PITCHERY - BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLASPED HANDS.

Their singing went on.

They used to meet once a week and sing in the church at the organ. Despard always went up to the Grange and accompanied her to the church. Yet he scarcely ever went at any other time. A stronger connection and a deeper familiarity arose between them, which yet was accompanied by a profound reverence on Despard's part, that never deminished, but as the familiarity increased only grew more tender and more devoted.

There were many things about their music which he had to say to her. It constituted a common bond between them on which they could talk, and to which they could always revert. It formed a medium for the communion of soul—a lofty, spiritual intercourse, where they seemed to blend, even as their voices blended, in a purer realm, free from the trouble of earth.

Amidst it all Despard had so much to tell her about the nature of the Eastern music that he wrote out a long letter, which he gave her as they parted after an unusually lengthy practice. Part of it was on the subject of music, and the rest of a different character.

The next time that they met she gave him a note in response.

"DEAR MR. DESPARD—Why am I not a seraph, endowed with musical powers beyond mortal reach. You tell me many things, and never seem to imagine that they are all beyond me. You never seem to think that I am hopelessly commonplace. You are kind in doing what you do, but where is the good where one is so stupid as I am?

"I suppose you have given up visiting the Grange forever. I don't call your coming to take me to the church visits. I suppose I may as well give you up. It is as difficult to get you here as if you were the Grand Lama of Thibet.

"Amidst all my stupidities I have two or three ideas which may be used in our music if I can only put them in practice. Bear with me, and deal gently with

"Yours, despondingly T. T."

To this Despard replied in a note which he gave her at their next meeting, called her "Dear Seraph," and signing himself "Grand Lama." After this they always called each by these names. Grand Lama was an odd name, but it became the sweetest of sounds to Despard since it was uttered by her lips—the sweetest, the most musical and the tenderest. As to himself he knew not what to call his dear companion of his youth, but the name Seraph came into use, and grew to be associated with her, until at last he never called her anything else.

Yet after this he used to go to the Grange more frequently. He could not stay away. His steps wandered there irresistibly. An uncontrollable impulse forced him there. She was always alone awaiting him, generally with a sweet confusion of face and tenderness of greeting which made him feel ready to fall on his knees before her. How else could he feel? Was she not always in his thoughts? Were not all his sleeping hours one long dream of her? Were not all his waking thoughts filled with her radiant presence?

"How is it under our control
To love or not to love?"

Did he know what it was that he felt for her? He never thought. Enough that he felt. And that feeling was one long agony of intense longing and yearning after her. Had not all his life been filled by that one bright image?

Youth gave it to him. After years could not efface it. The impress of her face was upon his heart. Her voice was always in his ears. Every word that she had ever spoken to him was treasured up in his memory and heart with an avarice of love which prevented any one word from even being forgotten.

At church and at home, during service and out of it, in the street or in the study, he saw only one face, and heard only one voice. Amidst the bustle of committee meetings he was conscious of her image—a sweet face smiling on him, a tender voice saying "Lama." Was there ever so musical and so dear a word as "Lama?" For him, never.

The hunger of his longing grew stronger every day. That strong, proud, self secluded nature of his was most intense in all its feelings, and dwelt with concentrated passion upon this one object of its idolatry. He had never had any other object but this one.

A happy boyhood passed in the society of this sweet playmate, then a young girl of his own age: a happy boyhood here in Holby where they had always been inseparable, wandering hand in hand along the shore or over the hills: a happy boyhood where she was the one and only companion whom he knew or cared for—this was the sole legacy of his early life—leaving Holby he had left her, but had never forgotten her. He had carried with him the tender memory of this bright being, and cherished his undying fondness, not knowing what fondness meant. He returned to find her married, and severed from him forever, at least in this life. When he found that he had lost her he began to understand how dear she was. All life stood before him aimless, pointless, and meaningless without her. He came back, but the old intercourse could not be renewed; she could not be his, and he could only live, and love and endure. Perhaps it would have been wiser if he had at once left Holby and sought out some other abode. But the discovery of his love was gradual; and when he knew that his love was so intense it was then impossible to leave. To be near her, to breathe the same air, to see her face occasionally, to nurse his old memories, to hoard up new remembrances of her words and looks—these now became the chief occupation of his hours of solitude, and the only happiness left him in his life.

One day he went up with a stronger sense of desolation in his heart than usual, going up to see her in order to get consolation from the sight of her face and the sound of her voice. Their former levity had given place to a seriousness of manner which was very different. A deep, intense joy shone in the eyes of each at meeting, but that quick repartee and light badinage which they had used of old had been dropped.

Music was the one thing of which they could speak without fear. Despard could talk of his Byzantine poets, and the chants of the Eastern Church, without being in danger of reawakening painful memories. The piano stood close by, and always afforded a convenient mode of distracting attention when it became too absorbed in one another.

For Mrs. Thornton did not repel him: she did not resent his longing; she did not seem forgetful of what he so well remembered. How was it with her who had given her hand to another?

"What she felt the while
Dare he think?"

Yet there were times when he thought it possible that she might feel as he did. The thought brought joy, but it also brought fear. For, if the struggle against this feeling needed all the strength of his nature, what must it cost her? If she had such a struggle as he, how could she endure it? Then, as he considered this, he thought to himself that he would rather she would not love him than love him at such a cost. He was willing to sacrifice his own heart. He wished only to adore her, and was content that she should receive, and permit, and accept his adoration, herself unmoved—passionless divinity.

In their intercourse it was strange how frequently there were long pauses of perfect silence, during which neither spoke a word. Sometimes each sat looking at the floor; sometimes they at one another, as though they could read each other's thoughts, and by the mere gaze of their earnest eyes could hold ample spiritual communion.

On one such occasion they stood by the window looking out upon the lawn, but seeing nothing in that abstracted gaze Despard stood facing her close to her. Her hand was hanging by her side. He stooped and took that little slender hand in his. As he did so he trembled from head to foot. As he did so a faint flush passed over his face. Her head fell forward. Despard held her hand and she did not withdraw it. Despard drew her slightly toward him. She looked up into his face with large, eloquent eyes, sad beyond all description, yet speaking things which filled his soul. He looked down upon her with eyes that told her all that was in his heart. She turned her head away.

Despard clung to her hand as though that hand were his life, his hope, his joy—as that alone could save him from some abyss of despair into which he was falling. His lips moved. In vain. No audible sound broke that intense stillness in which the beating and throbbing of those two forlorn hearts could be heard. His lips moved, but all sound died away upon them.

At last a stronger effort broke the silence.

"Teresa!"

It was a strange tone, a tone of longing unutterable, a tone like that which a dying man uses in calling before him one most dear. And all the pent-up feeling of years rushed forth in concentrated energy, and was borne to her ears in the sound of that one word. She looked up with the same glance as before.

"Little playmate," said he, in a tone of infinite sweetness, "have you ever forgotten the old days? Do you remember when you and I last stood hand in hand?"

His voice sounded like the utterance of tears, as though, if he could have wept, he would then have wept as no man wept before; but his eyes were dry through his manhood, and all that tears can express were shown forth in his tone.

As he began to speak her head fell again. As he ended she looked up as before. Her lips moved. She whispered but one word:

"Courtenay!"

She burst into a flood of tears and sank into a chair. And Despard stood, not daring even to soothe her, for fear lest in that vehement convulsion of his soul all his self-command should give way utterly.

At length Mrs. Thornton rose. "Lama," said she, at last, in a low, sad voice, "let us go to the piano."

"Will you sing the Ave Maria?" he asked mournfully.

"I dare not," she said, hastily. "Not any thing but that. I will sing Rossini's, Cujas Animam."

Then followed those words which tell in lofty strains of a broken heart:

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et flebentem
Pertransivit gladius!

CHAPTER XXVII

JOURNAL OF PAOLO LANGHETTI.

When Mrs. Thornton saw Despard next she showed him a short note which she had just received from her brother, accompanying his journal. Nearly two years had elapsed since she had last heard from him.

His journal was written as before at long intervals, and was as follows:

Halifax, April 10, 1847.—I exist here, but nothing more. Nothing is offered by this small colonial town that can afford interest. Life goes on monotonously. The officers and their families are what they are everywhere. They are amiable and pleasant, and try to get the best out of life. The townspeople are hospitable, and there is much refinement among them.

But I live for the most part in a cottage outside of the town, where I can be secluded and free from observation. Near this house is the Northwest Arm. I cross it in a boat, and am at once in savage wilderness. From the summit of a hill, appropriately named Mount Misery, I can look down upon this city which is bordered by such a wilderness.

The winter has passed since my last entry, and nothing has occurred. I have learned to skate. I went out on a moose-hunt with Colonel Despard. The gigantic horns of a moose which I killed are now over the door of my studio. I have joined in some festivities, and have done the honors of my house. It is an old fashioned wooden structure which they call the Priory.

So the winter has passed, and April is now here. In this country there is no spring. Snow is yet on the ground. Winter is transformed gradually into summer. I must keep up my fires till June, they say.

During the winter I have guarded my treasure well. I took a house on purpose to have a home for her. But her melancholy continued, and the state of mind in which I find her still endures. Will it ever change. I gave it out here that she was a relative who was in ill health. But the winter has passed, and she remains precisely the same. Can she live on long in this mood?

At length I have decided to try a change for her. The holy Sisterhood of mercy have a convent here, where she may find a higher and purer atmosphere than anywhere else. There I have placed her. I have told nothing of her story. They think she is in grief for the death of friends. They have received her with that warm sympathy and holy love which it is the aim of their life to cherish.

O mater alma Christi carissima,
Te nunc flagitant devota corda et ora.
Ora pro nobis!

August 5, 1847.—The summer goes on pleasantly. A bracing climate, a cool sea breeze, fishing and hunting in the forests, sailing in the harbor—these are the amusements which one can find if he has the leisure.

She has been among the sisterhood of mercy for some months. The deep calm of that holy retreat has soothed her, but only this much that her melancholy has not lessened but grown more placid. She is in the midst of those whose thoughts are habitually directed to that world which she longs after. The home from which she has been exiled is the desire of their hearts. They aim after that place for which she longs with so deep a longing. There is sympathy in all those hearts with one another. She hears in their chants and prayers those hopes and desires, and these are but the utterances of what she feels.

Here they sing the matchless Rythm of Bernard de Morlaix, and in these words she finds the highest expression that human words can give of the thoughts and desires of her soul. They tell me that the first time they sang it, as they came to this passage she burst into tears and sank down almost senseless:

O bona patria! lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina sobria lumina collacrimantur:
Est tua menti pectoris unctis, cura doloris
Concipientibus aethera mentibus ignis amoris.

November 17.—The winter must soon be here again.

My treasure is well guarded by the Holy Sisterhood. They revere her and look upon her as a saint. They tell me wonderful things about her which have sunk into My soul. They think that she is another Saint Cecilia, or rather Saint Teresa, the Saint of Love and Longing.

She told them once that she was not a Catholic, but that any form of worship was sweet and precious to her—most of all the lofty utterances of the prayers and hymns of the church. She would not listen to dogmas, but says that God wishes only love and praise. Yet she joins in all their rites, and in this House, where love is chiefly adored, she surpasses all in the deep love of her heart.

January 2, 1848.—I have seen her for the first time in many months. She smiled. I never saw her smile before, except once in the ship, when I told my name and made her mother take my place in the cabin.

She smiled. It was as if an angel from heaven had smiled on me. Do I not believe that she is one?

They all say that she is unchanged. Her sadness has no abatement. On that meeting she made an effort for my sake to speak to me. Perhaps she saw how my very soul entreated her to speak. So she spoke of the Sisterhood, and said she loved them all. I asked her if she was happier here than at my house. She said "No." I did not know whether to feel rejoiced or sorrowful. Then she told me something which has filled me with wonder ever since.

She asked me if I had been making inquiries about her family, for I had said that I would. I told her that I had. She asked what I had heard. I hesitated for a moment, and at last, seeing that she was superior to any sorrow or bereavement, I told her all about the sad fate of her brother Louis, which your old friend Courtenay Despard had communicated to his uncle here. She listened without emotion, and at last, looking earnestly at me, said,

"He is not dead!"

I stood amazed. I had seen the very newspapers which contained an account of his death. I had read the letter of Courtenay Despard, which showed how painstaking his search had been. Had he not traveled to every place where he could hear anything of the Brandons? Had he not written at the very outset wherever he could hope to hear anything? I did not know what to say.

For Louis Brandon is known to have fallen overboard from the ship Java during a tremendous monsoon, several hundred miles away from any land. How could he possibly have escaped death? The captain, whom Courtenay Despard found out and questioned, said he threw over a hen coop and a pail. These could not save him. Despard also inquired for months from every ship that arrived from those parts, but could learn nothing. The next ship that came from New South Wales foundered off the coast of Africa. Three passengers escaped to Sierra Leone, and thence to England. Despard learned their names, but they were not Brandon. The information which one of them named Wheeler, gave to the ship-owners afforded no hope of his having been found by any ship, even if it had been possible. It was simply impossible, however, for the Falcon did not pass the spot where poor Brandon fell overboard till months had elapsed.

All these things I knew, and they came to my mind. She did not notice my emotion, but after a pause she looked at me again with the same earnestness, and said.

"My brother Frank is not dead."

This surprised me as much as the other.

"Are you sure?" said I revrently.

"I am."

"How did you learn this? All who have inquired say that both of your brothers are dead."

"They told me," said she, "many times. They said that my brothers had not come among them to their own place, as they would have had to, come if they had left the earth."

She spoke solemnly and with mysterious emphasis. I said nothing, for I knew not what to say.

On going home and thinking over this, I saw that she believed herself to have the power of communicating with the departed. I did not know whether this intelligence, which she believed she had received, had been gained in her trance, or whether she thought that she had recent interviews with those on high. I went to see her again, and asked this. She told me that once since her recovery she had fallen into that state, and had been, as she called it, "in her home."

I ventured to ask her more about what she considered a communion with the departed. She tried to speak, but looked like one who could not find words. I was still the same as before. She has in her mind thoughts which can not be expressed by any human language. She will not be able to express them till such a language is obtained. Yet she gave me one idea, which has been in my mind ever since.

She said that the language of those among whom she has been has nothing on earth which is like it except music. If our music could be developed to an indefinite extent it might at last begin to resemble it. Yet she said that she sometimes heard strains here in the Holy Mass which reminded her of that language, and might be intelligible to an immortal.

This is the idea which she imparted to me, and I have thought of it ever since.

August 23.—Great things have happened.

When I last wrote I had gained the idea of transforming music into a language. The thought came to me that I, who thirst for music, and love it and cherish it above all things—to whom it is an hourly comfort and solace—that I might rise to utter forth to her sounds which she might hear. I had already seen enough of her spiritual tone to know what sympathies and emotions might best be acted upon. I saw her several times, so as to stimulate myself to a higher and purer exercise of whatever genius I may have.

I was encouraged by the thought that from my earliest childhood, as I began to learn to speak so I began to learn to sing. As I learned to read printed type so I read printed music. The thoughts of composers in music thus became as legible to me as those of composers in words. So all my life my knowledge has widened and with that knowledge my love has increased. This has been my one aim in life—my joy, my delight. Thus it came to pass that at last, when alone with my Cremona, I could utter my own thoughts, and pour forth every feeling that was in my heart. This was a language with me. I spoke it, yet there was no one who could understand it fully. Only one had I ever met with to whom I told this besides yourself—she could accompany me—she could understand and follow me wherever I led. I could speak this language to her, and she could hear and comprehend. This one was my Bice.

Now that she had told me this I grasped at the thought. Never before had the idea entered my mind of trying upon her the effect of my music. I had given it up for her sake while she was with me, not liking to cause any sound to disturb her rapt and melancholy mood.

But now I began to understand how it was with her. She had learned the language of the highest places and had heard the New Song. She stood far above me, and if she could not understand my music it would be from the same reason that a grown man can not comprehend the words of a lisping, stammering child. She had that language in its fullness. I had it only in its crudest rudiments.

Now Bice learned my words and followed me. She knew my utterance. I was the master, she the disciple. But here was one who could lead me. I would be the follower and disciple. From her I could learn more than in all my life I could ever discover by my own unassisted efforts.

It was mine, therefore, to struggle to overcome the lisping, stammering utterance of my purely earthly music; to gain from her some knowledge of the mood of that holier, heavenly expression, so that at last I might be able in some degree to speak to this exile the language of the home which she loved: that we, by holding commune in this language, might rise together to a higher spiritual realm, and that she in her solitude might receive at least some associate.

So I proposed to her to come back and stay with me again. She consented at once.

Before that memorable evening I purified my heart by fasting and prayer. I was like one who was seeking to ascend into heaven to take part in that celestial communion, to join in the new song, the music of the angels.

By fasting and prayer I sought to ascend and to find thoughts and fit utterance for those thoughts. I looked upon my office as similar to that of the holy prophets of old, I felt that I had a power of utterance if the Divine One would only inspire.

I fasted and prayed that so I might reduce this grosser material frame, and sharpen and quicken every nerve, and stimulate every fibre of the brain. So alone could I most nearly approach to the commune of spirits. Thus had those and prophets of old done when they had entered upon the search after this communion, and they had received their reward, even the visitation of angels and the vision of the blessed.

A prophet—yes—now, in these days, it is left for the prophet to utter forth his inspiration by no other way than that of music.

So I fasted and prayed. I took up the words from the holy priesthood, and I said, as they say:

Munda cor meum, ac labia mea, Omnipotens Deus, qui labia Isaine prophetae, calculo mundastic ignito!

For so Isaiah had been exalted till he heard the language of heaven, the music of the seraphim.

She, my divinity, my adored, enshrined again in my house, bore herself as before—kind to me and gentle beyond all expression, but with thoughts of her own that placed between us a gulf as wide as that which separates the mortal from the immortal.

On that evening she was with me in the parlor which looks out upon the Northwest Arm. The moon shone down there, the dark, rocky hills on the opposite side rose in heavy masses. The servants were away in the city. We were alone.

Ah my Cremona! if a material instrument were ever able to utter forth sounds to which immortals might listen, thou best gift of my father, thou canst utter them!

"You are pale," said she, for she was always kindly and affectionate as a mother with a child, as a guardian angel with his ward. "You are pale. You always forgot yourself for others, and now you suffer anxiety for me. Do you suffer? I have my consolations."

I did not make any reply, but took my Cremona, and sought to lift up my soul to a level with hers, to that lofty realm where her spirit ever wandered, that so I might not be comfortless. She started at the first tone that I struck forth, and looked at me with her large earnest eyes. I found my own gaze fixed on her's, rapt and entranced. Now there came at last the inspiration so longed for, so sought for. It came from where her very soul looked forth into mine, out of the glory of her lustrous, spiritual eyes. They grew brighter with an almost immortal radiance, and all my heart rose up till it seemed ready to burst in the frenzy of that inspired moment.

Now I felt the spirit of prophesy, I felt the afflatus of the inspired sibyl or seer, and the voice of music which for a lifetime I had sought to utter forth now at last sounded as I longed that it should sound.

I exulted in that sound. I knew that at last I had caught the tone, and from her. I knew its meaning and exulted as the poet or the musician must always exult when some idea sublimer than any which he has ever known is wafted over his upturned spiritual gaze.

She shared my exultation. There came over her face swiftly like a flash, like the lightning flash, an expression of surprise and joy, as the face of the exile lightens up at the throbbing of his heart, when, in some foreign land, he suddenly and unexpectedly hears the sound of his own language.

So his eyes light up, and his heart beats faster, and even amidst the very longing after home the desire after that home is appeased by these its most hallowed associations.

And the full meaning of that eloquent gaze of hers as her soul looked into mine became all apparent to me. "Speak on," it said: "sound on, oh strains of the language of my home! Unheard so long, now heard at last."

I knew that I was comprehended. Now all the feelings of the melancholy months came rushing over my heart, and all the holiest ideas which had animated my life came thronging into my mind, bursting forth into tones, as though of their own accord, involuntarily, as words come forth in a dream.

"Oh thou," I said, in that language which my own lips could not utter—"oh thou whom I saved from the tomb, the life to which I restored thee is irksome, but there remains a life to which at last thou shalt attain.

"Oh thou," I said, "whose spirit moves among the immortals, I am mortal yet immortal! My soul seeks communion with them. I yearn after this communion. Life here on earth is no more dear to me than to thee. Help me to rise above it. Thou hast been on high, show me too the way.

"Oh thou," who hast seen things ineffable, impart to me thy confidence. Let me know thy secret. Receive me as the companion of thy soul. Shut not thyself up in solitude. Listen, I can speak thy language.

"Attend," I cried, "for it is not for nothing that the Divine One has sent thee back. Live not these mortal days in loneliness and in uselessness. Regard thy fellow mortals and seek to bless them. Thou hast learned the mystery of the highest. Let me be thine interpreter. All that thou hast learned I will communicate to man.

"Rise up," I cried, "to happiness and to labor. Behold! I give thee a purpose in life. Blend thy soul with mine, and let me utter thy thoughts so that men shall hear and understand. For I know that the highest truth of highest Heavens means nothing more than love. Gather up all thy love, let it flow forth to thy fellowmen. This shall be at once the labor and the consolation of thy life."

Now all this, and much more—far more—was expressed in the tones that flowed from my Cremona. It was all my heart. I came forth. It was apprehended by her. I saw it, and I exulted. Her eyes dilated more widely—my words were not unworthy of her hearing. I was then able to tell something which could rouse her from her stupor. Oh, music! Divine Music! What power thou hast over the soul!

There came over her face an expression which I had never seen before: one of peace ineffable—the peace that passeth understanding. Ah me! I seemed to draw her to myself. For she rose and walked toward me. And a great calm came over my own soul. My Cremona spoke of peace—soft, sweet and deep: the profound peace that dwelleth in the soul which has its hope in fruition. The tone widened into sweet modulation—sweet beyond all expression.

She was so close that she almost touched me. Her eyes were still fixed on mine. Tears were there, but not tears of sorrow. Her face was so close to mine that my strength left me. My arms dropped downward. The music was over.

She held out her hand to me. I caught it in both of mine, and wet it with my tears.

"Paolo," said she in a voice of musical tone; "Paolo, you are already one of us. You speak our language."

"You have taught me something which flows from love—duty. Yes, we will labor together; and they who live on high will learn even in their radiant home to envy us poor mortals."

I said not a word, but knelt; and holding her hand still, I looked up at her in grateful adoration.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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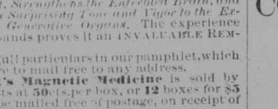

Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking, and all Druggists every where. 15y.

I. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Reglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.

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A great variety of Clocks, and all first-class value. Fine Walnut Clocks at very low figures.

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The largest stock in town, and the choicest brands. All kinds of produce taken. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

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having a much larger stock than heretofore, and having bought at prices which enable him to sell at very lowest figures. Remember the stand

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ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.

All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice Soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

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LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS.

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OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,

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and all who wish to

SAVE MONEY,

at at the same time get their clothes made in

FIRST-CLASS STYLE,

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Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.

For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none.

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And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

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SARSAPARILLA
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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

And for Purifying the Blood.

It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all diseases that arise from a disordered Liver or impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

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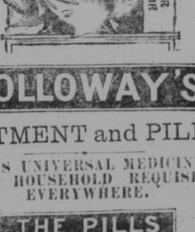

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PURIFY THE BLOOD, impart tone to the NERVOUS SYSTEM, and act most powerfully on the

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HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

It heals every kind of SORE, ULCER and WOUND more certainly than any other known salve. Its marvellous penetrating powers render it invaluable in all

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Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 533, OXFORD STREET LONDON, and sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 22d., and 33s. each Box and Pot, and in Canada at 36 cents, 90 cents, and $1.50, and the larger sizes in proportion.

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Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
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