### A Union of Music and Art.

A musical toad had her home in a hole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
Beneath a gray rock on a little green knoll,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
As mildly malicious as toad nature may be,
The neighbors all cried, "what an amiable lady!"
The beetle, the snail and the esthetic mole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

The esthetic mole made a tragical stride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Like the poets of old I am sightless," he cried,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"I've a beautiful soul and a mind analytic;
These glasses, I'm told, are becoming a critic."
And he mounted his goggles with infinite pride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Sang the musical toad in a low minor key,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
On some sweet summer marsh he is dreaming of me!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"O love!" cried the mole, all his soul in a quiver,
"I've an underground castle not far from the river;
O say, dearest, say, that our wedding shall be!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Said the musical toad with a coquettish start,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Shall I give you my hand when you've stolen my heart?"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
The wedding created a social sensation;
The beetle and all of the knoll population
Were bid to the union of Music and Art—
Croak! Croak! Croak!

# SHIRLEY ROSS:

## A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Why are you shaking your head?" Madge asked, imperatively. "There's not the least use in trying to resist me. You're not strong enough for anything—you must rest for ten days or a fortnight. I have taken possession of you to pet and to nurse; when you are quite yourself you shall hear our plans for you."

"Have you made plans for me?" Shirley said, smiling down sadly at the sweet, bright face. "That is very good of you. May I hear them.

Madge hesitated a little; the plans which she had talked over so eagerly with her mother on the previous evening seemed difficult to unfold to this grave, stately woman, stately even in her shabby black dress, as she sat on the window-seat, resting her head against the wall.

"Won't you tell me?" Shirley said, softly. "Whatever they are, I shall be only too grateful for the kind thought which prompted them."

"And you will not be offended?"

"Offended—with you, my child?"

Shirley smiled slightly as she spoke, and, lifting her hand, parted Madge's hair on her brow with tender caressing fingers; then, bending forward, she put her lips to the pure white forehead.

At the touch Madge Oliphant's face colored, and she trembled slightly. She had taken a sudden, warm, girlish fancy to this beautiful fascinating woman who had come so strangely into her life.

"Mamma thought, and I hoped, that you would come and live with us as my friend and companion," said Madge, looking up with entreating eyes.

"But—you know nothing of me," returned Shirley, unsteadily. "I can give you no references as to——"

"Mamma said she would trust you," Madge said eagerly, coloring hotly at the remembrance of the earnest entreaties she had employed to induce Lady Oliphant to dispense with references in case this beautiful and interesting stranger had none.

"She said she would trust me!" Shirley echoed, with a bright light of admiration on her face as she thought of these strangers' faith in her. "How good of her! Heaven bless her for it!"

"And you will come? Oh, please come!" pleaded Madge. "We shall have such pleasant times, you and I together. Mamma is not very strong, you know, and you would help me to take care of her, and we should be so happy! You will come?"

Shirley hesitated; then, looking down at the eager entreating face, she shook her head. She knew she could take no position, however humble, in such a household as Sir Frederic Oliphant's; there would always be constant risk of detection. Even if they had not known Guy they might have other visitors who would recognize her; even among the servants there might be some one.

"You will not come?" Madge said, in a disappointed tone. "But surely——"

"Do not urge me," Shirley begged, faintly. "I cannot bear to refuse you; but indeed I must do so. I must not come into your home, my child. Believe me, it hurts me greatly to refuse you."

"Then I will not urge you. Will you let me tell you the other plan? I think perhaps you will like it better. You will not be offended, will you?" added Madge, shyly.

"Nothing you could do or say would offend me," Shirley assured her. "My child, but for your kindness, I should be homeless and shelterless now—but for your charity I should have starved to death by the roadside. Oh, there is no work I will not do to earn my bread, since," she added, with irrepressible bitterness—"since I cannot die."

She dropped her head upon her hands as she spoke, and covered her face, and there was a short pause in the little attic room where they were; then Shirley looked up again, and said softly—

"What is it, Miss Oliphant? Tell me what you have found for me. Ah, forgive me—I have pained you! But indeed I will not distress you again."

"I am so sorry for you!" Madge said, pitifully. "You are so young and so pretty to be unhappy. Shall I tell you what we were thinking of, mamma and I? We want a teacher for the village schools, and we thought you might be that teacher."

Shirley's face brightened.

"The schools here?"

"Yes. That red-brick building on the hill is the girls' school, and that little cottage beside it is where the teacher lives. Do you think you would like that? Mamma told me to tell you," the girl went on, coloring a little, "that the—the salary would be quite sufficient, and that the cottage was a comfortable little place. The last teacher was a lady," continued Madge, earnestly. "We were very fond of her, and she left us only to be married to a gentleman who had been a curate here, but who is now the Vicar of Addinbroke. The work is not very hard." Madge resumed in a minute. "There are two pupil teachers, and you would soon get into the ways here. You know, mamma has a hobby, and her hobby is the education of the children, and she likes them to be taught useful things, plain sewing and all that."

Shirley's thoughts went back to the sewing classes that she had attended at the convent at Bruges; she could teach plain sewing, great lady as she had been; her proficiency in needle-work had often astonished her maid.

"It would be a quiet home for you," Miss Oliphant continued in her earnestness. "I think you would not be unhappy, and we would try to make you comfortable. Will you stay with us there, at the cottage?"

"I can not," Shirley answered piteously and brokenly; and Madge uttered a quick exclamation of disappointment as she rose from her knees by Shirley's side and turned away keenly hurt.

With a sorrowful tenderness and regret and yearning Shirley's eyes followed her as she moved away. Ah, what a haven of rest and peace the little red-brick cottage seemed to her! And yet she had to turn away from it. How could she accept a post which might bring her into contact with Guy? For, of course, if he was "courting" Miss Oliphant, he would be constantly at Erindale, and they could not fail to meet at some time or other. No; she must refuse it; she must go away, and let him be happy with this sweet young girl who was so eminently worthy of his love, who would make him forget the past and his misery. She must go away and let Madge think of her as ungrateful for all her kindness. She must go away—but whither—whither could she go?

With a great tearless sob her head sunk forward on her breast. Ah, how hard it all was, how cruel life was to her? Was she never to find rest? Must she go out once more into the cold, cruel world which had treated her so hardly? Must she face the long nights without shelter again? Must she know the misery and suffering of hunger and thirst and fatigue and depression? Must she go through them all once more? Ah, Heaven, why did they save her—why did they not let her die?"

Madge came back slowly, and stood beside her for a moment in silence.

"Won't you stay?" she said, gently. "We will try to make you happy."

"Heaven help me!" Shirley answered, brokenly. "I cannot! "Ah, don't let me trouble you, Miss Oliphant! I bring misery and suffering wherever I go, and you must not let the thought of me cloud your young life. Ah, if it is as bright and cloudless as I wish and hope it may be, it will be a happy life!"

"But why will you not stay?" the young girl persisted, gently. "I think you would not be unhappy; and mamma would be so pleased, and I—"

Shirley caught the gentle hands which were held out so kindly toward her, and drew them both close to her heart.

"Heaven bless you for all your goodness!" she said, tearfully. "I shall never forget it—never. But I cannot stay—do not ask me—for your own sake, do not ask me!"

The intensity of her earnestness struck Madge Oliphant painfully, and she forbore from her entreaty, wondering a great deal and grieving for the misery on Shirley's face, which seemed to deepen every moment.

"I will not urge you any longer," she said, gently. "Perhaps you will think it over for a day or two, and give mamma an answer. It will make us very happy if you accept. And now I must not talk any longer," she added, "for I have tired you out. Will you come down with me?"

Shirley rose at once; above all things, she feared to excite suspicion in the young girl's mind, and, moreover, it was a very great pleasure to her to be with Madge—the girl was so sweet and bright, so sparkling and tender; besides, she wanted to know her better, this happy girl, this happy fortunate girl who was to live with Guy in the future and bask in the sunshine of his love and nestle into his heart, healing the old wound and making him happy once more. Sweet blue-eyed Madge—heaven bless her and him!

Mrs. Ford was waiting for them in the little sitting-room, and Madge tried to chat with her usual gayety; but it was difficult for her to overcome her disappointment, and Shirley's sad eyes became sadder still as she watched the shadow which darkened the fair young face.

"You don't seem so bright to-night, Miss Madge," Mrs. Ford said, looking at her anxiously. "Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, nurse, I am quite well! But things will go wrong sometimes you know!"

"What is going wrong with you, Miss Madge dear? You were born to live in the sunshine."

"Ah, but it is not always sunshine for any of us!" Madge said, sighing. "I suppose we have to put up with clouds sometimes. It is all sunshine which makes the desert, nursie."

"Lor, is it now?" said Mrs. Ford, in amazement. "Well, I should like a little more sunshine, Miss Madge. But what has vexed you lately, my dear?"

"Two or three things, nurse. One is that Major Stuart is going away to-morrow morning."

Shirley started and glanced up quickly. The girl's face was full of the most unfeigned regret! but she spoke without a shade of embarrassment or constraint.

"Going away, Miss Madge—so soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Ford.

"Yes—going abroad for six months—for the whole winter. You know he was very ill last winter, nursie; and the doctors say now he must not risk spending this winter at home."

"But he does not look ill, Miss Madge," said Mrs. Ford consolingly, for the girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Not very ill; but papa says he is dreadfully altered, and I think so too. But I hope this winter abroad will do him good."

"And he will come back with the spring, Miss Madge, my dear?" said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, with the spring," echoed Madge sorrowfully. "Do you find the air too cold, Mrs. Grant? I am sure you shivered."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Shirley said nervously, as she shrunk back from the window, thankful for the semi-darkness in the little room which prevented her changing color and trembling hands from being noticed.

"And Major Stuart leaves to-morrow, Miss Madge?" said Mrs. Ford, harking back to the subject which interested her most.

"Yes, by the early express; so you must say good-bye to him, nursie, when he comes presently to fetch me. He will be here very soon now, I should think. Mamma was tired," she added, turning toward Shirley as she sat in her corner, "or she would have come in to see you, Mrs. Grant."

Mrs. Ford hurried away to get her lamp ready for lighting; and, as soon as they were alone, Shirley said hastily and tremulously—

"Miss Oliphant, will you allow me to change my mind? If I can perform the duties Lady Oliphant requires from me, I will stay."

"Oh, you dear, good girl!" Madge cried delightedly. "I am so glad! Perform the duties? Of course you can. I'll coach you up. Oh, you have made me so glad!"

"I am afraid there is not much cause for gladness," remarked Shirley; but before Madge could answer, a firm, rather heavy step sounded on the graveled path without, and Guy Stuart's well remembered tones fell upon Shirley's ear.

He was standing outside, and spoke through the open window.

"Madge, are you there, dear?" he said; and Shirley shrunk back, trembling and powerless to move in her terror and agitation.

"Yes, I am here," Madge answered. "I am coming. I won't keep you, Guy; but nursie wants to say good-bye to you."

"Does she? We must not linger, Madge. Your mother is anxious about you, and I have brought you a shawl."

"A shawl on this lovely night. I really do not need it. Nursie," she added, "here is Major Stuart. Come and speak to him. Take care of your tall head, Guy."

Major Stuart entered, stooping a little as he passed under the doorway. Mrs. Ford came in hastily from the kitchen, but without a lamp, for she had not had time to light it. Oh, how thankful Shirley felt! And yet it seemed as if the terror and anxiety of that moment must kill her.

"I am sorry to hear you are going away, sir," said Mrs. Ford, courtesying to the tall figure which stood on the threshold of her little sitting-room.

"Thank you," Guy's grave deep voice said. "I am sorry to go; but it can't be helped, you know. I hope to find you looking as well when I see you again in the spring," he added, shaking hands with her cordially. "I must take Miss Oliphant away now. It is getting late. Here is your shawl, Madgie."

He placed it round her carefully, the white fleecy shawl which made such a pretty frame to the bright piquant face. Mrs. Ford had lighted a candle, but its rays did not penetrate to Shirley's corner, although they lighted up Guy's dark grave face and Madgie's sparkling eyes and golden hair with its soft covering.

"Good-night," Madgie said, going toward Shirley and taking her hand kindly. "How cold you are, Mrs. Grant! You have stayed up too long. Take care of her, nursie."

"Trust me, Miss Madgie," said Mrs. Ford, smiling. "She'll do nicely now."

"I hope so. Good-night, nursie. Come, Guy."

She slipped her hand within his arm, with a gesture which had been very common with Shirley herself during the time of her engagement to Guy, and they went out together, Mrs. Ford going to the door to watch them walk down the drive, while Shirley put her hands to her eyes to shut out, if she could, the sight of the grave changed face. 'Ah, when she saw it again, what wonderful things had come to pass?

"They make a fine couple," Mrs. Ford said complacently, coming back into the room. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Grant? He is too old for her, I fancy; but I dare say he will make her very happy."

### CHAPTER XLI.

Major Stuart left Erindale the next morning, never dreaming that the woman whom he had caught a glimpse of in the little, dimly lighted room was the woman whom he had loved and lost and sorrowed for with such an intense sorrow. Just the trivial circumstance that Mrs. Ford's lamp had been a little refractory had saved Shirley from detection, for she had been too startled and unnerved to attempt flight, even if she had had the opportunity of escape.

So Guy went away, taking with him that heavy heartache which was always present with him now, and which would cease, he thought sometimes, only when life's troubles were over altogether for him; and Shirley Glynn, or Mrs. Grant, as she was called in the village, became the village school-mistress, and took up her residence in the little, red-brick cottage built beside the school-house—a quaint, comfortable little dwelling, with a wide, low-ceiled sitting-room, and a little kitchen and a bedroom at one side, and above two little attic bedrooms, one of which was devoted to lumber, while in the other slept the teacher's youthful handmaiden, a trim little damsel of fifteen.

It was a humble home truly, but to Shirley it seemed a haven of rest. After the stuffy London lodgings, her sitting-room, with its polished woodwork and bright windows, and cleanly, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, was very pleasant, while Madge herself had superintended all the arrangements for the comfort of the new teacher, for whom she had conceived so deep a love. A little cottage piano—Madge's own property—had been sent down from the Hall, and a little bookcase with some volumes of the girl's own selection—Dickens and Thackeray chiefly filling the shelves.

Shirley's duties were not very onerous. The children were well taught and well drilled, and after a time her duties became sufficiently familiar not to be very wearying. Certainly they were irksome at times—and such duties can hardly fail to be so; but as she grew stronger she felt it less, and the disinclination to exertion ceased.

Her life, although necessarily monotonous, was not a lonely one. Almost daily Madge Oliphant paid her a visit at the cottage. Sometimes the girl was walking alone, her only attendant being a great black retriever called Rover, a present from Guy Stuart; at others she was riding, and she would leave her horse with the groom and come in smiling and radiant, looking so bright and pretty in her close-fitting habit and coquettish riding-hat that Shirley always felt a pang of regret at the thought that Guy was not there to see her.

Sometimes too she would walk down in the afternoon and have tea with Shirley in the low-ceiled sitting-room which looked so pleasant and homelike when it was lighted by lamp and fire; for the winter began early that year. October was a cold month, and at the first of November there was snow, which made Madge's visits not quite so frequent, although she still came as often as possible, for her enthusiastic admiration of Shirley had settled down into deep, steadfast affection, as sincere as any Shirley had ever received.

And it proved the depth and unselfishness of Shirley's love for Guy Stuart that she loved this young girl with a warm and true affection, which was all the deeper because she thought her Guy's chosen wife. There was a sad, sweet pleasure for Shirley in her study of Madge Oliphant's character, in her little timid attempts to teach her something that she fancied it would please Guy for her to know. She coaxed Madge into taking some music-lessons from her, and into practicing at home. The young girl was but an indifferent performer; and Shirley knew what a lover of music Major Stuart was; and Madge's steady progress under her tuition pleased her greatly. Few as the years between them were—the one was eighteen, the other five-and-twenty—Shirley's seniority gave her an excuse for petting and scolding and remonstrating with Madge in a pretty and motherly way which the girl enjoyed and laughed at, but which had its effect nevertheless. Not that there was much to alter or improve in sweet, blue-eyed Madge Oliphant; for Shirley owned to herself frankly and sincerely that Guy could not have made a wiser choice. She was just the bright, sweet girl who would steal into his heart and nestle there and make him happy, and help him to forget all the past bitterness and sorrow. And, when such thoughts as these crossed his mind, Shirley would thank Heaven that strength had been given her to go away, to resist Guy's entreaties, and to leave him free. With her, deeply as he had loved her, and passionately as she had returned that love, he would never have been able to forget the past; and Madge had no connection with it; it was not she who had made him suffer such an agony of pain and misery, and she would brighten his life, as she—Shirley—could never have done.

It became one of the school-mistress' greatest pleasures in the long lonely winter evenings, when she sat alone in the little sitting-room, too weary after the day's work to employ herself or to do anything but lie back in the comfortably cushioned American chair which Madge's care had provided for her, to picture Guy's future with Madge.

Her love was great enough and intense enough to be perfectly unselfish; there was no touch of jealousy in her heart against Madge; she did not envy her the love she had won or the position she was to fill. Perhaps she envied her a little the power to make Guy happy; but she wished that happiness with too sincere a wish to mind the means by which it was procured. And such a wife as Madge would make him happy; there was no doubt of that.

They would be as happy a couple as Ruby and Oswald, she thought sometimes—as happy as only a married couple who had perfect love for and faith in each other can be. She recollected sometimes that, once or twice after she had known Lucie Grey, she had wished that Guy might be made happy with such a wife; but Madge would suit him better; her brightness would relieve the gravity of his character and give him back the youth which had been so cruely marred.

Sometimes she wondered a little why Madge, who was so frank and candid, and who showed such perfect confidence in her, should never mention Guy: but she never did; and Shirley dared not pronounce his name. She felt that even now she could not speak it without betraying herself, and, if she showed the slightest emotion, Madge might have her suspicions aroused, and she might be discovered. And then she would think wearily of the time when she would have to leave the little home and go out on her wanderings again. In the spring, when Guy came back, she must go away and hide herself once more, and find a new home. Perhaps, when Guy was married, and happily settled with his young wife, she might write to Oswald and Ruby and the Greys; they would not betray her to him then; and perhaps Ruby would take her in, and let her look after little Bertie and the baby-girl who had fluttered down into Oswald's home-nest the autumn before.

How she thought of them all during those long lonely vigils, of all her dear ones, whom she might never see again! Had they forgotten her? she wondered. Did they think of her sometimes, and feel a little sorry for her? Perhaps they thought her dead; and the fact that she had never applied for the annuity which Sir Hugh had left her would have given strong grounds for such a belief. What would they have said, she wondered sometimes, if they had known that she had been in want, that she had been without shelter for days, that she had almost died of starvation?

She was growing stronger now, although Madge Oliphant often felt dissatisfied about her health. Perhaps she would never be really strong again; but she was much better, and she was looking almost like the Shirley of old, in the black dress she always wore, and the white mob-cap, with its large black Alsatian bow, which Lady Oliphant liked the school-mistress to wear.

And the autumn passed, and the winter followed, and Christmas came—a regular old fashioned Christmas, people called it, with a hard frost and snow upon the ground and a blue sky and sunshine overhead. And Christmas was to be greeted warmly at Erindale. The church was to be decorated and joyful anthems were to be sung; and in the Hall at the Rectory, at Mrs. Ford's lodge, and in every cottage there were to be feasting and merry making—everywhere, save in that little red-brick cottage where the school-teacher lived, and where she was to spend the Christmas-tide alone, for even her little handmaiden had gone home.

It was Shirley's own wish that she should spend it in her little cottage home—the home which had grown dear to her from its rest and peace; for there were many who would have welcomed the school-mistress' fair face at their tables, but Shirley had declined every invitation. She preferred to spend Christmas alone, she said gently, but decidedly; and they forbore to press her, for the sweet sad mouth could be firm at times, and she was evidently sincere in her desire.

* * * * *

On Christmas-day the snow fell heavily covering the hills and the valley with a soft, white, spotless mantle, so that many who came from a distance were deterred from attending Divine service, for the snow had drifted in places, and made the crossing of fields and by-paths rather a dangerous undertaking. Still the pretty decorated church was well filled, and there was no brighter, fairer face among the worshippers than Madge Oliphant's, as she sat in the Hall pew in her soft furs and velvet dress, against which the white skin and golden hair shone so delicately fair.

Shirley, from her place in the side-aisle, let her sad eyes rest upon her with a wistful pleasure. She was very lovely, this young girl who was to teach Guy to forget her, very lovely and bright and good; she would make him happy—thank Heaven for that; and she bowed her head upon her hand and tried to forget the one happy Christmas-tide she had spent in England, that immediately following her engagement to Guy, which this season brought so clearly and freshly to her mind. Well, it was something to have had even those few days of happiness to look back upon; some poor women had not even those. She had known the pleasure of requited love for a season; some women went from the cradle to the grave without feeling its sweetness, without possessing its joy.

Madge stopped her, when coming out of church, to whisper a warm wish of happiness and welfare, and Shirley answered it mutely, but with an expression in her eyes which more than satisfied Madge; and then, escaping from the parents of her pupils, who offered her no less sincere good wishes, Shirley climbed the hill on the top of which stood her cottage—a rather solitary home certainly, for there were no houses near the school-house and the cottage adjoining. It was a little lonely, Shirley thought, as she entered, closing the door carefully after her and fastening it, for though tramps and marauders were few and far between, she was not very courageous, and she felt safer with the door secured. A little terrier—a present from Madge, and a great favorite of Shirley's—greeted her with joyful and shrill barking, and prevented the loneliness and solitude from being too oppressive, and the fire was burning cheerily, as if it meant to do its best to make Shirley's solitary Christmas-day a little brighter, while the school-children had put up some holly and mistletoe upon the walls—and Shirley smiled sadly at the homely attempts at decoration.

(To be continued.)

### TIRED OF BEING A FUGITIVE.

#### Paterson's Defaulting Ex-City Clerk Returns After an Absence of Four Years.

"Will" Hague, who about this time in the year 1884 startled the city of Paterson, N. J., of which he was clerk at the time, by his disappearance, a defaulter to a considerable amount, astonished that place again yesterday by voluntarily returning and giving himself up to await trial for his offences. Only two or three men in the city knew that he was coming back, and he arrived on a train of the Susquehanna Railroad from New York, got off at a suburban station and was driven to the county jail.

On the night of July 3rd, 1884, some members of the Paterson Board of Aldermen discovered that Hague was a fugitive and probably a defaulter. He had not been seen around the City Hall for several days before, but this did not excite suspicion at first, as his work for the People's Brewing Company, of which he was Secretary, Treasurer and chief business man, as well as one of the stockholders, frequently took him away from his desk at the City Hall for considerable periods. It afterwards transpired that the other two members of the brewing company, Henry Schnatz and Joseph Hargreaves, found, as they alleged, that Hague had misappropriated funds of the concern to the extent of $12,000 to $15,000, and it was this revelation that led to Hague's flight. It was generally supposed that he used the city's money and sank it in the brewing company. The concern soon afterward was wound up.

An investigation showed that Hague's defalcation to the city was a little over $4,000; of which nearly $2,500 had been taken within a few weeks. The money stolen was that received for license fees, the City Clerk at that time holding also the office of register of licenses. The Board of Aldermen removed Hague, and the city offered a reward of $500 for his apprehension, to which Mayor Barnert added a personal offer of $250. Hague was a man of pleasing address and an able politician. He was one of the most popular men in the city, and had been re-elected to the office of City Clerk for several successive terms by the Board of Aldermen unanimously. He has a wife and family. It was at first supposed that he had gone to England, his native country, but he fled to Canada.

He lived for a while in London, Ont., and later settled in Toronto, where he became prosperous under the assumed name of Thomas Lees, organized an assurance association of which he was President, and did well in the real estate business with two of his brothers-in-law. His bondsmen were held for his defalcation, and in the Passaic County Courts a judgment for about $2,700 was given against them, Judge Dixon charging the jury that they could only be held for the amount Hague held in his hands as clerk on May 26th and what he received thereafter and did not pay in, because City Treasurer Ridgeway, imposed on by Hague, had allowed his good nature to interfere with his judgment and had credited Hague on the books with considerable sums previous to that time, for which he was really in default.—*New York Tribune.*

### Bricks of Blown Glass.

We have already mentioned, says a writer in *La Construction Moderne*, the many applications of glass for building purposes, as exhibited at the last exhibition of decorative arts. Thanks to the decrease in price of coal, and to the recent improvements in glass manufacture, the product is classed at the present time among the usual material the architect employs. It is well known that the process of glass making is by melting or blowing. Sheets of polished glass from 14 to 30 millimeters in thickness are chiefly used for casings of walls in dining-rooms, linings of bath-rooms, water-closets or recesses requiring frequent cleaning. They answer the same purpose as pottery tiles or enamelled bricks. Rough glass of greater thickness is employed as flagging for pavements for the purpose of forming a luminous flooring. It is then set by means of putty for cement in iron settings. Blown, in place of melted, glass can be advantageously used when lightness and transparency is preferred to strength, when, for instance, it is desired to use glass in vertical walls or ceilings with the object of lighting lower stories or basements. As applications of the kind have been rare, we are pleased when we have the opportunity of recording them. One of the latest instances of the employment of glass in this manner has been made by M. Falconnier, architect of Nyon, Switzerland, who has used glass in the form of hollow bricks. These bricks are cubes of 10 or 15 centimetres on the side, set in grooved iron casings. The joints in cement or plaster are retained in grooving hollow around the circumference of each piece, and held by putty. The metallic lattice work, very useful in a wall where strength is required, may be discarded where the object is strictly decorative. One of the principal qualities of these hollow brick is the isolation by the enclosed air which can be replaced by other matter less conductive of heat and sound. Besides, with the hollow glass various decorative effects can be obtained without the necessity of resorting to grinding or enamelling, as it is very easy to coat the inner faces with oil colors. M. Falconnier has also applied these hollow bricks at Lausanne, in attic decorations and in the construction of balusters and verandas.

### A Plucky Northwest Woman.

On the plains, in Assiniboine, I found a little lady in the larger of the only two stores in the place, who told me that the Indians on a reservation close by had begun to grow restless and were manifesting the fact by unusual insolence. Only the day before a dozen of the braves had come into the store, when she was stark alone in it, and had demanded whiskey, a commodity they were not allowed to touch and no one was permitted to sell. She told them she had none, and they sat, as Indians will, for a long time, as if to show her they would not go away until they got it. Curiously enough, no one came to the store from the settlement. By and bye the Indians proposed to search for the whiskey. She laughed at them and told them they could search. They did so, peeping and poking everywhere that they could think of. When they offered to go upstairs to her living apartments, she stood in the doorway and told them they must not venture there. She flattened her back against the door and defied them. She was less than the ordinary height, and did not weigh over 100 pounds, but she quailed them with the eye of a brave and determined woman, and when, presently, some white men came to make purchases the Indians took themselves off. Only a few nights before that this same woman had seen a wolf in her back yard, and had gone out and "shooed" it away with her apron and scolding, just as one of our girls might do to a cat. I never saw a man that I thought more plucky than she. Perhaps, though, what no Indian or wolf could do might be done by a mouse. But it is beyond all reason to expect the bravest not to fear a mouse.—*Albany Fair Journal.*

### The Season Has Begun.

Mrs. Squilding—I suppose, Mrs. Snaggs, that your daughter graduates this year. When do the commencement exercises begin?

Mrs. Snaggs—Yes, dear Jennie will be through college next week. Dr. Firstly will preach the tobaccalaureate sermon next Sunday.

The death is recorded of Olaf Svendsen, a Norwegian flute player, who for many years ranked close to the head of the profession in London.

Daughter—Mamma, the chimney sweep on the roof of the house has just kissed his hand to me. Mother—How shocking! Run at once into the bedroom and wash yourself.

Joseph Tucker, of Marion Township, near Findlay, O., has a cow that is noted for its remarkable appetite for cats. The animal eats every cat that comes within its reach, and has disposed of five so far this spring.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Christian K. Ross, the father of the lost Charlie Ross, seems to have a permanent place in the sympathies of his countrymen, and his movements are always read with interest. He has just been reappointed master warden for the port of Philadelphia for three years.

A California firm made a contract with a party for lumber at $11 per 1,000 feet, provided the defendant would not sell in four counties to any one else. The plaintiff sued for $10,000 damages for breach of contract, and the lower and Supreme Court have denied the prayer on the ground that a trust is illegal and against public policy.

The *Gazette Geographique* observes that the Andes Mountains are notably sinking. The altitude of Quito has been diminished 22 metres (75 feet) within 122 years, the Pichincha has sunk 66 metres (216 feet) during the same period, and its crater has sunk 129 metres (423 feet) in the last 25 years.

Word comes from Salt Lake City that the Saints have bought 400,000 acres of land in the Mexican State of Chihuahua, and propose to establish a polygamous colony of great proportions. Doubt may be expressed, however, as to whether the Mormons would be permitted to settle in the great Catholic country of Mexico.

The late Mr. Dennis Crofton, of Dublin has left £60,000 ($300,000) to religious and charitable institutions. Among the benefactions are $50,000 to the Episcopal Church of Ireland; $50,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society and $75,000 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the east.

There died recently at Forthill, Dover, in his 91st year, Thomas B. Rutley, who, before the days of railways, conducted the bullion waggons between Dover and London. His books show that he had over twenty millions of specie under his care. His last consignment was two and a half tons of silver, which he brought from London and shipped in the Downs for the East India Company.

Among the inventive processes shown in the Glasgow Exhibition is one by a Sheffield firm, which demonstrates that steel, when mixed with manganese to the extent of 24 per cent., becomes almost non-susceptible to the influence of a magnet. As the non-susceptibility goes on increasing proportionally to the percentage of manganese, it is just possible that the proportion of 26 or 27 per cent. leaves the steel wholly non-magnetic in the sense that the poles of a magnet would fail to take up any fine particles. For watch building and nautical purposes this will be a very valuable contribution to the discoveries of the day.

The Holmden farm, near Pithole, Pa., which was sold during the oil excitement of 1865 for $1,500,000, changed hands on Friday at a sale for taxes for less than $100. On this farm was the famous United States or Fraser Well, which started with a flow of 250 barrels a day in the winter of 1865, when oil was $1 a barrel. It is said that Thomas Holmden sold the farm to Duncan, Prather & Co., for $25,000, but his wife refused to sign the deed, and they paid her $50,000 more to overcome her objections. Subsequently this farm was sold to the Garden City Petroleum Company, of Chicago, for $1,500,000, of which $750,000 was paid in cash.

There is great excitement in Australia over the silver mines. Two or three companies out of nearly a thousand organized in Melbourne have paid dividends, and this has set the town in an uproar. New companies are organized every day, and the stock is immediately taken. Everybody is speculating in mining stock, and the fever runs as high as ever it did in San Francisco in the passionate days of the Comstock lode. Melbourne stock exchange seats that went begging at $1,000 a few months ago are now in demand at $7,000 and $8,000 each. There is but one result possible, and that is a reaction, heavy losses and financial depression.

Glasgow has a system of automatic telephone call boxes. There are 76 of the boxes scattered about the city, and every subscriber has a key to them. A non-subscriber wanting to use them must first ring up the exchange and ask if the connection he desires can be made. If it can he drops the fee, which is either three pennies or six, according to the distance he wants to talk, into a hole in the box. The pennies as they fall break a circuit and ring a bell at the central office. When the bell has rung the required number of times the central office make the connection. At the end of the three minutes allowed for conversation the connection is broken automatically. The average time taken to put two persons in telephone communication in Glasgow is 35 seconds, in Birmingham 40, in Liverpool 32, and in Dundee 20. This was ascertained from the results of ten calls in each town.

The United States Consul at Auckland, in a recent report, says that rabbits have so eaten out the ranges of New Zealand, that the capacity for maintaining sheep is greatly lessened, and the flocks have fallen off in numbers. At the Stock Conference of 1886 it was stated that rabbits reduced by a third the feeding capacity of the land, and that the weight of fleeces had decreased by 1 lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each. The number of lambs decreased from 30 to 40 per cent., while the death-rate increased from 3 to 13 per cent. Since 1882, when the Rabbit Act became law, Government has expended £7,000 on Crown Lands alone, and it is estimated that during the last eight years private persons have spent £2,400,000 in extirpating rabbits. The methods generally in favor are fencing, poisoned grain (generally phosphorized oats) and ferrets, weasels, and stoats.

Here is an anonymous scrap blown hither by a cross current of the regular journalistic breeze: The term bandana applies to the figure and not to the goods, color, size or quality of the handkerchief. The bandana figure is an arrangement of white blocks, about a quarter of an inch square, each with a round or square hole in the centre upon a background of solid color. The blocks are grouped in diamonds, squares, circles and other geometrical figures scattered over the handkerchief in any fashion that pleases. A border of white lines, dots, bars or bands surround the whole. They are made of either cotton or silk, and come chiefly in yellow, red and chocolate colors, with occasionally a lot of blue ones. The colors are always very deep and vivid. In size the smallest are about two feet square, and from that they run up to huge spreads large enough for a child's bed.

Plans for a bridge across the Straits of Dover are said to have already been prepared by the Creusot Company and M. Hersent, the well-known contractor. This is on the authority of London *Iron*. The bridge is to be about twenty miles long, the superstructure to rise 160 feet above sea-level, and the span between the piers to be 1,600 feet. The bridge is to bear four lines of rails, and each of the piers will contain a place of refuge and be surmounted by a powerful light. The authors of the scheme believe the foundations may be laid by means of compressed-air bells, the mean depth of the channel being only about six fathoms, while the greatest depressions seldom reach ten fathoms. The estimated cost of the work is £32,000,000. The metallic framework will weigh 2,000,000 tons, and the construction will take about six years. The scheme will shortly be laid before an international technical committee, after which charters from the English and French governments will be applied for, no subvention being asked. *Iron* says, "The bridge scheme will go the same way as the tunnel scheme, of that we feel sure."

### In Dismal, Doleful Doubt.

When the shower came up yesterday a certain pedestrian whose jaw showed great determination took refuge in a doorway on Monroe avenue. He allowed numbers of pedestrians with umbrellas to pass him; but pretty soon the right sort of a man came along and he stepped boldly out, extended his arm and said: "Ah, you thief, but I have run you down at last! "Give me my property!" "Yes—ah—yes!" stammered the other, as he surrendered it. The man with the prominent jaw walked up the avenue as if nothing had happened, while the other skipped for the vacated doorway. "Was it his?" queried one who had witnessed the performance. "That's what worries me," replied the other; "I'm trying to think where I stole it from!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Long Rivers.

The length of the principal rivers in America are: Missouri to the Mississippi, 3,100 miles; Missouri to the Gulf, 4,350; Mississippi, 3,160; Amazon, 3,600; River de La Plata, 2,240; St. Lawrence, 2,100; Orinoco, 1,600; Rio Grande, 1,800. The Missouri (to the Gulf) is the longest river in the world. The Danube is the longest in Europe, the Yangtse-Kiang in Asia and the Senegal in Africa.

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**NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.** The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs, such as Chronic Catarrh in the Head, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption, both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisis, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Catarrh in the Head; price, post-paid, two cents.

**DISEASES OF DIGESTION.** Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms, and kindred affections, are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

**KIDNEY DISEASES.** BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs.

**CAUTION.** These diseases should be treated only by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition do *positive injury* in others. Being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large, Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

**BLADDER DISEASES.** INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine, and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our Illustrated Pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for 10 cts. in stamps.

**STRICTURE.** STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULAS.—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in stamps for a large, Illustrated Treatise containing many testimonials.

**NERVOUS DISEASES.** Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, Nervous Debility, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

**DISEASES OF WOMEN.** We have a Special Department, devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) have the benefit of a full Council of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages).

**RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE.** HERNIA (Breach), or RUPTURE, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured by our specialists, without the knife and without dependence upon trusses. Abundant references. Send ten cents for our Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors, are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

**WEAK MEN.** Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and all affections arising from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

We, many years ago, established a Special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

**WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.** We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing that no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little. We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

**CURED AT HOME.** Most of these cases can be treated by us when at a distance as well as if here in person.

A Complete Treatise (136 pages) on these delicate diseases sent *sealed, in plain envelope, secure from observation*, on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage. All statements made and secrets confided to us will be held to be *sacredly confidential*.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.


### ALL ABOUT EGGS.

#### Odds and Ends of Chat by an Expert Candler.

A man busily engaged in holding eggs up before a candle attracted the attention of a New York *Sun* reporter. An interview was the result, and here it is:

"What are you doing?"

"Candling eggs. You see I pick up each egg and hold it before the candle. The light shines through it. I can see at a glance whether it is cracked or specked or spoiled. If it is cracked I set it aside to be sold at a low price. Bakers and confectioners and some prudent families buy cracked eggs, and they are as good as any eggs not cracked, but they must be used within twenty-four hours."

"Is not that an old-fashioned way of testing eggs?"

"Yes; but experience proves it to be the best, and it is quick. An expert can candle 30,000 eggs a day. It has been tried to test eggs by water. A good egg will sink and a bad egg will float, but you cannot find out a specked egg that way."

"What makes specked eggs?"

"Lying in one position. An egg should not be left many days in one position. If an egg is turned every day it will keep a long time. An experiment was once tried by G. H. Dennis, President of the Dutchess County Creamery, as to how long an egg could be kept good. He kept one on his desk nine months, and turned it every day and it kept good."

"How long are the best eggs kept before they get upon the tables of the best hotels?"

"It takes about four days, because they are bought in bulk in the country and must be carefully assorted before being placed on the market."

"How are imported eggs kept from spoiling on the voyage?"

"They are carefully watched and turned. They come in cases easy to handle, and an expert soon learns to handle them quickly. It adds about a quarter a cent a dozen to the cost, but we can pay that and the freight and yet sell eggs that come from France and Germany cheaper than we sell Western eggs, and some think they are better. We can get them here in about twelve days from France. England also gets many eggs from Germany and France."

"How about desiccated eggs or canned eggs?"

"Some use them and say they are good and cheap."

"Why don't we use duck eggs and goose eggs? Why should substantially all the eggs in the market be hen eggs?"

"Because people prefer hen eggs, just as they prefer cow's milk to the milk of any other animal. Few people like the flavor of duck or goose eggs. The eggs of the shad are very palatable, however. But hens' eggs are universally liked, and they are good, strong, easily digested food, often relished by the sick."

### How a Building Firm Succeeds.

A Nova Scotia building firm has recently informed a Halifax reporter that the secrets of their success are these: "They know their business, seek it, attend to it, from 6 o'clock in the morning until sundown guide and control it and don't let it drift. Neither do they waste time talking politics. They look after their workmen, know how much work a man should do in a day, see that he does it and pay him for doing it. A poor workman, in their experience, is dear at 50 cents a day. They find it good policy to procure the best men, get the most work out of them and pay the best wages. A man in their employ is paid what he is worth. Any man who does a fair day's work for the firm gets a fair day's pay. They don't believe in hiring men to kill time, nor do they calculate to employ men for more than one day who only work when the boss is around." The employer does a service to his men when he demands a full day's work. Good men gladly give it. By insisting upon such plain truths as are inculcated above, the tendency is to make lazy workmen into active ones, to lift careless or indifferent workmen into morals and manhood, to teach them to respect themselves and to earn higher wages. There is a "chunk" of sound business philosophy in these words of the firm, and they are suited for localities other than Nova Scotia.

### "Aqua Forty" Too Weak for Him.

He was an old-timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in town this week, went into a drug store and picked up a bottle and poured out a full glass of something, swallowed it down, thinking it was spirits frumenti. The druggist, noticing him with the empty glass in his hand, rushed back, exclaiming, "My God, man, you have drank aqua fortis!" "Was it?" said he. "Well, just give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder good, but I want something a leetle stronger." The druggist collapsed.

### Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

### LEONA DARE'S RECKLESSNESS.

#### Hanging by Her Teeth from a Balloon in Mid-air.

We greatly doubt the moral right of Miss Leona Dare, the aeronaut who ascended from the Crystal Palace on Monday, to risk her life as she does, even for the sake of getting a living by the exhibition of her courage. According to her own account, which was verified by 60,000 spectators on Monday, she ascends some mile and a half into the air (3,000 metres is her own estimate), hanging to a balloon by her own teeth, which are unusually strong. An iron bar is attached to a trapeze suspended from the car, to one end of which an india rubber mouthpiece or ball of that substance has been fitted. Miss Dare puts her mouth over this, closes her teeth, and is carried up by the balloon, supported by her teeth alone, to a height at which she is invisible from below. There she signals to two experienced assistants in the car, who lower a ladder, by which she ascends, being, of course, trained to all acrobatic feats, through a trapdoor into the basket; "then the basket is divided into two compartments by a shawl, and behind this partition I change my ballooning costume, which of necessity is very light, into an ordinary walking dress, so as to be able to go home without inconvenience when we descend." Miss Dare declares that she suffers no inconvenience beyond a surging in her ears, which lasts for some time after she has descended, and that through long exercise her teeth and jaws have become exceptionally strong and trained to bear the excessive fatigue which, it is plain, must fall to their share; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that her life must be in the most extreme peril. She does not like the balloon, she says, to start "with a jerk"—a remark betraying her consciousness of a most ugly possibility. The slightest faintness, the smallest defect in the bar, the shock of a moment's toothache, and she would fall among the gaping crowd—dead, we can but trust, before she reached the ground, but in any event crushed out of all recognition.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### Shopping for a Living.

Verily, the New York woman of to-day is rapidly multiplying her means of independent and honorable livelihood, writes a correspondent. The other day, in the throng of a great up-town dry-goods establishment, I encountered the manager at a moment when one eye was severely bent on business, while the other followed with an admiring glance the graceful and handsomely attired figure of a lady who had just swept by. Instinctively, my mind reverted to the ever-present shoplifter, and I asked whether he contemplated having this particular lady searched.

"Searched!" he ejaculated. "Why, she isn't a thief. She's a shopper."

"So are they all—all shoppers, are they not?"

"You don't understand. She's a professional shopper—buys on commission for people who live at a distance and can't get to the city. There are thousands of women who are willing to pay a slight advance in order to receive their goods from New York, because it sounds well among their friends, and they're always sure of being correct as to style."

"But how dare they trust a stranger?"

"Why, my dear sir, it's regular business. I suppose that there are at least 50 professional shoppers in this city. They advertise in many out-of-town papers, and send their personal circulars broadcast among a good class of people in other cities. They give first-class references as to ability and character, and that's enough. Take that woman that just passed for instance. If a lady in Massachusetts, Georgia or Kentucky writes to this house about her we recommend her, of course. Why? Because we know she's all right, and because her purchases foot up handsomely every month—the tribute's mutual, don't you see? Some of these shoppers make as much money as any salesman in an ordinary retail house. They receive a discount from the firm and add a commission to their customer's bill. Thus they dig the golden ditch at either end; but as they are blessed with brains and taste above the average, why shouldn't they?"

### "She's Much Older Than Her Husband."

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

The 200th anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope is going to be celebrated by a festival in his honor at Twickenham.

—The typewriter is the only woman who takes kindly to dictation.

### NOTED HUNCHBACKS.

#### Physical Peculiarities Which Have Become Famous.

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list, says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for June. There is that brilliant soldier, the Marechal de Luxemburg, of whom Macauley writes in one of his most finished passages: "Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back." The reader knows the hunchbacked Richard of Shakspeare's powerful drama; but historical research seems to have delivered the King from his burden, and to have shown that he was only high shouldered. Lord Lytton, in his "Last of the Barons," has adopted the modern view: "Though the back was not curved," he says, "yet one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendor, savoring of personal coxcombry—from which no Plantagenet was ever free—that he exhibited in his dress." The great minister of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; the learned German theologian, Eber; our "glorious deliverer," William III.; the famous general of Spain, the Duke of Parma, these were all "crook backs." The poet Pope had a protuberance both on the back and in front, and one of his sides was contracted.

### ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

### Friday a Hohenzollern Day for Dying.

The Berliners did not fail to notice that both Emperor Frederick and his father died on a Friday and that the Red Prince Frederick Charles, also died at the same age as the Emperor Frederick.—*New York Herald.*

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor,
Providing safe remedies, of which he is concoctor
Pleasant to taste, and easy to take,
Purgative Pellets now "bear off the cake."

### Innate Depravity of Animate Matter.

Can any one explain why a bottle of catsup, when it explodes on the table, will sprinkle everything in the room except the meat?—*Chicago Tribune.*

### $500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

The names of Messrs. Andrew Robertson and Hugh McLennan, of Montreal, are already mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Senate caused by the death of Senator Ferrier.

D O N L. 27 88.


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# CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

# DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND