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POOR DOCUMENT

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Pears' Soap. It has stood the test for 100 YEARS.

A DAUGHTER'S HEART.

By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "In a Grass Country," "A Lost Wife," "The Cost of a Lie," "This Wicked World," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Susan Meyrick, the heroe of the story, returns home from school, and meets Sir Jasper Keith, the antiquated affianced of her sister Adelaide, (age 30 years) and likes him. Keith discovers the selfishness of Adelaide's character and becomes interested in her homely, sister Susan. They go to a fox hunt, Adelaide riding Susan's hunter, Rob Roy, while Susan is put off with an old cart horse. Susan is thrown while getting over a hedge, and when she regains consciousness, Sir Kieth is bending over her.

CHAPTER IV.

When Susan recovered her consciousness, she found herself staring straight up at another face which was bending down within a few inches of her own.

Her first feeling was a vague wonder why that other face was so white and so scared, and why those eyes—beautiful clear hazel eyes, with a gold glint in them—should be filled with such an agony of incomprehensible terror.

Then she felt dizzy, and everything went round her, and she shut her eyes again, and thought seemed to slip away; then after another minute or so, with a little start, life reasserted itself, and she said to herself, "it was Jasper Keith, of course. Why was he looking like that?" And then another swift thought, "Now I know the color of his eyes. Clara will be glad;" and a little smile of amusement stole over her lips and she opened her eyes wide once more. Still Jasper's face stooping over her, but this time he did not look half so scared and miserable.

"You are better? You know me?" he asked, eagerly, and as he spoke he lifted her head and shoulders onto his arm.

Then she came back from that strange border-land of Death upon which her spirit had for a few moments been uncertainly wandering, and returned to this world once more.

"Are you in pain?" said the anxious, tender voice. "Do I hurt you?"

She lifted her hand to her head, from which her broken hat had fallen away.

No, she had no pain. Only, how stiff and numb her legs felt! She looked down and saw what had happened. She was lying at the bottom of a wide, dry ditch, and the body of her horse lay motionless across her! This sight awakened her in right earnest. She perceived for the first time that she was not alone with Sir Jasper Keith. A groom whose face she did not know, and two or three countrymen who had been at work in the fields hard by, and had run up at the rumor of an accident, were standing round the fallen horse, and they now began, with stupendous pushings and huggings, to endeavor to drag him off her body. Then all at once she saw what it was all about: the old horse was dead!

With a little cry she struggled to raise herself, and her first words were choked with a rush of sudden tears:

"Oh, he is dead! he is dead! He carried me so well, he was so plucky, and I have killed him! Oh, I shall never, never forgive myself!"

"Don't distress yourself. His neck is broken: he must have been killed instantaneously; he could not have suffered at all."

Instinctively he seemed to guess what she felt. He knew, he could not tell why nor wherefore, that no thought of her own possible hurt or suffering troubled her; only the thought of pain to the poor old horse who had carried her so bravely.

Partly no doubt because she was frightfully shaken and weak, she turned her face round upon his shoulder and cried bitterly.

How strangely those tears affected him! A woman crying, and yet he felt no scorn and no disbelief, no angry impatience!—nothing but a great gush of tender pity which made him draw her a little closer into his arms.

Poor little girl! poor little unselfish heart that was filled with woe, not for itself, but for something else,—for the suffering of an animal! Ah, there was no sham about these tears of Susan's! they were real! he knew they were real! How long it was since he had believed in such a thing!

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry," he murmured, rather unsteadily. "Remember, the poor old horse was quite at the end of his time; and how can a hunter die nobler than in the hunting-field, doing his utmost bravely to the last? Don't cry. I am so afraid you will make yourself ill."

She left off at once, wiping her eyes with his handkerchief, which he put into her hand, like an obedient child.

"Now try and lift yourself up while they get the horse away from you. Take hold of my arm,—so."

She tried conscientiously to do what he told her, but it hurt her horribly, for her foot was somehow doubled up under the horse. Twice, thrice, did that wrenching struggle take place, the four men dragging at the horse's inert and lifeless body, and Jasper drawing her away from it with all his strength.

The third time, the thing was somehow accomplished, and she was free.

She made a brave effort to get upon her feet, Jasper supporting her, but no sooner did she stand upright than that horrible dizzy chaos came upon her once more, and she fainted dead away in his arms.

It seemed quite a long, long time afterwards that she awoke again and found herself moving quickly through the air.

She was in a common open fly—a rickety vehicle, such as is sometimes by good luck to be procured at the inn of a country village. The short afternoon was waning. The air was filled with a damp gray mist. The fly horse jog-trotted along the road with a swaying uneven motion, and the crazy carriage swung and rolled about on its worn-out springs. The cushions of the fly had somehow been arranged to make a couch for her, so that she was lying down, and a thick colored blanket had been tucked carefully around her. But what struck Susan when she came to herself were not all these unimportant details, but the fact that her head was on Sir Jasper Keith's shoulder, and that his arms were holding her carefully, lest she should be shaken by the motion of the vehicle.

With a little thrill of shyness, she sat up and drew herself away from him, and in the half-light she colored furiously.

"We are nearly home now. Do you feel any better?" he asked, anxiously, looking keenly into her face.

Susan hoped devoutly he had not seen her blush. It was so silly to blush! and all about nothing, too!—just because one's brother-in-law—or as good as brother-in-law—was kind!

"I am much, much better, thanks. I think I must have been asleep lately."

"Yes, I think you have. You fainted first, you know, and then I managed to get this carriage to take you home. I have been watching you. Your color came back after a little while, and your breath began to come deep and steady, and then I saw that you were better and that you had fallen asleep. I have been dreadfully afraid that jimcrack vehicle would shake you and wake you up."

Somehow this account of herself, and of how he had been watching her, filled her with indescribable confusion. She trembled a little, she could not have told why.

"I am afraid—I have given you a great deal of trouble," she stammered, brokenly. "I am so very—very—sorry."

"What is there to be sorry about, pray?" he said, lightly, with a little laugh. Then he looked suddenly away from her across the low hedges and the fog-swept fields. Something rose up tumultuously in his heart, something that cried out aloud and would not be silenced.

"Why is it nearly over? Why can it not last forever? Why can I not hold her so, always,—always?" Then with a sudden passion of horror he shut his ears to these voices that had arisen, and laugh aloud, so that Susan started and looked frightened. He turned to her almost feverishly:

"Are you startled because I am laughing, Susan? Well, I am only laughing because it is so odd to me to have a little sister to take care of,—a dear little sister such as you are. It is only natural that I should care about my sister, is it not?"

"Of course," said Susan, quietly. And she did not say anything more for a long time.

Presently they came to the gate of Raybourne Park. It was a side-gate, and there was no lodge, so that no lodge-keeper's prying eyes saw their entrance. The road inside ran for some way between a belt of fir-trees on either side. It was very dark.

"I hope they have not been very anxious," remarked Sir Jasper.

"Would Adelaide be nervous about you, do you think?" she asked, timidly.

"Adelaide! about me? Oh, I was not thinking about that. I was afraid they might be frightened about you."

"Oh, I don't think so. Papa and I are often out late on hunting-days. Besides, they would not know, I dare say, whether I was in or not."

"Not know!" he repeated, in surprise.

"No. That would be nothing wonderful. I should go up to the school-room for tea. Mamma wouldn't ask anything about me."

She spoke quite simply, as though it was the most natural thing in the world for a mother not to care or inquire whether her child came in early or late, safe or unsafe, from a day's hunting on a horse that had not been fit to carry her.

The little sentence seemed to lay all her home life bare before his eyes. He was certain that she lived alone,—that none of them troubled themselves about her, whether she was well or ill, happy or unhappy.

Well, he would alter all that for her. They were close to the house. The old fly drew up before the door.

Sir Jasper got out and rang the bell, but the hall door was only closed, not locked, and before the servants could come he opened it wide, and a flood of light from within glowed out into the darkness.

Susan tried to get out of the fly; but her foot hurt her very much, besides which she was stiff, and sore all over, and dreadfully shaken. She did, however, manage with the help of Jasper's arm to get down on to the ground; then that dreadful faintness began to come over her; she tottered, her face, seen in the warm lights of the house, was deadly white, and she cast a piteous look up at him.

"Pluck will do a great deal, but it won't do everything, Susan," he said, with a smile that was tender as a woman's in his eyes. And then without more ado, he picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house.

What a feather-weight she was! how small, how slight, how childish!

Why did his heart beat so tumultuously, why was there such a wild gladness singing—nay shouting—within him, at the contact of the light frail form that lay against his breast?

He should have known. Perhaps he did know. Perhaps in yielding to this delirious joy which possessed him like a strong intoxicating liquid of fire, Sir Jasper Keith knew very well that he was playing with a new and magical temptation, with which it were better for him not to meddle. It was the very newness of it which overpowered him.

Great heavens! was it possible that he should still feel—could still be alive to—that to which he had believed himself dead forever? The realization of what he experienced himself overcame him. He could not, would not, give it a name; and, yet, what else could it mean? he knew.

He did not walk blindfold into it. He saw, and yet he said to himself, "I see nothing."

He was half-way across the hall before the material things of life had any power to touch him.

Then all at once the spell was broken, the enchantment destroyed. He found himself suddenly face to face with—Miss Symonds!

It was her look of consternation, her horror-stricken expression of outraged virtue, which, like a shock of ice-cold water, recalled him to himself.

"Sir Jasper!" ejaculated the governess, adding, after a moment's pause, in a tone of amazement impossible to describe, "and—Miss Susan!"

The emphasis was unmistakable. In less time than it takes to relate, Susan was no longer that divine burden that he could have carried to the world's end upon his heart, but a girl who had a character to lose and to defend, whose name might possibly suffer at his hands, and who was—oh, the pity of it!—his own Adelaide's sister!

She was standing now, leaning against the table, white and red by turns, and trembling like an aspen-leaf.

The instinct of self-protection made her say, very quickly,—

"Thank you, Jasper. My foot is better. I can walk very well now." It was the first time she had spoken his name, and even at that moment it sent a keen thrill of joy through his veins to hear it upon her lips.

"Miss Susan has met with an accident out hunting, Miss Symonds," he hastened to explain. "Pray go and tell Mrs. Meyrick. I think she ought to send for the doctor."

Miss Symonds cast a withering look upon them both. As plainly as words could say it, that look said, "I do not believe you."

"I certainly think that her mamma ought to be told—everything," she said, significantly. "Mrs. Meyrick is in the drawing-room, Miss Susan. If you can leave Sir Jasper, perhaps you had better go to her."

"What does she mean?" cried Susan a little distractedly. "Why does she look at me like that? "What have I done?"

Miss Symouds, with her chin well in the air, was opening the door which led into the drawing-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How to Stop a Hiccough.

A very good authority in the Ladies' Home Journal gives a simple remedy for hiccough—a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccough in time.

County Representation.

The Manufacturers' Life and Accident Insurance Companies have established themselves at Chubb's corner, St. John.

The Manufacturers want representatives in every county in New Brunswick to solicit both Life and Accident Insurance. Address J. B. Paton, box 374. St. John, N. B

"Is there any money in your business?"

"We paid 50 per cent. last year."

"Phew! How did you manage it?"

"Our creditors say that was all they could get, and they took it."

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

I notice from a card sent out by the Youth's Companion that their circulation extends 300 miles out into the ocean. I presume it is the leading periodical among the codfish aristocracy of New England.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

There are well-to-do men who will get down on their knees in church and pray for God to bless the whole earth, who wouldn't give a dollar towards building a fence around the church to keep the pigs out of the graveyard.

Men and women prematurely gray and whose hair was falling, are enthusiastic in praising Hall's Hair Renewer for restoring the color and preventing baldness.

"Well," said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "I'm afraid he's not good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you."

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

"That b'y av moine, 'll make his mark in the wurruld," said an Irishman.

"He will that same," replied his neighbor, "it's only by puttin' 'is fut in the mud.

"Weak and weary," describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

Not by Homer.

There was an old man of Calcutter,
Who wouldn't eat bread with his butter,
Till a stealthy marine
Put in margarine,
Then they bore him away on a shutter.

Pale and listless girls and prematurely aged women would soon give place to bright, healthy, rosy females if Dr. Williams' Pills were used for the life to which women are peculiarly liable. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, and restore the shattered system, regulate the periods etc. Try them and be convinced. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Mercenary Mind.—Charlie: Lend me a postage stamp, will you? I have just written a sonnet to my fiancee that I think is good.

Jack—And I suppose you want to send it to her?

Charlie—No, I want to send it to the Scribblers' Magazine and get five dollars for it.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use according to direcions, if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

B'jinks—You are in the newspaper line, old man; I wish you could have seen a curiosity a man showed me today—a newspaper printed on cloth.

B'jones—Nothing extraordinary; I've got nine out on tick, many a time.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Bryce—Why do you always buy a penny paper?

Gryce—The big papers cover two much. It's too warm for blanket sheets.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

Editor—Do you offer this as an orignal poem?

Brassington—Yes, sir.

Editor—But I saw it six months ago in the Ensign.

Brassington—Well, didn't it say "original" over it?

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this paper sending at ONCE her address on a postal card will receive FREE copy of The Ladies (Pictorial) Newspaper, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over $5,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prize of value for each locality. The Ladies Newspaper is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a GOOD prize by a little work. NO CHEAP PRESENTS will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send AT ONCE. Address The Ladies Newspaper Co., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

Irate Subscriber—I demand to see the editor. Where is he?

Printer—He's in the loft. The citizens tarred and feathered him last night.

I. S.—Yes, and that's just what I want to see him about. The tar belonged to me, and I want the editor to pay for it.

C. C. Richards & Co.,

I had the muscles of my hand contracted that I could not use it for two years. MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me, and I now have the use of my hand as well as ever.

Dalhousie. Mrs. Rachel Saunders.

C. C. Richards & Co.,

I had a valuable colt so bad with mange that I feared I would lose him. MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him like magic.

Dalhousie. Christopher Saunders.

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EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these Pills. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.
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YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These Pills will make them regular.
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Cures in 1 to 5 Days. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Prepared by The Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. U. S. A. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to my patrons. A. J. STONE, M.D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

AUCTION SALES.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb' Corner, so called, on Prince William street, City of Saint John on

Saturday, the 25th Day of July

next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

ALL JOHN MEALEY'S leasehold, right, title and interest in "All that triangular piece, portion or parcel of that lot of land known as the school lot situate in the parish of Lancaster in the City and County of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows, viz: That is to say fronting on the road or highway leading from Carleton to St. Andrews, beginning at a post standing at the south eastern corner of lot number seven and extending along the aforesaid road easterly ninety (90) feet more or less to a post in the line of lot owned or lately owned by Simon Z. Lake, thence along the said line northerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet, more or less, thence forming an angle and extending southerly one hundred and fifty (150) feet more or less to the place of beginning together with the buildings and erections thereon being. The same having been levied on under several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts against the said John Mealy individually and also against the said John Mealy and William W. Clark.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

St. John, N. B., 16 April, 1891.

The above sale is postponed until SATURDAY, the 8th day of August next, then to be sold at the place and between the hours above named.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

24 July, 1891.

The above sale is further postponed until SATURDAY, the 22nd day of August, instant, then to be sold at the same place and between the hours above named.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

7th August, 1891.

Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY;

Between "The Provincial Building Society," Plaintiffs, and James McMinamin, Henry Duffell, The Halifax Banking Company, Charles H. Peters and Charles N. Skinner, Defendants.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of SEPTEMBER next at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made in the above cause on the first day of June, last past, with the approbation of the undersigned a Referee in Equity duly commissioned, appointed and sworn to act in and for the said City and County of Saint John under and by virtue of an act passed in the forty-ninth year of the reign of her present Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act Respecting the Administration of Justice in Equity," the mortgaged lands and premises described in a certain Indenture of lease bearing date the 21st day of February A. D. 1882 made between Irene M. Simonds and Gertude Ann Simonds of the first part and the said James McMinamin and James McMinamin Jr. of the second part in the Plaintiffs' Bill and in said decretal order, as "Beginning on the eastern side of Bridge street, thirty feet southerly from the house formerly owned by Thomas Cunard, and now owned by Edward Tierney, and running from thence northerly by the said street, thirty feet, thence easterly at right angles thereto one hundred feet, thence southerly parrellel to the said street thirty feet and from thence westerly one hundred feet to the place of beginning". The lot hereby leased being bounded on the North by the lot leased to and occupied by Edward Tierney. Together with all the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

Dated this twenty-ninth day of June, A.D. 1891.

G. C. & C. J. COSTER,
Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

JOHN I. CARLETON,
Referee in Equity.

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Epochs of the American Press.

There are published to-day in the United States some 17,000 newspapers, trade papers, literary weeklies and monthlies and other periodicals, devoted to every interest and order of any importance. Every settled county in every state and territory has now two weeklies, at least, which represent the two prominent parties while nearly every village of 1000 inhabitants has its own local publication. It is estimated that 220,000 people find employment in the production of these periodicals, and that $200,000,000 is invested in those enterprises, says a writer in the Newspaper.

In the history of the American newspaper there have been so far six epochs, each making well defined eras in the advance of the country and of the press; these may be indicated in this way:

First—The first American newspapers, 1690-1704.

Second—The colonial press, 1704-1755,

Third—The revolutionary press, 1755-1783.

Fourth—The party press, the religious press, the agricultural press, the sporting press, the commercial press, etc., 1783-1833.

Fifth—The cheap press, 1833-1835.

Sixth—The telegraph and independent press, 1835-1890.

ARE THEREDOUBTING MOTHERS?

Will the Experience of Others Convince?

Responsible For Baby's Life.

The majority of mothers dislike being told their faults and errors, and become annoyed and vexed when it is hinted that baby is not properly cared for. Some mothers are so firmly wedded to old customs and forms of feeding baby, that they will not listen to wise suggestions when kindly offered.

Many mothers allow their babies to sicken and die, simply from improper feeding and dieting. This is a terrible charge, but it is nevertheless true. It is not the result of carelessness or inattention, but sheer ignorance.

Cow's milk of a suspicious quality is fed, or badly prepared Foods are administered, which irritate and destroy the stomach, and inflame the organs of digestion. Baby is made ill and suffers; he is fretful, cross and peevish, and the physician's services are sought for and baby's stomach, already weak, is made weaker by medicines.

Improperly prepared Food is the cause of your child's illness, nine cases out of ten; and in this exceedingly hot weather the result must be disastrous.

The wise mothers of Canada are using the celebrated Lactated Food, and find no difficulty in the hot spell with their babies. They are healthy, good natured, bright and fat; they sleep and rest well and increase in weight, here and minute.

A well known minister, Rev. M. Taylor of the Methodist church, Granby, P. Q., in a recent letter says:—"Concerning Lactated Food, I wish to say that we have had experience with it in our home considerable and highly satisfactory.

Our little boy, now nearly four years old and strong and healthy, subsisted on it a good part of his first year, thriving wonderfully.

Our baby, now eight months of age, whilst pale and puny as fed with anything else, upon Lactated Food is rosy-cheeked and good natured and plump as a partridge.

'Lactated Food forever,' is a prominent article in our household creed. The above is altogether unsolicited."

A thankful mother, Mrs. J. E. McDonald, of Sydney, N. S., writing under date of August 2nd, 1890, says:—"After a thorough trial of your wonderful Lactated Food, I take great pleasure in thanking you for it. My baby was not at all easy, nor did she sleep well, until I tried your Lactated Food; and she is now a fine, plump, healthy child, never restless or fretful; indeed she is no trouble at all. I hope other mothers will be benefitted by this priceless treasure."

Another mother, Mrs. R. J. Kirk, of Dungannon, Ont., says:—"We have a baby six months old who was greatly benefitted by the use of Lactated Food. He was very thin and scarcely grew any till we commenced giving him the Food. He now weighs about twenty pounds, and he is very bright and lively."

A woman named Madame Chaussenot claiming to be a daughter of the Empress Eugenie, is creating something of a sensation in Paris by telling a highly melodramatic, even if imaginative tale. She pretends to have been adopted by a poor plumber, but asserts that her education was provided for by some one of the Court of the Tuileries. She is upward of thirty years of age and handsome.

Like Othello, the Chinaman's occupation's gone; no use for Ling Sing now. You can do your own washing and take a delight in it. You can wash and clean and scour, and the whole process will be a joy to you. "Lessive Phenix" does it. It is a washing solutive, but it has no relation to the wretched washing powders which make your clothes yellow and your hands hard; "Lessive Phenix" saves time, labor and soap. No more soda. No more ashes. Try it with flannels. Try it with cottons. Try it with your tin and brass and silverware. This is the astonishing fact. The greatest boom in the wash that has ever been introduced. And yet it will clean and scour and brighten anything in the house. Ask your grocer.

The Force of Habit.

The Editor's Wife.—John, dear, I'm going to let you see my new dress. I assure you it is a perfect poem.

The Editor (absently)—Put it in the wastebasket, my love.

"Schoo fly!" torrid, eh? And you've tried the Soda fountain and perhaps several other fountains for relief in vain. Then try "montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice. It is pure. It is Healthy. It will do you good. It will effectually quench your thirst. It is wholesome. And is just delicious with sugar and water.

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