MRS. FURGESON'S STORY.

"Yes, sir. I'm Mrs. Furgeson and I do take boarders; but you say your friend is an invalid, and I can't, indeed I can't, think of it. Yes, sir, no doubt, a most excellent gentleman, I have every reason to believe, since you tell me so; and as you say attendance would be well paid for, and it is airy here and very pleasant, doubtless it would be very beneficial to the poor, dear gentleman, but I can't take him. I don't take invalids. Because of the trouble? Oh, dear, no. That isn't it. Trouble I never mind. What is it then? Wouldn't the boarders like it? Let the boarders mind their own affairs, if it was nothing catching, and neuralgia and nerves ain't catching that ever I heard of.

"No, no, but a scalded dog dreads cold water, and I have had invalids before. One invalid, he was enough for me. He ain't boarders, I think of though. I had twenty-four silver small and twenty-four heavy plated, that you couldn't tell, and a dozen tables, solid, and four salts and ten desserts, and a scallop shell shaped that came two in a velvet box—a present to me when I was married. Boarders? No, of course I don't mean boarders. Spoons. I had that number when I took the invalid, and you don't know the straits I'm put to now, and the cheap rubbish I've had to buy. All on account of that invalid. But this one will take all his medicine in his own spoons. Ah, that isn't it, sither! Your poor dear friend is doubtless a perfect gentleman; only I am prejudiced against invalids.

"He was brought in in a chair, wrapped up in a counterpane, and I must say I thought he had a very red face; but that might be apopletic, you know, or he might have stimulated himself into it, as an invalid might easily do, you know, and not to blame if the doctor recommended it. And he was taken into the best front room, next to the one Mrs. Jerrup had—my diamond boarder. I used to call her; she had so many of 'em in her ears and on her fingers and at her throat. And as soon as he was comfortably fixed I went up to see him, and says I:

"'Mr. Bolter,' says I—that was his name—'Mr. Bolter, is there anything I can do for you?'

"And he says as politely as you could wish: 'No, ma'am, there is not. All I shall need is a little water-cruel at six in the morning; and if the boarders have any of 'em a habit of singing hymns in the evening, as I've known in pious boarding-houses, to set the parlor door open that I may hear 'em.'

"Now, was there ever anything more touching than that? I went down-stairs, with tears in my eyes, and says I: "If there ever was a saint on earth, it is poor, dear Mr. Bolter. He is too good to live, and I'm as sure as sure that we shall lose him." And it was a remarkable incident that the widow of the Rev. Mr. Spicer did board with us, and did sing hymns; an' she sang 'em that night, and set the parlor door open; and Mr. Bolter rung his bell, and sent down word that he was 'very much refreshed,' with his compliments, by the waiter. He did take stimulants, I smelt; and I said to myself, 'And who can blame him if it's ordered?' And it was brandy, if I have a nose.

"Well, as we parted for the night, we all spoke of the poor, dear gentleman.

"Another gentleman had called to speak of him, just as you have called about your invalid friend. Yes. And you mustn't think I mean any hints or anything. And he told us he couldn't put his feet to the ground, and hadn't, for ten years."

"'And what would he do in case of fire?' says Mrs. Tibbs, who was timid.

"'I should rescue him, of course,' said Mr. Becket, our young boarder, who was in a dry-goods store, and who was as big, take him altogether, as one of the invalids arms.

"'But you'd have the ladies to save, you know,' said Mrs. Squizzle, the widow, who always flirted with everything and anything like a man, from eighty to eighteen.

"'The ladies first,' said Mr. Becket, 'of course.' Only if he'd started with Mrs. Squizzle he'd never have got back for any more, for she weighed two hundred pounds, and he'd have been squashed at the first step.

"'I shall keep my eye on him,' said Mrs. Smith, 'and I'll tell Mr. Smith to do so. I'll step in to-morrow and tell him our views about magnetism. I wonder if he's ever tried magnetism.'

"'Poor gentleman,' said Mrs. Jerrup. 'How he is afflicted, to be sure. I've had neuralgia myself, and I know. He ought to go to the sulphur springs: that is what cured me. I shall tell him so.'

"'I shall pray for him,' said Reverend Mr. Spicer's widow. 'And I shall take him my late husband's excellent tract, on the uses of affliction, to-morrow.'

"'And I wouldn't mind reading the Bible to him one bit,' said Miss Annie Spicer, if he liked it."

"'How you express yourself,' said her mother. 'You should determine to do so whether he liked it or not, and you should rejoice to do it. Wouldn't mind indeed.'

"Then we went to bed. There was a light in the room still, and I called through the key-hole, (he slept in his reclining chair): 'Mr. Bolter, are you comfortable for the night?' and he answered:

"'Thank you, Ma'am, I am. I am having an hour in meditation.'

"'Excuse me for interrupting you,' says I.

"'Oh, not at all,' says he, and away I went; and I went to sleep thinking how glad I was, with all my troubles, I was not an invalid.

"I guess it was about one o'clock when I waked up with a noise of bursting in my ears, and there was a light in the room. It was a queer light, bright all in one spo', and I thought, though I don't believe in 'em, it was a ghost. And says I, out loud: 'Oh, Lord!' and covered my head with the sheet. I hadn't had it covered but a minute, though, when I felt a big hand on my throat, and just the roughest voice ever I heard growled in my ear:

"'Now, old lady, be sensible. I ain't goin' to hurt you if you're quiet. Keep your head covered and lay still. I've got a six-shooter her, and if you screech I fire.'

"'Are you a burglar?' says I.

"'Form your own conclusions,' says he, 'only don't shriek. I shouldn't want to live if I was an old woman, but p'raps you do.'

"Well, I kinder wondered what for myself, but I did, and I laid still and only shrunk inardly.

"After a while there was no more poking at the bureau and rattling in the closet; and then I heard creaking all over the house and a shriek somewhere, and I didn't know but there was murder done; and I thought of my poor invalid, and if he was in that wretch's hands, poor man, and I thought over all the stories I'd read of dreadful tragedies, and I felt for all my boarders, but most of all for the poor invalid that couldn't help himself; but it wasn't until all was quiet as the grave that I dared sit up, and then it was daylight. And then courage came to me, and I put my head out of the window and shrieked. Nobody heard me at first, but at last there were two policemen, with their clubs, and then I put on my waterproof and went downs airs.

"'You've been robbed, that's plain,' said the policeman; 'but is anybody hurt?'

"'Murdered in their beds, I've no doubt,' says I. And I thought it must be so; but it was better than that.

"Some were gagged and some were tied, and dear little Mr. Becket was rolled up in a blanket, like a rolly-poly pudding, and pinned in. And diamonds and clothes and everything was gone, poor dears. And even the Indian idol from Mrs. Smith's mantelpiece. And as for me, I hadn't a spoon left, and nothing to put on but the water-proof cloak. But nothing dreadful had happened except to the invalid gentleman. He had disappeared.

"'They've murdered him!' says I.

"'They've carried him off for a ransom,' says Mrs. Squizzle. 'The Italians do that, you know.'

"'Maybe he's thrown himself out of the window in a fright,' says Mrs. Smith.

"'There we all stood, mostly in blankets and such, and made suggestions. I, for one, knew I should find him down cellar, weltering in his gore. What did you say? Did we? Oh, no, we didn't. No. The policeman gave the first hint of the truth.

"'Your invalid is your burglar,' says he. 'It's easier to open a door from inside than from out. I reckon I know the man. It's Sly Tom, as they call him. He's been up to this dodge before.'

"And so it was, sir, so it was. Mrs. Jerrup got back her diamonds, but I never got back my spoons; and no offence, sir—no insinuations. I'm sure this invalid gentleman is all that one could wish—all! Oh, I feel quite positive of that, and no offence; but with an invalid in the house I should be obliged to sit up in the bed all night. I should have nerves to that extent. No, no invalids for me; but Mrs. Tompkins over the way has never had such an experience, and I'd recommend you to call there.

"No, no; I do not believe Mr. Wedgerby, your friend, to be a burglar, only I cannot accommodate invalids after Mr. Bolter."

Is it Really Consumption?—Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in its bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

—W. W. McLellan, Lyn N. S., writes "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

Bees can predict the weather. Combine a bee and a small boy and they can produce a squall.

—To cure any scrofulous disease or humor, try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood of all impurities.

A war cloud no bigger than a man's hand cannot be expected to spank all Europe.

—For a long time I have wanted that "Queen of perfumes" for the handkerchief "Lotus of the Nile," please tell me how I can get it. Thus writes A. M. Granade from away off in Bateaville, Arkansas. When it is considered that the Lotus has not been advertised in the States it must indeed be a wonderful perfume to have become known so far off. 36

A man calls a puppy after him by whistling. But a girl doesn't need to go to all this trouble. She has only to wink at one.

What this country is suffering from most just now is the number of 50-cent men trying to carry a $100,000 air.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the quickest cure for all blood diseases. Its effects are felt immediately.

'Tis sweet to love, but oh how bitter,
To have some other fellew get her.

—That "Tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell," as Byron calls it, suggests no pleasing reflections to the dyspeptic, bilious sufferer. He partakes, of course, but the subsequent torment is egregiously out of proportion to the quantity of food he eats, which lies undigested, a weight like lead in his unhappy stomach. There is a remedy, however, and its name is North rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. No case is entirely hopeless.

The immediate delivery systemwas in use with the highway robber long before it was ever thought of by the postoffice department.

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes walk of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontarie and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from Geo. Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

The rage now in Paris is to be married at midnight. This is a wise move. It accustoms the bride to waiting up until midnight for her husband's return.

—Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The war for the union developed many heroes; but the bravest man this century has produced only came to the front this month. He abducted a Boston school marm.

A Cure for Drunkenness.—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada. ed

A Cherokee Indian is reported who is 94 years old, and who does all his own work. Perhaps the reason so few other Indians work is because so few ever reach that age.

—Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

While smallpox scare
Is in the air
Hearts jump in palpitation
While maidens shriek
With flushing cheek,
"Don't touch my vaccination!"

—The public are cautioned against imitations of the Pain-Killer, and to be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "Just as good;" many of these they make a little more profit upon, but which have no qualities in common with the Pain-Killer. 36

Japanese etiquette requires visitors to remain at the places they are visiting until told to leave. A good many visiting acquaintances in this country seem to be trying to make that the custom here.

—You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

The price of a giraffe is $20,000. Boarding house people who had an idea that hash contained a little of everything can now eat that compound with the assurance that giraffe is not one of the component parts.

—There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

"Is Washington's birthday observed in Texas?" asked a New Yorker who was visiting San Antonio. "Observed!" exclaimed the astonished native; "why, it's venerated. It takes four car loads of beer to fill the demand on that sacred day."

What is a Pullover Hat?—It is a hat made on the same plan as a silk hat. Instead of a silk cover on the stiffened body is stuck a felt covering free from stiffening. It is the most durable hat: if crushed it can be blocked same as when new. It cannot be broken as the ordinary felt hat. With the patent steel wire brim, as originated by Smith, the hatter, it is destined to take the lead.

A young gentleman being introduced to a certain young lady in this place a few evenings since, after a rather lengthy conversation with her said, on his departure: "Good evening, ma'am; I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again some time in the near future," when she replied: "Yes, I hope so, thank you—in heaven."

Nervous Debilitated Men.—You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. 135

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION FOR Weddings, Banquets, Lunches, Dinners, Evening Parties, etc.

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