



DR. WILLIAMS' CHERRY BALM

OF CHERRY

ISUMPTION,

COMPLAINTS.

Dr. Williams' Cherry Balm

is a great remedy for

all complaints.

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Poetry.

DOG AJAX.
BY THREE CARY.

Old Ajax was a faithful dog,
Of the best and bravest sort;
And we made a friend and pet of him,
And called him "Jax," for short.
He served us well for many a year,
But at last there came a day
When, a superannuated dog,
In the sun he idly lay.

And though as kindly as before
He still was housed and fed,
We brought a younger, sprightlier dog
For service in his stead.
Poor "Jax!" he knew and felt it all,
As well as you or I;
He laid his head on his trembling paws,
And his whine was like a cry.

And then he rose; he would not stay
Near where the intruder stayed;
He took the other side of the house,
Though that was in the shade.
And he never answered when we called,
He would not touch his bowl;
'Twas more than he could bear to have
A rival near his throne.

We tried to soothe his wounded pride
By every kindly word;
But every creature drew poor "Jax"
Died of a broken heart.
Alas! he would not learn the truth,
That every dog must have a day,
And then must give it up!

WINNING HIM BACK.

[CONCLUDED.]

Meanwhile the very beautiful and solitary woman, dressed faultlessly in pale blue satin, upon which her diamonds shone with wonderful brilliancy, was seated, half concealed behind the flowers partially filling the bay window, within the opening of which the fair stranger had taken refuge.

Look! said one of the waiters, that old woman, the Honorable Mrs. Fache, has gone to our mysterious beauty, and evidently knows her. Now I certainly should like to know what they are talking about.

The conversation of old Mrs. Fache, as the school for scandal rather cowardly designated her, and the fair unknown, was to the following effect:

Well, my dear Alina, has he seen you?
No, dear cousin, and I dread that he should!
Bah! I am an old woman, and have been in society fifty years. I tell you that if anything will bring him to a sense of his duty, your appearance here as a woman of fashion will do it; but you must not remain here in a corner. You must dance, and with a handsome man. You must let me find you a partner!

No—no, dear cousin! I beg you will allow me to remain here until you leave the ball, and then I will go home! Oh, how it was Lady Clara who he was talking of!

Yes; but once Colonel Streppor's wife, she will have to behave very differently. As you determined not to dance?

We were so happy, and we went into society again, and now I am completely wretched.

My good cousin, have replied the Hon. Mrs. Fache, you must let me speak to you plainly. Through your mother, who was a good woman enough, you belonged to our set; and going with good society, though comparatively poor, you managed to fascinate Frederick Poyntz.

Not at all, cousin! the handsome stranger replied. I never was desirous of fascinating any man! He quite found me out; and when he told mamma he was going to call upon her next morning, and when he informed me of his intention, I was perfectly astonished.

Bah! said Mrs. Fache; you did not fascinate him in the ordinary way; that is the difference. Most girls fascinate men, or try to, by showiness and dash; but you, my poor child, attracted your husband by your modesty and your retiring ways; but it was fascinate all the same.

We were so very, very happy for eighteen months, and until he again took to going out into society—six months ago and three days.

She even knew the number of days I cried the old woman of fashion. Now I am quite sure that when he began to want to go into society, he, in the first place, desired you to accompany him!

Certainly cousin; but I told him that I only cared for home and for him, and that I would rather stay indoors.

Ha! and after a time he took you to your word and went out alone, and you have only yourself to thank for it.

Cousin!
I speak the truth! A partridge is a capital meal once in a way, but think of a partridge every day throughout the year—three hundred and sixty-five partridges—my child, it would be awful! Well, so it is in married life; you cannot expect a man to enjoy three hundred and sixty-five days of domesticity in one year; and if you want to manage him, you must let him take his pleasure, and take it with him, if it is possible, even if he wants to yacht, which I own is, for a woman, a dreadful way in which to pass the summer.

My dear cousin, how can you make fun of my grief?

My dear child, what you call grief is of your own making. Your late respectable mother was an admirable woman, and, as a relation, I have nothing to say against her; but certainly she filled your head with the most absurd ideas; and, amongst others, that of stowing yourself up at home, and never going any where, appears to me to have been the most ridiculous.

I do feel so wretched in this low-cut dress, and these sparkling diamonds.

Nonsense! every woman of the world is bound to wear diamonds. Now, I beg that you will follow out my programme. I have made you dress, and I have brought you here that you may win your husband back. If you do not do as I direct you, all I can do is, that you must go your own way, and put up with the consequences. Will you dance?

Yes, cousin, if you wish me to.

Very well, then; I shall sit by your side one of the handsomest men in the room, and one whose character is very considerably scandalized. I believe that he will marry Lady Clara, who, poor creature, is shamefully wasting the immense fortune she obtained through the death of that bankrupt person, her late husband. I'm going for him.

Do as you think fit, cousin.

The old lady nodded her head, and trotted off, to return in five minutes with an extremely handsome but unscrupulous-looking man, whom she introduced as Col. Adam Streppor.

The old lady then went away a few yards, turned, sat down, and watched for what was to take place. She soon started, for she was not at all prepared to see what she marked, which was nothing more nor less than the taking from his hand a large diamond ring, which he dropped into the open palm of her hand, and which she accepted with no scruple whatever.

Great heavens! thought the old lady, has she taken leave of her senses—or has he! Surely, nothing I said could have led him to suppose—Ha! they are actually going to dance! and the unhappy woman has put the ring on her right hand! What have I done—what have I done?

The introduction to a value was being played as the Honorable Mrs. Fache began repeating her experiment for winning back a husband.

The value began, and Streppor, proud to be the favored one of the beautiful unknown, commenced the waltz, and had upon half round the large drawing-room before any other couple began to whirl.

Not ten couple were in motion when Sir Frederick Poyntz came upon the scene, looking about him indifferently for a moment, and then blazing into sudden anger.

Another half minute, and he was almost beside himself with rage, for his eyes were fixed upon the immense diamond upon Alina's right hand, and the middle finger, for she had passed the diamond over her glove.

Old Mrs. Fache, intensely watchful, now, heartily wished she herself had been contented in the silent tomb before she had been so rash as to have advised this mode, which was now in operation, of winning back a husband.

How it happened that the diamond had anything to do with it, she was at a loss to understand, but that this was the case appeared evident from the rage which had shown itself upon Sir Frederick's face as his eyes fell upon the jewel.

The old lady could only imagine that Poyntz recognized the ring as one he had seen upon Streppor's hand.

But old Mrs. Fache had passed so many years in society, that she was not easily fooled, and, therefore, after only a few moments' reflection, she knew what to do.

Sir Frederick Poyntz, she said, your arm. Take me down stairs to my carriage.

Whatever may happen, she thought, his escorting me down stairs will give him a little time in which to cool down; but how I could explain the fact of her accepting Streppor's ring, after only knowing him one-half minute, is more than I can plan. I shall say nothing of having brought her here, and leave them to arrange matters as best they can. I was perfectly willing to serve her, and I am sure I did all for the best; but when a pretty woman takes a diamond worth a couple of hundred pounds from a gentleman whom she has only known for a few seconds, why all I can do is to go home.

It will be observed that old Mrs. Fache

was a sensible sort of a woman, as far as mere worldliness was concerned, but that as to questions of apparent naughtiness, she refused to answer them.

I am glad you have brought your wife out, Frederick, she said, as they waited in the hall while the call boy was jingling for the old lady's carriage. She remained altogether quite too much at home.

Yes, replied Poyntz, grimly.
After a pause, he said, here's your carriage. And he marched her out to her little brougham.

Give my remembrance to—Ally, she said; tell I will call over in the morning. You had better send the message by some body else. I am going home.

Ho! said old Mrs. Fache, and pulled; up the window.
But she had little sleep that night—for she was deeply agitated to learn how the husband and wife had met.

To return to the ball room, the value being over, Colonel Streppor handed his partner to a seat, and the watchful eyes of the school for scandal saw him enter into what was evidently a deep conversation.

At its expiration, the Colonel arose, gave her his arm, and the couple left the ball room. However the scandal-mongers were considerably disappointed to see the Colonel return by himself in a few minutes. He calmly went to Lady Clara Danlish, and sitting down by her side, he said Lady Clara, Poyntz is married.

She turned suddenly round.
Absurd!

I assure you. His wife has been here—pretty woman in pale blue satin and diamonds. She came to look after him. Look about, and you will find she has vanished. There can be no doubt about it; she had on the family diamond, and there were his arms on the panels of the brougham.

What an outrage! I always understood that he was not married, or you may be sure that I never would have flirted with him. I never cared for him, or I should not have handed to you the diamond he gave me not three hours since. By the way, where is the diamond in question?

She has got it.
Lady Poyntz.
What! said Lady Clara; do you dare want to tell me that a respectable wife would accept a valuable diamond from a man she had only known for a few moments?

I saw her looking at the jewel, and asked her to accept it.
With your usual audacity! said Clara, indignantly, yet completing her remark with a smile.

She said she would accept it, continued Streppor, quite ready, because it was her own improved upon. For instance he says: "I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over vice, trick, and stratagem, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over a pacing pony, or a racker that goes his mile or two like mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey."

That was nonsense!
Not unless or not she knew where to find a secret spring, which brought to view a little cloud of hair, which she said was hers; and which she threw away, saying it had been deceived.

By my touch, I do doubt, said Lady Clara. Upon my word, Lady Poyntz! Some day we will be quits.

Are you quite already, Lady Clara? You have fascinated her husband; and she has fascinated yours.

Mine! What do you mean?
I mean that after this scandal, the sagger you accept my hand, the better.

Colonel Streppor, I consider I have been won by mere stratagem.
At that you do accept me?
Of course I do. You cannot suppose I am going to let that wretched woman, Lady Poyntz, talk about me. However, it appears to me that you have gained my hand by fraud.

All is fair in love, you know.
Well, I dare say we shall make a model couple.

Meanwhile, poor Lady Poyntz was trembling as her carriage took her home.
But she knew she had done no harm.
Sir Frederick was seated at the fire when she entered.

I found my diamond, she said. You remember that I lent it to you, and that you said you lost it.

That was all the reproach she uttered.
He was mightily wretched, he said, since I have been so wretched. I have missed you. It has been all my fault, she said, nestling against his breast; because, if I had gone out with you, as I should have done, you would not have missed me. And—and, Fred may I give a ball to some of your old friends?

You are a dear little woman, he said; and you must never know how much you have forgiven me.
I don't care, she said since I have won you back.
Ah! but she never learnt—and they were merciful enough not to tell her—that he had allowed Lady Clara to think him a back-biter, in order the more effectually to flirt with her.

After all, he said, some months after, I think

domestic life is pleasanter than pleasure. Give a summer party or ball whenever you like, Ally; but I, for one shall be glad, when they are over.

I've won you back completely, she said, kissing him.

THE GENEROUS BOY.—One day a gentleman saw two boys going through one of the streets of New York. They were bare footed. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street. "I say Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find them? And they are so pooty and nice! Look sharp, Billy; mebbe you'll find something bimeby." Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying, "O jolly, Billy! if here ain't most half a peach! and 'faint much dirty neither. 'Cause you hain't found nothin' you may take the first bite." Billy was just going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said, "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe we'll find another 'fore long." What a noble heart that poor boy had in spite of his rags and dirt! There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty—the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he said, "Bite bigger, Billy." There was nothing greedily, nothing selfish about that boy. I would rather have his kind and generous spirit than have a monarch's crown upon my head without it. "Bite bigger, Billy! Think of these words if you are ever tempted to be unkind or unselfish to your companions."—[Missionary Visitor.

EXPEDITIOUS BUT RATHER TRYING.—An Irishman, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the "boss" told him that was not the way—he must lift or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better next time. After loading again, he drove to the dump, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse, and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed, "Bedad, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be tryin' to the bone."

DOW, JR.

In his day, used to say some pretty good things which even our modern imitators have not improved upon. For instance he says: "I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over vice, trick, and stratagem, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over a pacing pony, or a racker that goes his mile or two like mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey."

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Some weeks since, a certain lady of San Jose, California, after a long experience with servant girls, and being unable to find one to suit her fastidious taste, came to do her cooking and housework. Accordingly, after visiting the several intelligence offices kept by the Cantoners and Hong Kongers, she procured the services of a moon-eyed Celestial, warranted to "heap sabs cooke." For a few days everything went on like clock work. John performed his duties faithfully; his mistress was delighted, and to show how she appreciated the services of her new help, determined to give a dinner to certain of her friends (who were groaning under the yoke of those terrible "servant girls"). The friends were invited and came; the dinner was served in grand style; the different dishes prepared for the occasion were cooked "to a turn," and the hostess was literally borne down by the congratulations showered upon her by her admiring friends. The last course had been disposed of, and the mistress rang for dessert, which consisted of a magnificent pudding, to be served by John himself.

The Celestial appeared, bearing the luscious compound in dishes, and placed it before the guest, whose most enthusiastic admiration was excited by the manner in which the "dip" or "dressing" was poured over the dishes. It so happened that three of guests were unversed with dessert and the hostess directed John to wait upon them. In the meantime, the others not being able to resist the temptation, had begun eating. His mistress thinking, the Chinaman, was absent rather longer than was necessary, went into the kitchen to see what was the matter. A sight met her gaze that transfixed her with horror. John was sucking the "dip" into his mouth, and rejecting it over the pudding, in the same manner that he would sprinkle clothes preparatory to ironing them. Whether the lady acquainted her guests with the discovery is not our province to relate.

A tall long-legged Yankee from up country distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accoutred with a swabie tail coat and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ankles, boots shining with tallow, and hat that curved over a half inch of brim, stalked into large city hotel lately to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have:

"Wall, I s'wan, I don't know," said he, casting his eyes down the long array of friendeaux, "cot-tetres, ragouts, altogether 'kickshaws' on the bill of fare, which confounded him with their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them; 'wall, what would you take, squire, if you were in my place?' 'I can't eat all if I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till the snow flies.'"

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the waiter.

"Wall, squire, your 'bout right, I reckon; bring on your soup and then I'll tuck into your vittles. You tax all the same they say, an it's hard choosin' so I'll jist try one plate through the lot—I will if I bust!"

FOX AND HIS SNUFF BOX.—Charles J. Fox, being once at Acot Reggs with his intimate companion, General Conway, missed his snuff-box. The general was lucky enough to discover the thief, and seize him before he could get clear. Upon this the man fell down upon his knees, and with many tears, besought Fox to pardon him and not expose him to great degradation, and this was the first offence against the laws that he had ever committed. Fox was greatly affected, and not only let the offender go, but gave him a guinea. Shortly after this, having occasion to use his snuff box, he found no signs of it in the pocket where he had replaced it, and turning to General Conway, he said "My snuff-box is gone again!" "Yes," replied the latter, "I saw the scamp take it a second time, when you gave him the money, but I thought I wouldn't interfere again."

An old miser, who was excused, indignantly, from being a miser, was obliged reluctantly to consult a physician.

"What shall I do with my head?" asked the man, it is so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription, and retired saying: "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

During a dense fog a Mississippi riverer took a landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the hotel and asked why the boat stopped.

Too much fog; can't see the river.
But you can see stars overhead.
Yes, replied the urbane pilot, but till the fog lifts we ain't goin' way.

Passenger went to bed satisfied.

An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse car, was asked why he did not let it be bundled on the platform. He replied: "B. J. Jones, the horse has enough to drag me, I'll carry the bundle."