

SMITH'S WIFE.

BY HARRY COOPER.

'Mrs. Smith, I am astonished at you. Now this was not by any means an assertion of his own generality. In fact, according to his own statement, John Smith was 'astonished' at his wife at least once a day on an average. Mrs. Smith was used to it.

She was a tall, slight woman, scarcely more than a girl in years, with shining brown hair, large dark eyes, and cheeks that had been as pink as sea-shells in the days of her happy maiden-life. They were white and wasted now—a circumstance that might perhaps be easily accounted for by the little babe on her lap and the two year old elf who was tottering about the room in aimless pursuit of kittens, sunbeams and other baby delights.

'Things are all at sixes and sevens, went on Mr. Smith, tying his cravat before the mirror, and viciously twitching it into a knot. 'Coal wasted, butter thrown into the scap grease jar, dishes taken for store-clothes, and my third best pants sold to a dealer in tin-ware for a funnel and two pie-platters. A funnel, Mrs. Smith, and two pie-platters! I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life.'

'But, my dear,' meekly interposed the much-enduring wife, 'we needed the tin-ware, and you do not wear the garments for a year. They were full of moths.'

'There it is again,' said Mr. Smith. 'The moths would never have got into 'em if you had taken proper precautions. I never heard of a moth in my mother's time. And now you are actually asking permission to visit your brother up the Hudson.'

'I have not been away from home before since we were married, John,' piteously pleaded Mrs. Smith. 'I feel almost worn out, and I think the change would do me good.'

'And what is to become of me?' sonorously demanded the husband.

Mrs. John Smith thought of the day's masonic excursion last week, the trout fishing expedition into the Catskills a fortnight since, the races at Jerome park, and the drives to High Bridge with Parker, Betta and Friabe, in an open barouche, all within the month. But she said nothing except:

'It don't cost much to go, John. And I'll only stay a week. Do let me go! The doctor says the fresh air might help baby along with his teeth, and little Johnnie is dropping this hot weather.'

'Well,' said Mr. Smith, as ungraciously as possible, 'I suppose you'll have to go. Five dollars at least it will cost me, and altogether our expenses are ruinous this year. See how Georgiana Trotter manages for her husband. I don't suppose it costs them half to live that it does us. I might have married Georgiana Trotter once. I almost wish I had.'

It was on Mrs. Smith's lips to utter: 'So do I!' But she looked at the little children and was silent.

'Yes,' went on Mr. Smith: 'I suppose you must go. Only, for pity's sake, don't get into the habit of run—running all the time. I needn't send up anything from the butcher's, I suppose? I shall dine down town, and there'll be enough left on the cold knuckle of yesterday's ham for you?'

Mrs. Smith abstained from reminding her husband that he had himself breakfasted on the remains of the ham. She only sighed and was silent.

'It's his way,' she thought. 'He means well enough. And I suppose all men are so! Only I wish he had kissed me good-by!'

Woman nature all over! She could do without her dinner contentedly, eating a crust of bread in the stead, but her heart yearned hungrily for the omitted caresses, the ignored word of tenderness. Poor Mrs. John Smith! How the strong-minded of her sex would have pitied and despised her!

No light! no fire! it was dreary enough, on that chill August evening, as Mr. Smith screwed his night-key into the latch and groped his way in the hall. He sat down in the bay-window and stared about the vacant room. There was his wife's workbasket on the table, her little rocking chair standing vacant beside it, while Johnny's forgotten rattle lay on the floor close by.

'It's deuced lonely!' muttered Mr. Smith, with something of a shiver. 'I hope Jenny won't stay long.'

And as he lighted his cigar and whiffed away, a guilty sense of his own short-comings came upon him. 'It must have been rather a stupid life for her here, poor little thing! I thought she might have come home early to keep her company a great many times, when I didn't. She had to sew a great deal for the children. I wish I had bought her a sewing machine when she asked for one. Allison used to bring up fruit and flowers for his wife every evening. I wonder I never thought of it for Jenny. And, now I come to reflect upon the matter, Jenny has grown thin and pale of late.'

He moved his chair uneasily, and emitted a thread of blue, spicy smoke from his lips very much as if he were not enjoying it particularly. 'I suppose they are at Bibbity farm by this time,' said he to himself. 'I suppose the youngsters are in bed, and Jenny is sitting out on the piazza, listening to the whippoorwill. I've almost a mind to go out there tomorrow evening, and take some peaches and bananas and things. It would be a pleasant surprise for Jenny, and—hallo! what's that! A ring at the bell!'

Flinging his cigar into the wicker grate, John Smith shuffled along to the door in his slippers. 'O—a telegram! Now, I wonder who should telegraph to me!'

'Well,' said the shivering and rain-drenched messenger, 'p'raps you'd better open it and see. Anyway, I've no call to hang round here no longer!'

And off he went, while Mr. Smith carried his buff envelope back to the parlor light and somewhat nervously tore it open.

COWDREY, August— To JOHN SMITH: Railroad accident. Your wife is killed and your child dangerously hurt. Come by next train. JARED MENDELSON, M.D.

Again and again Mr. Smith's bewildered eyes roved over the contents of this appalling missive before he could fully comprehend its deadly meaning. 'Dead! killed!' he muttered to himself. 'My Jenny killed by a railroad accident!'

Be Good to the Girls.

I heartily endorse the remarks of our Editor upon the necessity of a young girl's having the true, earnest friendship of a married lady. How many times in my own girlhood's experience have I wished for such a friend, one whom I could love and trust with all that my heart contained. I had one such, but she died just when I most needed her advice and counsel. I never met another like her. She was pure and good, too, and beautiful for this world, and God took her to himself in the midst of the second year of a happy wedded life. She, too, like most girls, had had trials, which to her seemed almost overwhelming. She had realized the utter loneliness of the young heart when assailed by many temptations, with many eyes watching every action; evil minds unjustly criticizing and misconstruing the most innocent pleasures, and mistaking for wilful flirtation the freedom and natural vivacity of a buoyant young life; with so restraining hand to guide her right, or kind, unprejudiced friend of whom she might enquire wherein lay her seeming fault, or who might by kindly counsel, keep her feet from treading "the road that leadeth"—where? I tell you most girls have hearts which need sympathy and other training than that which they receive in so-called society. I speak more particularly of country girls (for our little paper is a country paper, is it not?)

How often does the tempter enter in the form of some prepossessing biped of the "male persuasion," who is conceited enough to imagine he can capture the hearts of all the maidens who look upon him. And alas! how deplorably often he does succeed in darkening forever the once fair future of the innocent object of his wiles.

As we all reflect we can all think of at least one to whom life once looked beautiful, but who will carry a life-long burden of grief, perhaps, because of that very reserve existing between herself and some other lady friend, who saw from the beginning that end might be, and who by a little timely advice, wisely offered, might have changed the whole course of that now shattered life, and kept a world of sorrow from the hearts of that girl's parents.

It has been aptly said, "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!" I tremble for the girls who seem to have no thoughts of the future beyond the mere giddy pleasures which they anticipate from day to day. My heart reaches toward them in sympathy, and I would earnestly warn them not to trust before they fully test their would-be friends and lovers. Girls, look deeper than the outward show, the stylish "rig," or fine clothing which the gentlemanly sports. Look into his heart and see if truth and honor are there unshrouded, and do not be in a hurry to decide life questions.

Now, friends, let us open our hearts to "the girls," and help them if we can. All around us are objects of pity rather than censure, and God will not hold us guiltless who have received abundantly of his abundant mercies, if we blame or pass coldly by the unfortunate ones who are in need of the sympathy and aid of Christian hearts.—[Michigan Farmer.]

Making a Hammock. A pretty girl in a white dress in a hammock under the trees is a charming addition to a rural landscape. The hammock is an institution which has 'come to stay.' The children like to play in it, and the tired 'heat feminine' is not averse to a siesta in the out-door air where she is safe from snakes and other things that crawl. Hammocks are cheap, almost any one can afford one or two, I could buy a dozen, but who is it, I don't own a tree, not even a sapling. But I don't mind telling my neighbors how to make one if money is scarce, especially when I can clip the information from an exchange. A Kansas lady says:

'I took two pieces of pretty striped awning cloth, two yards long, a yard or a little more in width, laid them together and bound them strongly all round with heavy worsted braid. To each end I sewed eight or nine brass rings as securely as possible; to each of these rings I attached a strong cord. The ends of these cords were brought together in an iron ring. So my hammock consisted of two thicknesses of awning cloth, attached by rings and cords to two rather large iron rings. It only remained to fasten a rope to each iron ring and tie each rope to a tree or hook in a verandah post. To swing the hammock in the most comfortable position, I would shorten the rope to about half the length of the rope at the foot of the hammock, and also attach it about two feet and a half higher than the point at which the foot-ropes is fastened. This gives an easy curve for the body and a more desirable and gentler swing.'

Another method given by Good Cheer is as follows: 'Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or storeroom, knock it to pieces, clean and paint the staves. (I like red.) Procure a rope four times in length each place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commence two yards

So Good to the Girls.

or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the rope crossed between staves, do both sides the same and your hammock is complete. One end of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but when there is any weight on it, the rope becomes "taut," as the sailors say, consequently there will be no openings.'

Death of the Old Wife. She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily laden breath; but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who sat motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her face, wrinkled hand in his. "Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not. "Yes," he answered softly, "it is growing dark." "Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

'Poor, old man! how could he answer her; the children who had slept for long years in the old church-yard—who had out-lived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.'

'The children are safe,' answered the old man; 'don't think of them, Janet; think of yourself; does the way seem dark?' "My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded." What does it matter if the way is dark? 'I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light. I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.'

John, where's little Charlie?' she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. What a woman she had been! Why a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of the loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was to cross the dark river alone. And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired grand-daughter left them, to her babble of walks in the woods and gathering May flowers, and strolling with John; of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong resolute hand; of wedding festivals and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young grand-daughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality.

They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the songs of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same black silk and the string of gold beads about her neck, and the folds of white tulle, only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose, and a spray of cedar; she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:—

'Oh, may I in His courts be seen Like a young cedar, fresh and green.'

But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by the likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:—'You've found heaven first, Janet; but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in over seventy years; but it won't be for long—it won't be for long. And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding. We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage, nor giving in marriage.

An Invisible foe. The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs tuned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

The Iowa Supreme Court has decided that a hotel-keeper who receives guests, knowing that there is a contagious disease in his house, is liable for damage to any guest who may contract the disease.

PITY THE POOR DYSPYPTIC.—Poverty with perfect health is rather to be chosen than riches and dyspepsia. Try the magic effect of a dollar bottle of FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

SUMMER EATING.

Suggestions Concerning Economy in the Kitchen During the Hot Season. Food should be seasonable. As climates are changed according to the weather variations, so should the equally important diet be reformed. In many wisely ordered households, the system of arranging summer foods after approved methods have been adopted, insuring the saving of money, fire, time and labor, with the additional advantage of having most desirable and healthful dishes to tempt and satisfy the appetite, without proving a tax to the digestive organs.

Science is hand-maiden to convenience, and there is actually no limit to the supply of canned, bottled and preserved food. All manner of soups, fish, meats, fowl, sauces, puddings, and fruit are prepared, excellent in quality and at low cost, considering the fact that every atom of the "put off" article is eatable, and the extent to which the air-tight method of preparation is employed amazes one who has not kept pace with the ingenuities brought to bear upon methods of table management.

The soups vary in character; there are extracts for clear soup, powder so rich and concentrated that a table spoonful or so will thicken and make tasteful a full quart of soup; and then there are jars or bottles of juices with vegetables requiring only the boiling water to make regular French soups.

The meats too, are convenient, for in summer one would sooner forego the delights of a juicy roast than to heat the range and the hose, except on extra occasions, and most desirable substitutes are the lobsters and salmon to eat plain or for salads; the canned and bottled meats and game, which should always be kept on hand to meet the unpleasant emergencies which often arise—a rainy day or the arrival of an unexpected guest, when no one is at leisure to run to the groceryman or to order from the marketman.

The patient and obliging baker, whose daily task is to supply the rolls, bread, tea biscuit, and sometimes cake, saves a great amount of annoyance. As pies at this season can be dispensed with, for the summer fruits, each in its season are wise substitutes for pastry, for fruit aids in the process of retarding the assimilative process, and when ripe fruit cannot be procured, the canned, dried, and sugared fruits prove most acceptable, and when all prepared they really prove a panacea for many of the summer complaints which so much annoy children.

There are so many vegetables which tend to lubricate the system and supply at the same time elements of sustenance. Tomatoes, sliced or cooked, are excellent, and everyone knows how delicious they are with the Mayonnaise accessory. Asparagus, too, covers the widest ground of material demand. Like celery and onions, it is a good nerve and may be served on toast with drawn butter sauce or simply boiled tender in salted water, and eaten as salad with sauce of vinegar, salt, and pure oil.

Few persons understand the capacities of the cucumbers, which are usually pickled, served raw or grated, and mixed with vinegar for sauce. The larger specimens can be sliced lengthwise, seasoned with salt and pepper, rolled in flour, and fried to a dainty brown in lard or butter, forming an acceptable breakfast or tea dish, with a meaty taste added to a flavor of the vegetable.

As little force and fire as possible should be called into service in preparing summer foods. The cereal element predominates in the constitution of the modern diet. Corn, oats, and wheat, in some form, are found upon every breakfast-table, and are praised for their muscle-building properties.

The Scotch and Irish oat meals are undoubtedly superior to the domestic, but the American method of furnishing it steamed or partly cooked saves time and trouble. Every mill has of course its own way of grinding its grits and sump and different meals, but all agree concerning the best and simplest way of serving them—have the grains well done, eat with a measure of milk and sugar, if desirable, when cold, and with butter or cream and sugar when hot.

Milk is not only an accessory, but a splendid substitute for heavier articles of diet, for it is nourishing to a high degree. Tea and coffee have each their niche in the archives of table furnishing, and one must not lose sight of the fact that warm drinks neutralize the effects of cold food for the system; but milk in sickness and in health has a character and qualities peculiarly to its own. Sour milk or buttermilk is a healthful drink, and lemonade is especially grateful on a warm day or evening. A glass of lemonade taken hot before breakfast is swift to correct irregularities.

Salt or smoked fish is most reliable for breakfast either broiled or boiled eaten with stewed, boiled or fried potatoes, and eggs are an excellent warm weather diet. They supply the phosphorus requisite to the system, and prove a most convenient substitute for all kinds of meats. Herb omelettes are a benefaction to the busy housekeeper, as are the gas and kerosene stoves, on

which they may be prepared at a moment's notice.

On cool mornings hot cakes are acceptable, and can be eaten with fruits or meats. Light and delicate griddlecakes of Graham or wheat flour or corn meal, can be made, baked, and eaten with fresh butter on twenty minute's notice, while delicious biscuits require a little longer time to become the crisp brown which betokens the well-done and most tempting bread made with baking powder, decided improvements upon the sometimes yellow or spotted soda biscuit of the old time South.—[Philadelphia Times.]

A Good Filter. Pure water is indispensable to health, the least impurity should be removed by a good filter. Pure Blood is also indispensable; there can be no perfect health without it. The Liver filters the Blood. Regulate the Liver with Burdock Blood Bitters and make pure Blood. 2

Salt Rheum Cured. Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so, go at once to Geo. Rhynas' Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Park's Carbolic Cerate. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

The mercury stood at 96 for several hours Tuesday afternoon. During the twenty-four hours ending at noon 180 deaths were reported; 69 were from diarrhoea; 92 were of children under five years, and four died of sunstroke.

As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Seeing is believing. Read the testimonials in the pamphlet on Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure, then buy a bottle and relieve yourself of all those distressing pains. Your Druggist can tell you all about it. Sold by J. Wilson Goderich, 2m

A despatch says the King of Dahomey, with a large army, has massacred the inhabitants of the French unprotected villages. The king has also captured 1,000 French people, and he and his followers propose to eat them.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so tried with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary remedy, consisting perhaps from a tritling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured. "In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed nights after I got without sleep. The doctor gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and have never since had a cough or cold. I am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved my life. HORACE FAIRBROTHER, Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Testimony. "While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing freely. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, Mrs. EMMA GREWERY, 120 West 123rd St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most efficient remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE, Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. WALTER W. BATHALIA, Minn., April 8, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRADGOD, Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Lumber, Lath, Shingles and builder's material of every description. SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY. All Orders promptly attended to. Goderich Aug. 2, 1883. 1902-ly

GODERICH BOILER WORKS Have just received a large stock of BRASS & IRON STEAM FITTINGS

BOILERS & ENGINES New Salt Pans and Boilers

Mail orders for new work and repairs welcome promptly attended to. Works near G. T. H. Station, Goderich, Feb. 28, 1884. 1767

In despatch from respondent of the Daily

as follows in his experience 'Midday,' 'sweating' sothing in the sun that exposed to it; 'everybody actively bubbling' with happens to be in the shaker looks as if it were afraid to say how high risen—in my opinion the mud-colored cloud added the horizon at the south, then growing larger and rapidly towards us, now in now nearer and nearer. And up in the air go ahead, while the pain brand nod like the flames of a in a gale, or of the helmet a mad gallop. On, on, grimy, fast riding cloud, see twenty yards ahead landscape is suddenly a black shroud. It is holed. 'Away, away, away' answered home letters. W them? 'Go; run after it quickly, boy.' I am enve Over goes my only globe My bottle of seven days' lime juice—it totters and last Daily News makes v and flies 'far, far away.' the spiders, and away by whom I encourage to run the scorpions, centipedes ants. In comes a flock of headed bats, and tumble 'e put my head out of my y going to write—I mean a in one of the four mud what is called by courtesy was blinded as quickly as ar of the cities of the plain was the angel. My eyes were i with mead, every molecule a burning spark—every pilla tion.—I warned me to to my washing stand; I r of old wooden cases on whic forty battered basin—an oil with a classically shaped rec it. Finding it at length, eyes smarting with the fu put on a pair of huge green glass;—these are the only ki out the sand. This armed I into the moving of sand blast, like into the breast; nance, scratches my face akin, stopping every pore the heavens. The sun vis ball of fire, floating 'all in a per sky; while along the l a lurid light, such as, on ocean before a storm. In trees, huts, and tents were i near one could just make old, lead-colored Nile, la lows. A dense cloud, wh all, seemed raining fire. phere as if scorching, boiling Ang now waltzing, whirli banks come the 'devil' i the Arabs call them, the aerial giants—each indulg swat, their huge fantastic h heads from earth to heaven gusts of sand penetrate ere clefts and fissures of stone and sapping their foundat ing with immense mechan lifting and rolling roc There is a weird and gh round, in a dull and heav I am enveloped in 'a hur of sand'; the air is stifling parched, speech is impo wetting the lips, the ton; I never before properly u darkness of the Egyptian 'could be felt.' Half an t tornado has swept by ruah of seared horses, m and cattle as they rush m ing broken loose; the tr tural roar and grunting howling of dogs, and shi of vultures and kites the gale. All nature go hour—the Gorgola carn elements of the Soudan'

'Facts are stubborn th ferors from chills and find their complaint a fact, until they come Ayer's Ague Cure. eradicate the noxious the system, and invari the worst cases.

The following plan w cool and hard for the ta use of ice. Get an unglu pot, as large a one as yo a saucer. Fill the au water, place a flat stone, in the centre, set the turn the flower pot over up the hole in the botto place and pour water o has taken up all it will ever the pot looks dry, tion will make the air i quently the butter very

'I am so weak I can run down with a Chron plant,' said one gentleman on our street the other take my advice, reply to your Druggist and g Fowler's Extract of I never have known it any kind of Summer C