the motion of the body in winding winds the time piece. During seven minutes of walking the wearer of a watch winds it so that it will run 42 hours. When wound up the watch sets a catch automatically, to stop the operation of the winding lever. The Elgin Watch Company have the novel timepiece, and pronounce it a success, and the inventor, who has also patented it, expects it to bring him a fortune.

An Ottawa dispatch says: There is great excitement over valuable silver discoveries near Port Arthur. The mines are located 38 miles westward. At present the Ontario government is engaged in making colonization wagon roads through the region. Last year the Dominion government gave a subsidy of $2,200 per mile for a colonization railway and the Ontario government has promised a similar sum. The work of construction will be commenced this autum, the road running from Marillo, on the Canadian Pacific railway, to Silver mountain, a distance of thirty miles. The silver discoveries have so far been made at Silver mountain, Rabbit mountain and Silver creek. At each of these places crushing mill are either erected or in the course of erection. The richness of the silver surpasses anything yet discovered, with the single exception of silver islet, which, in the course of a few years yielded many millions of dollars.

A New York despatch says: With a view of settling the question permanently as to whether a skeleton found last Tuesday at No. 61 Rose street is that of the late A. T. Stewart, Corner Messimer has issued an order that the bones be taken from their present resting place in the Potter's field and a careful investigation be made. The probability of the bones of the late millionaire is strengthened by the statement of the men who exhumed them. These men says that when the skull was taken from the ground, the lower jaw contained a number of teeth that were filled with gold. The gleam of the precious metal was distinctly visible when the dirt was removed. At the morgue it was said that only one tooth remained in the lower jaw, and that contained no gold. It is hinted that somebody's cupidity was aroused at the sight of so much gold, and that the teeth were knocked from the jawbones in order to secure it. A searching investigation is to be made into these charges. A minute search will also be made for any other identifying clew. Experts say that a body placed two feet under ground, and not enclosed by a coffin or box of any sort, would be exactly in the same condition at the expiration of eight years as this skeleton. It is the belief of the late A. T. Stewart's friends that if his body was buried by the men who stole it, it was divested of all clothing to avoid identification.

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PLANTS AND FLOWERS,
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We are prepared to furnish estimates for all kinds of Buildings and Contracts for erection of same, either in part or whole.

PRICES MODERATE.

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Milton, Feb. 10th, '86.

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—TO THE—
Wheat Fields and Farming Lands
—OF—
MINNESOTA and IDAHO.
To the Stock Rangers and Mining Regions
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Montana, Idaho, & Washington,
TO PORTLAND AND ALL POINTS IN OREGON.

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Special Excursion Rates to and from the Pacific Coast, going or returning, via California, if desired; also to numerous Tourists and Sportsmens' resort, to Puget Sound and Alaska, will be quoted on application to the General Passenger Agent.

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CHAS. S. FEE,
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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is a bright and attractive number. The frontispiece illustration is a pleasing subject—an air child playing with obtained possession of grandma's curls, is changing their snowy whiteness to a darker hue by immersion in an ink bottle; the utterly unconscious expression of any wrong upon the childish face is very taking. Various designs for colored and black fashions are given. Also an attractive colored and many black work designs. The literary department is full and varied, 'The Coronet of Thorns,' by J. V. Prichard, nears conclusion, and the pages given are very exciting. 'Found—Not Sought,' a good translation from the German of E. Laddey, is concluded. 'May,' by Merritt Keene is an attractive story. 'Jacot,' by the popular author, Emily Lennox, is bright and original. 'The voice in the River,' by Clarence M. Boutelle, is full of thrilling incident. Numerous other stories and poems, with a piece of Mikado music, recipes, household hints, dressmaking, fashion notes, etc., completes an especially good midsummer number. W. E. Striker, Philadelphia, publisher. Price $2 per annum.

TROY, O., July 21.—Mrs. Sullivan, wife of Theodore Sullivan, a prominent lawyer and politician, suspecting her husband of infidelity, hired detectives to watch him. She learned he was at the house of Ida Hamilton, a beautiful blonde, and proceeded on Monday night with her 19-year-old son and two of his friends to the house. They gained an entrance to the second story by a ladder and found Sullivan in a room with the woman. Mrs. Sullivan seized her, and while the son and his friends kept the guilty pair covered with revolvers, Mrs. Sullivan turned a bucketful of mixed tar and creosote over Miss Hamilton's head and shoulders, completely covering her person with the mess. When the tar cooled it could not be cleaned from her head, and her hair was therefore shaved off close to the scalp. She is a pitiable sight. Mrs. Sullivan will institute proceedings for divorce.

The London Telegraph says the new treat is not as far reaching as is desirable. It only touches refugees, and fails to reach a gang of dastardly conspirators who devise outrages from the safe vantage ground of America.

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