

A WARNING TO QUACKS.

LONDON, July 8.—A "specialist" doctor, named George Hall, has been committed to stand his trial for manslaughter at the next criminal court, for causing the death of a child...

GRAINS OF WISDOM.

There is he armed that hath his quarrel just. And he but naked, though locked up in steel. Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted...

Talnage has been made a D. D. by the University of Tennessee.

GREAT FATALITY.

The ravages of Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints among children is truly alarming. The most reliable cure is Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Large quantities of dead fish are reported to be floating in Lake Ontario.

A GOOD TIME.

When is the best time to take a blood purifier? Whenever the blood is foul and humors appear, or when the system is debilitated take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Joe Buzzard, whose husband belonged to the Pennsylvania gang of outlaws and was sent to prison, has got a divorce.

A SUDDEN ATTACK.

All people, and especially travellers, are liable to a sudden attack of Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhea and Dysentery. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is the most prompt and reliable remedy known.

Dinner dishes decorated with verses of poetry, maxims, contrivances, etc., are very interesting, and furnish the guests something to talk about.

MODERN MAGIC.

The magical power over pain that Hagar's Yellow Oil possesses, outrivals the marvels of ancient times. It acts in a natural manner to subdue inflammation; cure Rheumatism, Cramp, Deafness, Sore Throat, and painful injuries.

The heaviest drinker is found in the person of Mr. Charles B. Graves, who fell while taking a drink at a bar in Worcester, Mass., and broke his leg in two places.

A FIRM OPINION.

The firm of Ormand & Walsh, druggists, of Peterboro, say Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is one of the best standard medicines for Summer Complaints.

Barry Woods, the English jockey who was brought over to this country by Plungis Walton to ride in the Saratoga races, is in the Roosevelt Hospital with a broken jaw from a kick by one of his horses.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.

Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, of Buffalo, N. Y., was given up to die by her physicians, as incurable with Consumption. It proved to be Liver Complaint, and was cured with Burdock Blood Bitters.

There is a concerted movement among actors in "combinations" to secure the abolition of the Wednesday matinee, which they seem to hold in special detestation.

DIAMOND DYES.

These wonderful dyes have almost entirely superseded all other dyes or dye-stuffs, both foreign or domestic, for all family uses. The days of the Indigo tub are past, and Madder, Cochineal, Logwood and all that class of crude dyes are well forgotten. We warrant these Dyes to color more goods, package for package, than any other Dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors.

Baron Tenyson very properly refuses to be bored. He announces officially through the London Times that he will not answer the multitudinous letters sent to him, will not look at manuscripts nor even return them.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

EXCELLENT RESULTS. Dr. J. L. Willis, Elliot, Me., says:—Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives most excellent results.

Nearly 5,000 women are employed in the various government offices in England.

National Pills is the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

The old Garfield Memorial Church at Washington has been sold for \$132.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all druggists. See advertisement.

Clem Stebbins, of Dundee, Mich., drank a gallon of whisky and whipped his wife.

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

A mistake will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.

The crop prospects in Bombay are bad, owing to the drought which prevails.

A Crying Evil.—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Lord Walter Campbell is no longer the lonely lord of the London Stock Exchange. Lord Mandeville's brother, Lord Chester Montague, has joined him.

To Remove Dandruff.—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful, medicated soap for the scalp.

A reduction in Welland Canal towing rates is announced.

LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Orville Gault," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

It would weary the reader were we to detail the small events bearing on this part of the story, which took place during the next five years. They might be summed up thus:

That William Hope got a peep at his daughter now and then; and, making a series of subtle experiments by varying his voice as much as possible, confused and nullified her memory of that voice to all appearance. In due course, however, father and daughter were brought into natural contact by the last thing that seemed likely to do it, by Bartley's avowal.

Bartley's legitimate business at home and abroad could now run alone. So he invited Hope to England to guide him in what he loved better than business speculation. The truth is, Bartley could execute, but he had few original ideas. Hope had plenty and sound ones. Hope directed the purchase of convertible securities on this principle: Select good ones, avoid time bargains, which introduce a distinct element of risk; and buy largely at every panic not founded on a permanent reason or out of proportion.

Example: A great district bank broke. The shares of a great district railway went down thirty per cent. Hope bade his employer and pupil observe that this was rank delusion; the dividends of the railway were not lowered one per cent. by the failure of that bank; nor could they be; the shareholders of the bank had shares in the railway, and were compelled to force them on the market; hence the fall of the shares.

But, said Hope, "these depreciated shares are sold in the hands of men who can hold them, and will, too, until they return to their ridiculous eighty-five to their nominal value, which is from one hundred and five to one hundred and fifteen. Invest every shilling you have got; I shall."

Bartley invested thirty thousand pounds, and cleared twenty per cent in three months. Example Two: There was a terrible accident on another railway, and part of the line broken up. Vast repairs needed. Shares fell twenty per cent.

"Out of proportion," said Hope. "The sum for repairs will not deduct from the dividends one-tenth of the annual sum represented by the fall, and, in three months, fear of another such disaster will not keep a single man, woman, child, bullock, pig, or coal truck, off that line. Put the pot on."

Bartley put the pot on, and made fifteen per cent.

Hope said to Bartley: "When an English speculator sends his money abroad at all, he goes wild altogether. He rushes to obscure transactions, and lends to Peru or Guatemala, or Terra del Fuego, or some shaly place he knows nothing about. The usual mania overlooks the continent of Europe, instead of studying it, and seeing what countries there are safe and other risky. Now, why overlook Prussia? It is a country much better governed than England, especially as regards great public enterprises and monopolies. For instance, the directors of a Prussian railway cannot swindle the stockholders by false accounts and passing off loans for dividends. Against the frauds of directors the English shareholder has only a sham security. He is invited to leave his home, and come two hundred miles to the directors' home, and vote in person. He doesn't do it. Why should he? In Prussia the Government protects the shareholder, and inspects the accounts severely. So much for the superior system of that country. Now, take a map. Here is Hamburg, the great port of the Continent, and Berlin, the great continental center; and there is one railway between the two. What English railway can compare with this? The shares are one hundred and fifty. But they must go to three hundred in time, unless the Prussian Government allows another railway, and that is not likely; and, this you will have two years to back out. This is the best permanent investment of its class that offers on the face of the globe."

Bartley invested timidly, but held for a year, and the shares went up to three hundred before he sold.

"Do not let your mind live in an island if your body does," was a favorite saying of William Hope; and we recommend it impartially to Britons and Borneans.

On one of Hope's visits Bartley complained because he had nothing to do.

"I can sit here and speculate. I want to be in something myself. I think I will take a farm just to occupy my time and amuse me."

"It will not amuse you unless you make money by it," suggested Hope.

"And nobody can do that nowadays. Farms don't pay."

"Ploving and sowing don't pay, but brains and money pay wherever found together."

"What, on a farm?"

"Why not, sir? You have only to go with the times. Observe the condition of the produce; grain too cheap for a farmer because continents export grain with little loss; fruit dear, meat dear, because cattle cannot be driven and sailed without risk of life and loss of weight; agricultural labor rising, and in winter unproductive, because to farm means to plough and sow and reap and mow, and lose money. But meet those conditions. Breed cattle, sheep and horses, and make the farm their feeding ground. Give fifty acres to fruit; have a little factory on the land for winter use, and so utilize all your farm hands and the village women, who are cheaper laborers than town brats, and I think you will make a little money in the form of money, besides what you make in gratuitous eggs, poultry, fruit, horses to ride and cart things for the house—items which seldom figure in a farmer's books as money, but we stricter accountants know they are."

"I'll do it," said Bartley, "if you'll be my neighbor and work it with me, and continue to watch the share market at home and abroad."

Hope acquiesced joyfully—to be near his daughter—and they found a farm in Sussex, with hills for the sheep, short grass for cattle, plenty of water, enough arable land and artificial grasses for their purpose, and a grand sunny slope for their fruit trees, fruit bushes, and strawberries, with which last alone they paid the rent.

"Then," said Hope, "farm laborers drink an ocean of beer. Now, look at the retail price of beer, eighty per cent. over its cost, and yet deleterious, which tells against your labor. As an employer of labor, the main expense of a farm, you want your beer to be slightly nourishing, and also very inspiring, and not somniferous."

So they set up a malt-house and a brew-house, and supplied all their own hands with genuine liquor on the truck system, at a moderate but remunerative price, and the grains helped to feed their pigs. Hope's principle was this—sell no produce in its primitive form; if you change its form you make two profits. Do you give Bartley?

Melt it and imbue it with all the liquor for two small profits; give off the grain and oil on the infusion; do you grow grapes? Turn it into flesh, and sell for two small profits, one on the herb and one on the animal. And, really, when backed by money, the result seemed to justify his principle.

Hope lived by himself, but not far from his child, and often, when she went abroad, his loving eyes watched her every movement through his binocular, which might be described as an opera glass ten inches long, with a small field but telescope power.

Grace Hope, whom we will now call Mary Bartley, since everybody but her father, who generally avoided her name, called her so, was a well grown girl of thirteen, healthy, happy, beautiful and accomplished. She was the germ of a woman, and could detect whom she loved.

She saw in Hope an affection she thought extraordinary, but instinct told her it was not like a young man's love, and she accepted it with complacency, and returned it, quietly, with now and then a gush—for she could gush, and why not?

"Far from us and from our friends be the frigid philosophy"—of a girl who can't gush. Hope himself was loyal and guarded, and kept his affection within bounds; and a sore struggle it was. He never allowed himself to kiss her, though he was sore tempted one day, when he bought her a cream-colored pony, and she flung her arms round his neck before Mr. Bartley and kissed him eagerly; but he was so bashful that the girl laughed at him, and said, half piously:

"Excuse the liberty, but if you will be such a duck, why you must take the consequences."

Said Bartley pompously: "You must not expect middle-aged men to be so demonstrative as very young ladies; but he has as much real affection for you as you have for him."

"Then he has a good deal papa," said she, sweetly.

But the men were silent, and Mary looked to one and the other and seemed a little puzzled.

The great analysts that have dealt microscopically with common-place situations would reveal in this one, and give you a curious volume of small incidents like the above, and vivisection the father's heart with patient skill.

But we poor dramatists, taught by impatient audiences to move on, and taught by those great professors of verbosity, our female novelists and nine-tenths of our male, that it is just possible for "masterly inactivity," alias sluggish narrative, creeping through sorry slugs and rushes with one lily in ten pages, to become a bore, are driven on to salient facts, and must trust a little to our reader's intelligence to ponder on the singular situation of Mary Bartley and her two fathers.

One morning Mary Bartley and her governess walked to a neighboring town and enjoyed the sacred delight of shopping. They came back by a short cut, which made it necessary to cross a certain brook, or rivulet, called the Lyn. This was a rapid stream, and in places pretty deep; but in one particular part it was shallow and crossed by large stepping-stones, two-thirds of which were generally above water. The village girls, including Mary Bartley, used all to trip over these stones and think nothing of it, though the brook went past at a fine rate, and gradually widened and deepened as it flowed, till it reached a downright fall; after that, running no longer down a decline, it became rather a languid stream.

Mary and her governess came to this ford and found it swollen by recent rains, and foaming and curling round the stepping-stones, and their tops only were out of the water now.

The governess at once objected to pass this current.

"Well, but," said Mary, "the other way is a mile round, and papa expects us to be punctual at meals, and I am, oh, so hungry!"

"Dear Miss Everett, I have crossed it a hundred times."

"But the water is so deep."

"It is deeper than usual—but see, it is only up to my knee. I could cross it without the stones. You go round, dear, and I'll explain against you come home."

"Not until I've seen you safe over."

"That you will soon see," said the girl, and fearing a more authoritative interference, she gathered up her skirts and planted one dainty foot on the first stepping-stone, and another on the next, and so on to the fourth; and if she had been a boy she would have cleared them all. But holding her skirts in front of her, she stepped on the fifth, and instead of keeping her arms to balance herself and wearing idiotic shoes, her heel slipped on the fifth stone, which was rather slimy and she fell into the middle of the current with a little scream.

To her amazement she found that the stream, though shallow, carried her off her feet, and though she recovered them she could not keep them; but was alternately up and down, driven along all the time floundering. Oh then she screamed with terror, and the poor governess ran screaming, too, and making idle clutches from the bank, but powerless to aid.

Then, as the current deepened, the poor girl lost her feet altogether, and was carried on towards the deep water, flinging her arms high and screaming, but powerless. At first she was buoyed up by her clothes, and particularly by a petticoat of some material that did not drink water. But as her other clothes became soaked and heavy, she sank to her chin, and death stared her in the face.

She lost hope, and being no common spirit, she gained resignation; she left off screaming, and said to Everett:

"Pny for me."

But the next moment hope revived, and fear with it—this is a law of nature—for a man, bare-headed and his hair flying, came galloping on a bare-backed pony, shouting and screaming with terror louder than both the women. He urged the pony furiously to the stream; then the beast planted his feet together, and with the impulse thus given, Hope threw himself over the pony's head into the water; and had his arm round his child in a moment. He lashed out with the other hand across the stream. But it was so powerful now, as it neared the lasher, that the mud far more wayward to destruction than they did across the stream; still they did near the bank a little. But the lasher reared nearer and nearer, and the water pulled them to it. Then a willow bough gave them one chance. Hope grasped it and pulled with iron strength. From the bough he got to a branch, and finally clutched the stem of the tree just as his feet were lifted up by the rushing water; and both lives hung upon that willow tree. The girl was on his left arm, and his right arm round the willow.

"Grace," said he, feigning calmness, "put your arm round my neck, Mary."

"Yes, dear," said she, firmly.

"Now, don't hurry yourself; there's no danger; move slowly across me, and hold my right arm very tight."

She did so.

"Now take hold of the bank with your left hand; but don't let go of me."

"Yes, dear," said the little heroine, whose fear was gone now she had Hope to take care of her.

Then Hope clutched the tree with his left

hand, and Mary on shore with his right hand, reached her in his arms on terra firma, and kissed her.

But now came a change that confounded Mary Bartley, to whom a man was a very superior being, only not always intelligible.

The brave man fell to shaking like an aspen leaf; the strong man to sobbing and gasping, and kissing the girl wildly:

"Oh, my child! my child!"

Then Mary, of course, must cry and gush a little for sympathy; but her quick changing spirit soon shook it off, and she patted his cheek, and kissed him, and then began to comfort him, if you please.

"Good, dear, kind Mr. Hope," said she. "La! don't go on like that. You were so brown in the water, and now the lasher is over. I've had a drinking, that is all. Ha! ha! ha!"

Hope looked amazed; neither his heart nor his sex would let him change his mood so swiftly.

"Oh, my child," said he, "how can you laugh? You have been near Eternity, and if you had been lost, what should I—Oh, God!"

Mary turned very grave.

"Yes," said she, "I have been near Eternity. It would not have mattered to you—you are such a good man—but I should have caught it for disobedience. But, dear Mr. Hope, let me tell you that the moment you put your arm round me I felt just as safe in the water as on dry land; so you see I have had longer to get over it than you have. That accounts for my laughing; no, it doesn't; I am a giddy, giggling girl, with no depth of character, and not worthy of all this affection. Why does everybody love me? They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Hope told her she was a little angel, and everybody was right to love her; indeed, they deserved to be laughed if they did not.

Mary fixed on the word angel.

"If I was an angel," said she, "I shouldn't be hungry, and I am, awfully. Oh, please come home; papa is so punctual. Mr. Hope, are you going to tell papa? Because if you are, just take me and throw me in again. I'd rather be drowned than scolded." (This with a defiant attitude and flashing eyes.)

"No, no," said Hope, "I will not tell him to vex him, and get you scolded."

"Then let us run home."

She took his hand, and he ran with her like a playmate; and oh, her father's heart leaped and glowed at this sweet companionship after danger and terror.

When they got near the house, Mary Bartley began to walk and think. She had a very thinking countenance at times, and Hope watched her, and wondered what were her thoughts. She was very grave, so probably she was thinking how very near she had been to the other world.

Standing on the doorstep, whilst he stood on the gravel, she let him know her thoughts. All her life, and even at this tender age, she had very searching eyes; they were grey now, though they had been blue. She put her hands to her waist, and she bent those searching eyes on William Hope.

"Mr. Hope," said she, in a resolute sort of way.

"My dear!" said he, eagerly.

"YOU LOVE ME BETTER THAN PAPA DOES, THAT'S ALL."

And having administered this information as a dry fact that might be worth looking into at leisure, she passed thoughtfully into the house.

Hope paid a visit to his native place in Derbyshire, and his poor relations shared his prosperity, and blessed him and Mr. Bartley, upon his report; for Hope was one of those choice spirits who make the bridge that carries their safe over the stream of adversity.

He returned to Sussex with all the new, and amongst the rest, that Colonel Clifford had a farm coming vacant. Walter Clifford had insisted on a higher rent at the conclusion of the term. But the tenant had demurred.

Bartley paid little attention at the time; by-and-by he said:

"Did you not see signs of coal on Colonel Clifford's property?"

"That I did, and on this very farm, and told him so. But he is behind the age. I have no patience with him. Take one of those old iron ramrods that used to load the old musket, and cover that ramrod with prejudices a foot and a half deep, and there you have Colonel Clifford."

"Well, but a tenant would not be bound by his prejudices."

"A tenant! A tenant takes no right to mine under a farm lease; he would have to propose a special contract, or to ask leave, and Colonel Clifford would never grant it."

There the conversation dropped. But the matter rankled in Bartley's mind. Without saying any more to Hope, he consulted a share attorney.

The result was that he took Mary Bartley with him into Derbyshire.

He put up at a little inn, and called at Clifford Hall.

He found Colonel Clifford at home, and was received stiffly but graciously. He gave Colonel Clifford to understand that he had left business.

"All the better," said Colonel Clifford, sharply.

"And taking to farming?"

"Ugh!" said the other, with his favorite snort.

ment to you. Ladies are not interested in farms."

"Oh, but I am, since papa is said Mr. Hope," and then on her farm there are so many dear little young things—little calves, little lambs, and little pigs. Little pigs are ducks, very little ones, I mean, and there is nearly always a young colt about, that eats out of my hand. Not like a farm! The idea!"

"Then I will show you all over ours, you and your papa," said Walter warmly. He then asked Mr. Bartley where he was to be found, and when Bartley told him at the "Dun Cow," he looked at Mary and said, "Oh!"

Mary understood in a moment, and laughed, and said:

"We are very comfortable, I assure you. We have the party all to ourselves, and there are no campers hung round, and oh! such funny pictures, and the landlady is beginning to spoil me already."

"Nobody can spoil you, Mary," said Bartley.

"You ought to know, papa, for you have been trying a good many years."

"Not very many, Miss Bartley," said Colonel Clifford, graciously. Then he gave half a start and said, "Here am I calling her Miss when she is my own niece, and now I think of it, she can't be half as old as she looks. I remember the very day she was born. My dear, you are an imposter."

Bartley changed color at this chance shaft. But Colonel Clifford explained:

"You pass for twenty, and you can't be more than—let me see—"

"I am fifteen and four months," said Mary, "and I do take people in—truly."

"Well," said Colonel Clifford, "you see you can't take me? I know your date. So come and give your old ruffian of an uncle a kiss."

"That I will," cried Mary, and flew at Colonel Clifford, and flung both arms round his neck, and kissed him. "Oh! papa, said she, "I have got an uncle now. A hero, too; and me that is so fond of heroes. Only this is my first—out of books."

"Mary, my dear," said Bartley, "you are too impetuous. Please excuse her, Colonel Clifford. Now, my dear, shake hands with your cousin, for we must be going."

Mary complied; but not at all impetuously. She lowered her long lashes, and put out her hand timidly, and said:

"Good-by, cousin Walter."

He held her hand a moment, and that made her color directly.

"You will come over the farm. Can you ride? Have you your hat?"

"No, cousin, but never mind that. I can put on a long skirt."

"A skirt! But, after all, it does not matter what you wear."

Mary was such a novice that she did not catch the meaning of this on the spot, but half way to the inn, and in the middle of the conversation, her cheeks were suffused with blushes. A young man had admired her and said so. Very likely that was the way with young women. No doubt they were bolder than young men; but somehow it was not so very objectionable in them.

That short interview was a little era in Mary's young life. Walter had fixed his eyes on her with delight, had held her hand some seconds, and admired her to her face. She began to wonder a little and futters a little, and to put off childhood.

Next day, punctual to the minute, Walter drove up to the door in an open carriage, drawn by two fast steppers. He found Mr. Bartley alone, and why? Because, at sight of Walter, Mary, for the first time in her life, had flown upstairs to look at herself in the glass before facing her visitor, and to smooth her hair, and retouch a bow, etc., undulating, as usual, the power of beauty and oversteering nullities. Bartley took the opportunity, and said to young Clifford:

"I owe you an apology, and a most earnest one. Can you ever forgive me?"

Walter changed color. Even this humble allusion to so great an insult was wormwood to him. He bit his lip, and said:

"No man can do more than say he is sorry. I will try to forget it, sir."

"That is as much as I can expect," said Bartley, humbly; but if you only knew the art, the cunning, the apparent evidence with which that villain Monkton deluded me—"

"That I can believe."

"And permit me one observation before we drop this unhappy subject for ever. If you had done me the honor to come to me as Walter Clifford, why, then, strong and misleading as the evidence was, I should have said, 'appearances are deceitful; but no Clifford was ever disloyal.'"

This artful speech conquered Walter Clifford. He blushed and bowed a little haughtily at the compliment to the Cliffords. But his sense of justice was aroused.

"You are right," said he. "I must try and see both sides. If a man sails under false colors, he mustn't howl if he is mistaken for a pirate. Let us dismiss the subject for ever. I am Walter Clifford now—at your service."

At that moment Mary Bartley came in, beaming with youth and beauty, and illumined the room. The cousins shook hands, and Walter's eyes glowed with admiration.

After a few words of greeting, he handed Mary into the drag. Her father followed, and he was about to drive off, when Mary cried out:

"Oh, I forgot my skirt, if I am to ride."

The skirt was brought down, and the horses, who were beginning to fret, dashed off. A smart little groom rode behind, and on reaching the farm they found another with two saddle horses; one of them—a small, gentle Arab gelding—had a side saddle. They rode all over the farm, and inspected the buildings, which were in excellent repair, thanks to Walter's supervision. Bartley inquired the number of acres and the rent demanded. Walter told him. Bartley said it seemed to him a fair rent. Still, he should like to know why the present tenant declined.

"Perhaps you had better ask him," said Walter. "I should wish you to hear both sides."

"Three?" said he. "Who is the third?"

"Oh, somebody that everybody likes and I love. It is Mr. Hope. Such a duck. I am sure you would like him."

"Hope? Is his name William?"