

when the Marquis approached him with frigid courtesy and appeared to offer him some of the contents in a low tone of voice, after a few moments' conversation, he suddenly turned on his heel and abruptly left the room, without any further word or look. At the instant I touched Vincenzo, who, as I have said, had remained seated, and he obediently followed me. He was evidently a spectator of all that had passed, and he said: "Follow that man and do not let him see you." He obeyed so instantly that the door had scarcely closed upon the Marquis when Vincenzo came up to me. The Marquis D'Arceville now came up to me. "Your opponent," he said, "perceived, no one here would or could support him. It is a most unfortunate affair."

"Most unfortunate," chorused De Hamal, who, though not in it, appeared thoroughly to enjoy it. "For my part," said the Duke de Marina, "I wonder how our noble friend could be so lenient with such a young puppy. His conceit is insupportable."

"Where around me made similar remarks, and were evidently anxious to show how entirely they were on my side. I, however, remained silent, lest they should see how grateful I was at the success of my scheme. The Marquis addressed me again. The other two seconds, who were to find us, he said, with a glance at his watch, "I have arranged a few preliminaries. It is now nearly midnight. We propose that the affair should come off in the morning at six precisely. Will that suit you?"

I bowed. "As the insulted party you have the choice of weapons," he said.

"Pistols," I replied briefly. "Pistols, then, suppose we fix upon the plot of open ground just behind the hill to the left of the Casa Chilaude—between that and the Villa Roman—It is quiet and secluded, and there will be no fear of interruption."

"I bowed again. "Thus it stands," continued the Marquis affably. "The hour six, the weapons, pistols, the place to be decided hereafter when the other two arrive."

I professed myself entirely satisfied with these arrangements, and shook hands with my amiable adjutant. I then turned round at the rest of the assembled company with a smile at their troubled faces. "Gentlemen," I said, "our feast has broken up in a rather disagreeable manner, and I am sorry for it, the more especially as it compels me to part from you. Receive my thanks for your company, and for the friendship which you have displayed towards me. I do not believe that this is the last time I shall have the honor of seeing you, but if it should be so, I shall at any rate carry a pleasant remembrance of you into the next world! If on the contrary I should survive the combat of the morning, I hope to see you all again on my marriage day, when nothing shall occur to our merriment. In the meantime—good night!"

"They closed round me, pressing my hands warmly and assuring me of their entire sympathy with me in the quarrel that had occurred. The Duke was especially cordial, giving me to understand that had the others failed in their services, he himself, in spite of his peace-loving disposition, would have volunteered my second. I escaped from them all at last and reached the quiet of my own apartments. There I sat alone for more than an hour, waiting for the return of Vincenzo, whom I had sent to track Ferrari. I heard the departing footsteps of my guests as they left the hotel by two and threes. I heard the quiet voices of the Marquis and Captain Fregia ordering hot coffee to be served to them in a private room where they were to await the other seconds; now and then I caught a few words of the excited language of the waiters, who were volubly discussing the affair as they cleared away the remains of the superb feast at which, though none knew it save myself, I had been seated. This at last I knew which one. No protestant lurked in my mind as to the doubtful result of the coming combat. It was not my lot to fall—my time had not come yet—I felt certain of that! No! All the faithful forces of the universe would help to keep alive till that moment the fragile life of the young Marquis. I thought, how he had looked when I said he never cared for him! Poor wretch! I pitied him even while I rejoiced at his torture. He suffered now as I suffered—he was duped as I had been duped—and each quiver of his convulsed face and tortured frame had been fraught with satisfaction to me. Rich moments of his life were now a pang to him. Well, it would soon be over, thus far at least I was merciful. I drew out pens and paper and commenced to write a few last instructions, in case the result of the fight should be fatal to me. I made them very concise and brief. I knew, while writing, that they would be needed. Still, as the sake of form I wrote, and sealing the document, I directed it to the Duke de Marina. I looked at my watch—it was past one o'clock and Vincenzo had not yet returned. I went to the window, and drawing back the curtains, surveyed the exquisitely peaceful scene that lay before me. The moon was still high and bright, and her reflection made a shimmering path on the water. A few lights from the bay appeared like a warrior's coat of mail woven from a thousand glittering links of polished steel. Here and there, from the masts of anchored ships and fishing-boats gleamed a few red and green lights burning dimly like fallen and expiring stars. There was a heavy uniformity of color everywhere. I looked on and I threw the window wide open for air. Then came the sound of bells chiming softly. People passed to and fro with quiet footsteps, some paused to exchange friendly greetings. I remembered the day with a sort of pang at my heart. The night was over, though as yet there was no sign of dawn—and it was Christmas morning!

CHAPTER XXV.

The opening of the room door aroused me from my meditations. I turned to find Vincenzo standing near me, hat in hand; he had just entered. "Eh bene!" I said, with a cheerful air, "what news?" "Eccellenza, you have been obeyed. The young Signor Ferrari is now at his studio."

"You left him alone?" and Vincenzo proceeded to give me a graphic account of his adventures. On leaving the banquet room, Ferrari had taken a carriage and driven straight to the Villa Roman—Vincenzo, unperceived, had swung himself on to the back of the vehicle and had gone also.

"Arriver there," continued my valet, "he dismissed the factor, and rang the gate-bell furiously six or seven times. No one answered. I hid myself among the trees and watched. There was no lights in the villa windows, all was darkness. He rang again—he even shook the gate as though he would break it open. At last the poor Giacomo came, half undressed and holding a lantern in his hand. He seemed terrified, and trembled so much that the lantern joggled up and down like a corpse-candle on a tomb."

"I must see the Contessa," said the young Signor. Giacomo blinked like an owl, and coughed as though the devil scratched in his throat. "The Contessa!" he said, "She is gone!"

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

A Leaf From an Old Cook-Book.

To-day, while searching for a recipe for a certain kind of soup that I was ambitious of attempting, I happened by the merest chance upon the oldest old book and one that in other days has often been the cause of merriment to myself, and as a consequence, to certain of my friends. Its quaint diction and innocent conceits, apart from the character of much of the information it contains, made it with us a perennial source of laughter and mock-serious reference when matters of the cuisine were in progress or under discussion, and "Allegor," "chrysal," "callipash," "callipe," "kabobbed," "fommetry," "skirrets," with similar verbal games which studied its pages, had the effect of adding materially to our in nowise dim vocabulary of household argot.

The poor old book! It might well complain of the way in which it was treated, but the back of it, which was what had no doubt, been a very handsome and durable cover of calf. But, as it was a leaf from the old book, I mean to give you a leaf from the old book, and as I took it out from where it was tightly wedged in between its smart companion volumes, and opened its aged and yellowed leaves, its ancient face seemed to me to be a face of a friend, and as I turned the bare chance of being consulted again. And as I sat down and forgot all about dinner and the much-needed soup recipe, and laughed as heartily as ever at the stilted phrasing and the antiquated delicacies, which yet, in spite of the dust and must of years that had sifted in upon them, preserved a sort of toothsome suggestion of their former glory. I turned to the first page, and I said to myself: "There is no one here now who used to laugh with me over these pages; but THE POST readers shall do so if they wish, and also have a chance of testing, if they will, some of these old-time and old world bonnet recipes."

I am a peace, however, that thoroughness, I don't recall the phenomenal name equivalent, for that quality must have bulged out considerably under the white cap of the chef who compiled the book. The most careful directions and cautions are given throughout, warning the inexperienced and reminding the thoughtless. For instance, in telling the young housekeeper how to do her meringue, she says: "In buying of butter, you must not trust to the taste the seller gives you, lest he give you a taste of one lump and sell you another. In choosing salt butter, trust rather to your smell than taste, by putting a knife into it and applying it to the nose. If the butter be in a cask, have it unhooped and thrust in your knife between the staves into the middle of it, for the top of the cask is sometimes better butter than the middle, owing to artful packaging."

A trick be it said, known yet to dealers in that article, and by no means likely to get out of date.

There's yet another caution respecting choice of cheese: "Observe the coat of your cheese before you purchase it; for if it be cold, with a rough and ragged coat, or dry at top, you may expect to find little worms or mites in it. If it be moist, spongy, or full of holes, it will give reason to suspect it is maggoty. Whenever you perceive any perished places on the outside, be sure to probe to the bottom of them; for, though the cheese may be good, but the surface is perished part within may be considerable."

In an elaborate dissertation on the trussing of fowls occurs this remarkable passage:—"You must not forget that the nails are to be cut off. Concerning the 'cawing' of hares, we are told:—"Take care to leave the ears on, and mind to skin them. The admonition likely to be of interest to our lady readers is:—"A turkey should not be fed the day before it is to be killed; but give it a spoonful of allegor just before you kill it, and it will make it white and tender."

To prepare a goose for cooking:—"Salt a goose a week, and boil it an hour."

Also turtles:—"You must kill your turtle the night before, and do this by cutting off the head."

Here occurs the mystic words, "callipash" and "callipe," and here the like, like Wegg of immortal memory, drops unconsciously into poetry, as witness:—

"Two hours will bake the callipe; But the callipe will require three."

In arranging the table for this lordly dish we must remember to place "the callipe at the head of the table, the callipe at the bottom, and the lights, soup, gas, etc., in the middle." There is a recipe for roasting sweetbreads:—"First, parboil them, and when cold, lard them with butter and roast them in a Dutch oven, or on a poor man's jack. For sauce, plain butter, lemon juice, or lemon sauce." Under the heading of "Pigs," we are told, rather suddenly I fear:—"Cooks who choose to have the killing of the pig they are to dress, must precede thus and thus, etc." There is a recipe for cooking pheasants:—"Dust them with flour, and bake them often with fresh butter, keeping them at a good distance from the fire. A good fire will roast them in half an hour. Make your gravy of a scrap of mutton, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, a large spoonful of ketchup, and the same of brown. Strain it and put a little of it into the dish; serve them up with bread-sauce in a basin, and fix one of the principal feathers of the pheasant in its tail." Then follows a formula which renders the pheasant in the same profession, for cooking a pheasant:—"Take an old hen, etc." "If you should have but one pheasant, and want two in a dish, take a large full-grown fowl, keep the head on, and truss it just as you do a pheasant. Lard it with bacon, but do not lard the pheasant, and nobody will know it."

There is a recipe for fryingveal cutlet which does not seem much different from the ordinary veal and sounds appetizing enough:—"Cut your veal into pieces about the thickness of half a crown, and as long as you please. Dip them in the yolk of an egg, and stew over them crumbs of bread, a few sweet herbs, and fry them in fresh butter. While they are frying, make a gravy, and when the meat be done, take it out and lay it in a dish before the fire; then shake a little flour into the pan and stir it round. Put in a little gravy, squeeze a little lemon for your garnish."

For stewing beet gobbers:—"Cut any piece of beef, except the leg, into pieces about the size of a pullet's egg and put them into a stewpan. Cover them with water, let them stew, skin them clean, and when they are done, take mace, cloves and whole pepper, tied loosely in a muslin rag, and some celery cut small. Put them into the pan with some salt, turnips and carrots pared and cut in small slices, a little parsley, a bundle of sweet herbs and a large crust of bread. You may put in an ounce of barley rice if you like it. Cover the dish and let it stew till it be done. Take out the herbs, spices and bread, and have ready a French roll cut in four. Dish up all together and send it to table."

To make water-soaky:—"Wash, clean and cut the fins close off some of the smallest plaice or flounders you can get, put them into a stew pan with a little salt, a bunch of parsley, and just water enough to boil them. When they be done enough send them to table in a soup dish, and let it stew till it be done. To recipe for cooking oysters will show how little the change of serving these deliciousivalves has changed since old times. For stewed oysters:—"Open your oysters and put their liquor into a toasting-pan with a little beaten mace and shaken it with a fork. Fry them in a pan of oil, and when they are done, having hot them a piece of bread, cut it in three-cornered pieces and lay them round the dish. Put into the pan a spoonful of good cream; then put in

your oysters and shake them around. Observe not to let the oysters boil, as that will make them hard, and spoil the liquor. Pour them into a deep plate or soup dish and serve them up."

Scalloped oysters:—"Having opened your oysters into a basin, and washed them out of their own liquor, put some into your scallop shells, and strewn over them a few crumbs of bread. Lay a slice of butter on them, then more oysters, bread, and butter, successively, till your shell be as full as you intend it. Put them into a Dutch oven to brown, and serve them up in the shells in which they are scalloped."

Tripe à la Killenoy:—"This dish is much admired in Ireland and is thus prepared: Take a piece of double tripe, cut in square pieces, peel and wash too large oysters, cut them in two, and put them on to boil in water till they be tender. Then put in your tripe, and boil it ten minutes. Pour off almost all your liquor, shake a little flour into it and put in some butter, with a little salt and mustard. Shake all over the fire till the butter be melted, and then stir it into your tripe, and send it to the table as hot as possible. Garnish with lemon or barberries."

Not the least amusing thing about these recipes in relation to the language in which they are crunched is found in the frequent recurrence of the possessive pronoun *your*. Such expressions as the following have a startling effect, until one is used to them. "After you have boiled your plaice till they be tender, blanch them, cut them into slices two inches long, and lard with bacon." "Lay your feet in the middle of the dish and the ear round them." "Wash your soles very clean." Take out your feet, strain the liquor and make a good crust. Having parboiled your tongue, blanch the tongue and stick it with clove. And the following, evidently intended for a book agent:—"Having baked your cheek, but take care not to do it too much, let it lie in the oven all night, and it will be ready for further use next day."

THE VALUE OF TIME. Time, like most other things in the world, has its fixed market value, which varies according to the way in which it is employed. It is always, however, unfortunately for the human race, regulated according to the real worth of such employment. If it were so, we should have no use for the fashionable modiste and the artist tailor in the scheme of existence. These potentialities of the present, along with the feather-weights of fashion which make their being possible, would some day run a chance of finding themselves joined by the busy charwoman and the Chinese laundry man respectively in the struggle for "the survival of the fittest."

But this speculative theory does not by any means invalidate the fact that, as the world is now and has been for a long time past, too long some think, the price of human effort has been in proportion to the popular demand. Here strike in a perfect chorus of unred posts and depreciated novelties.

But what can be done? Those whose wares are the least saleable are always the shrewdest in complaint, and the most importunate. Of what use is an immense farm if it be out of reach of markets? Of what use the possession of "a gigantic intellect," as Aristotle might say, if one had not it always about with one? So, as time is the only coin of universal currency, and varies in value only from the hands through which it passes, it ought to be the aim of every one to try to get as much for his money as he can in the things which contribute most to his welfare and happiness.

TIME'S SPENDTHRIFTS. The worst waste of time that of time for it is comprehended under the name of waste. The heartless worldling who lets life go by in the pursuit of selfish enjoyment, though more criminal, is scarcely less lavish than those well-meaning persons who take up some day or crocheted to the exclusion of some earnest life-work, in which much good, and perhaps even lasting fame, might be achieved.

He who shuts himself up in a library or gallery, and there lives with the past, instead of within "the living present," and whose curious stores of knowledge are never turned to practical account is a worse spendthrift of time than the miser who hoards the unpurchasable riches of the present moment for the base gold that perishes. The miser has at least the chance of his death, and has a chance to do some good to others, but the mere bookish or artistic dilettante slips into the grave, with the results of his life's labors as dry and worthless as the clouds that are thrown in upon him.

WOMAN THE GREATEST SPENDTHRIFT OF TIME. It is strange that women with their keen perceptions of the true and just, the intuitive faculty, I had almost said instinct, which they apply to the minutest detail of certain conditions of life, and the apprehension of others, should yet be the greatest spendthrifts of time in the universe.

I do not here refer to the mere butterflies of fashion, but to a far nobler class. The maidens, the wives, the mothers, who bide in the sphere which men have assigned to them, and who, though they have found, in the quiet, if somewhat dull, routine of home-life the full fruition of their expectations of happiness.

WORKING SILKEN TAPESTRY. When I see a young girl with the bloom that comes but once to the cheek, scooping hour after hour over the embroidery frame, or manufacturing yard upon yard of the interminable crocheted lace, I think here is a spendthrift of time, indeed. Not but what these employments, once on a time reckoned exclusively feminine, have become a resource against certain fictions value as a resource against *causid* in idle hands, but what hands need be idle in a world like ours?

DUST IN THE STAIR-CORNERS. Some women too, notable housekeepers these, forget their lives away in a futile struggle against dirt, "matter in the wrong place," as it has been called. This recalls the story of the housewife, who, troubled by the dust that would collect in the corner of a room, and having her breath, thus affording it a lodgment in her own lungs instead of the step-corners.

THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see a woman of education and refinement, who might be fittingly occupied in some work of wider scope, frittering away the precious hours on the acquisition of some trivial accomplishment, expensive in the outlay and in the results.

How much is done, how little is well done. We see the truth of this should the father or husband be withdrawn by death. Then, indeed, is time avenged on those who have misused it. How few even of the very brilliant women whom we meet in society, discern the sense of the purpose waste at every point, queens of beauty and of fashion, could, with all their natural gifts, hold their own against the results of poverty, which oftentimes batters down the palace gate as well as the narrow door of the humble.

A FACT OF SAD SIGNIFICANCE. It is a fact of sad significance that among the things of the value of time, especially of their own time, should be so lightly appreciated. A lady friend shows the new costume she has purchased for the coming spring. The materials are costly, the style and workmanship good. You exclaim over the exceeding cheapness when told the price. "But then I made it myself," your friend says in a triumphant tone. Yes, very true, she made it herself; but did it cost the less for that? A dress that would take a dressmaker with staff of assistants, alert and deft, three days to make, one over-worked woman makes in a fortnight, and such a fortnight! The weary pain in the side at night, the stunted minor style and fit, the sleepless nights, tossing from pillow to pillow, the anaesthetics of stolen from sensible, because needed, household tasks to fashion the spring costume, the terrible fear that after all it may fall in the omission of some indescribable touch of taste or *éclat* that the practiced eye and skilled hand of the dressmaker could give, and the lack of the critical survey of sharp-pointed gossip will be only too quick to detect. Oh, these had better all be taken into account before one exclaims:—"So cheap!"

MARIANA.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the patronage of the Rev. Curé LABRELLÉ. To aid the work of the Diocesan Colonization Societies of the Province of Quebec. Founded in June, 1884, under authority of the Quebec Act, 32 Vic., Cap. 35.

CLASS D.
THE NINTH MONTHLY DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE ON
WEDNESDAY, 15th FEBRUARY, 1888, at 2 o'clock P.M.
Value of Prizes, \$60,000.

1st SERIES—VALUE OF PRIZES—\$50,000
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To S. E. LEBREYRE, MONTREAL, CANADA:

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REMARKS.—This form of Order for Tickets appears in this Post on Monday and Saturday of each week, and takes effect every week, except the week of drawing. Cut it out and enclose it with money addressed to S. E. Lebreyre, No. 19 St. James street, Montreal, Canada.

THE LONGEST WORD IN THE DICTIONARY.

is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especially for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female weaknesses, Nervousness, and diseases peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for women's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

The San Francisco papers say that the Chinese in their city are "gradually adopting American garments." If this be true it is to be hoped that they will first lay aside the opium habit.

MINISTERS, LAWYERS, TEACHERS, and others, whose occupation may be little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, replied: "It is no matter; will so live that no one will believe them."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning, and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Wouldn't thou see a reason for all that God saith? Look into thine own understanding, and thou wilt find a reason why thou doest not a reason.—St. Augustine.

HIGH-PRICED BUTTER.

The highest prices are realized for butter which is of a uniform good quality, and has the proper golden color, which may be imparted to it at all seasons by the use of Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. It pays to use it.

The drying up of a single tear has more Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—Byron's Don Juan.

Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

Great souls are greatest in the darkest hour, As lightning dazzles most in cloudiest night.—Daniel Connolly.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa. 25-C

The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but self were blind, I should want neither house nor furniture.—Dr. Haskins.

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For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

URES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiet the Nerves.

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Recommended by professional and business men. Price \$1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

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GRATITUDE DUE TO THE LIVING.

Let us not forget that if honor be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living.

He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulsing heart, or to soothe the pain in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust.

But the lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations.

Again and again they have seen their noblest deceased into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honors to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, almost the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their weakness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.

THE BREATH OF a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he cannot go into society, and he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the osseous bones are attacked, and frequently, entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing invertebrate bronchitis, which, in its turn, has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best, if not the only real cure for hay fever, rose cold and catarrh.

QUITE ENGLISH.

There is a society of cranks in Ottawa known as the League of the Rose. It is unnecessary to state that it is largely composed of civil service officers of English proclivities, and imbued with a desire to exhibit their "loyalty," you know. The latest phase of lunacy on the part of this trust-hunting brigade is the determination to prosecute all Canadian Irishmen who have been guilty of the heinous crime of subscribing to the Irish National Defence Fund. The League of the Rose, you know, has undertaken a very large contract, you know, and it is quite possible, you know, they will discover what a set of fools they are, you know, before they have succeeded in filling many of our jails, you know, with Canadian criminals of the class named, you know. We have no Tallamore jails here, you know, and the free air of Canada would be too strong for Balfour's lungs, you know.—Corderick Signal.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., will mail a copy of their new book, "Great Things," to any one asking. This tells of the great things in nature and art. It also tells of Paine's Celery Compound, the Great Nerve Tonic.

Peaceful Bismarck—Smith: "I don't believe there is much prospect of war in Europe." Jones: "What basis do you figure on, I would like to know?" "It's only a few months ago that Bismarck said emphatically: 'I fully believe in peace.'"

"But, my dear boy, don't you know that the Iron Chancellor, as he is called, has always been found not only willing but anxious to fight for what he believes in."—[Texas Siftings.]

Holloway's Ointment.—Sores, wounds, ulcerations, and other diseases affecting the skin are capable of speedy amendment by this cooling and healing unguent, which has called forth the loudest praise from persons who had suffered for years from bad legs, abscesses, and chronic ulcers, after every hope of cure had long passed away. None but those who have experienced the soothing effect of this ointment can form an idea of the comfort it bestows by restraining inflammation and allaying pain. Whenever Holloway's Ointment has been once used, it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy for all ulcerous complaints. In neuralgia, rheumatism and gout the same application, properly used, gives wonderful relief.

Housekeeper.—No; taking of the duty on carpet-wool will not increase the taxes on carpets. They will be put down with swear words and a tack-hammer; as usual.—[Boston Bulletin.]

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

It is late before the brave despair.—Thomson.

DON'T let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is dangerous. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructive and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Roschke's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days or five days or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

MOTHERS! Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a pure and wholesome preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

Sam Jones has found a woman who never had a corn. She rose in meeting at Kansas City when Mr. Jones said he didn't believe there was a woman living who didn't have corns.

AHEAD OF ALL. I have used Haggard's Pectoral Balsam in my family for years and have found it ahead of any preparation of the kind in curing colds, etc. I can especially recommend it for children. ALEX. MOFFAT, Millbrook, Ont.

The gavel used by the presiding officers of the United States Senate has been in use over fifty-six years. It is made out of an elephant's tooth and has no handle, nor did it ever have one.

THOUSANDS SUFFERING. Thousands of people are suffering untold miseries from constipation, headache, biliousness and weakness that might be at once relieved and soon cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters. This invaluable medicine is sold by all dealers at One Dollar per bottle, thus placing it within the reach of all.

Two young Massachusetts women have gone to Buffalo with the intention of embarking in the profession of dentistry.

A GREAT SUFFERER. That person who is afflicted with rheumatism is a great sufferer and greatly to be pitied if they cannot procure Haggard's Yellow Oil. This remedy is a certain cure, not only for rheumatism, but for all external aches and internal pains.

Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Jackson, seventy-three years of age, recently took part in a public concert at the A. M. E. Church in Reading. The local paper says she has a fine voice.

A LARGE ESTATE.

A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thrifty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-cancer), yields to it; if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases, yield to it! If you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

Sandwiches of grated turkey, the bread cut in the form of crosses, were served at a New York reception of a semi-religious character a few days ago.

TWO OMAHA MEN HAPPY ON \$12,500.

Yesterday the two happiest men in Omaha were at the restaurant of J. Poppendick, at the corner of Howard and Thirteenth streets. Poppendick, the genial host, Robert Price, wholesale butcher, of Tenth street, were the joint winners of a fourth share of the third capital prize of \$50,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, 21,301 was the lucky number.—Omaha (Neb.) Bee, Dec. 29.

A Greek wedding ceremony lasts all day and the richer the family the more priests are employed for the service.

The Best Place.—Foreman: In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his backbone? Editor (busy writing a leader): Spinal column, of course.—[Harper's Bazar.]

If you are despondent, low-spirited, irritable, and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, then get a bottle of Noyes' & Lymann