MR. CINCH.

HE TRIES THE MIND-CURE.

HOW THE ETHICAL LAW OF GRAVITATIO

In the construction of Mr Cinch nat

In the construction of Mr Cinch instere had been generous, not to sap prodigal, of materials, but certainly a wiser discretion might have been exercised in using them. The centre of Mr Cinch's gravity was much too far above his waist. All the rest of him appeared to have been fitted out at the expense of his lege, which, unable to endure so oppressive a burden, had spread.

To say that the shape of his lege was a source of unhappiness to Mr Cinch would be a feeble and inadequate expression of his feelings. "Them bow-lege" was a phrase into which he poured a degree of self-contempt altogether pitiful. They were, of course, homely to look at and not in the least services ble. Unaided by his stout hickory stick, they could not transport Mr Cinch acress the room. But there was no evidence that their shape or size was due on their part to any

But there was no evidence that their shape or size was due on their part to any motive of malice or of indolence, and it seemed quite unreasonable that he should feel toward them so harshly.

His disgust for them did not, indeed, originate with himself. It is entirely probable that he would have fneyer thought of despising them as he did but for Mrs Cinch. That excellent lady, with all her many virtues, could never forgive those legs. Their degeneration, as ahe regarded it, had not begun when she married Mr Cinch. He was then a slight young man and his legs were unexceptionable in size and shape. They had become bowed and insufficient within comparatively recent years, and ahe in comparatively recent years, and she had never felt quite able to accept Mr

fault in the matter.

Let it not be thought that this excellent couple were wanting toward each other in those awest graces which so beautify ithe marriage relation. They had lived and loved together nearly a quarter of a century, and had shared in those years their full measure of joys and sorrows. But Mrs Cinch was not without her humors, and when ahe was entertaining an acid humor she could not gether husband's unfortunate legs out of her husband's unfortunate legs out of the husb

subject that had originally vexed her, it was the invariable experience that those less became the focus to which her excited

passing out through his hallway into the street as fact as he could wobble, he tagested in Bob's account of this pecutumbled into his waiting coupe and hurliar conversation. As Bob went on he was the keeper of a livery stable, an establishment held in much esteem by the public and the trade, and yielding an abundant revenue. His buisness an abundant revenue. His buisness was one of the largest of its kind in New York, a fact which, with many others equally important, was set forth in unmistak able phrases upon Mr Cinch's business cards, copiously illustrated with cuts of prancing horses and handsome vehicles and of the extensive premises in which they were kept.

The appearance of the coupe as it roll-

ed into the stable fetched from the inner office Mr Cinch's manager, a bald-headed young man, with red eyes and a hopeful soul, who dexterously assisted his em-ployer to alight, and sided him into the main office and into the huge armchair, so placed as to command a fair view of the entire establishment. From this armchair, Mr Cinch rarely moved throughout the livelong day.
"Well, Bob," said Mr Cinch, so soon
as he had caughthis breath, "how's things

going?"
"Fair to middlin', sir, fair to middlin'. The regulars is 'bout the same, but the casuals is light."

"Well, a man can't always have things the way he wants 'em, Bob; ef he could there wouldn't be as much trouble as

"No, sir, that's very true, sir, nor so much fun, neither, come to think of

"How do you make that out, Bob?" "Well, sir, of everybody could have whatever they wanted, there wouldn't be much excitement going on. They'd get tired o' wanting before long fearful that the time 'ud come when there wouldn't

be nothin' to want."

Mr Cinch was quite impressed with the force of this philosophy. Bob's views on men and things often entertained Mr Cinch. He had a good deal of respect for Bob. Bob's circumstances had denied him many of those early advantages which are so useful in cultivating the habit of profound thought, and yet, to his greater credit, it must be said that he not infrequently performed a deal of subtle cogitation. In this he pleased Mr Cinch, who was by no means all a man of beef and brawn. Mr Cinch had read of beer and brawn. Mr Chech had read a considerable quantity of poetry and was a subscriber to a scientific periodical. He had a decided tendency towards occult speculation, and had reached that cult speculation, and had reached that point in his orthodoxy where he believed there were a good many more things that we don't know than that we ain't got bow-legs?"

Bob hesitated. He looked at Mr

He had turned over Bob's remark once or twice in his mind, and was about to say comething by way of rejoinder when the office door was opened and a when the opened and a whole when the opened and a whole when the opened an

built young maman, swith large, at features, and an abundant suppl blends hair, partially novered wi sombre brown bonnet. Her syes big and blue, and her voice quite;

"Beeks, miss! Kes, miss. Let's soo-BA to BE, Barker, Bucker, Beach, Books! Frances Emiline Beeks. Eighty seven dollars and fifty cents, if you please."

"That seems like a good deal of mon-ey," observed Miss Beeks, "Wetl, now, it is, miss," said Bob, "but you use a kerridge a good deal, miss, mostly every day and sometimes oftener. You've called more this month than ever,

—is that right!"

"Yes, miss, thank you. I think that sorrel would suit you nicely. He's only—"

"Well, I'll think it over. Good morn-

ing!"
Miss Beeks went out and Mr Cinch who had been regarding her over his glasses, inquired, "Who's the young woman, Bob?"
"I don't know, sir, hardly," said Bob, "but I think she's some kind of a doc-

"She seems to be makin' pretty good

"She seems to be makin' pretty good bills."

"And they gets better all the time. Whatever she doctors, it's a good business, for she pays her bill the day after she gets it every time."

"What makes you think she doctors."

"She said so, as near as I could make out. She come in here one day last month—it was when I had that staving big bile on my elbow, you remember?"

"Yes."

Cinch's assurances that he was not at fault in the matter.

Let it not be thought that this excel. bile, and it was just thempin'. Seemed

ty good evidence.
"She looked at it and then says,

wrath was drawn, and then, indeed, must be owned, she was exceedingly hard to deal with. She would recall in bitter phrases the fact that he had married her with other and honester legs, and she would plainly intimate that in substituting these he had acted in an unfair and unmanly way.

This was naturally distressing to Mr Cinch. He keenly felt the injustice of the insinuation, but at the same time his mind was filled, with a supreme loathing of his legs, and he was only deterred from going to a hospital and from having them straightway taken off by the reflection that an entirely legless husband was not likely to be more satisfactory, upon the whole, than one whose legs were bowed.

It was from a domestic scene such as these sentences have indicated that Mr Cinch issued one morning recently, and passing out through his hallway into the

me dead in the eyes."

Mr Cinchs had grown very much integested in Bob's account of this pecuhad acrewed around in his arm-chair, and had drawn his brow into a reflective knot.
"I don't know as I understand what

that means, Bob," he observed, cautious-

ly. "It took me a good while to get it through me, sir," replied the manager, "but I think I see what she was driving at. She means that fa man's body is just like any other matter and don't make feelings, and that it's his soul that does the feeling, and that when his soul feels bad he says he has a bile or the colic or the rheunatism, and begins to put on plasters and take pills, when he ought not to do anything of the kind, but ought to talk to her and get her to cure his soul. That's the way she give it to me, anyhow. She talked here for half an hour. She said that it was silly to set your feelings down to this or that place in your body. She said she could talk to me awhile about the er, let's see, gravity, no, yes, gravi—ch, I know! about the gravitation of the soul and my feelings would get good and the bile go down."
"Oh, rate!" remarked Mr Cinch.

"Well, I don't know, sir," replied Bob, doubtfully. "I don't know but what I think there is something in it." "Staff! Bob, how kin there be? Do you mean that she made out 'at she could cure anything by just talking to

"Not exactly; no, sir. Her p'int is that what we call biles or malaria or —"
"Bow-legs, mebbe," put in Mr Cinch
both jocusely and ruefully.
"Yes, sir, bow-legs."

"Bow-legs, too-why not? Just as

easy bow-legs as biles."
"Well, go on."
'All such things, she says, is appearances. Our souls being sick, they look through our eyes in a sorter cock eyed way and see something they call a bile or a pair of bow-legs. The bile and the bow-legs ain't really there, you know; we only think so, which is just as bad as if they was there. If we was to go to her and get our souls well, we'd look out of our eyes straight and wouldn't see no bile or bow legs. Neither would no-body else. This is the best explaning I

can do, sir. I understands it pretty well but I can't talk it. She's a daisy talker, though. She can talk like a dictionary."
"Bob," said Mr Cinch, solemnly, "do you mean to tell me that this young woman can talk me, into believing that I ain't got how legs."

Mr Clash made no copty, but he continued for several amounts to look ruefully down where he believed his legs to be, and thus he resumed his legs to of business flowed in to change their attention. Business was a letter attention. Business was a letter at tention. Business was a letter at tention, and yet there was a certain in floenes in the room which seemed to be affecting both him and Bob. They talked dressing others were short and sharp. When Bob, got off his stool and said he was going to luncheon he broke a silence which might almost be called ominous.

He was not long gons, but upon his return the office was ampty. It was no unusual a circumstance for Mr Cinch to go out that Bob wondered not a little what had happened. His wonderment increased as the afternoon drew along and Mr Cinch did not return. Nobody could test where or when he had gone or in what manner his departure had been effected. He had not made use of his coupe for any other vehicle. No scrap of writing could be found that threw the least light upon so startling a proceeding, nor did any one turn up with whom a message had been left.

He could only apply a wet towel to her heated temples and beg her to be calm. This he did with praiseworthy diligence during the greater part of the evening, and when he left it was with the under-

and when he left it was with the understanding that, if the missing man were not seen or heard from by the next morning, he would notify the police and have them send out a general alarm.

This, indeed, had to be done. Mr. Cinch had disappeared. His affairs were all right, his fortune untouched and no motive anywhere apparent why he should have taken so reckless a step. The police could get no trace of him. Fat and [bowlegged men were "encountered here, there and everywhere, were seized and sharply questioned, but from sone of these incidents of the search was the alightest hope extracted. Two days passed, and still another, but the mystery continued to be dark and impene trable and Mrc Cinch was wrapped in an envelope of grief.

Solter, replied Mr Cinch set it better if I was to open my eyes."

'Not, no, no ?" cried the Scientist.

'It is highly necessary to keep them shut have them far into your soul? Look them far into your soul? Look them far into your soul? Look there to find your bad and ugly ideals! Give me your hand, Mr Cinch. Thus, and [bowlegged men were "encountered will pursue our investigations into the of these incidents of the search was the alightest hope extracted. Two days passed, and still another, but the mystery continued to be dark and impene trable and Mrc Cinch was wrapped in an envelope of grief.

Mr Cinch heaved a huge sigh. But his bit had said the Scientist.

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It is highly necessary to keep them shut and turned inward

Bob's story about Miss Beeks and her novel views had profoundly impressed Mr Cinch, and being so constituted that when he got hold of an idea he had to give himself up to its consideration, Miss Beeks and the possible effect of her conversation upon his legs kept revolving before his eyes all the morning. He was not able to form any very definite idea of what she might be expected to do but of what she might be expected to do, but helthought it quite within the possibilities for her to improve the situation. The notion that in ailments of all kinds there was a large element of imagination legs into the shape which, like the spirit legs into the shape which, like the spirit had occurred to him frequently when listening to Mrs Cinch's accounts of her numerous physical tribulations, and he "Well, mum, I dunno. I'm trying numerous physical tribulations, and he was by no means sure that his legs were as bad as they had been represented. He thought it might well be that he had obtained an exaggerated notion of their faith, Mr Cinch, is the ethical law of deformity, and if Miss Beeks merely gravitation. You already feel its insucceeded in convincing him of that, the fluence. It draws you to the Spiritual succeeded in convincing him of that, the gain would be something. He picked up the address-book during the morning and ascertained that she lived in a large apartment-house in Broadway, distant from his stables less than a block. While the stables less than a block. While the stables less than a continuous his get years. It draws you to the Spiritual Centre of Essence. Your soul still walks in the shadow, but toward the light. You are being drawn away from the doubt. Don't you feel yourself being drawn, Mr Cinch?" Bob was at luncheon he got upon his feet, went to the door and looked down I do. That left leg give a kinder twitch Bob was at luncheon he got upon his the street at the big flat, An irresistiwith Miss Beeks took possession of him, and almost before he knew it he was seated floating, floating like a chip on the water. The evil waves of falsehood, doubt er. The evil waves of falsehood, doubt

if you say your legs are bowed, there is, of course, trouble somewhere."
"Of course," assented Mr Cinch.

they f"

"Maybe they do. We'll come to that presently. But first let me prove that, if they are bowed, they didn't do it. Suppose you were to have them cut off at your hips, would they go on and bow on the desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual playing all and a desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desired of the desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desolate house, receiving spiritual all and a desolate house, receiving a playing a desired of the desolate house, receiving a desired of the desolate house, receiving a playing a desired of the desolate house, receiving a playing a desolate house, receiving a desolate house, receiving a desolate house, receiving a d

in what manuer his departure had been effected. He had not made use of his coupe of any other vehicle. No scrap of writing could be found that threw the least light upon so startling a proceeding, nor did any one turn up with whom a message had been left.

Evening approached and numerous antegivings entered Bob's mind. He knew that Mr Cinch's domestic life was not without moments of bitterness, and he was satisfied that one of them had preceded his appearance at the office that morning. The vague suspicions that crept into his 'head were strengthened when, just before 6 o'clock, a messenger ame from Mrs Cinch loaded with inquires. Mr Cinch's life was as regular as the movement of the stars. He had gone home at 4:30 p.m. for twenty years. Bob was really alarmed. He made a careful search throughout yhe stables. That failing to give him the slightest clew, he went to see Mrs Cinch.

When he told that excellent woman that her husband had disappeared, she predigitately swooned away. The unhappy incident of the morning was still fresh in her repentant mind, and she could have no doubt that her over-worried lord had aought in the North River the peace of mind she had denied him in his home. Bob could not comfort her. He could only apply a wet towel to her heated temples and beg her to be calm. This he did with praiseworthy diligence sponds precisely to the condition of the ideal. Do you see the point?"
"Sorter," replied Mr Cinch, feebly, "but I b'lieve I could see it better if I

he shut his eyes vigorously, and received into his big hard fist the Scientist's answered Mrs Cinch, profoundly dislittle white one, and murmured, "All turbed, "I see them legs, and dear,

just as you spoke."
"Of course it did! Of course it did! and almost before he knew it he wasseated in a little reception-room waiting for the appearance of the remarkable young woman who professed to be able to talk man who professed to be able to talk literated by the control of the con away a boil.

She did not keep him waiting long, and when she held out her hand and wished him "Good morning," he was quite captivated with her cheery voice and smile.

Mr Cinch proceeded directly to business. First he took from his pocket-book one of his large and profusely illustrated business cards and delivered it. book one of his large and profusely illustrated business cards and delivered it with something of pride by way of introduction. Then he remarked that he had heard of her and of her way of doctoring and he thought he'd just drop around and see what she could do in his case.

"" The meet alls non?" she asked case.

"Why, what ails you?" she asked.

"You look very comfortable."

"So I be," replied Mr Cinch, much gratified, "but it's all along of my legs."

"And what of them?"

"Well, you see, their bowed, and—"

"Don't say what I see, Mr Cinch. We see with our minds and only through our eyes. My mind is healthy, and as I see your legs there's nothing the matter with them."

"You don't say so!"

"To be sure I do. At the same time if you say your legs are bowed, there is,

"Scientist was evidently! In the woves quickly! It takes you upon its sparkling crest! It takes you upon its sparkling crest! It takes you upon its sparkling crest! Whence the diamond light of happiness is flashes! Merrily flash! It heaves you swiftly on! On! On! Ah! Yes! Nearer still! One more impulse and you are there! It lifts its glittering form again! And NOW!—Oh, Mr Cinch! you are in the Current of truth! Brightly, joyously, swiftly does this Spiritual Gulf Stream bear you toward the Great Central Calm! Ah—ah!"

The "Scientist was evidently! In the country of happiness is the Wave of Joy! It moves quickly! It takes you upon its sparkling crest! It lifts its glathers of the care in the current in the

The "Scientist was evidently in a great state of excitement. Her voice had He had turned over Book remark once or twice in his mind, and was about to say comething by way of rejoinder when the office door was opened and young lady entered, observing that she wished to pay her bill.

She was a tall, well-dressed, stoutly

Cinch long and seriously. Mr Cinch took up his walking stick and slowly lifted himself upon his feet.

"Look at them legs, Bob. You can shove a prize punkin through 'em without touching. Can this young woman make me believe, them legs is straight?"

Cinch long and seriously. Mr Cinch took up his walking stick and slowly lifted himself upon his feet.

"Look at them legs, Bob. You can shove a prize punkin through 'em without touching. Can this young woman make me believe, them legs is straight?"

Wilson's and Colds.

Bob, if she can, she don't is to be can, she don't is to be can, nor pay no coach one."

Somethility of this awful mose much for Bob. "If I was in they were a living soul with a living will and not simply so many square inches of inminimate matter. Now, Mr Clisch, a made no capty, but he conserved amounts to lock rue where he believed his legs to be been as if they coald go and get he resulted his chair. Bob his consults and a heavy lide he resulted in twenty in the country, "I never thought of it that away, it don't seem as if they coald go and get he resulted in twenty in the chair. Bob his chair, and it unforced that on any other "they do pear to be howed, now, don't he disco, and it unforced that on any other "they do pear to be howed, now, don't he disco, and it unforced that on any other "they do pear to be howed, now, don't he disco, and it unforced that on any other "they do pear to be howed, now, don't he disco, and it unforced that on more than on any other "they do pear to be howed, now, don't help do pear to be howed, n

at your hips, would they go on and bow more?"

"Why, no."

"Of course not," said the Scientist, triumphantly. "That shows they didn't bow themselves. Then who did bow them? I'll tell you. You have done it, Mr Cinch, you, yourself."

"Mebbe I did, mebbe I did. I won't deny it. But this I will say—that I didn't go for to do it."

"Perhaps not. But, consciously or unconsciously, your mind became—well, for want of a better work, sick. In that sick condition it began to look around for a place in your body to reflect its trouble upon. It chose your legs and straightway your eyes, prompted by your diseased mind, began to tell you that a possible was not considered by the fact, "I know it. We all have our burdens and I spoes we need 'em."

d greatly consoled by that fact, "I know it. We all have our burdens and I s'pose we need 'em."

"Indeed we do, Sister Cinch," Mr Groaner replied, "but for our burdens we should grow vain and worldly."

This disastrous result being in Mrs Cinch's case rendered less menacing through the supposed death of her partner, the good man proceeded to show her the necessity of "bearing up," and of counting all things good, and of drawing from these mournful visitations the valuable lesson that earthly affections were empty and void. Much had been accomplished toward reconciling her to the unhappy situation when a familiar click was heard in the front door latch. Mrs Cinch started.

The click was repeated and then the door was flung open, and a heavy footfall sounded in the hallway.

"William, Brother Groaner! Help me up! Help me to run and meet him! William, my dear, good, sweet, bowlegged old William! O, Brother Groaner, I shall go crazy with happiness!

rer, I shall go erazy with happiness!
Hear his old feet, stuck on them dear
bow-legs of his, making a sound that I'd
know 'mong ten thousand! Come along,
Brother Groaner, come long."

They got into the hall with as much
speed on williams!

They got into the hall with as much speed as possible, and there, coming toward them, was Mr Cinch, his round face lighted with a peaceful smile. He peused, and there was something in his manner and attitude that caused them to pause as well. He brought his pudgy feet closely together and straightened his figure to its loftiest possibility, as if to call attention to its perfect beauty.

"Maria, my dear," he said, in deep, low tones, "I float in the "alm"Centre of Infinite Truth."

A look of profound alarm came upon

sweet, precious old legs they are, William, and if I ever said they wasn't, I told a story and goodness knows I've suffered enough for it in the last three days and nights. I love them cunning old legs, William, better 'n all the rest of you put together, and I don't care where you're floating nor what you're in harmony with, I only just know you're back gain with the same heavyth. again with the same beautiful, chubby, round old legs you took away, and I'm dewnright crying happy and the rounder they gets the more I'll love them!" And, unable longer to restrain her-self, the good old lady rushed upon him

and hugged him black and blue. Mr Cinch may still be floating in the Calm Centre of Infinite Truth, or he may not. He may still be in harmony with the Universal Mind or he may not. He hasn't mentioned lately. But this is sure truth—that wherever he floats Mrs Cinch is floating with him, and what-ever else he may be is harmony with he is certainly is harmony with her. He wobbles and toddles up and dewn just as he used to do, but never a word does he hear to the prejudice of his legs. And whether they be as crooked as a ram's horn or as straight as a rifle barrel, he can't see them and she won't—so what's he odds, anyhow?

L. E. Q.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is

Mr Hammond, of Manitoba, a brother of Mrs James Livingstone, is in Clinton, on a visit; it is 18 years since they had seen each other.

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By disease and debility the human system becomes worn out and run down before its time. Keep the head clear, the bowels regular, the blood pure, the kidneys and liver active by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great tonic and regulator, and disease cannot exist.

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Aver's S

Whan frombled w get a bottle of Wils ture it at unce, be this old and reliab bear testimony to the tive properties of Vin such diseases a Whooping Cough, Get the genuine

Percy R. Hatch, while acting as cash da, was yesterday York to the Emira A little of Guibe

applied at night, w delightfully perfur Mr John Leys, I

nounced at a meeting election at the O A letter containit olen in transit b

Peath Charles Bradlau visiting India for hi Bombay for Engl and he departed am Two more of the Detroit school have deaths.

Lonis Nathal, of known author and pneumonia, supe The Dominion C some "censitaires." old Seigneuries, for their holdings.

Sudden Mrs George Flev B., writes:—"I su and costiveness, so Burdock Blood B finished it, noticed ing three bottles I and recommend tive cure for costive

> A COO By mall to any lady address. Wells, R

9 Gord NO BACKACH containing testimonial have named from 4 to 9 cor fully used. Agency ca vacancy. A New INVENT with each mathine; by the tan file their own saws