

Hope, who did not move, and found him on his knees insensible. A piece of coal, driven by one of the men's picks, had struck him on the temple. The gallant fellow had tried to hide his hurt with his handkerchief, but the handkerchief was soaked with blood, and the man, exhausted by hunger, violent emotions, and this last blow, fainted under his trouble and pain. He was lifted with tender pity into the break, and the blood stanch, and stimulants applied by the doctor. But Grace would have his head on her bosom, and her hand in Walter's. Fortunately, the doctor who had attended Colonel Clifford physician in his dangerous attack of internal gut. We in, fortunately, for patients who have endured extremities of hunger have to be treated with great skill and caution. Gentle stimulants and mucilages must precede solid food, and but a little of anything be taken at a time. Doctor Garner began his treatment in the very break. The first spoonful of egg and brandy told upon Grace Hope. Her deportment had been strange. She had seemed confused at times, and now and then she would cast a look of infinite tenderness upon Walter, and then again she would knit her brow and seem utterly puzzled.

But now she gave Walter a look that brought him nearer to her, and she said, with a heavenly smile:

"You love me best; better than the other."

Then she began to cry over her father. "Better than the other?" said Walter, about. "What other?"

"The quiet," said the doctor. "Do you really think her stomach can be empty for six days, and her head be none the worse? Come, my dear, another spoonful. Good girl! Now let me look at you, Mr. Walter."

"Why, what is the matter with her?" said the Colonel. "I never saw him look better in all my life."

"Indeed! Red spots on his cheek-bones, ditto on his temples, and his eyes glaring?"

"Excitement and happiness," said Walter. "The doctor took no notice of him."

"He has been eating nature," said he, "and she will have her revenge. We are not out of the wood yet, Colonel Clifford, and you had better put them all three under my command."

"I do, my good friend; I do," said Colonel Clifford, eagerly. "It is your department, and I don't believe in two commanders."

They drew up at the great door of Clifford Hall. It seemed to open of itself, and there were all the servants drawn up in two lines.

"All showed eager sympathy, but only John Baker and Mrs. Milton ventured to express it."

"God bless you all!" said Colonel Clifford. "But it is our turn now. They are all in the doctor's hands. My whole household, obey him to the letter. It is my order. Doctor Garner, this is Mrs. Milton, my housekeeper. You will find her a good lieutenant."

"Mrs. Milton," said the doctor, sharply, "warm baths in the rooms, and to bed with this lot. Carry Mr. Hope up; he is my first patient, bring me eggs, milk, brandy, new port-wine, Cook!"

"Sir?"

"Hammer three chickens to pieces with your rolling-pin, then mince them; then stew them in a big pot with cold water, stew them an hour, and then boil them to a jelly, strain, and serve. Meantime, send up three slices of mutton half raw; we will do a little chawing, not much."

The patients submitted like lambs, only Walter grumbled a little, but at last confessed to a headache and sudden weariness.

Julia Clifford took special charge of Grace Hope, the doctor of William Hope, and Colonel Clifford sat by Walter, congratulating, soothing, and encouraging him, until he began to doze.

Doctor Garner's estimate of the patients proved correct. The next day Walter was in a raging fever; Hope remained in a pitiable state of weakness; and Grace, who in theory was the weaker vessel, began to assist Julia in nursing them both. To be sure, she was all whip-cord and steel beneath her delicate skin, and had always been active and temperate. And thus she was much the youngest, and the constitution of such women are anything but weak. Still, it was a most elastic recovery from a great shock.

But the more her body recovered its strength, and her brain its clearness, the more was her mind agitated and distressed.

Her first horrible anxiety was for Walter's life. The doctor showed no fear, but that night he died.

It was a raging fever, with all the varieties that make fever terrible to behold. He was never left without two attendants; and as Hope was in no danger now, though pitifully sick and slowly recovering, Grace was often one of Walter's nurses. So was Julia Clifford. He sometimes recognized them for a little while, and filled their loving hearts with hope. But the next moment he was off into the world of illusions, and sometimes could not see them. Often he asked for Grace most piteously when she was looking at him through her tears, and trying hard to win him to her with her voice. On these occasions he always called her Mary. One unlucky day that Grace and Julia were his only attendants he became very restless and wild, said he had committed a great crime, and the scaffold was better prepared for him.

"Hark!" said he; "don't you hear the workmen? Curse their hammers; their eternal tip-tapping goes through my brain. The scaffold! What would the old man say? A Clifford hung! Never! I'll save him and myself from that."

Then he sprang out of bed and made a rush at the window. It was open, unluckily, and he had actually got his knee through when Grace started to him and seized him, screaming to Julia to help her. Julia did her best, especially in the way of screaming. Grace's nose and resolution impeded the attempt, and she slowly, gradually, he got both knees upon the window-sill. But the delay was everything. In came a professional nurse, she hung her arms round Walter's waist and swung him back with all her weight. As she was heavy, though not corpulent, his more wire strength became quite valueless; and right and position defeated him hopelessly, and at last he sank exhausted into the nurse's arms, and she and Grace carried him to bed like a child.

Of course, when it was all over, half a dozen people came to the rescue. The woman told that had happened, the doctor administered a little, then prescribed a little, then went to sleep, and the cheerful doctor declared that he would be all the better for what he called the little outbreak.

But Grace sat there quivering for hours, and Colonel Clifford installed two new nurses, very evening. They were pensioners of the soldiers who had been "invalided from the ranks," but had long recovered, and were neither of them much above forty. They had some experience, and proved admirable nurses—quiet, silent, vigilant as sentinels. Walter began to get better after that. But a period of convalescence was before him; and the good doctor warned them that convalescence has its "serious dangers," and that they must be "very careful," and above all, not irritate nor even excite him.

All this time torments of another kind had

been, overpowered but never suppressed in poor Grace's mind; and these now became greater as Walter's danger grew less and less.

What would be the end of all this? Here she was installed, in her amazement, in Clifford Hall, with her wife, and treated, all of a sudden, with marked affection and respect by Colonel Clifford, who had hitherto seemed to abhor her. But it was all an illusion; the whole house of cards must come tumbling down some day.

Some days before the event last described, Hope had said to her:

"My child, this is no place for you and me."

"No more it is, papa," said Grace. "I know that too well."

"Then, Grace, why did you let them bring us here?"

"Papa," said Grace, "I forgot all about that."

"Forgot it!"

"It seems incredible, does it not? But what I saw and felt thrust what I had only heard of in my mind. Oh, papa! you were insensible, poor dear; but if you had only known me, you would have saved me! I took him away from your giant miner. He seemed to love me very much, the gentleman. I loved—oh, and I shall love him to my dying day, whether or not he has— But when he sprang to my side, and took me with his bare, bleeding arms to his heart, that panted so, I thought his heart would burst and mine too, could I feel another woman between us. All that might be true, but it was unreal. That he loved me, and had saved me, that was real. And when we sat together in the carriage, your poor bleeding head upon my bosom, and his hand grasping mine, and his sweet eyes beaming with love and joy, what could I realize except my father's danger and my husband's mighty love? I was all present anxiety and present bill. His sin and my alarms seemed hundreds of miles off, and doubtful. And even since I have been here, see how greater and nearer things have overpowered me. Your deadly weakness, you, who were so strong, poor dear—oh, let me kiss you, dear darling—till you have saved your child; Walter's terrible danger. Oh, my dear father, spare me. How can a poor, weak woman think of such different woes, and realize and suffer them all at once? Spare me, dear father, spare me! Let me see you stronger; let me see him safe; and then let us think of that other cruel thing, and what we ought to do, and where we are to go."

"My poor child," said Hope, faintly, with tears in his eyes, "I'll say no more. Take your own time."

Grace did not abuse this respite. So soon as the doctor declared Walter out of immediate danger, and indeed safe, if cautiously treated, she returned of her own accord to the miserable subject that had been thrust upon her.

After some discussion, they both agreed that they must now confine their grief to Colonel Clifford, and must quit their home, and make him master of the situation, and sole depository of the terrible secret for a time.

Hope wished to make the revelation, and spare his daughter that pain. She assented readily and thankfully.

This was a woman's first impulse—to put a man forward.

But by-and-by she had one of her fits of hard thinking, and saw that such a revelation ought not to be made by one straightforward man to another, but with all a woman's soothing ways. Besides, she had already discovered that the Colonel had a great esteem and growing affection for her; and, in short, she felt that if the blow could be softened by anybody, it was by her.

Her father objected that she would encounter a terrible trial, from which he could save her, but she entreated him, and he yielded to her entreaty, though against his judgment.

When this was settled, nothing remained but to execute it.

Then the woman came uppermost, and Grace prostrated for one insufficient reason and another.

However, at last she resolved that the very next day she would ask John Baker to get her a private interview with Colonel Clifford in his study.

This resolution had not been long formed when that very John Baker tapped at Mr. Hope's door, and brought her a note from Colonel Clifford asking her if she could favor him with a visit in his study.

Grace said:

"Yes, Mr. Baker, I will come directly."

As soon as Baker was gone she began to tremor her weak presentation, and begged her father's pardon for her presumption in taking the matter out of his hands.

"You would not have to put it off a day. Now, see what I have done by my cowardice."

Hope did not see what she had done, and the quick-witted young lady, jumping at once at a conclusion, opened her eyes and said:

"Why, don't you see? Some other person has told him what it was so important he should hear first from me. Ah! it is the same gentleman that came and warned me. He has heard that we are actually married, for it is the talk of the place, and he told me she would punish him if he neglected her warning. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You go too late, Grace, dear. Don't run before troublelike that. Come, go to Colonel Clifford, and you will find it nothing of the kind."

Grace shook her head grandly. Experience had given her faith in her own instincts, as people call them—though they are subtle meanings the steps of which are not put forward, and she went down to the study.

"Grace, my dear," said the Colonel, "I think I shall have a fit of the gout."

"Oh, no," replied Grace, "We have trouble enough."

"It gets less every day, my dear; that is one comfort. But what I meant was that our poor invalids elapse me entirely in your good graces. That is because you are a true woman, and an honor to your sex. But I would like to see a little more of you. Well, all in good time. I didn't send for you to tell you that. Sit down, my girl; it is a matter of business."

Grace sat down, keenly on her guard, though she did not show it in the least. Colonel Clifford resumed:

"You may be sure that nothing has been near my heart for some time but your danger and my dear sons. Still, owe something to other sufferers, and the poor widows whose husbands have perished in that mine have cried that Burnley. I am a magistrate, too, and duty must never be neglected. I have got detectives about, and I have offered five hundred guineas reward for the detection of the villain. One Jim Davies described him to me, and I put the description on the placard and in the papers. But now I learn that Davies' description is all second hand. He had it from you. Now, I must tell you, that a description at second hand always misses some part or other. As a magistrate, I never encourage Jack to tell what Jill says when I can get hold of Jill. You are Jill, my dear, so now you will please verify Jack's description, or correct it. However, the best way will be to give me your description before I read you this."

"I will," said Grace, very much relieved. "Well, then, he was a man, not over forty,

thin, and with bony fingers; an enormous gold ring on the little finger of his right hand. He wore a suit of tweed, all one color, rather tight, and a vulgar neckerchief, almost crimson. He had a face like a corpse and very thin lips. But the most remarkable things were his eyes and his eyebrows. His eyes were never still, and his brows were very black, and not shaped like other people's; they were neither straight, like Julia Clifford's, for instance, nor arched like Walter's; that is to say, they were arched, but all on one side. Each brow began quite high up on the temple, and then came down in a slanting drop to the bridge of the nose, and lower than the bridge. There if you will give me a pencil, I will draw you one of his eyebrows in a minute."

She drew the eyebrow with masterly ease and rapidity.

"Why, that is the eyebrow of Mephistopheles."

"And so it is," said Grace, naively. "No wonder it did not seem human to me."

"I am sorry to say it is human. You can see it in every convict jail. But," said he, musingly, "how came this villain to sit to you for his portrait?"

"He did not, sir. But when he was struggling with me to keep me from rescuing my father—"

"What! did the ruffian lay hands on you?"

"That he did, and so did Mr. Bartley. But the villain was the leader of it all; and while he was struggling with me—"

"You were taking stock of him. Well, they talk of a Jew's eye; give me a woman's. My dear, the second-hand description is not worth a button. I must write fresh notices from your eyes, and above all, instruct the detectives. You have given me information that will lead to that man's capture. As for the gold ring and the tweed suit, they disappeared into space when my placard went up, you may be sure of that, and a felon can paint his face. But his eyes and eyebrows will do him. They are the mark of a jailbird. I am a visiting justice, and have often noticed the peculiarity. Draw me his eyebrows and we will photograph them in Derby; and my detectives shall send copies to Scotland yard and all the convict prisons. We'll surely have him."

The Colonel paused suddenly in his triumphant prediction, and said:

"But what was that you let fall about Bartley? He was no party to this foul crime. Why, he has worked night and day to save you and Hope. Indeed, you both owe your lives to him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He set the men on to save you within ten minutes of the explosion. He bought rope by the mile, and great iron buckets to carry up the debris that was heaped up between you and the working party. He raved about the pit day and night, lamenting his daughter and his friend; and I say he saved you, twice as well as Walter, before his fever came on. He advised and implored him not to attempt to clear the whole shaft, but to pick sideways into the mine twenty feet from the ground. He told Walter that he never really slept at night, and in his dreams saw you in a part of the mine he calls the hall. Now, Walter says that but for this advice they would have been two days more getting to you."

"We should have been dead," said Grace, gravely. Then she reflected.

"Colonel Clifford," she said, "I listened to that villain and Mr. Bartley planning my father's destruction. Certainly every word Mr. Bartley said was against it. He spoke of it with horror. Yet, somehow or other, that wretched man obtained from him an order to send the man Burnley down the mine, and what will you think when I tell you that he assisted the villain to hinder me from going into the mine?"

Then she told him the whole scene, and how they shut her up in the house, and she had to go down a curtain and burst through a quickest hedge. But all the time she was thinking of Walter's bigamy and how she was to reveal it; and she related her exploits in such a cold, indifferent, and languid manner that it was hardly possible to believe them.

Colonel Clifford could not help saying:

"My dear, you have had a great shock; and you have dreamt all this. Certainly you are a fine girl, and broad-shouldered. I admire that in man or woman—but you are so delicate, so refined, so gentle."

Grace blushed and said languidly:

"For all that, I am an athlete."

"An athlete, child!"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Bartley took care of that. He would never let me wear a corset, and for years he made me do calisthenics under a master."

"Calisthenics?"

"That is a word for gymnastics."

Then, with a double dose of languor, she continued:

"I can go up a loose rope forty feet, so it was nothing to me to come down one. The hedge was the worst thing; but my father was in danger, and my blood was up."

She turned suddenly on the Colonel with a flash of animation.

"You used to keep race horses? Walter told me."

"The Colonel stared at this sudden turn.

"That I did," said he, "and a pretty penny they cost me."

"Well, sir, is not a race horse a poor mingling thing until her blood gets up galloping?"

"By Jove! you are right," said he; "she steps like a cat upon hot bricks. But the comparison is not needed. Whatever statement Mrs. Walter Clifford makes to me seriously is gospel to me, who already know enough of her to respect her lightest word. Pray grant me this much, that Bartley is a true penitent, for I have proof of it in this drawer. I'll show it you."

"No, no, please not," said Grace, in a little agitation. "Let me take your word for that, as you have taken mine. Oh, sir, he is nothing to me compared with what I thought you wished to say to me. But it is I who must find the courage to say things that will wound you, and me still more. Colonel Clifford, pray do not be angry with me till you know all, but indeed your horse is the place for my father or me."

"Why not, madam," said the Colonel, still; "since you are my daughter-in-law."

She did not reply.

"Ah!" said he, coloring high and rising from chair.

He began to walk the room in some agitation.

"You are right," said he; "I once affronted you cruelly, unpardonably. Still, pray, consider that you passed for Bartley's daughter; that was my objection to you, and then I saw you come out pale and resolute to sacrifice yourself to justice and another woman, that converted me at once. Ask Julia what I said about you."

(To be continued.)

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing or using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10-19 eow

Cleveland rides a tricycle.

Lively stable keepers should always keep Arnica & Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses.

Arnica and Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Thousands walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Down's Elixir.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted.

Michigan ships celery to California.

**THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX.**

It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and sailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The cable was used to cause his arrest on arrival, and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroes of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid, 10,000 circulars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.—Hull Budget.

Gladstone expects soon to make his final exit from public life.

**OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.**

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach, which, if neglected in its characteristic climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five cables \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—E. J. McGale, chemist, Montreal.

It was so hot in Troy, N.Y., one day last week that apples were baked in the sun.

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.**

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. J. H. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says, "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility and loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

There are Postmasters in the Southern States who cannot write their own names.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

"Our Carter" is the name of a post-office in Kansas. A Chicago man is the postmaster.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

Out in California when a man has kicked his wife out of bed three times she is entitled to a divorce.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was afflicted with Tape Worm, 8 feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

A charming girl in a Passie, N. J. boarding house, who won the hearts of both male and female boarders, turns out to be a man.

American women are said to be the most clever, active, and energetic to be found; and well they need to be, considering the enormous demands made upon them by modern schools, housekeeping and society. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, in preparing her celebrated Vegetable Compound, had in mind all these countless demands on woman's strength, and her well known remedy proves every day its perfect adaptation to woman's special needs.

The frankest lawyer in the profession is one who advertises at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, that he "gets time to attend to a limited amount of professional business, to wit—all he can get."

**NATIONAL PILL** is a mild purgative, acting on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing all obstructions.

The London Standard has discovered that "divorce is now so common in the United States that married people begin to look at the matter very much as servants regard a change of place."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—In all outward complaints a desperate effort should be made to at once remove these annoying irritations, and of establishing a cure. The remarkable remedies discovered by Professor Holloway will satisfactorily accomplish this desirable result, without any of those dangers or drawbacks which attend the old method of treating ulcerative inflammations, scrofulous affections, and scrofulous annoyances. The most timid invalids may use both the Ointment and Pills with the utmost safety with certain success, provided a moderate attention be bestowed on their accompanying "Directions." Both the preparations soothe, heal, and purify. The one assists the other most materially in effecting cures and renewing strength by helping exhausted nature just when she needs such succour.

A young man in Ohio wanted some ammunition for his shotgun. So he put some giant powder in a coffee-mill and began to turn the crank. He will never repeat the rash experiment.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

The fire of London exterminated the plague of London. Paris, in June, 1849, was killing 800 people a day with cholera. A great storm washed all the filth out of the city and the cholera subsided.

**CONNECTICUT'S LEATHER MAN.**

A SINGULAR OUTCAST WHO IS SAID TO BE A FRENCHMAN WITH A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

WOODBRURY, Sept. 2.—In the Sun of Nov. 12, 1883, an account was printed of the peregrinations of the famous "Leather Man" of Connecticut. Since that time a Sun reporter has been on the lookout for the man, and has carefully examined all his haunts, interviewed the people who knew him, and succeeded in clearing up the mystery concerning this singular person which for many years has perplexed the good people of this part of the country. The strange pilgrim still wears his old suit of leather, and his general appearance has changed very little of late. Mrs. John R. Comstock of Wilton, Conn., says that he used to stop at her house once in two or three months, but of late he has increased his calls to once a month. Never but once was he in the house, and he was then driven in by the cold, in January, 1880. Mr. Hale of Naugatuck Junction has kept an accurate record of every time the Leather Man has passed there, finding that for years the time has varied but little from 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Comstock says he appears at Wilton invariably four days later than at the Junction. His last visit was yesterday. He always comes to Wilton from a northeasterly direction from the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, and goes thence to his cave about a mile west of Wilton, beside the South Norwalk reservoir. When the reservoir was built his cave, which is only one of many, was destroyed, and he had to reconstruct it. Mrs. Comstock's is the only place in Wilton where he stops, but he has regular places along his long route. He is readily recognized by his peculiar knock on the threshold, instead of the door. One house at which he used to stop regularly he now passes by without a look, because the house has been altered and repainted. At the places where he stops he obtains food, part of which he takes away in a leather bag. If asked any questions he gives only an unintelligible grunt. So well-known has he now become that even the school children no longer shrink from him. Still there remains an air of mystery about him which causes many to avoid him.

As the result of many expeditions and numerous interviews the reporter has obtained the following story of the Leather Man:

Some 15 years ago the New York police received information from France of the disappearance of a Frenchman who was believed to have come to this country. After careful search he was found wandering through Litchfield county, Connecticut, where he was already known as the Leather Man. Detective Walsh interviewed him in North Canaan, and found that he was averse to returning to France, and was gaining his living as an itinerant plumber. His relatives in France were informed of his condition, and nothing was ever after heard from them. His name is Jules Bourglay and he was born in Lyons. His father was a wool merchant and gave his son an education, which was completed in Paris. In that city he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy leather merchant named Larou, and she returned the attachment. Mr. Larou was greatly displeased when he learned of this, but young Bourglay pleaded so impressively, seconded by the daughter, that the leather merchant offered to take him into his business on one year's probation, the reward of his success to be the hand of the girl. With this understanding Jules went to work with a will, and within a short time he had become the confidential business agent of the firm. It was the year 1857. Leather suddenly fell forty per cent. The young man had speculated extensively, thinking to help his employer by his operations, and down went the house. Mr. Larou commanded Jules to quit his sight forever. The young man, overwhelmed by his misfortune, fell sick, lost his reason, and was sent to a madhouse. After about two years he escaped and disappeared. Several years elapsed before his relatives could find any trace of him. They then learned that he had gone to America, and they wrote to the New York police, as related above.

When the detectives found him in Connecticut he was already well known in Litchfield county for his eccentric behavior. He had the same leather suit, which he still wears. In his wanderings as a plumber he would take no pay for his labor except food or tobacco. When his family were informed that he strenuously objected returning home they soon to have given up all attempts to communicate with him. After a time he gave up the effort to earn his living by tinkering cans and bottles, and begged his food at houses where he had become known, and this has been his way of life for many years.

Among the passengers on an emigrant train that passed through Sacramento a week or two ago was a family of twenty-nine persons, the father and mother, with their five girls and six boys and sixteen grandchildren.

**AN EX-ALDERMAN TRIED IT.**

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Haggard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

Seven hundred bushels of clams are consumed at West Brighton, N.Y., daily.

**RESPECT AGE.**

Age should always command respect; in the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera, Malaria, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic and all Bowel Complaints.

Samuel Munn, who died last fall, occupied one seat on the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga for twenty-five years.

**A STRONG ENDORSEMENT.**

The Clergy, the Medical Faculty, the Press and the People all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating blood purifying tonic known. Its work bears out their best recommendation.

The hearing of a woman who was made deaf by a shock from lightning a few weeks ago at Broadalbin, Fulton County, N.Y., was restored by another shock that struck a tree near her house last week.

**A RARE PLANT.**

The Wild Strawberry Plant possesses rare virtue as a cleansing, cooling, astringent, antiseptic, and healing medicine, and when combined with other valuable vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it is an unfailing remedy in all Bowel complaints.

**WORDS.**

Words are keener shafts than arrows  
When they touch the loving heart,  
And it takes a skillful surgeon  
To extract the poisoned dart.

Often, while the eyes are beaming,  
And the lips half parted, smile,  
Underneath that gay demeanor,  
Words are stinging all the while.

Though they were not meant to wound it,  
Yet that proud young heart is chilled,  
And through all life's future glory  
One wild thro' can ne'er be stilled.

Years may pass and, with their changes,  
Bring ravages for injured pride;  
But once wound the heart's affection,  
And some pain will e'er abide.

M. B.

**THE NATIONALISTS AND THE DUKE**

DUBLIN, Sept. 3.—During the present visit of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Channel Squadron to Ireland, an official invitation was extended by the Mayor of Cork to the Duke and his officers to attend a ball to be given in their honour in that city. This act gave great offense to the Nationalist members of the Cork Council, and they arranged to make an attack upon the mayor, at a meeting of the board to be held to-day, on the ground that he had exceeded his powers in giving the invitation without consulting the council. The Conservative and Liberal members of the board, however, got wind of this programme and defeated it by staying away from the meeting, thus leaving the dissatisfied Nationalists without a quorum.

**THE ORANGE OUTRAGE.**

St. JOHN'S, N. F., Aug. 28.—The Crown officers are now investigating the case of the Roman Catholic missionary yacht, the "St. Augustine," which was attacked by eight boats manned by armed Orangemen in Henley harbor, in the Straits of Belle Isle, on Sunday, the 17th inst. Evidence has been laid before the Crown Solicitor that the attacking party ordered down the yacht's ensign, a red flag with a white cross, and on the day of Edward Lynch to lower it they tore it down, afterwards obliterating the name of the yacht on the stern with tar, and threatening with death the priest, who was only making his regular visit to his parishioners.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual.

On Friday last, 30 miles off Catalina, Trinity Bay, H.M.S. Mallard encountered the British brig Resolute, damaged on both sides. The side lights were burning and there was a fire in the galley stove.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use.

Maud S. was sold for enough money to buy over three miles of barbed flour, laid out to end, or enough to fill a space 700 feet square and ten feet high with leaves of broad.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes:—"I have acquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. I have bought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

A young Pute, dressed in a suit made from a cast-away American flag, caused a sensation in Bolie, Cal., the other day.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N.Y., writes:—"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a badly swollen neck and sore throat of my son in forty-eight hours. One application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

American campaign style seems to have followed republican ideas in England. "Premier Gladstone," says the St. James Gazette, "is breaking his shins in his progress to everlasting smash."

Alexis Cyr, of Grant Isle, Arrostook Co., Maine, writes: "Having used Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and derived great benefit from it, I take the liberty of asking you for quotations, and also whether you would be willing to give me the agency for this place, as I am confident there would be a large sale for it in this vicinity when its merits were made known."

A Newport belle wears fifty-two bangles on one of her bracelets. They are made of gold coin, and are worth from \$1 to \$20 each.

The true philosophy of medication is not to dose for symptoms, but to root out disease. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, has proved itself equal to this task. It is a most searching without being a violent remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. It is as well adapted to the needs and physical temperaments of delicate females as to the more robust sex, and is a fine preventive of disease as well as remedy for it.

A shambling gait, according to Dr. Maclean Hamilton, the medical expert examiner in the Rhineland case, is a marked symptom of insanity.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

Thirty thousand two horse trucks are employed in the business of New York City. Upward of \$20,000,000 is invested in this industry.

Epps' Cocoa—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure food and properly nourished frames.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with the best quality of Cocoa, sold in packets and tins, 4½ and 1½ lbs by grocers, labelled, JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London; England.

**ROCKFORD WATCHES**

are manufactured in existing service. They are recommended as THE BEST for all uses, in which they are used, and are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to be accurate and durable. Sold in all cities and towns by the COMPANYS AGENCIES, and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men.

**A SAD NEGLECT.**

Neglecting a congested condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill-health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood, and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

**A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.**

A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.