From the Catholic; World. RACHEL'S FATE.

A TALE OF CAPE ANN.

Once upon a time there lived on Cape Ann, in the old colony of Massachusetts, a widow named Phebe Scudder. Her hus-band, a bold fisherman, had been lost at sea, leaving her, besides a small farm of forty acres, three little children to care for

The house in which the widow dwelt had been built from the timber of a wreck, and a snug, substantial abode it was. In front of the door in summer-time bloomed a wilderness of hollyhock and sunflowers, encircled by a gravelly path bordered with shells of various colors; morning-glories clambered all about the quaint, diamond-shaped windows; while inside the dwelling was a huge fireplace broad enough for a bench on either side of the backlog, where one might sit and spin yarns and gaze up

In this chimney one winter evening in In this chimney one winter evening in the year 1749 were esconced two boys and three girls listening to a story which one of their number was telling. The speaker was a sunburnt urchin of twelve years of age, whose real name nobody knew; for he had been the only living being saved from the ill-fated ship whose timbers, as we have said, had gone to make this humble home, and at the time of his rescue he was merely an infant. But his playhe was merely an infant. But his play fellows had christened him Dick, and se the rest of the world called him Dick, too.
By his side sat Rachel, the prettiest of Mrs.
Scudder's daughters, while on the opposite
bench were her sisters, Grace and Phebe, squeezing between them another boy

amed Sam Bowline.
It must have been an interesting tale that Dick was telling, for the widow ever and anon would stop her spinning-wheel to listen; and then by and by as he came to the end she shook her head and exclaimed: "Dick! Dick! you are incorrigible—always talking about some distant lands and undiscovered islands, horrid monsters of the deep and wicked pirates. Why can't you keep your fancy on dry land—on some pretty farm where the corn grows and the birds sing?"

and the birds sing?"
"Oh! but, mother, it was so interesting,"
cried the three little girls at one breath.
"And I shall dream about your story all
night long," added Rachel, a blue-eyed,
gentle creature, Dick's very contrast in
everything; perhaps for this very reason
she was his favorite. favorite.

e was his lavorite. "And the bark was never heard of again -never heard of again," put in Sam Bow-line, in a musing tone, like one who thinks

"And what a big serpent was chasing the bark!" spoke Phebe with a shudder. Here they were interrupted by an odd, dere they were interrupted by an odd, croaking voice which proceeded from a dark corner of the room, while at the same moment a broad flame leaped up from beneath the backlog, revealing the figure of a raven perched on top of a clock. "Old Harry is right," said Mrs. Scudder—" 'no place like home.' And if your father, girls, had not loved the stormy sea so much if he had remained ashere and cult. much, if he had remained ashore and cultivated his farm, I might not have been a widow to-day." Presently the clock struck nine, and with the exclamation, "Bless me! how late it is," the good wo-man hurried her daughters to bed, and Dick likewise; for the boy had been adopted by her, and she treated him as one Sam Bowline," she said, "you may have a bed here to-night, for it is snowing and amine it.

blowing great guns."
"Oh! I can find my way home in spite "Oh! I can find my way home in spite of the storm," replied Sam, a good-natured lad with red hair and a freekled face. So saying, he quitted his comfortable nook in the chimney corner and moved towards the door. But before he got to it the raven in a bluefish, and has helped me take in a pull me acquiring up." Than the control of the storm, and the storm of the storm, and the storm, said Phebe. "Not so pretty!" exclaimed Sam indigating. "O Dick! who said Rachel. "Would a queen!" he answer obedient subjects under gold and diamonds?" flew down from its perch and overtook him. Then, while Sam stooped to scratch pass out. "Many and many an hour did I spend teaching him to articulate these words, in the hope that they might influence my dear husband to 'stay at home. O Sam! I hope you will be wise; stay on your father's farm; do not go to sea—no place like home."

Sam grinned, but you?

Week."

"Indeed!" said Phebe, lifting her eyebrows but not her eyes. "Well, pray, what sort of a girl is she?"; "She is deaf, dumb, and blind," replied Sam, trying his best not to laugh.

"Poor creature! And how old is she?" Has she a happy home?"

Has she a happy home?"

"Indeed!" said Phebe, lifting her eyebrows but not her eyes. "Well, pray, what sort of a girl is she?"; "She is deaf, dumb, is observed to scream still within least. But the bird's head, it again croaked, "No

place like home."

Sam grinned, but made no response. Then, pulling his cap far over his ears and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, "Good night, dame," he said. And off he

The story which Dick had related this your name."

Your name."

"Naughty boy!" exclaimed Phebe, evening was only one of many stories wherewith he entertained his young friends during the winter; and by the time spring came round, and the sun-flowers and morning-glories began to bud, Mrs. Scudder had pretty well made up her mind that nothing she might say or Old Harry might croak would keep this restless mortal from going to sea.

Dreary as the widow's homestead might Dreary as the widow's homestead might appear in the winter-time, it was not wanting in loveliness when the meadow behind the house became green and the air was full of the sweet warbling of bobolinks. Thither from a row of old-fashioned straw hives flew the busy bees, and in this meadow Sam Bowline and the girls loved to chase the butterflies. But sometimes the bees chased them, for Dick now and then threw stones at the hives. And in this meadow Sam Bowline and the girls loved to chase the butterflies. But sometimes the bees chased them, for Dick now and then threw stones at the hives. And whenever Sam or Phebe, or Grace got stung he would laugh and clap his hands; it was only when they hurt blue-eyed Rachel that he felt sorry for his mischief.

One May morning, while the sisters were waiting for their playfellow Sam to arrive—it was a Saturday—Phebe said: "I wonder where Dick is?" Scarcely had she spoken when her mother's voice was pressed his lips to her glowing check,

had climbed to the top of the dead pinetree which stood on a sandy knoll between the house and the ocean, and, after stealing the eggs, had wantonly pulled the nest apart just for the fun of seeing it tumble to the ground.

'Alas! that may bring ill-luck," sighed "I almost wish Dick was gone

luck to destroy a fish-hawk's nest," spoke a voice behind them, and turning, they saw Sam Bowline approaching.
"Bad luck? bad luck? Ha! ha! ha!"

what was said to him.

The five playmates now bent their steps towards the beach; they advanced hand in land, kicking up the sand with their bare feet and laughing merrily at a couple of snipe which they drove before them, and which Dick declared he liked ten times

better than the bobolinks. "For snipe," he said, "are fond of wading in the water, just as I am." But Sam and the girls were as fond of this sport as he was; and this morning, as soon as they reached the strand, into the surf they dashed after venturesome Dick, who always led the way. Backwards and forwards they skipped and played for about a quarter of an hour, chased by the breakers, which sometimes nearly overtook

hem.

At length came a wave higher than any of the others. "Be quick! be quick! be quick! Don't let it catch you," shouted Rachel to Grace. But Grace was the youngest—the weakest; she was too slow; in another moment the breakers circled over her and moment the breakers circled over her and knocked her off her feet. Then when the seething waters receded they drew the child with them. She cried for help; Phebe and Rachel shrieked, while Sam and Dick hastened to the rescue. But before they could reach poor Grace another huge pillow had completed the work of the first and carried her still further away. Indeed the brave boys were well nigh drowned themselves in trying to save her.

It was a mournful procession which in a little while wended its way to the widow's home; and as Dick passed beneath the dead pine-tree the fish-hawk was screaming wildly for her ravished nest. But he was too exhausted even to fling a

But he was too exhausted even to fling a

stone at the angry bird.

Poor Mrs. Scudder! At first she could scarcely believe her senses when she counted only four children returning. Where was the fifth? Where was her darling Grace? How suddenly this new woe had come upon her!
"I hate the ocean!" she moaned. "I

hate it, I hate it! It robbed me of my husband; now it has taken away my Grace." Dick tried to utter something in defence of the sea, but he could not. He dropped on the floor, and so did Sam; while Old Harry hopped between them, croaking, "No place like home—no place like home."

"How time does fly!" spoke Phebe to Sam Bowline, as they were seated one morning side by side on a fallen tree—the same old pine which Dick had once climbed to plunder and destroy the fish-hawk's

nest.
"Yes it is almost nine years since Grace was drowned," answered Sam, "yet it seems only yesterday." "What happy days those were before Grace left us!" pursued Phebe.
"Very. But these days are happier still," said her companion, turning his freekled face towards her and striving to catch her glance. But Phebe's dark eve

reckied face towards her and striving to catch her glance. But Phebe's dark eye had fallen on a wild cranberry vine at her feet, and you might have thought that she had not heard his words, except for a crimson spot which suddenly glowed on her cheek.

"What a sunburnt hand you have!" continued Sam, now taking one of her hands in his and holding it up as if to ex-

"It is not so pretty as the soft, white hands of the girls you meet in Marblehead,"

na bluetish, and has helped me take in a gold and diamonds?" reef when a squall was coming up." Then, after a pause, during which Phebe's heart "Heavens! Dick, what do you mean?" "Heavens! Dick, what do you mean?" "I mean that I can make you a queen, if you will," pursued Dick, still holding fast to her wrists. "And I shall be a

Has she a happy home?" "She is very young and has no home, unless it be the Pacific Ocean are many beautiful islands

bending to pluck a leaf off the vine. "And when I kissed her I could not see her blush For the paint that was on her cheek," said Sam. At this Phebe laughed.

"But now, to stop joking," he added, "the Phebe Scudder that I kissed is a schooner which I built and called after the girl I loved best in the world." Here Sam thead his other hard world." Here Sam thead his other hard worn Phebe's head.

les any more," answered Phebe in tremulous accents.

One May morning, while the sisters were waiting for their playfellow Sam to arrive—it was a Saturday—Phebe said: "I wender where Dick is ?" Scarcely had she spoken when her mother's voice was heard crying out: "Dick! Dick! don't destroy the fish hawk's nest. Let it be, let it be, you naughty boy!" But it was too late. At the risk of his neck Dick had climbed to the top of the dead pinehim on the top of the clock-hopped upon

Sam's shoulder.

"What a pet you are!" said Sam, scratching the bird's head. "He likes you and dislikes Dick," went on Phebe. "And I must confess I do not like Dick either." "Why not, my love?" inquired Sam. Mrs. Scudder, as she went back to her cause—because I know Dick has persuaded you not to be a farmer." Here the young woman paused a moment, while her bosom the tree.

"But mother will scold you for destroying the nest," answered Rachel. "It was ever so old, and every year the birds care."

"But mother will scold you for destroying the nest," answered Rachel. "It was ever so old, and every year the birds care."

"A same and pumpkins? Why must you sail off to distant lands—perhaps never come lack?"

ever so old, and every year the birds came back to it—every year."

"Never come back! Oh! have no fear of that," said Sam. "The Phebe Scudder

"I've heard pop say that it brought bad is a staunch craft, well built and wholesome, exactly like her namesake; and I am sure she will be lucky, too. Why, who knows, I may discover a new island like the one Dick told us about in one of laughed Dick, who seemed to care little his stories, where the pebbles on the beach what was said to him. farm be a better gold-mine?" inquired Phebe. "And then I could help you work it, and we should see each other every

it, and we sould hour of the day." "Dear Phebe," answered Sam, kissing "Dear Phebe," answered Sam, kissing away a tear, "let us not make this happy hour unhappy by talking about my departure. Of one thing be assured: I will make short cruises; I will try to visit you every six months: and you must let me take Old Harry with me—for the words which your mother has taught him to pronounce will keep reminding me of

my home."

"Yes, you may take Old Harry" said
Phebe. "But now let us move away from
this spot. We have been sitting too long
on this fatal, lightning-blasted pine-tree
where Dick once brought bad luck upon where Dick once brought bad lack upon us. I am superstitious. Let us go! So saying, they rose and proceeded towards Phebe's home.
During this interesting interview between Sam Bowline and Phebe another

between Sam Bowline and Phebe another couple might have been observed conversing together about a quarter of a mile away. These two were Dick and Rachel. But first let us know how they met this morning. Rachel, we know, had been Dick's favorite as a child. But now, when she was just budding into womanhood, her beauty surpassed even his most extravagant dreams. She was not bronzed by the sun like Phebe—her cheeks resembled a peach; her eyes were blue as the bled a peach; her eyes were blue as the summer sky, and her golden hair was like the hair of mermaids whom Dick used to tell of in his romantic tales. But Rachel had never appeared so bewitching to Dick as she did to-day, when he arrived from Marblehead after an absence of several months and discovered her swimming just within the outer breaker. Carried away by admiration, he waded in the water up to his waist. But he could not reach her, while Rachel shook the spray off her tresses and laughed merrily at him. "Come ashore! come ashore!" cried the enchanted youth. Whereupon Rachel, taking pity on him, and looking never so graceful in her chaste, home-made bathing-robe,

on him, and looking never so graceful in her chaste, home-made bathing-robe, went ashore, and together they walked in the direction of a clump of cedars. "I am glad to see you back," spoke Rachel. "And I am overjoyed to see you," answered Dick, feasting his strange eyes upon her; they seemed to have grown wilder and more piercing during

his absence. "Did Sam Bowline come with you?" "Did Sam Bowline come with you?" inquired Rachel. "Yes; look at him yonder, sauntering towards the house hand-in-hand with Phebe." "Hand-in-hand, sure enough," murmured Rachel, with a faint smile. Then, after watching them a moment, "Well, what have you both been doing in Marblehead?" "Building two of the prettiest schooners that ever sailed," answered Dick. "And mine is called the Shark."

Shark."

"What a name!" exclaimed Rachel.

"Does it frighten you?" said Dick, with an almost savage grin. "Well, you might have called it the—the—"

"The Bobolink, I suppose," interrupted Dick. "No, indeed, no land name for my schooner." Presently he halted and stared at Rachel with an expression which puzzled her; his lips were firmly compressed; he seemed wrought upon by some violent emotion. And when, to her astonishment he seized her by both wrists, although his grasp was powerful, she felt him trembling. "O Dick! what is the matter?" said Rachel. "Would you like to become a queen?" he answered—"a queen with obedient subjects under you and plenty of

"Heavens! Dick, what do you mean?"

king."
"Dick, Dick, are you sober? Are you "Dick, Dick, Pachel who was tempted mad?" exclaimed Rachel, who was tempted to scream for help—Sam and Phebe were still within hearing, "Mad? Not in the least. But you must know that I have Pacific Ocean are many beautiful islands where the sky is ever blue an where the where the sky is ever blue and where the sky is ever blue and

me and be my queen?"
"What a strange idea!" ejaculated
Rachel. "But it is just what I might
have expected. You were always fond of
telling us impossible stories."

"But it need not be impossible," went on Dick. "I vow to do my part. I will conquer one of those islands. But you must sail with me to my dominion and be

all be my wife?"

"I don't mind your red hair and freck. But I—I will make you my queen whether

around her waist, and looking as radiant

as the June sky.

"You must not be downcast to day,"
spoke Phebe; "for a little while ago I
promised this dear fellow to be his wife,

promised this dear fellow to be his wife, and I want you to rejoice with us." "You have done wisely," answered Rachel. "Here, Sam, let me shake your hand."

After this kindly greeting Sam asked where Dick was: "He and I journeyed together from Marblehead. I told him this marning that I was going to propose this morning that I was going to propose to Phebe. He wished me luck, then disappeared. Where can he be?" "Have you seen him, Rachel?" inquired Mrs.

"I have just left Dick by the clump of

cedars between the beach and the fallen pine-tree," replied Rachel. "But now let me go to my room; I must dress." With this Rachel withdrew. But when she had made her toilet, instead of rejoining the others, she knelt by her bedside and prayed for Dick—Dick, whose pet she had always been—Dick who had been her child-lover. Now that he was a full-grown man, much handsomer than Sam Bowline, with an eye whose passion interest to us to find an article on this re-Bowline, with an eye whose passion pierced her through. But alas! he seemed bent on a hare-brained scheme. How would it end? What might be Dick's fate? "May the gracious Lord protect him!" said Rachel. "He asks me to sail with him thousands of miles away—to leave Cape Ann, and mother, and Phebe. O Dick! I love you, I love you, but I cannot grant you this boon. No, no, I

cannot."
In the meantime Sam Bowline had gone in quest of his friend. But no voice had answered to his repeated calls, and he returned in half an hour without

having found him.
"Something has surely happened between my sister and Dick," spoke Phebe in an undertone to her betrothed. "Rachel will not quit her room. And did you notice how flurried she looked when she

notice how flurried she looked when she came back from her bath?"
"Well, Dick intends to put to sea in a few days," answered Sam. "I guess he came here purposely to ask Rachel to marry him before he sailed, for I know he adores her. Now, if she has refused him he has doubtless returned to Marblehead and may weigh anchor before tomorrow."
"Will his cruises be short, like yours?"

said Phebe.
"I think not. He speaks of sailing round

the world." "Well, you were always a better fellow than Dick," pursued Phebe, smiling fondly on her lover, "and now I—I detest him, for I am sure it is he who persuaded you

for I am sure it is he who persuaded you to follow the sea."

Be not too severe on Dick," said Sam. "With all his odd notions, his roving temperament, his love of adventure, he has a golden heart."

Phebe shook her head, then made Sam promise that he would bring Old Harry home once or twice a year. "I will keep my promise," said Sam; "and before many years I will give up the sea and settle down s I will give up the sea and settle down on a farm.

"Yes, yes, on this dear old farm where I was born," said Phebe; then presently, with swelling bosom, she added: "O Sam, Sam i how impatiently I shall watch from the highest sand-knoll for the first glimpse of the Phebe Scudder on the horizon."

"And I shall never open my chart without turning my eyes on Cape Ann," answered Sam. Here there was a pause. Phebe, albeit this was the day of her betrothal, already keenly felt the approaching separ-ation. Sam might tarry a few golden weeks with her; but these weeks would

weeks with her; but these weeks would pass like one day; and then—
"Well, Sam," spoke Phebe, after brushing away a tear, "I want you to make me another promise—a solemn promise." "What is it?" said Sam.

mise." "What is it?" said Sam.
"Whenever night comes on take in sail," said Phebe. "I have heard that my dear father always carried too much canvas at night. It probably cost him his life. So take in sail at night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SPEAR LATIN?

1. The Church is apostolic. She is the Church of St. Peter and of the Apostles, and she has guarded with tenderness all the precious memories of the Apostles. When they parted for their mission over the four quarters of the globe, to announce to all nations the Gospel of Salvation, they found that two languages were spoken and understood by the two great di-visions of mankind—the Latin in the West and the Greek in the East. Hence they preached the faith in Latin and Greek; their teachings and their constitutions were written in those two fine languages; and the Church has preserved these monuments with a religious veneration. This is the reason why her language in the West is Latin, and Greek in the East. Yet that, which in fact is a testimony in favor of the Church, is made the

theme of reproach to her.

2. Providence had already disposed everything in advance. Latin and Greek became dead languages, and hence invariable; whereby they became wonderfully dapted to formulate the doctrines of the church, which knows no variation, because she is divine. An interesting calculation, instituted on the changes of living lan-guages, has shown that had the Church, instead of adhering to the Latin of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Mark, etc., adopted the French, she would have been obliged to modify the formula of the sacrament of Baptism one hundred and sixty times; otherwise this formula would never times; otherwise this formula would hever have expressed in the correct language the idea it must convey. By this we can form an idea of the transformations which the Credo should have undergone, to say

nothing of the degrees of primitive councils and of ancient Popes!

3. The Church speaks Latin, not only because she is unchangeable, but because she is Catholic, which means universal, and has to address herself to all times, native seasons. tions and countries. During the three of four first centuries the Latin was the lan guage of the civilized world, and, although a vernacular language it had that Catho i. e. universal character which is indisensable to the language of the Church. Whilst the world was divided into many nationalities, the Church still preserved her beautiful primitive language, and

first, she is apostolic; second, she is un-changeable; third, she is Catholic.—Mgr.

Woman And Her Diseases

s the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any adress for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, writes us June 3rd. We have sold Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for a number of years, and find nothing equal to it, for the purpose for which it is designed." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of Bowel complaints incident to Summer and Fall.

man who preached the Gospel in a time of general darkness. It is, therefore, of interest to us to find an article on this reformer and evangelist in a recent number of the London Month, from which we of the London Month, from which we obtain some particulars as to the nature of the man, and the gospel preached by him. Wyclif, the writer tells us, was no hero and showed no will to suffer for the opinions he professed. These, though dangerous and extravagant, did not interfere with his promotion or expose him to any loss or danger, and when he was stricken with paralysis, of which he died, on December 21st, he was rector of Lutterworth and was engaged in hearing Mass terworth, and was engaged in hearing Mass in his parish Church. Notwithstanding his great show of sanctity and morifica-tior, he did not scruple to conceal his opinions when he found it advantageous to do so. The more moderate members of the Church of England have been careof the Church of England have been careful not to express too warm a sympathy with him, and the Continental "Reformers" also looked upon him with suspicion. "I have looked in Wyclif" says Melancthon, "and have found many errors whereby judgment may be formed of his spirit. He neither understood nor held the justice of faith. Concerning civil dominion he wrangles like a souhist and a dominion he wrangles like a sophist and a

"Judged by his contemporaries," continues the writer of the article in the Month, "he was not popular. In temper he was harsh and over-bearing, and he made no attempt to bring this evil temper into subjection. Rash in making an assertion, he was obstinate in maintaining it when made, preferring to cling to an absurdity rather han to admit his error and abandon it.

than to admit his error and abandon it.

The influence of the Rector of Lutterworth was extremely prejudicial to the true interests of England. Under a spurious pretext of reform, Wyclif would have destroyed all legitimate power, as well political as ecclesiastical. He was ready to have sacrificed the doctrine of free will, with which would have perished all the principles of morality."

The writer then goes on to give a sketch of the reformer's doctrines, which are of an ultra evangelical cast. "Some of Wyclif's opinions," he continues, "were so eccentric that the followers of his other extravagances have not ventured to accept

travagances have not ventured to accept them. We might almost wonder for what purpose he introduced them into his sys-tem, did we not know he had a craving after the extravagant. Possibly he did so for no better reason than that they formed part of that "Fasciculus Zinzaniorium," as Thomas, of Walden, styles it, which he considered it his duty to accept from the Fallen Angel and to pass on to future ages of unbelief. There is assuredly some-thing very startling in such propositions as the following: "God," says Wyclif, "can create nothing besides what He has already created. He cannot make the world to be

larger or smaller than it is; nor can He create souls save to a definite or fixed number. He cannot annihilate anything He has created. God ought to obey the devil."

But Wyclif's speculations were not con-

But Wyclif's speculations were not confined to spiritual matters only. "If the personal will of the Wyclifite, or the private judgment of the Lollard, is to settle for him what he will believe in the matters of faith, why not in matters of civil government also! If he can be judge in the superior court, surely he can be judge in the inferior. Why should the king's crown be more sacred than the Pope's tiara? In politics, then, as in matters of religion, Wyclif claimed the right to reject all authority save his own; in other words, he claimed the right of rebellion and revolution, and he exercised it." and revolution, and he exercised it."
According to the principles of Wyclif,
"the State Church being in communion
with Rome might be destroyed, for it had thus become a part of the synagogue of Satan. Every religious Order had been introduced by the devil; to annihilate the works of the devil was to render God an acceptable service. If a Bishop or a priest were in mortal sin, he could ordain priests, nor consecrate the Euch-aristic elements, nor baptize. No one could be master over another; no one was lawfully either prelate or bishop while in mortal sin. The people, according to their own discretion, could correct their superiors if they offended. Parishioners, at their own pleasure, could take away their tithes from their priests. Universities, schools, colleges, degrees and professorships had been introduced by paganism, and benefited the Church no ore than the devil does. The disciple Wyclif had but to pronounce one comprehensive sentence against all the powers in Church and State, and then the saint might enter into the possession of the promised inheritance." And yet Wy-clif was an apostle of the "open Bible," and a precursor of the "Reformation," or, writer we have quoted from contends, its true orginator.

> How the Davil was sold.

It is related of a man who sold himself to the Devil on condition that his San-tanic majesty would always supply him with money, the bargain being that when the Devil failed to furnish the cash the contract was void. For many years all went on smoothly, but the man becoming tired of the bargain set himself to devise means to break it, but without avail, for no matter how extravagantly he spent money, it was always ready for him, thus remained one in her forms as she has ever been in her essence.

Thus the Church speaks Latin because, first, she is apostolic; second, she is unfirst, she is apostolic; second, she is unfirst. at last he consulted a wise man who told would have nothing more to do with him, as it was utterly impossible for him to provide all the money wanted to run such an institution. In this way the bargain was broken.

Summer Complaint,

diarrhæa, dysentery, bloody flux, cholera morbus and kindred affections promptly yield to Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed. Sold by druggists.

Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequalled for brilliance

THE TWO PORTRAITS

Many years ago an Italian artist, while wandering through the streets of Florence, saw a little boy whose countenance bore a beauty so wondrously pure that, in con-templating it, he forgot the troubles and

anxieties of pecuniary embarrassments.

"How I should like to portray these features!" soliloquized the artist. "Will you come to my studio, my little lad?" he said to the child. "I should like so much to

to the child. "I should like so much to paint your picture."

The boy accompanied the painter, and soon enjoyed the pretty sight of another little lad, his second self, smiling down upon him from the artist's easel.

Years passed, and once again the artist sauntered through the streets of the beautiful site. The graph upon a youth whose

tiful city; he came upon a youth whose features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, cf a degradation so low, and an expression so diabolical that the sight caused him to cease his steps. "What a picture! How I should like to sketch these features as a

snould like to sketch these features as a contrasting piece for the beautiful, pure innocence of the boy I portrayed years ago!" said the artist to himself.

The youth, having noticed the interest with which the artist scanned him, begged for money, for he was both a beggar and a thief.

"Come with me to my studio; let me paint your portrait, and I will pay what you demand."

you demand."
The youth followed the artist. When the sketch had been completed and he had hidden in his pockets what the artist had given him, the beggar turned to go.

As he did so, his gaze fell upon the picture of the little boy. He started as if stung by a serpent, while his eyes seemed riveted on the painting. He grew pale. It seemed as though he would ask a question, but tears and sobs came to choke his utterance.

utterance.

He pointed to the picture, and, throwing himself down upon his knees, he wept and wailed aloud.

"Man, man, what ails you?" asked the

"Man, man, what alls you for asked the astonished painter.
"But twenty years ago you bade me come to you as now, and then, as now, you portrayed me. See: that face there was mine; and you now see me a wreck, a human being so degraded that all the good turn their faces from me in disgust."

The artist could hardly credit the testi-

mony of his senses.

"But tell me, man," said he, "how did you change so much, and for the worse?"

The youth told his story. An only son, his parents spoiled him. Bad companions,

low theatres and other vile resorts ex-hausted his patrimony. Then, unwilling to work, and as yet ashamed to beg, he began to steal. Caught in the act, he was began to steal. Caugut in the act, in thrown into prison.

His story as told by himself sounded terrible, and brought tears to the painter's eyes. He adjured the youth to give up his felonious career, and offered his assist-

ance in doing so.

The artist placed his portrait by the side of that of the beautiful boy, and when his patrons asked him why he placed so terrible a face beside another of such won-drous beauty, he answered sadly: "Between you angel and you demon there are but twenty years of vice."

WHY DON'T WOMEN MARRY?

On every hand we read of a condition of things which complicates the problem much, viz: That marriage is growing more difficult for woman and less desirable

The question is intricate and the causes ubtle. That woman is not married is owing to

variety of reasons.

First. Her health.—So general now is her "delicacy" that it is said and repeated to-day that not one woman in ten can be said to be a fairly healthy creature; and this is true of all classes, upper and lower, workers and idlers. As handsome, and they laugh at the

Second. Her mental condition.-If sick in body, her mind and spirits and temper are sorely disturbed. She must be sensitive, nervous, possibly fretful and unhappy. If so she is unfit to be the helper

happy. If so she is unfit to be the helper and companion of man.

Third. Impracticable theories.—It is quite common for young women to fancy they are to marry a man and be "happy," that they are to be "the idol of that man," and to receive everything and to do nothing. That they are not to be helpful, but are to be helped.

Money becomes of first importance in such a scheme of life; and that few workmen have or can now expect to get, in

such a scheme of life; and that few work-men have or can now expect to get, in adequate quantities for married life. Fourth. The average man is often ig-norant, rough, greedy, sensual. His coarser pleasures and wants consume his earnings. His tastes are thus vitiated, and the dull serenity of home life too often seems undesirable.

There is one more of these west appare

seems undesirable.

There is one more of these most apparent obstacles to marriage, and that is,—the number of unhappy marriages. The causes which have here been touched upon will account for many of these. The undue familiarity of married life will help to account for others; for it is true in a degree, that "familiarity breeds contempt;" and it is true in many cases that men and women, once married, treat each other women, once married, treat each other with less kindness and decency than they

do strangers. And lastly. Many men cannot afford to

And lastly. Many men cannot allore to marry.

Wages of able working-men now range from two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred dollars per year, and are gradually decreasing in all civilized States.

It becomes a serious question to any and every man, not whether he ought to marry, but whether he is not importatively.

and every man, now whether he is not imperatively forbidden to marry. It becomes a serious question for every woman whether she question for every woman whether she should bring children into the world to

become drudges, or worse.
It is certainly true that no workman can afford to or will marry a "lady,"—a woman who can and who will do no work.—[Charles W. Elliott in North American Review.

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.