BITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
BITTERS
s California Vinegar
y Vegetable preparation,
the native herbs found
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are extracted therefrom
Alcohol. The question
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Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants
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DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charlton Sts., New York.
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King's Evil, White Swel-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
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WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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Diseases.—Persons en-
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MY WIFE'S NOSE.

The Advantages of a Keen Sense of Smell.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Not that it was handsome. I have over and over heard people say, "Miss Clement would have been pretty but for her nose." I thought she was pretty in spite of it. The nose was large, it is true, and peculiar, but she had lovely gray eyes, with dark lashes, darker than her nut-brown hair, a sweet, mischevious, sensitive mouth, and a skin of rose-leaves. Still I think I should have loved her if she had been positively ugly. There was that in her face which transcended all its form of coloring—there was a—Goodness! I always was a fool about Nancy, and here I am demonstrating it in print. Nanon Clement had French blood in her veins; her name came from a Breton grandmother. Certainly she showed her race in the grace of her bright sweet manner, the sparkle of her conversation, the taste of her dress; perhaps she showed it in her nose.

After she condescended to marry me, I must say my little woman proved herself a deft and dainty housekeeper. Our small cottage was neat as a bee's cell, but not painfully so. It was all lived in, all home-like—no shut up rooms, no over-fine upholstery too good to use. The carpets were not Brussels, or the chairs rosewood, but everything harmonized in tint in every room, and all the ornaments were good of their kind.

I hate a room filled with fancy work, like a show-counter of an agricultural fair or a worsted shop; neither tortured crewels nor abominations in canvas or paper littered up our bright rooms; there was no tidies on the chairs, no linen covering on the sofas. An indescribable breath of purity and freshness filled the house. I think this was owing to her nose. I confess; though I had to smile when I saw her daily tours through the premises with that dilate feature high in air, delicately sniffing at the door of every closet and chamber, and pouncing upon any breath of evil as a hawk on its prey. There was no musty nook in our house: the first faint scent of damp earthiness was detected; the corner, the crock, the bottle that generated it was scalded, soaped, scraped, dried and aired on the instant; neither was any sour bread endured an hour; no meat out lived its usefulness or its pleasantness in larder or refrigerator; no pickles went beyond the verge of proper pickledness; our eggs were always fresh, for Nan averred that a fresh egg had its own clean odor. Heavens! what a nose was that which could pierce an egg-shell!

My life was somewhat harassed, no doubt, for my wife developed a turn for locating smells.

"Jack, where have you been?" she would say, repulsing me suddenly after the first kiss with which she always received me coming from the office at night, and which politeness I was always expected to return—"where have you been?" with a keen flash and quiver of eye and eyelid.

"Why, Nan?"

"Because you smell of machinery."

"By George" (dear reader, forgive the expletive. I never swear, but a man must have some safety-valve), "I wouldn't have your nose, Nan, for five hundred dollars!"

"And I wouldn't be without it for five thousand. Tell me, now, haven't you been somewhere?"

"Yes, I have been to several somewheres. I reluctantly admit, Mrs. Gardiner, that I went to Snell's printing office to see about some bill heads, and spent half an hour studying out their new press."

"I thought so," was her satisfied rejoinder. "I know the smell of machine oil very well."

Another time I am greeted with another shudder.

"What is it now, Nan?" I enquire, in abject tones of dismay.

"I smell cigars in your whiskers."

"Surprising!" I reply. "I do not remember having hidden any there."

"Nonsense! I mean smoke, of course."

"Nan, I believe in Darwin now and forever. Your great-grandfather must have been a pointer. I stood on the platform of a crowded car, coming up town, by a man who smoked all the way, and the wind was fair to smoke me, too."

"It is bad to have a nose sometimes," says my wife reflectively.

"But it would be worse to have none."

But if I groaned in spirit about Nan's nose sometimes it was not long before I had reason to bless it. There was a small-pox panic in the city, but we had not feared it, for our quarter was high and clean, and in now way exposed to infection; so we were very careless about being vaccinated. One night we had been to a concert with a cousin of mine from Boston. There were many encores, which lengthened the performance, and our seats were near the stage. George Stevens was to take the midnight train, and the station was at least a mile from the concert hall. He must be there early to get some baggage re-checked, and it was half past eleven when we reached the door and found it raining. Only one carriage was left on the stand, but I had it brought up to the door at once; though it was not a nice one, it was at least a shelter. I helped Nanon up to the step, but the moment her head entered the vehicle she shrank back, and jumped down to the pavement.

"I can't go in that thing, Jack. It smells of something dreadful."

"Don't be absurd, Nanny," said I. "Keep your handkerchief to your face and get in. George will be late."

"I can't Jack; I can't. Please don't get in there, George. I know you'll have something if you do; we all shall. Oh, don't don't!"

I must say I was vexed. The driver swore by all the saints, and the devil besides that no sick man or anything out of the way had ever been in his carriage 'sence the world was med.' But nothing convinced Nan. She became painfully excited, and I was painfully forced to give up the matter or be downright cruel. But George would not be persuaded. He looked at me with a sort of contemptuous compassion; but I forgave him, for he had never been married. So Nan and I walked home, and George drove off to the station. I was sulky and Nan was sweet. She knew I had made a great effort to please her, and she knew George had sneered inwardly at my compliance, for her perceptions were keen and quick, so she made herself unusually lovely to award me; and, better still, when George was seized with small-pox a fortnight after and brought to the edge of death, and by police investigation I found out that the indignantly virtuous hack-driver had that very evening of the concert taken two small-pox patients to the hospital, all Nan said was, "Oh, Jack, how good you were to let me walk home!" To which I answered, "Bless your dear nose!"

But I was doomed to be still further indebted and reconciled to that wonderful organ. A year or two after the small-pox affair, Nan's old grandmother, a decrepit Frenchwoman of ninety, died in Paris, and in a fit of pique left all her money and jewels to Nan's mother, whom she had utterly ignored since her marriage, to Mrs Clement's great distress. But her son had turned out a dissipated, worthless fellow, and at length was shot in a disreputable duel, and in the last year of her life Madame Dupare quarrelled with the niece she had adopted, and cut her off with a mourning ring. The inheritance amounted to only a few thousand dollars in money, but the most valuable part was the jewelry, for besides sundry quaint old rings of enamel, carbuncle, and sapphire, a pair or two of cameo and garnet bracelets, were a comb and necklace of diamonds, an heir loom in the family, of great value. Now Madama Dupare had had the forethought to leave these to Mrs. Clement in such a way that they could be alienated or sold, adding a few cutting remarks as to her probable need of money, since she had married that "vaurien Americain." Poor Mrs. Clement! she was past sneers this long-time, and the inheritance came to Nan, and in due time reached her, after dangers by land, sea and the custom-house.

Of course some ubiquitous reporter for the papers heard this item of news somewhere, and made a telling little paragraph. The diamonds, in reality worth about fifteen thousand dollars, figured as a "seventy-five thousand bequest of jewels" in big capitals. All the circumstances were arrayed before the public, copied into city papers, repeated into weeklies; and from that time our lives became a burden.

What should be done with those diamonds till we could take them to New York and sell them?

Nan did once put them on, having first sent our girl off on an errand, looked under every sofa and chair, behind the doors, into the closets. She even closed the register lest a man should lurk in the cellar, and shut all the blinds, for fear of opera glasses across the way. Then she lit the gas, put on her wedding gown and the diamonds, and enjoyed herself.

I must own she looked as lovely as a goddess; the comb sparkled like a coronet of stars (for it was set starwise in a quaint old fashion) in her coiled jet hair, and the brilliants made a river of light about her delicate round throat. Diamonds evidently were the proper gems for her. They kindled the deep sparkle of her eyes; they illuminated the haughty little head with a sort of fitness not describable. Her rich soft gown of creamy silk, with its falls and folds of rare old lace, delicate as frost-work; the lithe, graceful figure and piquant, high bred face evidently were meant for diamonds, or diamonds for them.

"Nan!" said I, "don't sell the things. We don't need to; and they are lovely on you."

Nan turned slowly round and looked at me with a curious smile.

"Oh, Jack! is that your idea of the eternal fitness of things? Shall I wear these sparkles to church, or to tea parties? Once a year, perhaps, there is a wedding here that might be blinded with my finery, unless everybody looked at the bride, as they ought. And besides," she added with sudden energy, "do you want, our lives made a nuisance with these things? How have we spent the last ten days?"

I looked back with dismay; not a day had passed that we had not racked our brains for a place to hide those diamonds. They had been respectively dwellers in the stove under the ashes, down the register pipe, in a pickle jar full of bran, deep among piles of sheets in the linen chest, lost in the cedar closet, in the crown of Nan's Sunday bonnet, and the pocket of my wedding coat, laid away in a drawer. Once they were twenty-four hours in a loaf of bread, all night in an old-fashioned foot-stove. Time fails me to recount their wanderings. We neither slept quietly nor took needful exercise; and when people came to the house and asked to see them, the very friends of our bosoms, even, they were treated with base subterfuges, and went away disappointed.

I cannot say we told any high angled and respectable lies; we descended to meaner depths. Our invariable answer to friendly requests was, "Did you think we were so silly as to keep them in the house?" wincing retributively under the commendations of our sense sure to follow, and the appalling tales of other people who had been so idiotic as to do such a thing, and had been robbed, or murdered, or frightened to death in consequence. We went to the expense of two revolvers, and borrowed a dog, who barked at every mouse in the wall, and awoke us to horrible suspicions and tremors.

But at last the business which detained me in W—— was finished, and I could make arrangements for our journey. And then came the important question, "How should we carry our precious charge to New York?" It would never do to pack them in a trunk. I proposed to Nan to wear them.

"And be murdered, of course," she indignantly answered.

I thought they could be hidden under her dress and hat, but this she would not hear to; she was afraid her very consciousness would betray her. So at last we put them in an ordinary morocco hand-bag, which she never let go of one moment in all the day's journey. This was enough to attract attention in itself, but we got safely to the hotel where we were to stay, and drew a freer breath.

It was six o'clock at night. We were too tired to go down town, and having ordered some dinner, Nan proceeded to array herself for that ceremony.

But what should we do with the diamonds? There was but one thing now. Nanon put the comb in her hair and overlaid it with those soft and abundant coils till not a star peeped to light, and over all she pinned a little black lace handkerchief, out of date as to fashion, but mightily picturesque. The necklace was worn under her high dress of dark silk, and for fear the shape of the ornament would show, she had tied herself up, as to the throat and shoulders, in a scarf of some delicate sort of lace. She looked like an invalid angel; but who cared? The jewels were covered up, and the cases locked in our hand-bag.

In the evening friends came in to see us. They stayed till ten o'clock, perhaps. Nanon, very tired, went up stairs before me a few minutes. When I reached our room, I found her sitting by the open window. She did not stir for a moment, but when I was partly undressed, said she had left her lace handkerchief in the parlor, and must go for it. Presently she came flying back.

"Oh, Jack, Uncle Ward wants to see you. Can't you put your cloths on and come down?"

"Why, what made him so late?" said I, rising hastily, for Mr. Ward was my mother's only brother, and had been like a father to me in my early orphanage.

"I don't know," she said, her face pale with excitement, "but hurry, dear; it is so late!"

I made good speed, as the old ballads say, yet when we reached the parlor there was no Uncle Ward there. I turned to Nan with surprise in looks and words.

"I didn't say he was here, dear; he wasn't. But there is a burglar in our room—under the bed, I think—and I wanted to get you down here."

"Nan!" I exclaimed.

There *is*, there *is!* Oh, Jack, I smelt the horrid tobacco the minute I went in but I thought he would suspect if I went right back, and I opened the window so I could call if you delayed long, and so you would not perceive the smell too and make remarks about it. Please get a policeman right away."

What could I do? Could I tell that supercilious and condescending creature, the clerk, that my wife smelt a burglar and wanted a policeman? Yet I had faith to believe that she did, knowing her as I did. I took refuge in the presumed weakness of the sex, told Nanon to sit in the parlor till I came back, and with shame on my countenance and a lie on my tongue, represented to the clerk that my wife was very nervous, and had an idea not to be reasoned away that there was a burglar in our room. Would he kindly send for a policeman? With mild contempt on every lineament he rang a bell and gave the needful order, and in five minutes the article arrived. We mounted the stairs to 46 and began our search. There was no body under the bed or in the closet, but the policemen signed me to shut the door, and inserting a key from his pocket into the wardrobe door, which I suddenly observed was without the key Nan had used after putting away her cloak and hat, he laid violent hands on a slight, wiry, ill looking fellow, who tried to slip past him, but submitted when he saw there were two of us.

On investigation next day he disclosed that we had been watched all the way from home, my wife's devotion to her hand-bag observed and understood, but from her putting it down an instant and our transit from the station to the hotel being very brief and in broad daylight, it had been impossible to obtain possession of the prize, and he had resorted to lying in wait in the wardrobe till we should be safely asleep. The bag had been opened, of course, but only the empty cases found.

Neither of us slept much that night. The diamonds went to breakfast with us, and in a carriage from the hotel stable we conveyed them to the jeweller with whom we had before communicated. They were sold and the money deposited in a bank before dinner time, and we went home a much happier pair than we left it.

I had weighed in my mind by this time all the advantages and disadvantages of my wife's peculiar faculty, and concluded that its good outweighed its evil, with a satisfied and grateful heart I said again that night, "Bless your dear nose, Nan!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

SMITHERSON.

A military-looking gentleman got off the train at Vaiden, the other evening, and stepped up to a party by the name of Johnson, who was standing near by, eagerly inquired:

"Excuse me, sir, but is your name, ah! Smitherson?"

"No, sir, my name is Johnson."

"Do, you know of any Smithersons hereabouts?"

"Smitherson, Smitherson—can't say that I ever heard the name before. Step over with me to Bell's saloon, and perhaps we will find some one there who can give information."

Over to Bell's they went. The bar room was full, and the inquiry went round:

"Bill, do you know any Smitherson; Tom, do you know one Smitherson?" and so on. Not a single acquaintance of Smitherson could be found. The stranger seemed very anxious to find Smitherson and, as he left the saloon, a crowd followed him, a rumor having got afloat, (no doubt taking its rise from the military air of the stranger,) that a revenue officer was in search of a Government defaulter, or a crooked whiskey man. Up the street the crowd wended its way, and stopped in front of Hirsh's Hotel. By this time the entire town was aroused. "Smitherson" was on every lip. Mothers clasped their babes to their breasts and rushed towards the hotel. Negroes gazed anxiously at each other and contorted their lips into the semblance of an old-fashioned wood burning engine funnel, dissipated by a late collision in their endeavor to pronounce the word "Smitherson." Almost the entire town was now gathered about the stranger, and, as he opened his lips, you could heard a hog's bristle light on a bale of cotton.

"Friends," said he, "is there not a single man, woman or child, in this assemblage, who is acquainted with one "Smitherson?"

A dead silence followed.

"No one knows Smitherson, eh? Then my mission is at an end. It's of no consequence; I merely asked out of curiosity. I was once looking over a New York city directory, when I came across the name Smitherson. Seemed to me a strange name, and I was curious enough to find out if any one by the name of Smitherson existed in these parts. I am now inclined to think that there is not."

When the crowd ascertained that the stranger was merely a Bohemian editor on a drunk, they dropped their brick-bats and allowed to go in peace.—*Carrollton Conservative.*

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new book on America entitled "The White Conquest" (not yet reprinted here), has the following anecdote of a "heathen Chinee":—You can form no notion of the impudence of these rascals," says a San Francisco magnate denouncing the Chinese. "Only the other day, in our rainy season, when the mud was fifteen inches deep in Montgomery street, a yellow chap, in fur tippet and purple satin gown, was crossing over the road by a plank, when one of our worthy citizens, seeing how nicely he was dressed, more like a lady than a tradesman, ran on the plank to meet him, and when the fellow stopped and started, just gave him a little jerk, and whisked him, with a waggish laugh, into the bed of slush. Ha! ha! You should have seen the crowd of people mocking the impudent heathen Chinee as he picked himself up in his soiled tippet and satin gown!" "Did any one in the crowd stand drinks all round?" "Well, no; the heathen Chinee rather turned the laugh aside." "Aye, how was that?" "No white man can conceive the impudence of these Chinese. Moonface picked himself up, shook off a little of the mire, and, looking mildly at our worthy citizen, courtesied like a girl, saying to him in a voice every one standing round could hear, 'You Christian; me heathen: good-by.'"

VARIETIES.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a pair of new rubber boots and no mud or slush in reach.

Forty-one red-headed girls go to one school in New York. Prediction: Forty-one bald headed men in the near future.

"You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a duck of a love," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's so," replied the wife, and a duck of a lover is almost sure to make a goose of a husband."

"See here conductor, why don't you have a fire in this car?" "Well, you see, one of the directors is a clothing man, and another is a doctor, and another is a drug store keeper, and another runs a tomb stone factory, and you know in this world people must live and let live.'

The wise man changes his mind; the ignorant man will not. The former will acknowledge his error and correct it, but the pertinacity with which the latter adheres to his opinions, always bears a just proportion to his ignorance.

A wee bit of a boy, having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get annuzzer housekeeper; I've got tired o' seein' you round."

The Worcester Gazettee says, "A Waterville girl worked the motto, I 'need the every hour,' and presented it to her chap. He says he can't help it. It takes him two hours to milk and feed the pigs, morning and night, and business has got to be attended to." If Waterville in this State is the one referred to, the Gazette may rest assured that it is the only town in this State where pigs are milked.

An ex-Governor of Nebraska tells the following story of himself: While on an electioneering tour in one of the frontier counties, he was lodged at a log hostlery where the accommodation was so scant that his Excellency and a son of the Emerald Isle were assigned to the same bed. On retiring the Governor remarked to Pat that he would "have to stay a long time in the old country before he could sleep with a Governor." To which Pat replied, "Indade, ye'd have to be a moighty long time in the owld country before yer Honer would be Governor?"

Taking Advantage of Leap year.

"Young ladies have the advantage of saying anything they please during leap year," she said, eyeing him out of the corner of her eyes with a sweet look.

His heart gave a great bound, and while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he had so long hesited and feared to do, he answered, "Yes."

"And the young men must not refuse," said she.

"No, no! How could they," sighed he.

"Well, then," said she, "will you—"

He fell on his knees and said; "Anything, anything you ask, darling."

"Wait till I get through. Will you take a walk, and not hang round our house so much?"

And he walked.

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