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THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

Down Into the Dust.

So we plod on the load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jostle each other
In our weakness and sin? Is it meet that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on that heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in the dust by his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other.
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only make war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his pen'l and pain,
Shamed by the beast that goes down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Never had Mrs. Clanricarde "voiced aloud" "with shriller throat" her views on the unimportance of the man and the all-importance of the purse in marriage. Never had her scorn for personal love and physical beauty been hotter, more pungent, more severe. To hear her one would have thought love before marriage the doom of happiness after, and a man's beauty not only a snare but a sin. She dwelt on the superiority of moral graces and intellectual soundness to all else that man could possess, till Estelle's fair face grew wan and white with secret loathing, and Caleb's flamed with thoughts to which he dared give neither form nor voice. He was modest to self-abasement, but even he could not fail to see that Mrs. Clanricarde substantially offered him her daughter, and told him that the way was clear and the running already made for him. But Estelle herself? The verdict in her averted eyes was differently framed and spelt from that in Mrs. Clanricarde's; and Caleb was too sensitive to confound compassion with affection. He knew that he was but the Beast to her—no more desirable than Caliban—as little lovely as the hunchback, within whose hump, however, are folded the wings which will one day carry him to heaven. And as something under the ban of love, he bore himself with the patience, the very dignity, indeed, of self-effacement, and the quiet hopelessness which accepts the doom of fate and yields to the pressure of the inevitable.

Near to Les Saules ran the prettiest lane in the district. It led to the Close, a wood made by man and nature for love. Love unspoken, estranged, content—for all its phases this wood had special shrines and green-arched temples where to rest and be refreshed. It was the favorite place of meeting for Estelle and Charlie Osborne, and to both every fern and tree and flower was sanctified, and carried its own secret message and reminder. It had also become a favorite hunting-ground with Caleb Stagg, being full of precious creatures not to be found elsewhere.

It was on one of those rare days in England when the house must empty itself and the world must be abroad. No one, not an invalid consents to remain within those stifling four walls of home, and the Clanricardes had been touched by the all-pervading ostrram with the rest.

"Come for a little walk, Estelle," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her daughter.

And Estelle, who really loved her mother, hated her fear of her—and at this moment hated her line of action—was glad to go. But she knew by that secret "telepathy" which lovers have as a sixth sense, by one [illegible] which love sends to Clanricarde, before Estelle could answer.

"I did not know that I was mother," said Estelle, but [illegible] to grow when her mother flung her too openly at the omad'haun's head. Besides, she knew that Charlie Osborne was within ear-shot somewhere, spying at them through the smoke-colored glasses of jealousy.

"Indeed I should be glad if you would give her some instruction, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde, ignoring Estelle's disclaimer. "It is so much better to work under the guidance of a master—and such a good master as you would be."

She smiled benignly. The present need at home was great. She saw ruin on every side, and nothing but a rich marriage, with a margin for herself and that fatal husband of hers, would save them. It was a pity—surely a pity—that she had no better salvation in view than Caleb Stagg; but in the storm who cares for the name, the look, the beauty of the port?

"I should be sorry to take up Mr. Stagg's time," said Estelle, in a clear renunciatory voice.

"It would be a pleasure, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb in a low voice.

"I should like it," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a little shrilly. "We will begin our first lesson now, if you please, Mr. Stagg," she added, with a laugh yet more shrill than her spoken words had been.

And Caleb, opening his case, began his roll-call of names and characteristics, of which neither mother nor daughter understood one word, nor from which they gained one rational idea. Mrs. Clanricarde thanked him with the most enthusiastic and becoming effusiveness. But Estelle said little that was pleasant, nothing that was encouraging.

"It is far too difficult for me, and I hate those long learned names," she said, coldly.

Charlie hated all science too, and looked on scientific nomenclature as a kind of spiritual deformity—next thing to a crime. She knew that her confession of faith, which she felt sure was heard somehow by him, would please him.

"We must have them, you see, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, humbly apologizing for the necessities of science. "[illegible] make a kind of general language for all nations. A Russian"—he pronounced it "Roosh'an"—or a Frenchman, or an Englishman, they all know what *Papilio vanessa* means, but the peacock butterfly would not carry far."

"Still, science is horrid. Art and poetry are the only things worth living for," said Estelle, in the same rather unnaturally high-pitched voice she had had throughout.

"I know nothing of either," said Caleb, sadly.

"You are none the worse for that, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with her ambiguous smile. "Poets and artists generally are wretchedly poor creatures, not worth their salt. I so much prefer honest merit and more solid acquirements."

"Mother! as if the greatest gifts God has to give should be spoken of so slightingly!" cried Estelle, in hot haste and hotter anger.

"Why, what should we be without poetry and art? Mere earth-worms, knowing nothing of the diviner things of life, seeing nothing but ourselves, and shut out from heaven!" This was Charlie's latest phrase, and Mrs Clanricarde knew it. "Science is soul-destroying," continued Estelle still hot and eager. "Scientific people are atheists."

"Not necessarily, my dear child," said Mrs. Clanricarde, blandly.

"I think not all, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, humbly.

"I hate science and all that is scientific," said Estelle, almost in tears; "and nothing should ever make me learn it."

"Come to dinner to-morrow, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "I give you this foolish child of mine to convert from her dreams to your better and sounder ways."

"Mother, this is too bad!" flamed out Estelle. "I will not take lessons from Mr. Stagg."

"Come to dinner, Mr. Stagg," repeated Mrs. Clanricarde; and the unhappy pendulum swung thus between mother and [illegible] excuse ready. Yet he [illegible] refuse, only he could [illegible] hole was.

[illegible] me," he said to [illegible] the wood, no [illegible] for him. [illegible] in but a [illegible] would set [illegible] blossom [illegible] will not [illegible] with [illegible] and.

omad'haun, and the mother extraordinary craze in his favor

[illegible] time of torture to Caleb. He saw the whole play, and suffered from it as man a man naturally would. Not to gain the kingdom of Heaven for himself would he have forced Estelle's inclination—taking her on her mother's invitation against her own desire. And yet would he have been human not to have desired? Lady Elizabeth alone knew what he felt, and to her alone he showed the hidden wound that was destroying the value of his life—to her, always his goddess, his Madonna, to worship and to serve, to love and adore, but the hem of whose very garment was as sacred as the veil of Isis, and not to be carried to his lips nor touched by his hands.

In this way things were not much advanced, nor did they seem likely to advance. Mrs. Clanricarde offered Estelle to the rich miner as evidently as if she had made the proposal in so many words; Caleb ever more and more distraught by the mother's patent desire, let the sweet poison of that proffered and yet self-forbidden presence creep nearer and nearer to his soul. Estelle's revulsion against him grew stronger with her mother's increased advocacy; Charlie Osborne's feverish despair grew greater as the sacrifice, which now all Kingshouse was discussing, seemed almost possible. Those stolen meetings were becoming rarer and more perilous, and everything seemed slipping down the decline. Like that village on the slopes of Etna which is kept from sliding down into the valley solely by that huge buttressing rock in front, so, in Caleb's steadfast delicacy and the very unselfishness of his resolve, was the only salvation of the lovers. When the day should come, if it ever should, when passion would be stronger than this unselfishness, then would the sun see the last of the poor young lovers' happiness—Charlie's death-knell and Estelle's enduring martyrdom.

"Nothing could tempt you to such a sacrilege, Estelle?" Charlie asked, as he had asked a dozen times before. Lovers' assurances are never enough.

"Nothing," she answered, with fervor. "I am very sorry we are so poor, very sorry that mother is so anxious, but I would no more marry Caleb Stagg than I would jump into the river. I would rather jump into the river, indeed!"

"I do not want to speak harshly of your mother, but I must say she astonishes me!" said Charlie, tossing back his hair. "The only excuse I can make for her is to suppose she is a little off her head. The idea of her thinking of your marrying that cad, but I was wishing it! Good heavens, I wonder she is not struck dead for such a crime!" he said, excitedly. "It makes my blood curdle, Estelle, and would, even if I did not love you!"

"It is too dreadful to think of!" said Estelle, shuddering. "But, Charlie dear, do not distress yourself. I would rather die than do it."

"Or come with me, which would be better than dying," he said, looking up into her face.

She stole her hand gently in his, her shy little hand with the pointed fingers and rose-pink nails like transparent shells.

"A great deal," she said, softly, and for a moment caressed the idea as possible.

That empty purse dangling between them both, as powerful a line of separation as was ever Sigurk's sword, was forgotten, and only the sweet vision of life and love together remained as fair as Geraldine's pale face seen by Surrey in the magic mirror, as delusive as Rose Mary's picture in the beryl stone.

"And you will not, Estelle?" Charlie sank his voice to the softest tones of which spoken music is capable. "With you by my side," he continued, "I could work as I have never worked before, and do great things. It is all this miserable suspense that kills me! The wretched associations to which I am doomed! If I had but you! Ah, Estelle! it is more than one man's life and love that is sacrificed to these criminal arrangements of society. It is the world's great work! Think! I could do something to make my life splendid and my name famous, and you say you will not have it! Estelle, will you not brave everything and come with me? Would you rather see me die of this fever and yourself the wife of Caleb Stagg?"

"Oh, Charlie, how cruel you are!" was all that Estelle could say. Tears were in her voice as well as in her eyes, and Charlie was in the mood when to make the beloved suffer is some kind of balm to one's own pains.

"It seems like it," he returned, [illegible] tossing back his hair. "That cad I [illegible]

his life at this moment a real tragedy—if we allow that feelings are so tragic as events.

[illegible] through his brain, like a shooting-star cleaving the dark heavens before his eyes, "I would make her so good a husband; I would so tenderly care for her; so guard her from all pain and trouble. I would worship her and reverence her so deeply that in time she would learn to care for me. And if she could never love me as I love her, she would at least come to peace with herself and forbearance with me. I would love her so that she must in time love me!"

Man ever makes the same mistake, and the loving think that the very gift of love—its very passion and intensity—perforce must win return. Oh, fools and blind! who water the barren rock with your heart's blood, and look for the rare red rose as your reward! As if reluctant love ever was bought, even by love! as if the heart was not its own free gift, and gratitude for an unshared affection but so much snow new-fallen on the ice! Love may burn at the stake and die a beggar for the beloved; it may stand on the pillory and be pelted by the world for consorting with the base-minded and disfavored; it may give its all—faith, home and fame—as freely as our dying hero gave that cup of water to the wounded soldier. But by the force of its own strength only will it gain nothing in return. Can the sun compel the dew, save by the free gift of the generous earth? Does it rise at his bidding from the shores of the Dead Sea, from the land of the desert, from the marble rocks of Pentelicus? Yet the same glory pours down on these as on that flowerful meadow—that fragrant garden, where the dew lies thick like living jewels—that lavish boon of beauty given out by the earth in voluntary response. So with love. If not spontaneous, is is not to be compelled, and the heart sheds its blood in vain.

(To be continued.)

Facts About Famous Poems.

Gray's "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

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General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

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Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

How to Get Square Shoulders.

A young woman whose employment made it necessary that she sit while at work said to her [illegible] "I discover that I am [illegible] shouldered. Now th[illegible] But what shall [illegible] I have read th[illegible] beautiful [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]

SLEEP, AND HOW TO GET IT.

Billy O'Day Gives the Readers of this Paper Some Practical Hints.

[illegible] have evangelists going up and down the land teaching people the art of sleep. Few, yes, comparatively few, are the number in this present age who retire and wake up finding they have slept right through to their destination, the rising hour. No, most people must, if not awake already, wake up and find out where they are. Then again there are others who, like the man on the train fast asleep and without a ticket, can't be awakened. To such a class an alarm clock is a useless article, possibly the loving think that the very gift of love—its very passion and intensity—perforce must win return. Oh, fools and blind! who water the barren rock with your heart's blood, and look for the rare red rose as your reward! As if reluctant love ever was bought, even by love! as if the heart was not its own free gift, and gratitude for an unshared affection but so much snow new-fallen on the ice! Love may burn at the stake and die a beggar for the beloved; it may stand on the pillory and be pelted by the world for consorting with the base-minded and disfavored; it may give its all—faith, home and fame—as freely as our dying hero gave that cup of water to the wounded soldier. But by the force of its own strength only will it gain nothing in return. Can the sun compel the dew, save by the free gift of the generous earth? Does it rise at his bidding from the shores of the Dead Sea, from the land of the desert, from the marble rocks of Pentelicus? Yet the same glory pours down on these as on that flowerful meadow—that fragrant garden, where the dew lies thick like living jewels—that lavish boon of beauty given out by the earth in voluntary response. So out by the earth in voluntary response. So with love. If not spontaneous, is is not to be compelled, and the heart sheds its blood in vain.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

THE crowned heads of Europe are becoming so literary that a magazine is pro[illegible] shall be allowed to contribute. No advertisements will be taken, and criticisms of each number will be furnished to the papers by the librarian of each court.

THE New York *Graphic* knows of an Italian family in New York who are rapidly becoming rich in the organ-grinding business. There are several daughters, and, dressed in picturesque costumes of the Roman peasantry, they wander in pairs all over the metropolis dispensing music. They don't use the ordinary organs, but superior instruments of the "piano" type. The instruments are carried around on light-moving hand-carts, and bring in to each girl on an average $10 per day. Those girls won't be long in getting married.

ACCORDING to Mr. H V. Knaggs (*Archives of Pediatrics,*) a few threads of Berlin wool placed round the neck and worn continuously are an efficient preventive against these uncommoding complaints, which many persons are so prone to catch on exposure to cold. From ten to twenty threads are enough for the purpose. They should only be removed for making ablutions, and should be left off gradually by discarding daily one thread at a time. The remedy probably acts by keeping up a belt of skin action, thus acting mildly and continuously as a slight counter-irritant.

THE theory of Dr. Henry B. Baker is that whenever a person has breathed unusually cold dry air until that fluid which naturally moistens the throat and air passages because of its evaporation contains much salts, the albuminous part o[illegible] the blood comes out in the throat or lungs wherever the salty fluid is. Whenever this exudation occurs there is then a change for the *bacillus tuberculosis* to lodge and multiply, because it is there kept in a nutritive solution at the temperature of the body. A similar explanation applies to smallpox. Dr. Baker claims that he has shown by statistics, etc., that these diseases are controlled by the temperature and dryness of the atmosphere, and that he has pointed out the reasons why.

THE London correspondent of the *Birmingham Gazette* says: Rumors upon which I can place reliance reach me simultaneously from two sources that Sir Charles Dilke is making great headway in the task of clearing his character. The lost "Fanny" has been found. She is in England, and she states that she did not come forward at the trial, not because there had been anything wrong in her relations with Sir Charles, but because, independently of him, there were passages in her life which she did not wish to be dragged into light. She totally denies that there is any truth on the part of Mrs. Crawford's evidence implicating her, but I am not able to say that she has promised to come forward and repeat the denial upon oath.

ONE of the most remarkable things of which Pittsburg boasts is the combination well that has been struck at a cracker factory. It produces at one and the same time cold water, pure and sweet; salt water, and a flow of gas that, when ignited, illuminates the entire surroundings. The well was drilled some time ago, the owner's idea being to get a supply of pure cold water for use in his bakery in the summer and during flood times when city water is not desirable. At 100 feet the fresh water was struck, and at 200 feet the salt water and gas were found. Two castings were inserted, one for salt water and gas, the other for the fresh water, and now, when the engine is started and the gas lighted, spectators behold the wonderful sight of fresh water, salt water and fire all coming out of one well at the same time

A BRIDEGROOM is generally supposed to be in a generous mood upon his wedding day, and there are a few charitable benefactions up and down our land which date their [illegible] "busiest day" in the [illegible] hotel-keeper [illegible] have just been [illegible]

[illegible] of Sims Reeves' Anecdotes.

[illegible] concerning an

NICARAGUA'S PUBLIC LAUNDRY.

A Volcanic Lake Where Native Beauties Are Seen Unadorned on Wash Days.

(Nicaraguan Correspondence of Philadelphia Record.)

[illegible] and upward towards the point where the distant peak of Santa Clar towers above the clouds till at last the crest of an extinct crater was reached. Within this hollow, 100 feet below the surrounding ridge, which forms a circular basin with a diameter of about six hundred yards, as perfect as if laid out by accurate measurement, lies a lake of unknown depth. A little way from the bank sounding leads have been run down 300 feet without touching bottom. We are told that at times the water becomes warm and that sulphurous fumes arise from its surface, and again the volume of the lake will rise five or six feet so suddenly that the women washing along the shore have to swim for their lives, leaving the clothes to float away. Though called extinct, this would indicate that the temper of the volcano is still too uncertain to make its immediate neighborhood a desirable place of residence.

This lake—called Tiscapa—is the public laundry of Nicaragua's capital, and here the *lavandaras* (washwomen) come to cleanse the city's soiled linen. A rugged road way leads down to the water, where at all hours of every day a novel scene is presented. Standing knee-deep or waist-deep in the water, dressed (or, rather, undressed) accordingly, the native women pound the clothes on flat stones and afterwards dry them on the surrounding bushes. The industrious workers are themselves the most striking pictures, clad in but a single short, sleeveless and extremely "low-necked" garment, and even this slight trammeling they discard in the ardor of business if compelled to seek deeper rinsing places. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* And these creatures seem to be the perfection of innocence, for they remain entirely undisturbed if, perchance, a company of passing muleteers descend the mountain path and proceed to water their beasts and bathe themselves as unconcernedly and unnoticed by the women as though each were alone in the wilderness.

Among these workers, ranging in age from maidens of 12 to matrons of 50, one may see some surprising beauties, whose advent in New York in civilized attire would turn the heads and capture the hearts of all the dudes of that beauty-adorning metropolis. Though the Phoenician blood, which Nicaraguans are so proud to claim, is probably lost in the now more clearly defined Spanish and Indian, yet these mild-eyed, sweet-faced and graceful children of Central America have retained in their characters many of the traits that distinguished their earlier ancestors, including simple contentment and a passionate enjoyment of nature and love of home.

MR. AND MRS.

An Interesting Account of the Origin of These Titles.

In earlier times the ordinary man was simply William or John; that is to say, he had merely a Christian name without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary.

Nicknames derived from a man's trade or his dwelling place, or from some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to their Christian names, and plain John became John Smith.

As y[illegible] there were no "misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more [illegible]alth than the bulk of his fellows—become, perhaps, a landed proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman French of the day [illegible] "maistre" of this place or that, of these workmen or of those.

In time the "maistre" or "maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith, and his wife was Maistress Smith. But gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any kind, by mere possession of wealth or by holding some position of more or less consideration and importance.

THE FASCINATION OF AFRICA.

Explorers Have Been Loth to Leave the Strangely Attractive Country.

Now that Stanley has been heard from, the question that has before been agitated [illegible] peculiar fascination about Africa which attracts travellers to remain there? All data would seem to corroborate this assertion. The Portuguese who settled in Africa nearly all remained. Speke, Grant and other explorers found great attractions in the way of climate and scenery, especially in Equatorial Africa. Stanley has always been ready to make additional explorations and has no fear of the deadly influences of climate, about which so much was written in former times. The more the interior of Africa is made known to the outside world the better it appears. It cannot be an undesirable country as to those parts where white men have spent many years, and to which they are so much attached that they have no desire to leave, even when their friends send costly expeditions to bring them home. Emin Bey never wanted to leave Africa. His province was watered by the White Nile and by the Albert Nyanza Lake, and the territory over which he appears to have undisputed sway is larger than Great Britain. Africa has a fascination to those who are not killed by the climate, and on all the table lands of the equatorial regions the climate is described as favorable to life and health. Livingstone never wanted to leave Africa. He refused to go when Stanley found him, and in fact, never did leave the country until his body was borne out, packed like a bale of merchandise. He contracted the disease that carried him off in the lowland country. In fact, many of his explorations were conducted with little regard to climatic influences. According to Stanley's latest letter he is in good health and these climatic influences seem to have had no deleterious effect upon him and his companions. It may be, after all, that the fascination of Africa has grown upon him.

What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery and inflamed; ringing in the ears deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. So disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Secret Society Secrets.

Wife 11.30 p. m.)—"What's that horrid odor? Smells like alcohol."

Husband—"Y-e-s, my dear, we use alcohol at the lodge for initiations. Take some alcohol, light it, put salt in the flame, and it gives a ghastly yellow light; makes folks look like ghosts, you know."

"But that odor comes from your breath."

"Y-e-s, m' dear: in the thirty-seventh degree I personate the chief demon with flames coming from his mouth. I take a mouthful of alcohol and a swallow of salt, and then set fire to it. But, m' dear, you mus'nt tell these things. Secret s'ciety secrets very sacred, you know."

Gathered Roses.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

But the bitterest sting of such a sorrow is to think she might have been saved! They saw the rose fade on her cheek and the eye grow dim. Had they but known of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, who can tell but she might still [illegible] with them, the sunshine of their home? [illegible] in time, and you will find [illegible] in scrofula of the