THE HEARTHSTONE.

She appeared to have taken a positive dislike to the boy, and she seized on every opportuni-ty she could catch to vent her malice on him and she put him to tasks of actual drudgery, to which habet hithorto have a groundate strain. which he had hitherto been a complete strang r, and called him ugly nam s, the most offensive of which was "Red Hand."

But the lad made no complaint at all this, nor did he even after a nurmur, although the injustice and insolence he was daily enduring galled his proud little spirit, and wounded it to the quick.

His grandfather noted the treatment to which Desmoro was subjected at the hands of the virago; but the old man dared not utter a word pro or con; he could only sigh in secret over the mistake he had made in choosing such a woman to control his home, and his dead daughter's child.

Desmoro was an industrious and apt scholar, the eleverest in his grandsire's school; and the old men was exceedingly proud of the boy's notwithstanding that he was only a village achoolmaster, was profoundly learned, and, being so was a worthyof holding a much higher

position than his pre-sent one.

Whenever she saw Desmoro over his book or his slate, it was Mrs. Petersham's peculiar de-light to disturb him, to call him away from it, in order to make him perform some menial of-which she knew had a hateful sound in his cal air, cars. And hershrill voice being so often heard all dealling out "Red Hand," the boys in the school far from had caught up the significant appellation, which they were wont to use on all occasions, as if poor Desmoro owned none other.

Many and many a time had Desmoro thrashed a senior scholar for applying to him the objectionable nickname which had been be-stowed upon him by his grandfather's spiteful

My hero now grew thoughtful and gloomy, avoided all his former companions, sought so-litude, and clung closer than ever to his books. His young heart was so brimfull of unhappiness that he knew not what to do. He loved his grandfather too dearly to trouble him with a relation of his heavy sorrows which he kept locked up in his own bosom, hidden away from every one. He walked about the village with his left hand thrust deep in his trousers-pocket, a threatening second upon his handsome face, his acute ears straining to catch every sound, thinking that he heard the whispered syllables of "Red Hand" on every passing breath of

One day, Desmoro secretly sought the surgery of the village doctor, and, showing him his marked hand, asked his advice about it.

"Can the redskin be removed by any means, sir? I don't care for the pain of the operation; I could bear anything rather than this terrible

red hand," said Desmoro, very carnestly.

The medico laughed in the boy's face, saying, "And what harm is there in the colour of the limb, so long regit is well-formed, and you have the perfect use of it? I suppose it never fails to do its duty when called upon; it assists you quite as well as the other?"

"Then, in the name of heaven, what can you "I want the stain removed, as I said before,

" But wherefore? The mark, being only on the inner part of the hand, will seldom be

Desmoro was silent for a few seconds. was longing to open his whole soul to some one, but shrank from doing so. Why did the doctor think so lightly of that disfigurement which appeared so hideous in the lad's own eyes and which had obtained for him such an unwelcome and singular soubriquet?

"Can't it he done, sir ?" persisted Desmoro, in eager accents, his open palm held forth

tite, healthful digestion, straight limbs, and the use of all your senses, and never more come here concerning that trumpers mother's mark of yours l"

Abashed and hurt, our sensitive Desmoro made his bow, and quitted the medico's pre-

A whole year had now passed away, when, one day, Mrs. Petersham ordered Desmoro to sweep the kitchen-chimney for her, an office which had hitherto been performed by the sweep of the village.

o, ma'am, I can't do that!" was the lad's y reply. "I have brushed your shoes for sturdy reply. "I have brushed your shoes for you; but I will not become a climbing-boy for you or any one!"

At this, down came Mrs. Petersham's broad, heavy hand upon the luckless speaker's countenance, upon which she left the swollen impress of her five spiteful and cruel fingers.

Desmore staggered backwards under the force of the blow; but he uttered not a cry, though blood was issuing from his nostrils, and one of

No, he uttered no cry; but he breathed an inward vow that his grandfather's roof should not shelter his motherless young head another

With this fixed resolve in his breast, Desmore sought his little chamber, where, after having bathed his hot, tingling visage in cool spring water, he sat down, and indited a fare-well letter to his kind grandsire, who had been his best and only carthly friend. Then the boy made a bundle of his small possessions, left the house secretly, and sallied forth he knew not whither; nor did he seem to care; his first ob-ject being to put distance betwit himself and

It was tale in December, bitterly cold, and the leaden-coloured clouds over the wanderer's houseless head betokened an approaching snowstorm. But he heeded not the threatening aspect of the heavens; he was thinking of the blow he had so recently received, and his youthful indignation knew no bounds as he reflected

On he trudged through the gathering gloom of eve, without any definite purpose in his mind, and with only two copper coins in his

Sheffington Moor was a couple of miles behind him when the snow-flakes first began to

the pure crystallized drops, and colder and

Nothing daunted by the tempest, Desmoro strode onwards, an entire stranger to the road he was pursuing—onwards and onwards, until the snow was knee-deep, and the hour was that of midnight.

He was now waxing hungry, and his feet be ing quite numbed with the biting frost, he did not proceed so quickly as heretofore. By-andby, feeling drowsy and weary, and unable to go on any further, he sank down on a hillock by the roadside, and at once fell fast asleep.

On the brow of the hill, at a very short dis-

tance from the slumberer, there was now dis-cernible a heavy, cumbersome caravan, drawn by a poor, jaded horse, by the side of which two men were tramping with tired footsteps.

But despite their evident bodily fatigue, they appeared to be a couple of light-hearted fellows knowledge, and was always endeavouring to for one of them was whistling loudly, and the instruct him further, for Matthew Petersham, other was spouting Shakspere to the air.

"I wender how far we are from the town, Ralph?" said the whistler, suddenly breaking off in the middle of a strain. "I'm getting confoundedly hungry and sleepy."

"Pshaw! What is a m n, if his chief good, and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more?" answered the travelling companion.

words were not mine own, friend

"I don't care whose they were-they were far from pleasant to me," retorted the other. "That they were not so, blame the divine William, not the humble Ralph Thetford."

"I wish to gracious there had never been such a fellow as that Shakspere!" answered Jellico, somewhat fretfully. "I declare he seems to be driving you all mad! Come on, Bobby, you lazy brute!" he continued, breaking off suddenly, and addressing the lagging animal. "If your master, who is an older chap than you, by many a long year, can manage to trudge it on, so likewise must you!

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way, And morrily hout she stile-a; A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a,"

sang Ralph, gaily.

"Ay, sing on, my lad, I like that better than the spouting; for thou hasta voice that would charm the birds from the trees."

Raiph Tectford laughed, made a careless step forward, slipped, and fell headlong in the

"Stop, Bobby!" cried Jellico, checking the who was now endeavouring to pick himself up.

"Hurt yourself, my lad?" added he.

"Hurt myself!" echoed the fallen man. "By

the mass, I verily believe I shall never walk straight again - never more be a gallant Ro-

"Why, what's the matter, Ralph?" "A broken leg, my master, nothing more," was the light rejoinder.

A broken uddiestick :

"I would it were the fiddle, stick and all, so long as my limbs were safe and sound."

"Nay, are you serious?"
"Serious! Ha, ha! When was Ralph, Thet-

ford ever known to be serious?"
"Be so now, I beg and pray"; returned Jellio, in accents of real distress, for he saw that the young man was unable to move himself

from the ground.

At this moment, a dog which was chained to swinging kennel under the caravan, began to show certain signs of uneasiness, howling loud-

ly, and struggling to get free.
"What ails the beast? Lie still, Pluto," said Jellico, impatiently addressing the dog; which, heeding him not, continued its cries still more

loudly than before. "For heaven's sake, Jellico, let loose you brute! His yells are almost distracting me!" Ralph entreated, his gay spirit beginning to

succumb to pain.

Jellico murmuringly undid the chain; and, "I'm sure, boy, I do not know," the doctor returned, lightly. "You are really the oddest youngster I ever came across I to home again, more returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate commore returned to the side of his prostrate com-

> the road, was heard to bark with all his might and main; but our two travellers were too much engaged to notice his fresh cries, and Pluto barked in vain.

Discovering that fact, the sagacious brute flew back again to his master, whose coat-tail he seized upon, and tugged at with all his strength, whining pitcously the while.

"Take my cap. Jupiter!" shouted Ralph, oyfully. "My limbs are whole; my ankleoyfully. one is a little wrenched, that's all! What ails

thes, Pluto?"

"The creature's mad,"I think," returned Jel-

lico. "If he be, there's method in his madness, pay attention to him. Follow him, Jul-lico. Never heed me now. I'll soon be able to assert my prependicular again. Fol-low him, I say; depend on't, he'll not lead you on a fool's errand."

Taking down a lantern from the front of the caravan, Jellico followed the dog; which, after rushing on about a hundred yarls, suddenly

paused, and commenced barking afresh.
"Hollon, hollon, Pluto, old fellow! What's
all the row about, ch?" inquired his master,
drawing nigh the spot where the noble animal was rubbing his nose on some object lying on

the ground. Jellico lowered his lanteru, and glancing downwards, perceived a still figure half im-bedded in the deep snow.

"Brave old Pluto !" exclaimed the man, in choking accents, putting aside his light, and lifting up the inanimate form of Desmoro. Mercy upon us! is he dead? Here, youngster, open your eyes, and speak, and tell us who you are, and what you're doing here, in this forlorn and frozen state?" he continued, in broken and confused sentences.

But there came no word from Desmoro in reply.

"What on earth is to be done with the poo fellow? There's not a drop of spirits left in the flask to assist me in reviving him. I wish to goodness that plaguy accident had not occurred to Ralph; he'd have been almost as good as a doctor in such a case as this. What am I to do? Hollon!" he shouted loudly, sending his

voice in the direction of his associate. "Hollon! back again, my master!" answered fall, whitening the earth, the trees, and every cobject around. Thicker and thicker descended found—some lovely maiden in distress ?" " What have you

"Be hanged to his frivolity!" muttered Jellico, beginning to chafe Desmoro's hands. nover met with such a come-day, go-day, happy-go-lucky fellow in all my life! Not even a sprained ankle can steady him a bit. Eh!" he continued, addressing the motionless form now stretched across his knees; "you appear to have been in the wars, youngster, if I may judge by the damaged condition of your physiognomy, and this uncommonly red hand of yours. Oho I someboly hus been giving you a licking, I guess, and you've run away from home! You're no tramp, as I can see. And there's his bundle, sure enough I There's a little history here, I fancy; may be, a cruel stepmo-ther—I had such, as I too well remember; but for whom, Samuel Jellico, the merchant's son, would not be what he is at this moment — a poor stroller! That's right, Pluto!" he added, seeing the dog softly licking poor Desmoro's

At this moment the caravan approached close to the spot were this little scene was passing; and Ralph, half supporting himself on one of

"Confound you, Jellico! Why couldn't you unswer me? What have you found?" asked the young man, still speaking in his former strain; retaining all his gay spirits, despite the pain he was enduring in his injured

"What have I found! A poor chap here, half-buried in the snow, and quite insensible." "Asleep! Great heaven! you must arouse him at once, or he'll never wake again!"

"I'm doing my best in his service," returned Jellico, "and here is Pluto helping me as much as the kind brute has the power to help."

"Oh, were it not for this sprained ankle of mine, I also might render you some aid in this sad businees | See, see — yonder is a light! Some dwelling is near." " Where?"

"Not half a quarter of a mile hence. Look

"Av, and a quarter of a mire hence. Look straight down the road, and to your left."

"Ay, ay, I see it. What do you advise ?"

"That you take the poor lad on your shoulders, and at once carry him to a warm fire and some blankets."

"If and have to be had there a if they arrows."

"If such are to be had there: if they prove to be charitable folk." " None will surely deny their charity in such

"Observe the height of you light," pursued Jellico. "It's a big house, and it's inhabited by big people, I dare say, who'll not like to be roused out of their comfortable beds by a couple of poor strollers, and something which may be trouble to them," he added, glancing ruefully at Desmoro, who was lying still mo-tionless, like one dead."

"We have a duty to perform, Jellico, so say no more on the subject. I, myself, shall ask them for nothing; I'll manage to drag my body along to the town, which cannot be far

"Jog on, jog on the footpath-way, And marrily heat the style--a; A merry heart g.es all the day, Your sad tires in a mile--a."

At this, Jellico, aven was possessed of a strong, massive frame, mised his charge, and threw him across his broad shoulders.

" Mustn't forget the youngster's property, anyhow," said he. "Here, Pluto, you must take care of that for the present," he continued, giving the little bundle to the dog, which, taking it between his teeth, immediately bounded on-

And now the little cortege, consisting of the caravan, our limping Ralph, and the sturdy Jellico, bearing Desmoro, proceeded towards the building where the twinkling light was show ing itself.

Jellico was now in advance of the caravan; fatigued as he was already with his long day's journey, he walked on as briskly as his load would permit, for his kind heart was feel-ing anxious for the preservation of the lad's life.

The night was far from being a dark one. Nature's white mantle lighted up the scene, and the stroller could perceive that he was stan i-ing before a large old-fashioned mansion, having a porticoed entrance provided with seats, on one of which he laid his inanimate burden, before he essayed the portal.

Jellico passed his hands over the door, on which, fluding no knocker, he next sought for the bell, at which he gave a vigorous pull. Then he waited in aching impatience for an answer to his summons; but there was utter si-lence. He rang again and while the bell was still resounding throughout the whole dwelling the sash of an upper window was flung up, and a female's shrill voice was heard demanding who was there?

At this, Jellico stepped out of the portico, and disclosed his presence to the night-capped questioner at the casement.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, make haste! Here's a poor boy whom I have just found half-buried in the snow, and who will perish if you do not afford him instant assistance."
"Eh? What? Oh!" sho shricked out at the

top of her voice, "you villain! Thieves! thieves! Mary Jane, Lotty, Kitty, all of you; bring here the blunderbuss, and take care of it, for it's double-loaded. Thieves, thieves!"

" My dear ma'am, will you listen to me ; you mistake my object—you do, indeed 1 Consider a fellow-creature's life is at stake, and—"

"Be off, or I'll shoot you, you robber and midnight assassin! You know there's not a man in the house, and so you're come here with your false pretences, just to get us to open the door, so that you may massacre us all in cold blood! Mary Jane! Lotty, Kitty, all of you! Thieves, thieves P she screamed, louder even than before.

At this morgent, unother window such was thrown wide, and a head without a nightcap peoped forth.
"Whatever is the master aunt?" inquired the

owner of the head, speaking tremblingly, but in sweet feminine accents. "Go back to your bed, child, or you'll catch your death of cold. Mary Jane, the blunderbuss,

quick l" Just then Ralph and the caravan halted in front of the mansion, and a full tenor voice, marvellously rich, rose on the calm frosty air,

singing :-Pity, kind gentletolks, friends of humanity, Keen blows the wind——"

"Oh, aunt, listen!"

Suddenly the strain changed to one quaint and characteristic. "Oh, aunt, they are not thieves i" cried the younger of the two females, in winning, coax-

ing accents.
"I don't know that; it's best to think them

rogues, and then we shall not be deceived by

them in any way," returned she.

"Ma'am, we are unarmed men, a couple of poor strollers," spoke Jellico, his ton full of entreaty and humility,—"asking nothing from you for ourselves, only Christian charity to-wards this stranger — a boy, who, if you deny him immediate help, may never unclose his eyes to life again."

"See, aunt, there's their caravan; he must be speaking the truth ! Wait a minute, and we will admit you?" added the old lady's nicco addressing Jellico, and at once disappearing from

And by-and-by the door was unclosed, and they were received by a young lady of about nineteen years old, behind whom were standing three shivering maid-servants, huddled in cloaks and loose garments, all of them holding candles in their hands.

Jellico had Desmoro in his arms, and Ralph was hopping on one foot, enduring excruciating

pain. "Is the poor boy dead?" "sked the lady, in the shafts of the vehicle, appeared hopping along. soon as possible! Hasten, hasten l' she continued, hurrying the servants out of the hall.

This way. I will conduct you to the kitchen, and see that all your wants are properly supplied. Who is the boy, he is wel-dressed; I do hope that he will soon recover! If he have a mother, what a state of anxiety and terror she will be in at missing her son! This way, this way!" she continued, leading them across the hall, then along a stone passage, at the end of which a spacious kitchen presented itself to their view.

Here the scene soon became exceedingly stirring, every one being employed in the of our hero, whom kind attention, assisted by a glass of hot brandy and water, and plenty of glowing warmth, soon restored to a normal

The lady of the shrill voice now made her appearence in the kitchen, and looked suspiciously at her guests, informing them that she was Miss Tillysdale, the mistress of the man-

sion, which was known as Tillysdale Hall.

Miss Tillysdale was a tall, bony maiden of sixty years of age, dressed in a juvenile fashion (for she had made her toilette before appearing), with manners to correspond. The mo-ment she entered the apartment she was attracted by the handsome face of Ralph Thet-ford, who was sitting on a settle, with his maimed limb supported on a chair before him. "Dear, dear! why I didn't understand that

anybody was injured !" the lady cried. thought that it was some unfortunate boy who had been found buried in the snow!"

"Oh, madam, don't notice me, I beg," returned Rulph, very politely. "The poor boy—thanks to your kind hospitality—is almost recovered!" he added, pointing to Desmoro, who was crouching over the fire, endeavouring to hide his swollen face and blackened eye from observation.
"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Tillysdale, rais

ing her hands in astonishment at sight of our hero, whom she had roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round about "Gracious, what a countenance! Who are you? Whence come you? And who on carth has given you such a frightful black eye?"

Desmoro, whose heart was full almost to bursting, made no reply. "Is he deaf and dumb?" she demanded, look-

ing at those around her.
"He has not yet uttered a single word, aunt!" returned the niece.
"He hasn't I What a thankless little mon-

ster - that is, if he can speak!" corrected the lady. "Can your hear?" she shouted in Desmoro's car. "Quite well!" he answered, chockingly. "And

I am not a thankless monster, ma'am, for I am very much obliged to you and to all the others; although it wouldn't have much in attered if I'd been left to sleep it out, as nobody would have missed me had I died " " Who are you?" again questioned Miss Til-

lysdale, Desmoro hesitated, reluctant to disclose his name. But the lady, who was not to be denied, per

sisted in questioning him, until he became quite bewildered by her queries. "It's very natural that I should desire to she continued, her keen eyes fixed upon the boy's quivering face, which he would fain have kept hidden from her view. "What's your

"I can't tell you that, ma'am; at least, would much rather a t mention if, if you would kindly excuse my doing so !" faltered he.

"You're mysterious, and everything that is so is either wicked or wrong? The weary boy raised his hand to his brow, which was feeling but and greatly confused.

and thus showed his crimsoned palm. "Well, if ever !" exclained the antique maiden, catching sight of Desmoro's red hand. I vow and declare I there's blood all over the

inside of your fingers!" "No no, ma'am; it's only a mother's mark!" returned the boy, shrinkingly.
"A mother's mark!" echoed M:ss Tillysdale.
"But what about room block mark at the control of the

mother's mark, is it?"
"No, ma'am." " No. indeed, I should think not! I'm glad you see that I'm not a person to be imposed ipon I Well, since you will not tell me your

But what about your black eye-that's not a

right name, I shall call you Red Hand! At this, Desmoro uttered a sharp cry of dis-tress, and covered his face. Red Hand I Great heaven, would that hateful soubriquet pursue him for ever?

Miss Tillysdale now turned to Ralph Thetford, and asked feelingly after his ailments, while the lady's niece was speaking gentle words into the motherless boy's car.

The eves of the mistress of Tillysdale Hall had fallen admiringly upon Ralph Thetford the strolling player, and she was ready and eager to afford him and his companion every assistance that they required; and Jellico had stable, coachhouse, and provisions in plenty placed at his command; and Bobby was fed and lodged more comfortably than he had ever been fed and lodged before.

With her own two hands, Miss Tillysdale now bathed and poulticed Ralph's sprained ankle; and beds being prepared, the lady invited her guests to remain at the hall for as long as ever they pleased: the truth of the matter being, that she was only too happy to retain them for a while; perhaps she felt dispose ito retain one of them for ever, I will not say.

The following day was the Sabbath, Ralph's

ankle was considerably better, and Desmoro

was perfectly well in every respect.

But he appeared to be ill at ease, and he ivoided all the questions that were put to him.

At length Jellico drew him aside, and thus spoke.

"Youngster, have you any father and mother ?" " I have been told that I have the former, but the latter died when I was only an in-

"You are no common sort of lad. By whom were you brought up?

" By a grandfather, sir," was the reluctant reply.
"What has driven you from his home, which

"My grandfather's new wife."
"Oho! Precisely as I expected."

3 You see my eye? She struck me, sir, and I

would not remain near her after that." " And you won't tell me your name ?"

" I am called Desmoro Desmoro." " And who was your father-do you know?"

" He was a gentleman, I have been told, and in officer in the army." Jellico nodded his head, and straightway fell into a fit of musing.

Presently he spoke again. What are you going to do? Have you any friends to whom you mean to apply

"I have not a single friend in the whole world, sir; nor have I any knowledge of where my father, if he be still alive, might be found."

"Poor fellow--poor fellow!" exclaimed the stroller, with swimming eyes. "I can feel for you, for I myself was once a desolate little chap like yourself, having no haven to anchor

" And what did you do?" asked Desmoro. " I turned stroller—a strolling actor—a va-

gabond in the eyes of the law." Did you ever act in any of Shakspere's plays "inquired the boy, with sparkling orbs.
"Yes," drawled Jellico, pinching his chin
with a preoccupied air. "Though I must say
that I'd much rather not have done so, for to

me he was always more trouble than he was worth." Shakspere ?"

"Yes. I never could get his language into my brain." "I know nearly all his plays off by heart,"

returned Desmoro.

" Do you, my lad?"

"Would you like to become an actor?" "Yes; a great one." "Umph! Ambitious! Well better so than not!" cried Jellico, within himself: "Pil talk with you again on this subject, Desmoro."

And there the matter dropped for the present.
Tillysdale Hall had long been wrapped in darkness and repose, when one of the servant-maids, who was distracted with a raging tooth, rose, and lighted a candle, that she might search in a certain drawer for some laudanum

she had there. The soothing drops being applied to the ach-

ing tach, the girl, heedless of the guttering caudle by her hedside, soon dropped asleep.

Presently, the wick of the tallow light grew long—then a red spark fell upon one of the cotton garments near; and soon afterwards there was a smell of fire, and the room graduallyfilled with a thick, hot, stilling vapour.

But the girl slumbered on, unconcious of the danger which surrounded her. Desmoro, who was sleeping in the next chamber with the two strollers, now awoke, and started up in bed. The room was filled with snoke, and he could hear the sounds of

cracking timber. With one bound, the lad was out of bed, in search of his garments; in the next instant he was screaming "Fire!" at the very top of his voice, at which Jellico and Ralph sprang up, and added their cries to those of Desmoro, who, only half-dressed, had flung open the chamber-door, and rushed out to alarm the sleeping houschold.

(To be continued.)

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

To the south of Kaffa and Susa, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many hamboo woods, inhabited by the race called bakes, who are no higger than boys ten years old, that is, only four feet high. They have dark, olive-colored complexion, and live in a completely savage state, like the bassts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something of an idea of a higher being sessing something of an idea of a higher being called Yer, to whom, in moments of wretchedness and anxiety, they pray—not in an erect position, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or a stone. In prayer they say:

"Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain?" We do not ask thee

or food and clothing, for we live on scrpents, ants and mice. Thou hast made us. Wh

The Dakos have no chief, no laws, no weapons; they do not hunt, nor till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey, and the like, climbing the trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys; and both sexes go completely maked. They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little parental instinct; the mother nurses her child for rental instinct; the mother nurses her enterior a short time only, accustoming it to eat anta and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. They have thick, protruding lips, that noses, and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nulls on the hands and feet are allowed to grow long, like the talons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants and in tearing to pieces the sorpents, which they devour raw, for they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they plerce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

The Life of the Body is the blood, and the blood is the lever which regulates our spirits and constitution. If we persist in keeping our Blood pure we discharge a dobt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to expostinate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in quest of the precious (lift, you are strongly recommended to produce a supply of the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills and take as directed.

Gitt. Drive whose brain development is unusually large in computison with the body, are most frequently singled out for a promature final resting place. Why is this? Simply because the functions of the body are too frail to supply the waste soing on in the brain consequent upon active intelligence. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphitus is so prepared that it imparts the vital principle directly to the brain, while it assists in developing a vigorous and robust body.



