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prominent physicians to be
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sad CURE of all
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ever forty years; and when
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Bronchitis, Influenza,
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RACINE, Esq.,
"Having experienced the
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favor. It is a preparation
to be acknowledged as the
HOOPING COUGH,
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Sir,
this since a little daughter
was taken with Whooping
form, and nothing we could
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y a bottle of Dr. Wistar's
three hours after she had
greatly relieved, and in less
cured, and is now well.
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P. GUITTE,
Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.
Lozenges, Singers,
is requires an unusual one,
find this the ONLY Restor
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to pass over the irritated
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pain at once, and reduces
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Poetry.

AUTUMN EVENINGS.

If we could live as we have lived;
If time had left no stain;
If we could dream the holy dreams
Of childhood's days again;
If once again we rushed to cull
The wild flowers joyously;
How sweet, and bright, and beautiful,
These autumn eves would be!

Oh! blessed, blessed be the hours,
Although they linger not,
When pure and sinless hearts were ours,
By mount, and stream, and grot;
When reckless in the moonshine cool,
We bounded joyously;
How sweet, and bright, and beautiful,
Those ev'nings used to be!

Interesting Tale.

THE SCENE PAINTER'S WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I won't take your answer now," he said very seriously. "I shall wait for you at the door to-night. You can't mean to break my heart, Caroline; the answer must be yes."

She broke away from him hurriedly. "Hark," she said, "there's the overtire; and in half an hour I must be upon the stage."

I passed the captain in the dark passage, and a few paces farther on passed some one else whose face I could not see, but whose short hurried breathing sounded like that of a person who had been running. We brushed against one another as we passed, but the man took notice of me.

Half an hour afterwards I was lounging in a corner of the ring while Caroline went through her performances with the tiger. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual place, with a bouquet in his hand. It was New-Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all round for some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, ashy pale and fixed as death—a face that meant mischief.

"He has heard something against his wife," I thought. "I'll run round to him directly I can get out of the ring, and make matters square. Some confounded scandal-monger has got hold of him, and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline and the captain." I knew there had been a good deal of talk in the theatre about the two—talk which I had done my best to put down.

Captain Jocelyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a coquettish smile and a bright upward glance that seemed to express profound delight. I knew that this was mere stage-play; but how must it have looked to the jealous man, glaring with fixed eyes from his place at the back of the pit! I turned to look at him as the curtain fell upon the stage, but he was gone. He was going round to speak to his wife, no doubt. I left the ring immediately, and went to prepare her for the interview, and, if needful, to stand between her and her husband's anger.

I found her at the wing, trifling with her bouquet in an absent way.

"Have you seen Joe?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "He hasn't come back, has he? I didn't expect him for a week."

"I know, my dear; but he was in front just now, looking as pale as a ghost. I'm afraid some one has been talking to him about you.

She looked rather frightened when I said this.

"They can't say any harm of me, if they speak the truth," she said. "I wonder Joe didn't come straight to me though, instead of going to the front of the house."

We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline through her equestrian performance, and saw that she was a little nervous about Joe's return. She did not favor the captain with many more smiles that evening, and she told me to be ready for her at the stage-door ten minutes before the performance was over.

"I want to give Captain Jocelyn the slip," she said; "but I daresay Joe will come to me before I'm ready."

Joe did not appear, however, and she went home with me. I met the captain on my way back, and he asked me if I had been seeing Mrs. Waylie home. I told him yes, and that her husband had come home. Joe had not arrived at the lodgings, however, when Caroline went in, and I returned to the theatre to look for him. The stage-door was shut when I went back; so I supposed that Joe had gone home by another way, or was out drinking. I went to bed that night very uneasy in my mind about Caroline and her husband.

There was an early rehearsal of a new interlude next morning, and Caroline came into the theatre five minutes after I got there. She looked pale and ill. Her husband had not been home.

"I think it must have been a mistake of yours about Joe," she said to me. "I don't think it could have been him you saw in the pit last night."

"I saw him as surely as I see you at this moment, my dear," I answered. "There's no possibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night, and Joe was in the pit while you were on with the tiger."

This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly, and began to tremble.

"Why didn't he come home to me?" she cried, "and where did he hide himself last night?"

"I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear."

"Joe never drinks," she answered.

While she stood looking at me with that pale scared face, one of our young men came running towards us,

You're wanted, Waters, he said shortly.

Where?

Upstairs in the painting-room.

Joe's room! cried Caroline. Then he has come back. I'll go with you.

She was following me as I crossed the stage, but the young man tried to stop her.

You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie, he said in a hurried way that was strange to him. It's only Waters that's wanted on a matter of business. And then, as Caroline followed close upon us, he took hold of my arm and whispered, "Don't let her come."

I tried to keep her back, but it was no use.

I know it's my husband who wants you, she said. They've been making mischief about me. You shan't keep me away from him.

We were on the narrow stairs leading to the painting-room by this time. I couldn't keep Caroline off. She pushed past both of us, and ran into the room before we could stop her.

Serve her right, muttered my companion. It's all her doing.

I heard her scream as I came to the door. There was a little crowd in the painting-room round a quiet figure lying on a bench, and there was a ghastly pool of blood upon the floor. Joseph Waylie had cut his throat.

He must have done it last night, said the manager. There's a letter for his wife on the table yonder.—Is that you, Mrs. Waylie? A bad business, isn't it? Poor Joseph!

Caroline knelt down by the side of the bench, and stopped there on her knees, as still as death, till the room was clear of all but me.

They think I deserve this, Waters, she said, lifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, where she had hidden it; but I meant no harm. Give me the letter.

You'd better wait a bit, my dear, I said.

No, no; give it to me at once, please.

I gave her the letter. It was very short. The scene-painter had come back to the theatre in time to hear some portion of that interview between Captain Jocelyn and his wife. He evidently had believed her much more guilty than she was.

"I think you must know how I loved you, Caroline," he wrote; "I can't face life with the knowledge that you've been false to me."

Of course there was an inquest. We worked it so that the jury gave a verdict of temporary insanity, and poor Joe was buried decently in the cemetery outside the town. Caroline sold the watch and the bracelet that Captain Jocelyn had given her, in order to pay for her husband's funeral. She was very quiet, and went on with the performances as usual a week after Joe's death, but I could see a great change in her. The rest of the company were very hard upon her, as I thought, blaming her for her husband's death, and she was under a cloud, as it were, but she looked as handsome as ever, and went through all her performances in her old daring way. I'm sure, though, that she grieved sincerely for Joe's death, and that she had never meant to do him wrong.

We travelled all through the next summer, and late in November went in Homersleigh. Caroline felt seemed happier while we were away, I thought, and when we were going back, she confessed as much to me.

I've got a kind of dread of seeing that place again, she said; "I'm always dreaming of the painting-room as it looked that January morning with the cold light streaming in upon that dreadful figure on the bench. The room's scarcely been out of my dreams one night since I've been away from Homersleigh; and now I dread going back as if—as if he was shut up there."

The room was not a particularly convenient one, and had been used for lumber after Joe's death. The man who came after him didn't care to paint there by himself all day long. On the first morning of our return, Caroline went up and looked in at the dusty heap of disused stage furniture and broken properties. I met her coming away from the room.

O, Mr. Waters, she said to me with real feeling, "if he had only waited to hear me speak for myself! They all think I deserved what happened, and perhaps I did, as far as it was a punishment for my frivolity; but Joe didn't deserve such a fate. I know it was their malicious talk that did the mischief."

I fancied after this that her looks changed for the worse, and that she had a kind of nervous way in going through her equestrian performances as if there was a fever upon her. I couldn't judge so well how she went through the tiger act, as I was never on the stage with her, but the brute seemed as submissive as ever. On the last day of the year she asked our manager to let her off for the next night. "It's the anniversary of my husband's death," she said.

I didn't know you were so precious fond of him, he answered with a sneer. "No, Mrs. Waylie, we can't afford to dispense with your services to-morrow night. The tiger act is one of our strong features with the gallery, and I expect a full house on New Year's night."

She begged him very hard to let her off, but it was no use. There was no rehearsal on New-Year's morning, and she went to the little cemetery where Joe was buried, a three mile's walk in the cold and rain. In the evening, when she came to the wing her eyes were brighter than usual, and she shivered a good deal, more than I liked to see.

I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery to-day, she said to me when I noticed this. I wish I could have kept this night sacred—this one night—to my husbands memory. He has been in my mind so much to day.

She went on, and I stood at the wing watching her. The audience applauded vociferously, but she did not make her accustomed courtesy; and she went about her work in a listless way that was very different from her usual spirited manner. The animal seemed to know this, and when she had got about half-way through her tricks with him, he began to respond to her word of command in a sulky unwilling manner that I didn't like. This made her angry, and she used her light whip more freely than usual.

One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Caroline held for him. She was kneeling in the centre of the stage with this garland in her hands, ready for the animal's spring, when her eyes wandered to the front of the house, and she rose suddenly with a shrill scream, and her arms outstretched wildly. Whether the sulky brute thought that she was going to strike him or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her as she rose, and in the next moment she was lying on the ground helpless, and the audience screaming with terror. I rushed upon the stage with a dozen others, and we had the brute muzzled and roped in a few breathless moments, but not before he had torn Caroline's cheek and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her off the stage, and she was confined to her bed three months after the accident with brain fever. When she came among us again she had lost every vestige of color, and her face had that set look which you must have observed just now.

The fright of her encounter with the tiger gave her that look, I said; I don't much wonder at it.

Not a bit of it, answered the clown. That's the curious part of the story. She didn't think anything of her skirmish with the tiger, though it quite spoilt her beauty. What frightened her was the sight of her husband sitting in the pit, as he had sat there a year before, on the night of his death. Of course you'll say it was a delusion, and so say I. But she declares she saw him sitting amongst the crowd—amongst them and yet not one of them, somehow, with a sort of ghastly light upon his face that marked him out from the rest. It was the sight of him that made her drop her garland and give that scream and rush that frightened the tiger. You see she had been brooding upon his death for a long time, and no doubt she conjured up his image out of her own brain as it were. She's never been quite the same since that fever; but she has plenty of pluck, and there's scarcely anything she can't do now with Babar the tiger, and I think she's fonder of him than of any human creature, in spite of the scar on her cheek.

A GOOD STORY OF A MINISTER.—Rev. W. H. Murry, of Boston and the Adirondacks dresses very unclerical. One day while riding out, he was mistaken by a gentleman whom he met, for a professional jockey. The gentleman condescended to 'talk horse' with him, but when a few days later, Mr. Murray met the gentleman with a lady and bowed to him, it was more than Boston aristocracy could stand. The gentleman met Mr. Murray a few days later, and, lifting himself to the full height of an American aristocrat, he informed that jockey that he was willing enough to chat with him about horses, but that Mr Murray must never recognize him again when he was accompanied by a lady. Mr Murray listened to the warning, and then performed the very un jockey like action of handing his card to the astonished and confounded denizen of Beacon street.

American Snobbishness.

The Grand Duke Alexis, having duly gone through with the state reception, breakfast and ball, arranged for him on Monday last by his Philadelphia hosts, heard of a certain Methodist Fair which was going on in the city, and expressed a desire to visit it, to the great disgust of the receiving committee. A Fair, with its pretty girls and pincushions, was beneath the contempt of even ex-Mayors or Generals, much less an Imperial Highness. The Imperial Highness however, had his own way, went to the Fair, flirted with the prettiest saleswomen, bought slippers and paperknives, threw about his greenbacks with as keen an appreciation of fun as any other lad, and as the Philadelphians report with amazement, "appeared to enjoy himself there as he had not done since he came to this city."

It seems to us that not only Philadelphians but all Americans might take a hint here as to their misapprehension of the aim of true hospitality. The fact is, that we are the only nation under heaven ashamed of being our selves in the eyes of strangers. The Englishman welcomes his guest to his heavy dinners; the Frenchman offers the exquisite plats of his dejeuners or the evening wit and eau-sucree of the salons; the Italian, music and half lights in the conversazione. They do not alter in one whit their ordinary habit or manner for his coming or going. But let a foreigner of note come among us, and while we display our ships and shops and schools as unmistakably our own, we betray a frantic haste to alter our manners, dress and meals into what we conceive to be the usage of good society in Europe. So far was this ambition carried in Philadelphia, (as to New York, we never mention it,) that some dozen of the merchants and publishers who were his hosts sat and ate apart with the Grand Duke, after the court fashion, while the remainder of his entertainers herded together and looked hungrily and enviously on. What explanation was offered for this division into castes of the "sovereigns," we know not.

The truth is, that Americans have so often been laughed at as ill-bred that we slip into these grossly vulgar mistakes in trying to prove our good breeding. We occupy precisely the position among the nations, that an nouveau riche does in society when he tries to establish his rank by talking of his acquaintances. If we could but remember one broad fact, we could regain our composure and self-respect; which is that every nation has and ought to have its own habits and manner as well as traits of character, and it is to see and study these in our simple, unaffected home lives that foreigners come among us, not to be treated to tawdry imitation of court forms of which we know nothing. The Russian Duke, no doubt gained a better idea of our real every-day manner, the delicacy or lack of it in our women, the habit of social intercourse between the sexes, in his morning at the Methodist Fair than in a dozen speech making balls and banquets.

This habit of temporary disguise follows into all fashionable hospitality. A man who has gone through a winter in New York or Philadelphia can testify of so many balls, breakfasts dinners, receptions, precisely alike. There were the same decorations the same dances the same dishes, and to a certain extent the same guests. At home and alone we are ourselves. Every family (that weighs any weight in the world) has its idiosyncrasy, its favorite dishes, way of cooking; some peculiarities of habit of every day routine, of talking of ideas that set it apart and give it an original flavor, differing from its neighbors. True hospitality would be to open our house only to such as we chose should know us as we are, but to open it to them freely and unreservedly. When once a year or once a week we fill it with a mob from garret to cellar, to whom we give dance-music and a supper, our hospitality extends but from our pockets to their feet and stomachs. But when the cover is laid daily for the chance guest who is free to look into the arcana of our inner family life, we bid him welcome to our best thought and to whatever fruit life has borne for us of domestic love and integrity. Some day perhaps, American hospitality may reach this high level and escape the rule of dancing masters and restaurateurs.—N. Y. Tribune.

Surprise parties are very pleasant things if properly understood But if they are mistaken for anything else the consequences are apt to be a trifle awkward, to say the least. A large company of ladies and gentlemen in Bridgeport arranged one of these parties the other night and carried with them an unlimited quantity of provisions, expecting to have a fine supper. But the lady surprised, supposed the affair to be a sort of donation visit, and very coolly deposited the good things in the pantry. The party waited till 3 a. m., for supper to be ready, but no signs of preparations being visible, they departed as "hungry as bears," and are likely to have their next party better understood.

A beautiful blonde of Kansas City, wife of a prominent citizen, went the round of the gambling dens in male attire, the other evening, took a few cards, and came away a few thousands better—financially.

They have a pleasing and pretty custom in the United States, of visiting their married friends, on certain anniversaries of their marriage, and presenting them with costly and valuable proofs of their esteem. The following copied from the "Boston Traveller" is a case in point. Mrs. Bowen, the lady mentioned, is a native of St. Andrews, and a daughter of the late Mr. Willard:—

Boston Highlands.

SILVER WEDDING.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of H. W. Bowen, Esq and wife, was celebrated last evening in a very enjoyable way. A large company of their friends (whose name is legion) gathered in the vestry of the Winthrop street M. E. Church armed with sundry silver and other missiles, prepared to surprise and overcome the worthy couple as soon as they should be decoyed within the walls. First in order came host of artisans from the celebrated organ factory of Messrs E. & G. G. Hooke & Hastings, of which Mr. Bowen is the esteemed superintendent. These brought with them a valuable silver tea set of rare workmanship. This was supplemented by a letter of congratulation and compliment from Messrs. H & H covering a check for $100. Next in order came a delegation from the Washington Lodge of Free Masons, bearing a beautiful bronze clock to time off the next twenty five years. Following these came the ladies of the Wesleyan Benevolent Association of the Winthrop street Church, with a silver cake basket of rare design, and a goodly number of solid silver spoons for Mrs. Bowen, the worthy president of the society. Lastly the teachers of the Sabbath school, of which Mr. Bowen is assistant superintendent and choirister, asserted their right to be accounted friends by temptingly displaying twenty new dollars of the latest coinage. The worthy couple were received with a storm of congratulations on their arrival, and their surprise was complete as they received the hearty good wishes of those present, and their beautiful gifts. An address by Mr. Bowen's friends at the factory, expressive of the high estimation in which he is held by them, was read by Rev. S. F. Upham, who also made an appropriate presentation speech on their behalf. Mrs. Upham presented the gift of the ladies in a very neat address, John Newton, Esq., presented the clock on behalf of the Lodge, and W. F. Stetson represented the teachers.

The recipients handsomely acknowledged their surprise, and feelingly tendered their thanks. A bountiful collation was spread, to which full justice was done, after which music, recitations and a poem filled up the time until a late hour, when the company separated, well pleased with the evenings entertainment.

HOME CONVERSATION Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents which are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own firesides. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

Visiting Barnum's Show in New York last week and finding a hyena which was chained by the neck to the floor of his cage, Mr. Bergh insisted on his release. On Saturday night it was accomplished. The creature during the night, gnawed his way through the wall to a neighboring cage, and there undertook to eat up at once a tiger and a leopard; but the two together reciprocated his carnivorous attentions, and the three parted, damaged The hyena then broke out, and ravaged the rink, killing one valuable camel, biting nice tender loins out of couple of ponies, and spreading dismay throughout the animal kingdom, until the keepers came in the morning.

New York claims him now—The one hundred and thirteen years-old man who voted for all the Presidents, saws wood, was the groom of Washington, body-servant of Jackson, coachman of Jefferson and barber to Franklin. He walks twenty-two miles every morning before breakfast, has used rum and tobacco for eighty-five years, and never was sick a day in his life. His teeth are in the highest state of preservation, he can read agate type by moonlight, and can hear the lowest whisper at a distance of several miles, ect., ect.

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