

Aunt Betsy's Legacy.

"Well, Fanny," said Tom, laying down a letter and looking at me across the table, "this is a rum start!" "How?" I asked, ignoring Tom's way of expressing himself, which is always more forcible than elegant. "What's the matter now, dear?" "Why, here's a letter from your aunt, Miss Betsy Clayton, inviting herself to pay us a visit!" "Nonsense, Tom!" "Solemn fact, I assure you. But here—read the epistle yourself, and then perhaps you will be convinced," he added, for my face expressed not only surprise but incredulity. "You know the writing of course?" "Yes," I replied, with a nervous little shiver; "and I would just as soon attempt to decipher Chaldean. Besides, if there is anything in marriage—I purpose leaving my home, the Crags, on the twenty-fourth of this month, and visiting my nieces, Martha Scott, Ellen Warburton, and Frances Carroll in turn. I intend staying one week with each; and during that time I purpose using every means in my power to discover their true characters and dispositions, with a view to bequeathing to one of them the small sum of money I have been able to save from my hospitable little estate of Craglands. My will is made, only the names, for which I have left blanks, remaining to be filled in on the conclusion of my visits. Please inform your wife of my intention, and that on her conduct depends the prospect of inheriting the savings of her aunt Betsy Clayton." "P.S.—I have sent copies of this letter to my nieces Martha and Ellen."

"Well, certainly it is an extraordinary letter, Tom! As far as I know, aunt Betsy has not left her crags and mountains for twenty years—not even when my father, her only brother, died; and now to think of her starting off first to Devonshire; then to Norfolk, and then to come to us in London? I wonder if the old lady will ever reach the end of her pilgrimage? It used to be her proud boast that she had never set her foot in a steamboat or railway-train, or darkened the door of any house but her own for twenty years. Whatever shall we do with her, Tom?" "Why, my dear, bid her welcome, of course—establish her in the best bed room, find out what she likes for dinner, and otherwise endeavor to deserve the legacy."

"I don't like it, and I don't like her," I said, a little impatiently. "You have no idea what a horrid old lady aunt Betsy is. Mamma was dreadfully afraid of her, she used to scold her so and find fault with the housekeeping and cooking and everything. I'm certain she will go rummaging through all the closets and drawers, poking her nose into the kitchen and larder, and then Jane will give notice, I know she will—she can't bear being interfered with. Besides, aunt Betsy always dines at half-past twelve—think of that, Tom?" "Why, that's nothing, lassie! Have breakfast a little earlier; call luncheon dinner, dinner supper—what's in a name? If it pleases the poor old lady, we must try to manage it," said Tom, cheerfully.

"That's all you know about aunt Betsy!" I retorted, with a childish inclination to cry; "she always scolds and finds fault, nothing pleases her, and she's so rude, Tom. We shan't be able to ask a soul to the house while she's here!" "Come, come, Fanny; it's not like you to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. I've never seen your aunt; but I take it she's a solitary, unhappy old lady who has been seized with a sudden longing to see some of her relatives. Not having a very high opinion of human nature, she thinks it necessary to hint that she has it in her power to repay any kindness that may be shown her. Never mind the legacy, Fan; just make the old girl comfortable if you can, even though it does entail a little self-denial, remember, you have pleasures of which she knows nothing. Come, look up, little woman! Why, it's three weeks yet before she will reach us."

And then Tom bustled off to the City just as if no cross, grumbling, fault-finding, exasperating old aunt existed—of course he did not know that Aunt Betsy had worried poor mamma almost out of her life, and never ceased railing and reviling because she had no boys, but only girls—how she regularly wrote twice a year abusing papa because he was the last Clayton of Deane, and threatened vengeance on the three useless little

mixes who would doubtless some day marry and hand over Deane to strangers. Nor did Tom know how furious she was when our old house and estate were sold after mamma's death, and the proceeds divided between us children. She vowed then never to look upon one of us again, formally disowning us; yet now here she was coolly inviting herself to pay us a visit. Still, if Tom had known all this and of every other eccentricity of aunt Betsy's, he would have said just the same, for he is the most easy, good-natured fellow in the world, but he forgot that it was I who had to stay at home all day and bear the brunt of the old lady's bad temper. "I believe I'm getting bad tempered myself," I said, suddenly rousing myself from my reverie. "It's very kind of my husband not to object to my relative coming to pay me a visit; and, if she does leave us a few hundreds, why, so much the better—though, thank goodness, we don't need them, and I certainly shan't go out of my way to conciliate her for the sake of her money! Martha and Ellen may do that, they were always greater favorites. I was the third disappointment and I believe she never forgave me for not being a boy."

When Tom came home that evening he seemed to have forgotten all about aunt Betsy and was very much absorbed in some subject that kept him silent all through dinner. Though we had been married only four months I understood my husband's ways and the expression of his face thoroughly. Whenever he had the far-away look in his eyes, I knew he was thinking, and I always took care not to disturb him. When he held the door open for me after dinner, I noticed that he looked pale and tired, and I pressed him to come and have some tea. He nodded without answering; and I left him with a strange and uneasy feeling that something had happened. But when he joined me half an hour later he was as bright and cheery as usual. We sang a few duets together, tried a new song, talked about a party to which we were invited, and I soon forgot my uneasiness and Miss Betsy too. The next three weeks passed quickly enough, for we were out a good deal, and had friends frequently dropping in; still I could not help noticing now and again that Tom's spirits were rather variable; he always looked pale and tired when he came home, and I attributed it to troublesome "cases." He did not contradict me, nor did he assert that he was specially busy. Once or twice I asked him if he did not feel well; but he always replied that he was perfectly well, and then he would suddenly rouse himself and be his old self again. So the time passed till the time mentioned by aunt Betsy for her arrival. Tom reminded me of it in the morning before breakfast, and I fancied he was more grave and serious than usual. "Be patient with the old lady, Fan. Who knows but you may come in for the fortune? Martha and Ellen are not likely to put themselves out of the way for the sake of a few hundreds; they have enough of their own."

Unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma, suffering from Southern Asthma Cure. A simple package relieved, three packages permanently cured. A Person. What a Fortune-teller Says. Our best patrons are married women, some of whom come to us every month and in many cases remain with us by the year. Their most frequent inquiry is about their husbands, whom nine tenths of them seem to entirely and absolutely mistrust. "I want to know if my husband is faithful to me," is a question they invariably pop at us, and we, as a rule invariably demonstrate that he is. You see, we dare not tell them anything else, or we would lose their custom. We have male patrons but not many—not more than ten per cent; and about thirty per cent are young ladies who want their prospects in life unfolded. But married women are our main support, and the secret of our success with them lies in telling them just what they would best like to hear. Prats worthy. "Last summer I was entirely laid up with liver complaint, a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, and four bottles cured me. I cannot praise this remedy too much." John H. Rivers, Orr Lake, Ont. 2

A good knowledge of water is at the bottom of success with window flowers. Water must run in readily and run out readily. When a plant is watered, it is a good sign to see the water rush out at once into the saucer through the bottom of the pot. If it does not do that, something is wrong. "He Never Smiled Again." No "hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "biliousness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure "biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Of druggists. "Never place fresh eggs near lard, fruit, cheese, fish or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhood, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg is destroyed. Give Them a Chance. That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. Bewily.

At a picnic at Stratford on Saturday, an individual known as Fakir Finlay got the worse of liquor and acted in a disorderly manner. Mr. George Clarke remonstrated with him, when the ruffian flew at him and bit a piece out of his cheek. Finlay was taken in hand by the police. He is at present in jail, and as a collection of burglars' tools were found in his possession, his trial will not be held at present. Mothers! If your daughters are in ill health, or troubled with a paleness that seems incurable, or if they suffer general debility, nervousness, languor, weakness, or loss of appetite, procure at once a bottle of Johnson's Tonic Bitters and you will not regret regret the outlay. The Tonic and generally strengthening effect of this medicine is truly marvellous. 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle, at Good's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

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clothing li when worki clothing. In weight and enca. Eat less n the cold mon the blood, an when eaten i too water i moderation. ly at first, u cooled, then ences to the one can drink law unto him The body when you tak be cold. Mor from sitting, waiting to plunging into cold bath whe Fruits, if e ven to childr and stale fra mischief in s if fresh and p ring and health to be more h good fruits th tirely. Malaria ma the premises s ing pure well on farms), an dose of quinin prevention is cheaper than t tea made from of the "Bones may do good. Dangerous c cooling off sud Farmers wou they more gen which prevent cool evenings, air, a coat sho thrown over subject to r draughts, eve When, work ration ceases comes hot at at once stop shade—snar as the persira head in clear, sunstroke. W into the shade chest and he Use ice water i Do not fail ter the doctor better to have children. Do should be su washed and su tion the whole not be too mu It produces da cause of h growing childr trees, cut out. "After suffe ney disease, lo the head of a B. B. B., took py to say I Rufus E Merr Che This serious infancy has ju caused by a d diarrhoea. Dr Michigan Uni poison Dr Van ice-cream and in dirty vesal the poison ma tion in clean v pur suddenl purging and p your physica time put the Dry it, and co its hands and to them, either water, or by a in wolen dicit times, give a or sprits of c account let t milk, for mi within the c of the soiled nap room, but p physician's ins are to be i disease being c milk given the it must receiv be nourished gruel, and on Vaughan has i stration of mi on the unfav new vigor. the water it w Keep Y den attacks o dysentery an are liable to The safest, be dy is Dr Fowl berry. "Well," sai man who ha boots, "well, shall we f "Mashur my f "what ud you big as you can "More Tro If you do n ture and o maintenance; we see a perso the purchase c cured at the o have remedie Now if Johns been taken made his app have been "son's Tonic B decidedly the ket for gene properties. P 50 cents an Goode the d agent.