"BY THE SEA, SEPT. 19, 1881."

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Watchman! what of the night?
The sky is dark, my friend,
And we in heavy grief await the end.
A light is burning in a silent room,
But we—we have no light in all the gloom.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, strong men watch the light
With the strange mist of tears before their sight,
And women at each hearthstone sob and pray
That the great darkness end at last in day.

Watchman! how goes the night?
Wearily, friends, for him,
Yet his heart quails not, though the light burns dim.
As bravely as he fought the field of life,
He bears himself in this, the final strife.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friends, we are left no word
To tell of all the bitter sorrow stirred
In our sad souls. We stand and rail at fate
Who leaves hands empty and hearts desolate.

"Are pure, great souls so many in the land
That we should lose the chosen of the band?"
We cry! But he who suffers dies,
Meeting sharp-weaponed pain with steadfast eyes.

And makes no plaint while on the threshold death
Half draws his keen sword from its glittering sheath
And looking inward pauses—lingering long,
Faltering—himself the weak before the strong.

Watchman! how goes the night?
In tears, my friend, and praise
Of his high truth and generous, trusting ways;
Of his warm love and buoyant hope and faith
Which passed life's fires free from all blight or scathe.
Strange! we forget the laurel wreath we gave,
And only love him, standing near his grave.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, when it is past,
We wonder what our grief can bring at last,
To lay upon his broad, true, tender breast,
What flower whose sweetness shall outlast the rest
And this we set from all the bloom apart;
"He woke new love and faith in every heart."

Watchman! what of the night?
Would God that it were gone
And we might see once more the rising dawn!
The darkness deeper grows—the light burns low,
There sweeps o'er land and sea a cry of woe!

Watchman! What now! What now!
Hush, friend—we may not say
Only that—all the pain has passed away.
—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

OLD STEP TO A NEW TUNE.

"One, two, three, four, five, six! One, two, three, four, five, six! More evenly, monsieur, if you please. You must not rise so much on the four. Again! Four, five, six! One, two, three, four, five, six!" with a monotonous regularity that seemed to tell of a round of more or less stupid pupils succeeding one another unendingly.

But Mademoiselle Gervaux, fashionable dancing mistress of Silver street, Golden Square, and every one admitted who had ever taken a lesson of her one of the prettiest girls to be met with in town or country, had quick, laughing eyes, which at present told of more interest than her business-like tone gave a hint of. She was of dark complexion, with rather vivid color, and below the middle height, and was more richly dressed than, knowing her station, one would have expected.

Her present pupil had observed this; and, bent as he was on attaining the object for which he had sought Silver street, and on attaining it as quickly as possible, he had yet given more attention than he otherwise would to his teacher's personal appearance.

It was only 11 o'clock in the morning, and, however dazzling such persons may appear at their weekly assemblies and evening classes, he had not expected to find such a paragon of neatness and taste at that hour in the morning. Circling round the room by oneself, with one's hands hanging in an ostentatiously easy position, and one's figure reflected in a number of full-length mirrors, is not a way in which a young man, even of little vanity, would care to present himself before a pretty girl; and the Vicomte Alphonse Carmignol, of the French navy, was quite as vain—having indeed such reason as a good-looking face and a slight figure can give a man to be so—as most young men.

He was a Frenchman who had been for some time serving abroad, and with distinction. He had just arrived in London, and, rich, high-born and in a small way famous, he found himself warmly welcomed. Invitations to all the best houses flowed in; and Monsieur le Vicomte found it necessary to get the assistance of friends well acquainted with London society before he could determine which of his cards he should use, and which he should tacitly or expressly lay aside.

But of his many invitations one had been accepted beforehand, and, in fact, was the cause of his visit to England. He was engaged to be married, and had come over to be engaged to his *fiancee*—literally to be introduced to her, for they had never met. Their families had, in French fashion, made up the match, and the two persons whom English people would have considered most interested had never come together at all.

This was Monday. On Wednesday week there was to be a state dinner at the French Embassy, followed by a ball, for the purpose of introducing Monsieur Alphonse to the daughter of the Marquis de la Penthiere, French Ambassador at St. James'. A little of English prejudice had been allowed to creep in, in deference to which the Vicomte had received a private invitation to tea on the same afternoon, until which time, owing to her absence on a visit in Shropshire, the young lady would be invisible. In one more week from that date they were to be married—a queer arrangement to the English minds, but to the two families, and indeed to the two persons who in English eyes would have been considered victims to it, the most natural state of things in the world.

Oddly enough, the Vicomte could not dance the newest waltz which was then the rage in London. New descriptions of that dance succeeded one another so quickly that in these days it is easy for a sailor, French by birth and fashionable by station though he be, to return from the service of his country and find himself still "at sea" on the well-waxed boards of a ball-room. Such a state of things could not be permitted to continue, more especially as Mademoiselle de la Penthiere would certainly expect her *fiancee* to dance, and to dance well. So the Vicomte had called in Silver street one morning at an early hour, had sent up his card, and had been duly received by Mademoiselle Gervaux, and had taken his first lesson at once. She was not at all like the dancing-mistress whom, from the description given by the friends who had recommended him to apply to her, he had expected to see. But she evidently knew how to dance, and she was very handsome and lady-like; and the young man found a new kind of pleasure in returning to take his second lesson.

"Mademoiselle," said he, as he stopped to rest and sat down on a stiff-backed chair, "shall I be perfect by Wednesday?"

In his French way, so entirely destitute of shyness, he had told her all about the important event which was to come off on that Wednesday, had explained how anxious he was to see his future wife, and how graceful and *charmante* she was—she must be "that angel of a *demoiselle*." But all this had taken place at the first lesson, and for some reason Monsieur le Vicomte on this occasion had said much less of the forthcoming event.

"Assuredly, monsieur, mademoiselle shall have no reason to complain. But you are no doubt consumed with anxiety to see her?"

"Ah, am I not?" replied the Vicomte, with a French ejaculation. "But mademoiselle herself is entirely charming!" and the young man looked very sincere as he said this, though he added no word of emphasis; while mademoiselle, who should have been hardened by long practice against the warmest flattery, seemed unaccountably embarrassed, and resumed the business of the hour with wonderful alacrity.

If they were not already in love, they were rapidly approaching that stage; and on this day, as the young Frenchman stood in the dingy street waiting for his cab, the gloomy faded neighborhood struck him with a full sense of incongruity, it seemed to accord so ill with the grace and elegance that still impressed his mind. How much more at home, he thought, she would look in Eaton Square or in the spacious rooms at the Embassy! And unconsciously he breathed a hope that Mademoiselle de la Penthiere might be like her. Three more lessons—the calculation came naturally to him—three more lessons, she had said, would make him perfect.

Wherever he went during the next three days, to park, dinner or ball, the Vicomte could not avoid comparing all the ladies whom he met with his dancing mistress; and, when the last occasion actually came on which he was to see her, his eeys were open to the fact that he was in love—he, a Frenchman, a man of the world, 30 years old, and ready to range himself, was positively in love!

So at the last lesson this little scene brought itself to pass. The pupil had taken his final turn with his teacher, and she had pronounced that only practice was needed to give him the smoothness of the perfect waltzer.

"I must bid you adieu, then?" said he softly, taking her hand instead of making the low bow that, as a teacher of deportment, she could have exacted.

"Yes, monsieur; I am certain that you will not forget the step."

"Forget it, Adrienne! Ah, could I ever forget it?" And the Vicomte caught her in his arms and kissed her.

The result was quite contrary to his expectations. First, she boxed his ears soundly, or rather one of them, and then burst into tears, which, whether caused by rage or confusion, were certainly sincere and more effective.

The Vicomte flung himself on his knees and set himself fervently to pacify her and put things on a proper footing. But mademoiselle was mortally offended. Never had he known such an offense regarded so severely. She was inconsolable; and she was silent save for sobs.

At last she suddenly made for the door, and Monsieur le Vicomte, his future bride, the event of the coming Wednesday, and the wrath of the families forgotten, in an ecstasy of repentance implored her to marry him, to be his wife.

"Monsieur," replied she with dignity, stopping short, "you forget that you are to marry another!"

"But, Adrienne, my darling, listen! I love only you!"

"And what of your mother and the Marquis de la Penthiere?"

"I am thinking only of you!" cried he in a tone of despair, as the indignation of these persons occurred to him.

"Nay, Monsieur, I will not suffer this madness. You have insulted me, but I will not exact such a punishment. Hear me. On one condition I will forgive you."

"Whatever it be, I will win your pardon."

"I take you at your word. You will, before you marry—nay, at your first meeting with Mlle. de la Penthiere—tell her of your recent misconduct. You have wronged her as much as myself."

"I have promised, Mlle. Adrienne," he cried, with a groan. "But what of you?"

"Of me?" said she proudly, bowing low. "I pardon you. Adieu, Monsieur!" And, before the young man could again interpose, she disappeared, the door closed behind her, and he was left alone in the unfurnished *salon*.

"Well, I am a fool!" he soliloquized, as he picked his way through Golden Square and Beak street. "I'd have married her, though what madame my mother would have said I don't know, and, as to Mademoiselle de la Penthiere, how I shall tell her I don't know. But I've promised, and the Carmignols keep their word," he added with a groan, as he remembered how a few minutes earlier he had offered to break his most solemn engagement.

Even at the French Embassy, that stately building which, flanking the Albert Gate, induces country cousins to ask what it is, a great ball is heralded by some slight but perceptible preparations; but these were little apparent as the Vicomte was ushered up the spacious staircase to the smallest drawing-room.

Here the Marquis de la Penthiere received him very cordially; for they were old friends, as far as men of different ages can be, and the Marquis had imbibed sufficient English prejudices not to have handed over his daughter to the most unexceptionable *parti* had not he felt sure that the man himself was one likely to make her happy.

He was an indulgent father, and she had been allowed much more liberty than French girls generally enjoy before marriage. Possibly, therefore, she was not quite so resigned to her fate as those around her supposed; but she gave no sign of discontent, and perhaps was waiting to see her future husband before she decided to oppose her father's wishes. More probably she looked on the union as a matter of course.

Mademoiselle de la Penthiere bowed low in answer to the Vicomte's reverential salutation; but, with the modesty of a young French girl, she shaded her face from his eyes with her large oriental fan, so that in the gathering dusk he could not at once determine what she was like, save that she was elegant, graceful and very beautifully dressed.

After a few phrases of cordial courtesy, the Marquis glided from the room—a proceeding not at all in accordance with strict French etiquette—and the two were left together.

Then the Vicomte knew that his time was come. It might be that he would not see her alone again until their marriage; and he had promised "her" that she should be told of his recent strange forgetfulness. He drew a deep sigh—this was worse than a cutting-out expedition!—then he braced himself up, and, after requesting permission to tell her something that was a little disagreeable, but which he would make as short as possible, he received a gracious acquiescence, and, plunging *in medias res*, he told her all in as shamefaced a way as a Frenchman could.

"But Monsieur le Vicomte, do you—love—this—woman?" said the aristocratic beauty, in cold tones, from behind her fan, when he had told his story and made some sort of an apology.

"Mademoiselle, I do love her; but, when I have known your charming virtues for a short time, *pouf*, they will drive away her memory! What chance shall I, who am so susceptible, have in your presence?"

But it was evident from the Vicomte's tone that he had no very sanguine expectations that such would be the case.

"Well, monsieur, before I answer your compliment, I too have a confession to make. I also have a great friend in London; she is my foster-sister, and is a dancing-mistress, living in Silver street, near Golden Square. No, do not interrupt me; I will hear any reproaches you have to utter afterward. My father is indulgent, and I often visit her attended only by my maid. A week ago I returned unexpectedly from a country visit, and it chanced that while I was there my foster-sister was called away to fulfill a business engagement. I stayed a few minutes in her room practising some new music, when a gentleman's card was brought up to me by the servant, who thought her mistress was still at home. Innocently curious, I looked at it and recognized the name as one very familiar to me. In a spirit of mischief I saw the gentleman, made appointments with him, and, with mademoiselle's concurrence and in her name, gave him several lessons."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the Vicomte, snatching away the fan which she kept before her face. "Adrienne, my darling, am I not happy?"

"And I?" said she. "You have not forgotten the step?"

Very lucky it was that Monsieur le Marquis did not enter for several moments, or the lurking distrust which he, as a diplomatist, felt might have been considerably strengthened.

A week later the marriage of the Vicomte and Mademoiselle de la Penthiere formed the most fashionable item in the *Morning Post*. And as people conned the description of the dresses and the presents, they expressed their pity for the two victims of French marriage customs.

But not even yet has anything been known to have happened to them out of the common—not even yet; for these things happened in the most brilliant days of Louis Napoleon.

The Deceased Wife's Sister.

There are many thousands of Englishmen whose chief object in life is to marry their deceased wife's sisters. They have formed a society for the cultivation of this peculiar sport, and annually attempt to induce Parliament to abolish the law which now interferes with their singular passion. They denounce this law as a relic of the Roman Catholic dominion, and insist that a deceased wife's sister is not *malum in se*, and that it is a disgrace to an enlightened age that she should be *malum prohibitum*. So far Parliament has refused to listen to them. The majority of Englishmen do not wish to marry deceased wife's sisters, and naturally think it absurd that any one else should wish to; and inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone has never written a pamphlet denouncing the deceased wife's sister as the giant evil of the age, there is no reason to suppose that he will suddenly become her champion.

It is a curious illustration of the uninventive character of the British mind that there should be, say 30,000, Englishmen who are vainly striving to marry their deceased wives' sisters. In a really enterprising community these men would have avoided all trouble and longed-for sisters instead of the original deceased wives. Simple and easy as this expedient is, no Englishman appears to have thought of it. When one of the thirty thousand wishes to marry a girl, he apparently thinks it necessary first of all to marry her sister; then to wait until his wife dies—which is in most cases a trying, tedious and uncertain occupation—and then to spend the rest of his life in vainly trying to obtain the repeal of the law which stands between him and the object of his affections. All this trouble and unhappiness could be avoided were the man to marry the coveted sister in the first instance; but such is the obstinate conservatism of the British mind, that it will probably be half a century before Englishmen avail themselves of this simple remedy.

There is another way in which the almost national English desire to marry a deceased wife's sister may be looked at, but it similarly requires us to note the characteristic English lack of enterprise. It would occur to most men in this country that a wife's sister lacks the element of romance. If a man's wife has an unmarried sister, and she is not an objectionable girl, she is very certain to be on familiar terms with him. She is the one to whom he naturally looks for help when his wife is sick. She comes and takes care of the children and temporarily superintends his buttons. She pours out his coffee in the morning and meets him when he comes home at night from business. Thus she knows him thoroughly. If he is cross and unreasonable in the early morning, as many men are said to be, he cannot conceal it from his wife's sister. If he come home at night too tired to try to make himself agreeable, she discovers what a difference there is between a brother-in-law and an unattached young man who exhibits himself to ladies only at his most agreeable moments. She knows the condition of his shirts and stockings; she sees him without his wig, and she learns the precise number of his false teeth. On the other hand, if she is ever irritable in the morning, he suffers from it; if she wears false hair, she cannot keep it secret from him, and it is morally certain that at some time he will meet her dressed in a way that will destroy any illusions he may have cherished as to the beauty of her figure and her entire physical genuineness.

How can there be room for romance in the intercourse of two such familar acquaintances? In the nature of the case there can be none. When the American widower determines to marry again, he naturally desires to renew the romance of his earlier courtship, and so seeks his new wife among women with whom his acquaintance is so slight that he can assume that they possess all imaginable perfections. That the Englishman, instead of taking this course, prefers to marry his wife's sister, simply shows that he lacks enterprise to search for a wife. He prefers to save himself the trouble of search, pursuit and capture by requesting his sister-in-law, who, in that capacity, has sewed on occasional buttons for him, to sew on perpetual buttons in the capacity of his second wife. Nothing more utterly prosaic than the courtship of a deceased wife's sister can be imagined, and it could only take place in the most prosaic and unenterprising of countries.—*New York Times.*

RATHER ENTHUSIASTIC.

The Wilmington (Del.) *Daily Republican* lately contained the following item of popular interest: Dr. J. F. Speck, who is connected with the Wilmington *Every Evening*, speaks rather enthusiastically of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. Speck states that he uses the Oil in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches and pains, and has always found it to act most happily. His attention was called to it by the many testimonials in its favor and he one day used it upon himself for sore throat. Two applications were sufficient to effect a cure. He also used it on his little girl for sore throat with gratifying success. The same child had scarlet fever this winter, which left the tendons of one leg much contracted. The little prattler couldn't walk without assistance and suffered much inconvenience and pain. Several applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored her limb to its normal condition and she has not experienced any trouble since. Dr. Speck states that he has also seen the Oil act charmingly in toothache. He thinks St. Jacobs Oil is a sterling remedy, and does not hesitate to recommend it for rheumatism, etc.

Wood Weaving.

This industry belongs strictly to the town of Ehrenberg, on the Austrian frontier. *Sparterie* work, or weaving of wood, was introduced more than a century ago, but has been confined until within a short time to the manufacture of cheap hats, glued together, and worn by the lower classes. Lately, however, owing to the interest taken by the Government, Ehrenberg has been able to send out fashionable hats and various fancy articles, all made of wood and sold at very low rates. The aspen is the only tree whose fibers are tough enough to admit of weaving, and all the timber having been used in the vicinity of the town, the material is brought from Poland. The process requires the utmost nicety in dividing the wood, and as the divider must always follow the direction of the fiber, it is necessary that the threads should be prepared by hand. The weaving itself is done on large looms.

If the Baroness Burdett-Coutts survive her marriage ten years she will have paid, without interest, $3,750,000 for a husband, taking her loss consequent on marriage at £75,000 a year. However, I wish to gracious I had a few millions to invest.—*Massachusetts Girl.*

THE Nebraska City (Neb.) *Press* says: St. Jacobs Oil strikes heavy blows for good all around, and its virtues for rheumatic pains are lauded upon every hand. Try it, all ye who suffer.

USEFUL HINTS.

RED WASH FOR BRICKS.—To remove the green that gathers on bricks pour over them boiling water in which any vegetables not greasy have been boiled. Repeat for a few days, and green will disappear. For the red wash melt one ounce of glue in one gallon water; while hot add alum size of egg, one-half pound Venetian red, one pound Spanish brown. Try it; if too light, add more red and brown. If too dark, water it.

TO PAINT AN OLD HOUSE.—Take three gallons water and one pint flaxseed; boil half an hour; take it off and add water enough to make four gallons; let it stand to settle; pour off the water in a pail, and put in enough of Spanish white to make it as thick as whitewash; then add one-half pint linseed oil; stir it well and apply with a brush. If the whiting does not mix readily add more water. Flaxseed, having the nature of oil, is better than glue, and will not wash off as readily.

TO SOFTEN THE HANDS.—One can have the hands in soapsuds with soft soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acids destroy the corrosive effects of the alkali, and make the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on hands when roughened by cold or labor will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands will find this comforting.

STAINING WOOD.—Apple, pear, and walnut wood, if fine-grained, may be stained black by the following process. Boil in a glazed or enamelled iron vessel with water four ounces of ground gallnuts, one ounce of logwood chips, and half an ounce each of green vitriol and crystals of verdigris. Filter while warm, and brush the wood over with this rapidly. Dry and brush over with strong cold solution of acetate of iron, and dry. Repeat this several times, and finally dry in an oven at a moderate temperature, and oil or varnish.

TO WASH WHITE LACE EDGING.—Have a quart bottle covered with linen, stitched smoothly to fit the shape. Begin at the bottom and wind the lace about it, basting fast at both edges, even the minutest point, to the linen. Wash on the bottle, soaping it well, rinse by plunging in a pail of clear water, and boil as you would a white handkerchief, bottle and all. Set in the hot sun to dry. When quite dry, clip the basting-threads and use the lace without ironing. If neatly basted on, it will look nearly as well as new—if not quite.

WASHING MADE EASY.—I soak my clothes over night; in the morning I fill my washboiler half full of water, and place it on the stove to heat, throwing in a handful of soft soap, or about two ounces of hard; I then wring out the soaked clothes, soap the dirty parts, and by this time the water is hot; put them in and let them boil fifteen minutes, stirring often; I now take out and put them in cold water, wash out the suds; if any dirt remains, give it a few rubs and it is gone; I rinse them good in plenty of water, and my clothes are as white and clean as those that have gone through a long process of rubbing. I have washed my clothes this way for ten years, and they have never turned yellow.

The Hygiene of the Teeth.

A hard crust is the best possible dentifrice. I never could get myself to believe in the natural necessity of a toothbrush. The African nations, the Hindoos, the natives of Southern Europe, the South Sea Islanders, the Arabs, the South American vegetarians, in short, three-fourths of our fellow-men, besides our next relative, the frugivorous animal, have splendid teeth without sozodont. I really believe ours decay from sheer disuse; the boarding-house homo lives chiefly on pap—wants all his meats soft boiled, and growls at cold buscuit or an underdone potato; in other words he delegates to the cook the proper functions of his teeth. We hear occasionally of old men getting a second, or rather a third set of teeth. I met one of them in Northern Gautemala, and ascertained that he had become toothless during a twelve-year sojourn in a seaport town, and that he got his new set upon his return to his native village, when circumstances compelled him to resume the hard corn-cake diet of his boyhood years. His teeth had reappeared as soon as their services were called for, and would probably never have absented themselves if a pap-diet had not made them superfluous. An artificial dentrifice will certainly keep the teeth white, but that does not prevent their premature decay; disuse gradually softens their substance, till one fine day the hash-eater snaps his best incisor upon an unexpected piece of bone. Every old dentist knows hundreds of city customers whom the daily use of a tooth-brush did not save from the necessity of applying, before the end of the fortieth year, for a complete "celluloid set." I do not say that a soft tooth-brush and such dentrifices as oatmeal or burntarrow-root can do any harm, but for sanitary purposes such precautions must be supplemented by dental exercise. Let a child invigorate its teeth by chewing a hard crust, or better yet, a handful of "St. John's bread," or carob beans, the edible pod of the Mimosa siliqua. Children and whole tribes of the northern race seem to feel an instinctive desire to exercise their teeth upon some solid substance, as pet squrrels will gnaw the furniture if you give them nut-kernels instead of nuts. Thus Kohl tells us that the natives of Southern Russia are addicted to the practice of chewing vegetable product which he at first supposed to be pumpkin or melon-seeds, but found to be the much harder seed of the Turkish sunflower. Their national diet consists of milk, kukuruz (hominy with butter, etc.) and boiled mutton, and they seem to feel that their Turkoman jaws need something more substantial. The school-boy habit of gnawing penholders, finger-nails, etc., may have a similar significance The mimosa siliqua would yield abundantly in our Southern States, and its sweet pods would make an excellent substitute for chewing-gum. Our practice of sipping ice-cold and steaming hot drinks, turn about, has also very injurious effects upon the brittle substance that forms the enamal of our teeth; no porcelain glaze would stand such abuse for any length of time, and experience has taught hunters and dog fanciers that it destroys even the bone-crushing fangs of the animal from which our canine teeth derive their name.

Rapid Breathing as an Anesthetic.

Dr. M. T. Yates, in a letter published in the *Biblical Record*, says of the surgical operations to which he has recently submitted: "My doctors said that they had seen it stated by an American doctor that if a person would breathe as rapidly as possible under an operation he would not feel the pain of cutting, and they wished to try it on me, to which proposal I assented. Dr. Macleod superintended the breathing—which was like a dog on a hot summer day—holding, out of my sight, a handkerchief in his hand to be dropped as a signal—when he saw the color come to my face—for Henderson, the operating doctor to go ahead. When Macleod told me 'That will do,' I was surprised to find that the operation had been performed. This I have tried three times, and have not, at either time, felt more pain than is usually inflicted in the case of vaccination. I heard the knife rip through the flesh, like the sound produced in cutting leather, but I did not feel the pain. What is the philosophy of this kind of an anæsthetic? Is it simply a division of the mind? We presume the rapid breathing acts very much like the inhalation of laughing-gas; that it oxidizes the blood more highly and makes the heart beat faster, as shown by the color in the face, and this exhilaration produces insensibility to physical pain. A man slightly wounded in battle often does not know it at the time—partly, perhaps, because of mental preoccupation, but mainly, we suppose, because he is toned up by the excitements of the conflict. But, whatever may be the explanation, Dr. Yates' experience is an instructive instance of the connection and interaction of bodily estate and mental sensibility.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Mourning Weeds No Longer Fashionable.

Mourning is going out of fashion in England. A widow's is the only bereavement that must, according to the canons of society, be symbolized by yards of crape and paramatta. All other degrees of grief for the departed can, it seems, be simply expressed by a band of black crape worn around the sleeve. This state of things is, doubtless, a reaction from the too apparent luxury of woe prevalent until recently, but it has its disadvantages. Once on a time we were protected from the disagreeable risk of inquiring after the health of persons who are no more by the inky blackness of attire of their surviving relatives. It is not pleasant to remark casually and cheerfully to a young lady: "And your father; is he all right?" and to be morally bowled over by the reply: "He is dead," accompanied by a reproachful glance at the strip of black which you have never noticed upon her arm. Surely some compromise can be made between the heavy black that was once considered necessary and the scrap of crape that is now thought sufficient. Social pitfalls of a distressing kind ought to be guarded against, and women are ingenious enough to devise some means of advertising bereavement which shall be patent to all, and yet compatible with a becoming variety of costume and colors.—*London Truth.*

CONSUMPTION CURE.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.
ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark.

The Dress Album.

The latest novelty is a dress album in which are pasted samples of each dress a lady has, and so from season to season she may remember her costumes. The dress album may do for some women, but the average can paste one sample on a book back and turn it over year after year, and stick a little piece of trimming from somewhere else on to it, and that will constitute all the dress album she needs. You see there are women and there are women, and economy is worth two in the bush.—*Lampton.*

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

India's Black Holes of Jails.

The amount of sickness and mortality in some of the jails of India is stated, with good reason, in the official reports to be very deplorable. This is particularly applicable to the Punjab. In the year 1879 more than one-third of the average strength of the unfortunate inmates of the Rawal Pindi Jail are stated to have died, being at the rate of nearly 360½ per 1,000. At Umballah the death rate was nearly as high, though in this jail there was no case of cholera. In the jail at Belgium, in the Bombay Presidency, nearly half the average strength was swept off in 1878. In 1879 the rate had diminished, though it still reached the fearful proportion of 200 per 1,000.—*London News.*

MRS. LUCY T. COLEMAN, of Hamilton, Ohio, writes: "For many years I suffered from a complication of diseases. Dyspepsia, impure blood and irregularities were my greatest troubles. I was also very nervous, and at times my heart ached most severely. I often suffered from heartburn, belching, nausea, etc., after meals. I was advised by my neighbor, Mrs. Longmore, to try Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Having tried so many things, I did so with very little faith. I was highly pleased to find it just the medicine I needed. It surely must contain some secret ingredients, for I can not believe that simple Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla would create such a remarkable change as it did in my case. That queer sensation of bearing down and pain in the loins never troubles me any more at all."

THE Carrolton (Mo.) *Journal* says: The girl who saves all her kisses for her husband, and risks final rupture with her sweetheart rather than compromise her stand for prudence, will be the wife whose sweetness will not grow stale with her husband and whose honeymoon will never end. Respect, even with the impulsive lover, will grow stronger with woman's barrier against unwarranted familiarity. The young man who can't put up with his sweetheart's resolution to be absolute mistress of her prudence is unworthy of her countenance, and the sooner she gives him the grand bounce the faster will she rise in the eyes of her own and all sensible people's respect.

What a Hotel Clerk Says.

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2, 1881.
H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I have used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for kidney disease, and found it very beneficial.
GEORGE A. COBB.

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening, but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure." she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward, they scratch so."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound will, at all times and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the female system.

WHEN you see an Irish mother sewing the tears in her boy's pantaloons, you may put her down at being in favor of the "no rent" system.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE Kidneys are nature's sluice-ways, Kidney-Wort keeps them healthy and active.

Mother Shipton No. 2.

The New York *Sun* thus starts her in business:

The world shall come to an end—'tis true,
In 1882.

The world itself shall no longer be,
In 1883.

The world itself shall be no more,
In 1844.

The world itself shall not survive,
In 1885.

The world shall vanish into nix,
In 1866.

The world shall burn in fires from heaven,
In 1887.

The world shall end as sure as fate,
In 1888.

The world shall end, if rhyme's a sign,
In 1889.

The world can't possibly come to an end in 1890, for there is no rhyme to let it die on.

But certainly to an end 'twill run,
In 1891.

ONE of the drawbacks of married life is sickness of the little ones. For a Cold or Cough you cannot find a better remedy than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Nearly all physicians prescribe it and no family should be without it.

The Kindness of Nature.

Nature intended that the art of healing, the sustaining of animal life, the enjoyment of perfect health, and the road to longevity should be searched for principally among the herbs and vegetables of the earth, and not one in a thousand who seeks to be relieved by the use of mineral poisons will find the panacea hoped for. Then away with mercurial medicines! Let nature be assisted by nature! Invigorate the system and improve the animal economy of nutrition and assimilation, by using such well-known and tried harmless yet effective vegetable tonics as Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Celery, Calisaya Bark, etc., all of which enter into the composition of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. If you are weak, nervous and debilitated, or suffer from dyspepsia, weak kidneys, impure blood, etc., it will do you more permanent good than any other remedy known.

What Is Home Without a Mother?

Miss Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in Green and Gold. It asks, What is Home Without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done she will give it to her Beau, who tends a Dry Goods Counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Weekly Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in the Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's Beau is coming To-night.—*Denver Tribune's Primer.*

O. R. Keith & Co.—What the Chicago Tribune Says.

O. R. KEITH & Co, the representative Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery house of Chicago, have made the amplest arrangements for a greatly enlarged trade the present spring season. Their mammoth store of six floors, 160x175 feet, shows an immense stock of almost everything in the dry-goods line. For several years they have been adding new lines of goods to their former stock, and their business has nearly doubled each year for the last three years. This new departure of a house with such an established reputation, large capital and business, by which it practically becomes one of the great general dry-goods houses for which Chicago is so famous, is of general interest to the trade and the public. Its great enterprise, large experience and unsurpassed facilities for obtaining the choicest fabrics and latest styles from the great fashion centers of Europe, and in the world's best markets, must make it the leading house, in its lines, in this country.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

DR. WINCHELL'S Teething Syrup has never failed to give immediate relief when used in cases of Summer Complaint, Cholera-infantum, or pains in the stomach. Mothers, when your little darlings are suffering from these or kindred causes, do not hesitate to give it a trial. You will surely be pleased with the charming effect. Be sure to buy Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup. Sold by all druggists. Only 25 cents per bottle.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

FOR Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint and all bilious derangements of the blood, there is no remedy as sure and safe as Eilert's Day-light Liver Pills. They stand unrivalled in removing bile, toning the stomach and in giving healthy action to the liver. Sold by all druggists.

THOUSANDS of persons who are bald to-day might have full heads of hair if they would only use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, which is the only preparation ever discovered that will really do this.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

FOR Rheumatism, Sprains and Bruises, use Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment, sold by all druggists.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints, and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in man and beast.

DR. ROGER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

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