seems fairly well inclined to follow up

our tardy overtures of friendship by a

neighborly cordiality which it requires no great exertion of Christian charity

on our part to reciprocate. I think

know George Eliot says 'the maggot

and that element of familiarity with

should think life on a Southern planta-

has been spent in towns. He talks quite knowingly of Wall Street. Sometimes auntie's curiosity runs

away with her politeness, and she will

Arkansas. He parries her thrust skill-fully, but, while leaving her unin-formed, conveys the impression that

necessity, not choice, has given him

to us for neighbor. You ask me how

he looks; all I can say is, he suggests

Hercules rather than Appollo. If I were a man, I think I should think twice,

perhaps oftener, before provoking him

to lift that strong right arm against me.

His head has a rough hewn, massive

look, and his eyes, clear and gray, with

heavy dark brows and lashes to them,

Our

are as penetrating as a hawk's. Our men, three in number, I would have

you know, are 'his truly.' I think

when men do surrender it is more un-

conditionally than with women. Your father, Fred, and Carl are outspoken

in their admiration. Your mamma is

trying to effect a compromise with con-

science, while I-well, I am-your

Thus abruptly and airily Mrs. Rals

ton veered from a pronounced opinion on her own part. She folded and enve

loped and stamped this letter, and

carried it immediately down-stairs. To-morrow was mail-day. By day-

break old Ephraim would mount hi

mule, and, with his oil-cloth bag slung

over his shoulder, would ride in to the

tion of letters, and bring back what-

ever the weekly packet might have de-

posited, in way of news, for Tievina.

Mr. Southmead entered the sitting-

room immediately behind her with the

and his spurs still strapped to his

"Well, wife, what do you suppose i

to dally with the curiosity of his

"I haven't the slightest idea. If

you have any thing at all to tell us, I

wish you would do it without so much

preliminary ado."
"'Preliminary ado!' This is ar

superinduce proper assimilation sub-

sequently," said Mr. Southmedd, throw-

ing this grandiose sentiment in one direction and his hat and whip in an-

wife's evident eagerness.

"Squire Thorn."

est on her part reached.

He is married.

don't believe you.'

not seen it.

woman.

it ?"

old adage?

old fool.

other, as he seats himself to enjoy his

for a man of your age. You know the

remarkable coincidence! Old fools is

"I'm not at all surprised. I don't

"The presumption is he married a

woman should have married him."
"I wish you would tell your story as

correctly as you can, Mr. Southmead.

in an ejaculatiory fashion. As Denny

and I stopped at the cross-roads on our way back from the snipe ground

—by the way, Carl, step into the kitchen and tell Aunt Nancy not to

cook those snipe to a cinder to-night-

old Thorn's team came jolting by with

two or three trunks in the wagon, and

was such an unusual sight, any body astride of 'Old Whitney' but the

to ask Deb what was up. The scamp

doubled himself up as if he'd been

seized with sudden cramps, and an-

swered, 'De olo man's ahead in his

kerridge wid de young missus, 'Young missus!' I echoed, and then

he told me that the squire had brought a wife home from Alabama. Came up

"Mr. Southmead, do you suppose

any man could have the effrontery to

take a woman to such a place as

"I pity that woman! From my

until she demands it. Maybe they are

"A match! Squire Thorn's match

"On the contrary, Deb says she's

"No doubt Deb is an excellent

was never cast in feminine mold. She

must needs be homely, penurious, and

the handsomest 'wite lady in these

crabbed in temper to match him.

Don't be premature. Let us wait

on the Grand Republic to-day.

"It seems the squire has.

heart I do.

a match.

parts.

"Well, I believe I've about told it all

The strange part is that a

"George, you can be so very silly

'landing" with the week's accumula-

"URSULA RALSTON.

affectionate cousin,

on her own part.

hearers

must be born in the cheese to like it,

his dismal surroundings is not his.

## Dyspepsia

Few people have sincred more servery from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh-ing over 200 pounds. In that year an allment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I

was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of metancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed. for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that

a workman employed by me suggested that I take Sarsapait had Suffering rills, as cured his wife of substitution of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to from up. With returning Affi

peared, and my chart tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sersaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa-parilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

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The friends I love may leave me,
Be called away by Death—
Or even may deceive me;
Prove false as fleeting breath:
But you will never wound my heart,
Never prove untrue;
For ever to my memory start
The words: I'll pray for you!

My life may have its pleasures, Its bright and happy hours; When earth with all her treasures Will strew my path with flowers: But nothing can such joy afford. My soul, as once it knew, When sitting by your side I heard The words; I'll pray for you!

When on life's stormy ocean,
The billows round me rise
In fierce and wild commotion
And hope of succor files,
My heart with all it's thoughts 'll extend Across the raging sea, Until they cling around the friend Who say: I'll pray for thee!

Oh! may those prayers attend me
Thro' every scene in life,
To guide me and defend me,
And be my shield in strife;
And when the lon r-life fight is o'er,
The imprisoned spirit free,
Upon that bright celestial shore;
May you still pray for me!

The future may be dreary,
And being me toil and pain;
My life may oft le weary,
My cup no sweet sustain;
But when its darkest hours appear
My heart will turn to thee;
And cast away all doubt and fear,
For you will pray for me.

## The New Man a Rossmere

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROWTH OF A FRIENDSHIP. It is impossible to conceive of any hing more smoothly monotonous than the lives of these two women with whom Stirling Denny now found himself on terms of neighborly intercourse, and in whom he was about equally ested, although, perhaps, the halo of a pathetic romance did tinge his bearing toward the pretty young widow with a degree more of chivalric warmth. Knowing the world through printed records of its doings and happenings alone, their interest in it was more that of spectators than actors in the great drama called Life. Their hopes, plans, and ambitions were all confined within the boundaries of the ragged osageorange hedging that defined Tievina against the rest of the world. Tievina's possibilities gauged their proba-Tievina's failures, their disappointments.

Mrs. Southmead would like Fred and Carl to be well educated, and Mr. Southmead to "work out" of debt to his commission merchants in New Orleans, and "come out" with enough money to put a new roof on the house, and perhaps buy her any Alderney To be sure, she would like once more in her life to own some sort of vehicle, but a buggy and an Alderney ow would cost pretty much the same and she supposed more comfort could be extracted out of the cow in the long run. She wished she was able to ex-

periment with some of the fancy breeds poultry; she was tempted to invest ado and an exercise of extreme distribution beforehand, in order to here was not much satisfacion in graifving fancy tastes with the levees either all down or depending on local patchwork for repairs. If government ever did make an appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi River, she intended to set out new orchards and have strawberries and raspberries and asparagus beds, as she have them before the war. Ah! people lived in those days.

These innocent desires and hopes generally including the mention of the magazines and papers she and Sula had decided on for the coming year, formed the safe topics of conversation between the mistress of Tievina and the new man at Rossmere, who entered interest. Their simple desires and matter-of-course deprivations came to be discussed freely in the major's presence, as he, following up that opening wedge of the Christmas dinner, promptly gained a friendly footing at lievina. There was something pathe tic in women who spoke of such desires as books and poultry as luxuries that might be granted them in a brighter Extravagances of dress, pos sessions of jewels, indulgences in any of the charming frivolities so dear to the sex within the pale of city life, occupied no portion of their thoughts or conversation.

'Sula's two dreams were, carrying Carl triumphantly through the rudi ments of his education, and the re demption of the small, grassy little lower garden in the rear of the house. With the florist's catalogue open in her hand, she would expand upon her flower loves and blossom hopes with a simple enthusiasm that would bring a pretty flush to her cheeks and an eager orightness to her eyes, causing Stirling Denny to experience a rash desire to fling his purse at her feet, and beg her to indulge every ungratified long-ing in that direction at his expense.

An extract from a letter written about this time by Mrs. Ralston to Jennie Southmead, then absent at boarding-school, will convey an idea of how things progressed between the new man at Rossmere and the most conservative people in the country It was evident 'Sula never once sus pected that she and her aunt posing as curiosities for their Northern

neighbor: "Notwithstanding the fact that Uncle George, with his unflagging dissertations about crops, the superior ity of buckshot land over sandy for cotton production, his preference for 'Henry' over a 'Winchester' rifle, the good and bad points of this setter or that pointer, the habits and habitat of our swamp partridges and snipes, cannot but prove sometimes wearisome to such a man as Major Denny, and that your mamma, dear soul! will "No doubt Deb is an excelle sometimes forget, and touch on war judge," said Mrs. Southmead, loftily. times, from which she dates every dis-tomfort of her life, the 'new man at Rossmere,' as they call him about here, until we have paid our bridal call."

"Indorse him! Why, bless my soul, I am grateful to him. I regard everyman who imports a white face into this neighborhood as a benefactor adaptability must be one of our new friend's most shining attributes. You

Mrs. Southmead cut short this vivacious indorsement of the squire. tion would be very trying to him. It clous indorsement of the squire. "I hope his wife will be able to share your is evident the greater part of his life hope his wife will be able to share your hope his his high resident over her husband at the enthusiasm over her husband at the

let fall an inquisitive remark about his immuring himself in the wilds of "By George! If by e If by every sort of person you mean Denny," said Mr. Southmead, ever on the alert in defense of his new friend, "it is a great pity the country can't be filled up with

every sort of person."
"Mr. Denny is rather a remarkable man." Mrs. Southmead ignored the major's title, as if thereby to cancel his war record. get what his relations to us were during war times There is a lingering sense of discomfort that will not down, even when he is most brilliantly enter taining. "A lingering sense of fiddlesticks.

my dear!-meaning no disrespect to you. As for me, I hope Major Denny and Mrs. Squire Thorn will prove themselves the pioneers of a new social order among us. We are absolutely We need one or two renova tors badly enough.

ishly warm heart of hers, will be hankering to welcome this new-comer. We must not be premature, dear. The woman who could marry Squire Thorn can not be much of an acquisition."

Mrs. Southmead's ever anxious sou in most respects, but she needed pruning in the region of her heart. growth; they spread out in every direction, threatening to choke with tendrils every avenue of approach t her reason. blustering impetuosity of a whirlof the aunt, who was really one of his riding-whip in his hand, dependencies, but she was one of those the latest?" he asked, with the air of a person who has news so perfectly adapted to astound that he can afford

bag.
"I agree with uncle and you both,
Aunt Amelia," she said. "I think we I need an influx of new people, but I doubt if Squire Thorn could import the right sort. But, of course, we will call in due course of time and judge

Thorn for that time.

the lively interest their arrival was creating in the breasts of the few who knew of it, the Thorns were approaching the old house hidden away behind a double row of gloomy cedars, and known as "Thorndale," as fast as a "About old fools? Now, that is a very tired pair of mules could drag a very frail vehicle, whose wheels creaked he text of my remarks. At least, an and groaned from excessive dryness in the wooden parts of them, and from excessive rustiness in the iron parts of them, through the somber woods where Mrs. Southmead sat bolt upright in the road, hard enough to traverse by her rocking-chair, the acme of inter- the aid of the brightest sunlight, was now obscured by the shadows of the onse forest growth and the darkness of "'Married!' Mr. Southmead, I that if the driver and his mules had not possessed an intuitive sense superior to believe I would have believed it if I had memory, the Thorns would have run erious risk of spending the night in "'It! Did Squire Thorn marry an the damp and stumpy woodland that formed a portion of Squire Thorn's incestral acres.

If the veil of darkness had not been charitably east about the carriage thu jolting over the tree stumps and inte the sunken wagon ruts for which that stip of woodland was deservedly famous, Squire Thorn himself might have been commented upon as looking essentially ancestral; the grayness and the ruggedness of him entirely in keeping with the graybearded and gnarly-rooted trees aroun

He was called one of the representative men of his county. So was Mr. George Southmead. The two men were as far asunder in every mental and moral characteristic as if they had been born at the opposite poles, centuries of time intervening. Throughout the entire year, with the exception of the two hot months of August and Septem ber, he had, heretofore, lived alone with his plantation hands for all company beyond an occasional ride on old Whitey out to the landing to see about shipping cotton to New Orleans, or ordering meal and pork from St. Louis. He attended as assiduously to his plant-ing interests as if he was not already secured from possibility of need in his

are called on to indorse Squire Thorn's host of successors to inherit his folly to that extent, Mr. Southmead."

"Indorse him! Why, bless my soul. Lam grateful that the successors have been successors as a successor to inherit his carefully garnered income: where soul. Lam grateful that the successor is the successor to inherit his carefully garnered income: where soul. Lam grateful that the successor is the successor to inherit his carefully garnered income: where soul. Lam grateful that the successor is the successor in the successor is the successor in the successor in the successor is the successor in the successor in the successor is the successor in the successor in the successor is the successor in the successor in the successor in the successor in the successor is the successor in the s

I am grateful to the of his race! squire for helping recivilize the old county. I consider he has acted in the interests of his section.

end of her honeymoon. As for myself, I can not say I derive much comfort from seeing the old plantations fill up

"I am afraid Ursula, with that fool-

turned to this fresh phase of the sub-ject. 'Sula was an excellent creature sympathies were entirely of too frank heir luxuriant offshoots and clinging Sula was accustomed to wise women who never fought wind mills. She was busy during the discussion gathering the scattered letters and buttoning them up in the mail-

for ourselves. occasion which demands preliminary

Which ended the discussion of Mrs.

CHAPTER V.

THE THORNS AT HOME.

In the meantime, all unconscious of approaching night, to such an extent he organ of sight or the faculty of

The new possessor of his name, to close behind, on the squire's white mare, rode Deb, his stock-minder. It ward whom he glanced every little while with satisfaction evidently tinctured with nervousness, presented a sharp physical contrast to him in every squire himself, that I took it upon me But, then, the squire seemed respect. fated only to attract attention by some such sharp antagonism as was pre-sented by his harsh homeliness to his wife's rich, warm beauty of form and

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in condensed form the elements for building up the blood and nerve system. When broken down from overwork, mental worry, abuse ar excess, you will find them a never-failing cure. Sold by dealers, or sent on recelpt of price—50 cents a box, 6 boxes, \$2.50—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville. Take no substitute,

contrary, the name of Thorn would expire with himself. "And small loss to the world," Mrs. Southmead would add tartly. Where one person would pityingly speak of Squire Thorn as a "lonely old man," three would energetically add, "he deserved to be."

The two "sickly months," as August and September were locally designated, Squire Thorn annually dedicated to ecuperation. As that season rolled around he would be seen divested of the stringless shoes and collarless shirt and lint-covered plantation suit of gray jeans which were as well known in the neighborhood as was old Whitey, the "flea-beaten" gray mare he had been riding for ten years, and, clothed with an assumption of style that only brought the hard rough

hands, the coarse yellow skin, the unkempt gray beard, and the general roughness of the man into startling relief, ambling leisurely down to the in" the first river landing to "hail upward bound boat. His departure never caused so much as a ripple in the social circle of which he was nominally a member. People would say, wash too. A very tall mantelpiece of 'Old Thorn's off to the mountains, when he went; when he returned the "Old Thorn's back again, would say looking ten years younger." But it never occurred to anyone that this

rejuvenation of the squire's was cause

for rejoicing or congratulation. Gossip is at a discount in such neighborhood as we are dealing with; a happy state of affairs, which is more the result of topography than any moral superiority on the part of its inhabitants. When a woman's nearest neighbor is six miles off, with impassable roads intervening for months together, she learns to digest the most astounding local happenings in silent fortitude, or, by viewing them from every point of view, as she has ample opportunity for, before she can possibly mpart them again, resolves the news into its original nothingness, worthy of being hawked in a market

where novelty is a prerequisite. This is why neither the departure of this little air of patronage on the part plus the squire too heavy a burden to be borne, had quietly moorings one summer day eight years gone now, nor the arrival of anothe woman who had rashly lifted that burden once more, was calculated to stir the sparse neighborhood to more than a glimmer of interest. In fact, after Mr. Southmead and the major had heard the news from Deb, and the former had retailed it to his wife and Ursula, there was no one to hear it, maybe, for days and days to come.

Mrs. Thorn stirred slightly in her corner of the carriage, and looked out of the window at a tall brick chimney stack which loomed majestically sky ward, as the woods suddenly terminated in the edge of a clearing, and the driver sprang nimbly to his feet to open an unseen gate.

"I thought you was asleep! There's your gin-house, Mrs. Thorn. We are going through your first gate now! You are almost home. You can see the lights in the gable-end of your house yonder," the squire says quite as if he were conscientiously minded to put into practice the endow ment clause of the marriage ceremony that had so lately given him that hand some wife of his. "The gin-house promises well. It

has quite a stately look. But, as I have never trained my eyes to pierce sponse from Mrs. Thorn's corner.
"Stygian which? If you'll crane your neck around Ben's back a little,

ou can see something. Mrs. Thorn yawned audibly, and

apologized politely.

"I hope your people will have a good supper for us. This three hours' ride over these terrible roads has left ne famished and exhausted." "I hope you ain't easily knocked

p," the squire says, with anxious emories of doctors' bills and medicine bottles intruding. "Yes! old Lucy'll have something for you to eat. Hurry up the mules. Ben." Mrs Thorn shivered-not from cold

-and relapsed into silence. And, the next morning, when the squire's wife opened her eyes for a first daylight view of her new home, she shivered again, not with cold, for it was the sixth day of April, and the air was soft and balmy, while from the sway white flower cones tapped the shutters of her chamber, swinging their sweet incense on the fresh morning air, she heard the varied but disconnected notes of two rival mocking-birds-sure sign that spring's supremacy was fairly established, and that the balmy air was no temporary freak.

Mrs. Thorn sat bolt upright in bed. and took her first leisurely survey of her bridal chamber. It was not a re assuring outlook. The original "Thorn" who had built the house had started it in a spirit of concession to feminine exactions. The overseer's house had been "good enough for until, in an indiscreet moment, he had sought the Widow Hamlin in matrimony. The widow had led him on, to the pitch of building this house at Thorndale, and completing it as far as it ever had been completed, then suddenly concluded to sell out her own

No OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people. No OTHER combines the economy and strength which make "100 Doses One Dollar" true only to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

No OTHER possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla pecular to itself.

Hood's PILLS cure Sick Headache.

place and move to Texas, which she had done with heartless indifference to her suitor's crushed hopes and useless expenditure. The present Thorn had become master of Thorndale just before the war (the universal point of depar ture of the South). He had always in tended to finish the house, but never had. Before the war he had use for but a portion of it; during the war he didn't know what moment he might be "run out" of it; and since the war he had been too poor. So the room upon which Mrs. Thorn's

handsome eyes rested with grave inspection was not an elegant one in any respect. The rough-brewn rafters were in full view overheard, now dark with the smoke of many fires. The side walls had been planked up to within about two feet of the point where the ceiling would have begun then suddenly ceased, leaving ample and unique space for ventilation run ning around the two inner walls.
This plank partition and the brick chimney which stood revealed from the broad hearth up to the point where it pierced the pointed gable up there among the smoky rafters, had once boasted a coat of whitewash. The smoke had done its part by the white unpainted white pine wood spanned an extremly spacious fireplace, about which a broad brick hearth was laid. whose surface was sunken into many of wood used on the big iron fire-dogs setting back in the black, cavernous chimney. These fire dogs were ancestral and rickety and unsatisfactory, as the majority of the squire's possess ions were. They were like ill-assorted couples of a higher order. Having never been meant for mates, they bore the burdens cast upon them unevenly and unhelpfully. companionship only made their incompatibility the more patent. One leaned one way, and the other another. Crooked independence and nominal companionship was all they had ever attained unto. and white striped cotton "drilling, held rigidly perpendicular by little round sticks slipped into broad hems at the bottom, secured Mrs. Thorn's a first Mrs. Thorn, who, finding life privacy. An ink-stained writing lesk, where the squire kept his cotton books and wrote letters; a bureau whose lost casters had been replaced by plugs of brown paper and chips of wood; a table with one leaf gone, and an alarming ap pearance of decrepitude about th legs; a rocking-chair, with one arm. and a sunken seat of deerhide, the hair on; a hideous eight-day clock, with a harsh voice, and a lady in a low-necked red dress with a big red rose in her very black hair orna-menting the glass door; a blue and white patchwork quilt on the bed, which was guiltless of a testor-com pleted the inventory of unlovely obects upon which Mrs. Thorn's eyes opened. Her own trunks arranged against the wall were the only familia objects that met her gaze, and they, in their portly elegance, looked as much out of place as she felt. TO BE CONTINUED.

How to Save Boys. Women who have boys to rear and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, Stygian blackness, I can't say that I see the house," came in languid rehomes are associated with the representations of the control of the language of the control of the language of the lan sion of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to public houses at first for love of liquorvery few people like the taste of liquor -they go for the animated, hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night Hang pictures upon the wall. books and newspapers upon tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness

and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure Whether they pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and ambitions, depends on you. Believe, it possible, that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her poys than any other influence whatever.—Sacred Heart Review.

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Cabinet Reconstruction.

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Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it,

OUR BOYS A The Little Despi

When the detachn town at evening, th manding was surpris was already occupied fantry regiment of had hastily thrown u

the side accessible by So the Captain mad back an orderly to t enforcements or ord-was spent in diggin raising a rude tempo within musket shot of All the next gray opposing forces ir forth their mutual r

neglected fields, lik

ing at each other fr on opposite sides of a At 7 o'clock, wh gathering a man w his life. The mou turning with the from another direct which he had set o ridden up across the When within yards of the trench back his head, cla his side, held his m other hand and fall -upon his horse. the animal had plu rolled over upon h Both lay in the dust

cried: 'A volunteer Colonel's dispatch !" Four tired and shambled forward looked from one to gaunt faces. Befo selection a shrill vo somewhere crying "I'm off, Captair

scrample to the to ment, to leap for pear outside. "Someone's gon Captain, said the S

The Captain the then addressed the "Wait till we makes out. Who i The Sergeant sto brasures that had parapet, his eye fi perspective of cour the opening. Oth other embrasures. near the Sergeant himself to the sma entered by a bit

the Sergeant in re to see plain. stomach crawlin' body like a snake That takes t Captain. But if he ra

I can't make

their sharpshoote down, sure," obse "They don't s said the First I posted himself They've stoppe "Have they se the dispatch?" i

apprehensively.
"I can't see; t away, and it's qu except where a sight, anyhow," This happene

> sible military op and other means for battles to c several miles ap The Captain v not to leave his until the dispa

yet primitive as

teen. Billy was a boy from the rank attendant-a ye enlisted when t formed, having spite of his non

quirements. The private ing found Billy which a Corpor "I wonder w said the captai

voung coward. the well under "I know," withdrawing from the emb about it himse youngster's he your tent, c What's the wouldn't say f

came out. make a soldie 'And he r Captain, inte But wait continuing.
him all up, h
wanted to be for all his cou mother had a for. 'It ain' it's because have no one l The Lieut

which begar to the embras "They've claimed the they're blazi "What's Captain.