nouchalant of the men of the present generation

acuchalant of the men of the present generation than many people would believe."
"When shall you leave Brynmar?" asked Britis suddenly.
"Lady Bayusham spoke of returning to morrow," replied Barbara. "We shall have much to arrange before the return of our bride a bridgerous." and bridegroom."
and bridegroom."
said Ber

tie humbly.
"Gertainiy," replied Miss Earle. "Call when
"Gertainiy," replied Miss Earle. "Call when
you will; have I not promised to be your
intend?"
With those words ringing in his ears. Hertie
Carlyon returned to London. To use his own
carpression, they "made a man of him," for
they gave hope and vigor to his life.

CHAPTER XV.

At times, in the midet of his happiness L rd At times, in the midst of his nappiness L rd Biyneham paused to winder why he was so davored—why heaven and earth seemed to have poured their choicest gifts upon him. He was completely and thoroughly happy, there was not even the shadow of a cloud in his sky. Was not even the shadow or a cloud in his sky.

Lord Bayneham brought his beautiful young
wife back to London. The bouse belonging to
Lady Hutton had been sold. The Countess
Dowager of Bayneham and Miss Earle accepted Dowager of Daymentalian and tries Photo accepted

Claude's invitation to pass what remained of the season with him in Grosvenor Square. Nothing annoyed the still brilliant mother of Nothing annuyed that title of downer. Half the young earl than that title of downer. Half the young earl than the title of downers. Half the young earl than the title of downers. in determine her place was known as "Lady

During her son's absence Lady Bayneham During her son's absence Lady Baynebam had arranged all her plans. She intended to reside at Listoff, a small estate that her husband, the late earl, had settled upon her, and had so thought of leaving her and band, she have been and beautiful for aunt.
Barbara had no thought of leaving her aunt.
"I cannot hope to keep you long with me." said Lady Bayneham to her neice. "You are

aure to marry soon."

Miss Earle smiled and made no reply. Protestations were not much in her line; but she testations were not much in her line; but she knew many years must elapse ere she could for-get that lesson which it had taken her a life-time to leara. Yet even as she sighed there came to her the memory of Errite's handsome, eager face, telling its own tale of love and de-

otion.

The fair and lovely young bride created a The fair and lovely young bride created a marvellous sensation. As Miss Hutton, a simple bautiful girl, shy and retiring, she had been greatly admired; as Lady Bayneham, a wealthy heiress, wedded to one of the noblest wealthy heiress, wedded to one of the noblest peers in England, she was irresistible. She had less that half-timid expression that had amused lost that half-timid expression that had amused the habitues of the great world. Lady Hilda the habitues of the great world. Lady Hilda was as sweet and gracious in her manner as she was as awood and but there was with it a quiet, had ever been, but there was with it a quiet, easy dignity that suited her well. Barbara privately believed that in the solitude of the Swiss mountains Claude had given his wife some lessons in worldly training. Whatever had lessons the change it was for the better; even Lady Bayneham, proud and difficult to please, was charmed by the graceful ease and sweet dignity of her son's wife.

dignity of her son's wife.

"She has not Barbara's thoroughbred, patrician manner," said that lady to herself; "but it might have been worse."

it might have been worse.

The tide of popularity roze strongly in Lady
Hilda's favor. Had not every thought been
absorbed in her lusband, her little head must shorbed in her lusband, her little head must have been turned by the homage and flattery offered to her, for no house in London was so popular as Lord Bayneham's. His wife's lovely isce and superb voice, Barbara's keen intellect and bright wit, and Lady Bayneham's serene and charming manner, were all sources of attraction. Thus the time passed rapidly, like a dream of fairviand. dream of fairyland.

dream of fairy land.
"Claude," said Barbara one morning, as she stood by her cousin's side watching Hilda carefully arranging some roses. "supposing life to te a hill, you have attained its summit, what are you going to do now?—sit down and let?" No," he replied, with a bright, hopeful mile, "I must help others up also. Why beul I rest, Barbara. I have done no work

"I do not think either love or pleasure ca wer fill a man's life," said Barbara; "h mut have something of deeper interest still." "I shall find it in politics," said Lord Bayne-tem; "we have had some brave warriors in ben; "we have that some between the buttamily, but not many statesmer. I shall take statesmanship my ain. Look out for my mides speech next session, Buroara,"
"Are you serious?" asked his cousin.

"I was never more so," replied Lord Bayne I think at times, and some months since arrived at the conclusion, that I was bound to comething for a world which had been kind to comething for a world which had been kind to me. I shall become a model landmd. I intend to make model estates of
syncham and Brynmar. In politics I have
ometrong opinions and ideas of my own, and
hope to make use of them for the good of
thers. Never fear that I shall sink into a
nere carpet knight, Barbara. Happiness does
of enervate, it elevates me."

He looked so handsome and so triumphant as espoke that Miss Earle gazed at him balf in

onder, half in admiration.
"There," he said, with a light laugh, "my areer is disposed of; what about yours, Barara? No destiny is fair or bright enough for I have my own ideas," said Barbar eva-

"it is time I answered those notes vely; "it is time I answered those notes. low many balls have we for to night?—two! tis dissipation of the deepest dye, I shall not and to dance again for three or four years.

Now pleased and proud you must be, Claude.

Lida is the belle, go where we may. She grows

ore beautiful and charming every day." Frank, fearless Barbara, above all little mean

alousy or envy, was far more proud than lilds herself of the admiration she excited. "I have asked my mother to return with us Bayneham," suid Claude. "Hilda would be are to feel nervous with a large party of guests, us at first. Is there any need for the core-

who goes to Bayneham?"

"I have asked Bertie," he replied; "he has ken to politics. Only imagine, Barbara-two ars ago he was the most careless, easy-going in it was possible to meet : now he has taken kind of fever. He is secretary in some Govnment office, and if he does get into Parlia-ent, I predict that he will make a sensation." Barbara's face flushed deeply, she hardly

Continue your list," she said hastily, "My mother has asked Lady Grahame; you now her pretty well, I suppose—fat, fair, happy nd forty, with a good jointure, and possessing hat she calls the great advantage of belonging some of the best families in England. She is pularly supposed to be on the lookout for successor to the late lamented Sir Wilton

Let us hope she may find one," said Barbara. Then we have a rival beauty in the person Mus Deverney; the number of graces must

complete you know."
"What a wretched compliment!" said Miss what a wretched compilment?" said Miss atte quietly. "You have not studied the disaste art of saying pretty thinga."
"It is difficult to satisfy you. We have my briend Sir Harry Higham, and one or two Religibles. You will find the party quite seenugh Barbara."

and so Miss Earle discovered, for great as the resources of Bayneham Castle, they a stretched to the utmost. Every spare

m had an occupant, and it was long since so and brilliant a crowd had assembled in good walls.

And Bayneham was not quite sure whether

and bayneham was not quite sure whether

young wife would feel at home in the gay we he brought round her. Had he consulted own wishes he would have taken her to meham alone, but he had two good ns for inviting so many guests. One was his mother declared it must be done; ther was that he saw quite plainly that the ight downger did not yet love her daughter-liw. He hoped that the pleasant duty of staining their guests would bring both is together, and lessen the distance and her existing between them. Lady. Bayne tid hard but the could not foreign the heigh aristing between them. Lady Bayne phased his task. Include what he was he was he will be the his head hard but she could not forgive the nificent materials," and he knew how to use them.

98. She misjudged her, misunderstood her:

Was never unkind to Hilds, but ing to Lord Bayneham: "they spoke of his located her "with a coul, stately ing some tableaux vivants to night. I con-

reserve, distressing to the gentle girl who had been so fondly loved by Lady Hutton.
"I must win her love," said Hilda; "I must
be like a real daughter to her."

It sounded very well in theory, but to put it into practice was very difficult. Lady Bayneham had a quiet way of waiving her gentle attentions. Do what she would, that young girl could find no place in that proud heart. She was not admitted into Lady Bayneham's dressing room, that little sentent was not admitted. dressing room, that little sanctum where Bar-bars spent such long hours.

"I have quite come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said one day to her niece, "that Hilda was a relative of Lady Hutson's—perhaps the daughter of some poor cousin. One can tell she belongs to a good family. I never saw any one more thoroughly ladylike or better

"red."
Miss Earle agreed with her aunt; she was pleased, too, at seeing how thoroughly Bertie admired his friend's wife.

To Hilds herself life seemed one long, beautiful dream. She was but a fair, loving, gentle child. She had been nursed in love; she only knew care and sorrow by name. The one single grief of her life was softened by the healing hand of Time. The flowers that bloomed brightly beneath the summer sun were not more fair; the birds that sung were not more happier than she was. She liked to be alone at times, and think of it—to dream over again every event of her short, happy life.

event et her short, happy life.

One morning, the first time for many days, she found herself free, and without any duty that required attention. Most of her guests had driven over to Lalebam Priory, and she had not been able to join them. Lady Grahame, who also declined to ride, was in close conversation with her maid, and Sir Harry Higham had remained at home to write letters.

mained at home to write letters.
Out in the garden the sun was shining brightly, the flowers were at the height of their neauty. The large branches of the tall trees waved as though inviting Hilda to enjoy the shade beneath them. It was all pleasant and fair. She hastily threw a lace shawl over her pretty morning dress, and placed a coquettish little hat on her bright golden hair, and went through the gardens. The gate that led to the park was open, so she passed through it, and down the broad shady path that led to the lodge.

The lodge was a pretty cottage, picturesque enough in its rich dress of green creepers with their purple flowers. Lady Hilds stopped to speak to one of the children playing near the gate; then without any definite purpose, looked down the high-road that led to the town of Duiston.

Suddenly her startled glance fell upon the figure of a woman who was seated upon the moss-covered stone near the gate—a woman poorly dressed, but with something strange in her attitude. She had been looking eagerly down! he broad path, when the first glimmer of the white dress shone through the trees. She asked one of the children, "Who is that lady over there with the white dress and golden hair?"

"That," said the child, "is-is the young Lady Bayneham, my lord's wife."

Then, not being particularly clean or presentable, the boy ran off, where her ladyship could

not see him.

The woman seated herself upon the flat, moss-covered stone; a strange look, as of deep quiet, came over her face; her eyes seemed to drink in every movement of that tall, slender, white-robed figure. But lady Hilda never saw her until she looked out of the park gate into the highroad. Then she noted with wonder the careworn, beautiful face, the tired look of the large, violet eyes, and the drooping despondency of the whole figure. As she drew near, the woman rose, when something in her face cause-Lady Bayneham to stop and look kindly at her.

"My lady," said the woman, her eyes still fixed on the lovely young face, "pray forgive me. I have been away from England many years. It is so long since I saw an English not see him.

years. It is so long since I saw an English flower. Will you give me one of those roses that grow there?"

With the sweetness that never failed her,

Hilds gathered a beautiful rose, and held it out to the woman.

"You look tired," she said, in her kind, musical voice. "Have you travelled far?"
"Yes, many miles, she replied, taking the flower from the thin, white hand." "Can I offer you anything else?" said Lady Bayneham gently, half drawing out her purse

as she spoke.
"No, my lady," cried the strange woman. "I had a longing to hold an English flower in my hands again, and I thank you very much." As though she could not trust herself to speak As though she could not trust herself to speak excel any given in the county, and its queen another word, she turned away, and was soon was to be his fair young wife. the branching trees. Lady looked after her in some surprise.
"What a beautiful, sorrowful face!"

said to herself; "there is a whole story written

CHAPTER XVI.

"We must do something in return for all these invitations, Hilda," said Lord Bayneham. "It is more than three months now since we returned, and although we have had what one may call parties every day, it is time we did

more. What do you propose?"
"A ball," she replied, her young face glowing with delight at the thought. "And, Claude, ask Barbara to come down for it. I am sure she

"We shall soon have Christmas here, and my mother promised to spend it at Bayneham," said Claude. "Suppose we wait until the and give a ball that all the country will remember. Bertie promised us a week. What do you

"It will be best," she replied, more sedately; for though longing to see Barbara, and enjoy a ball, Hilda looked forward with more swe than delight to the visit of her stately mother-in-law. Hilda had almost forgotten the little incident that happened in the summer. Once or twice she thought, with wonder and admiration, of that heautiful, sad face, so worn and pale, and then in her heart felt thankful that those mysterious trials and troubles which wreck other

lives had not shadowed hers.

There was but one thing wanting to make her perfectly happy—that was the love of Lady Bayneham. If Claude's mother would give her but one half the warm affection abelavished upon her son and Barbara Earle, Hilds would be quite content. Time passed so happily that the days seemed one bright, long dream. Christmas was drawing near, and great were the reparations for the coming festivities. The Oulton Gazette informed the festivities. The Oulton Gazette informed the public that Christmas would bring a party of illustrious guests to the castle, and went on in a state of wild rapture to describe the gayeties expected. Among those most celebrated, Albert Carlyon, Esq., whose recent work on the political state of England had created a furore, was named as "one of our leading writers."

leading writers. King Winter did not appear in his usual garb: there was no snow or frost when Christmas came; but contrary to all natural lawr, the weather was even warm and mild. There was an attempt at rain, a feeble gleam of sunshine, but none of what English people call "season-

Notwithstanding the absence of snow and frost there was no lack of holly and mistletoe in the castle. It was many long years since Christmas had been kept in such royal state at Bayneham, nor was there any lack of gayety among the guests assembled there.
It would have been difficult to decide who

It would have been difficult to decide who was most popular—the graceful, lovely hostess, whose smiles had a magical charm, whose elegant, winning manner made every one feel at home and at ease, or Barbara Earle, with her stately figure and noble, soul-like face, her elequent words and grand thoughts. There could be little out-door amusements, except shooting and hunting for the gentlemen, but no one could be dull or want gentlemen, but no one could be dull or want amusement where Hilda and Barbara presided. Bertie was a host in himself, and the evenings at Bayneham Castle were found too short in

stead of too long.
One night was given to character, Bertie being stage manager, and thoroughly well he accom-plished his task. He had what he called "mag-

sider that we have among us the three most perfect types of beauty. We could manage a heautiful pictore—'The Gift of the Golden Apple.' You may be Paris, Miss Earle would make a magnificent Miserva, Miss
Dev-rney is a perfect June, and Ludy Hilda
would represent the golden-haired Aphrodite as
in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable
to develop into catarrh. You can rid your-

Claude?"
"Let us have a rehearsal at cuce," replied Lord Bayneham, charmed with the idea, "if the ladies are willing."

When the curtain was drawn up it was ac knowledged by all that Bertie's idea was a brilliant success. It would have been difficult have found three women more beautiful, or liffering more decidedly in their style of

beauty.
Miss Deverney-tall and majestic, with a figure and carriage full of dignity, a face of purest Greciau type, straight brows, and dark hair—was Juno, in all her majestic beauty. Bertie declared the wonderful tissue o her robe must have been "woven of moonbeams." Bar-bara Earle's pure, eloquent face, the calm sevenity of eye and brow, the expression so full of intellect and feeling, fitted her well for the part of Minerva, the wise, beautiful, serene daughter of the gods. Between them stood Aphrodite, a fair, lovely face, bright as a morn-

ing sunbeam, a profusion of golden hair falling over her white, shining robe. Lord Bayneham had refused the part of Paris, so Bertie took it, and he stood before the beautiful Aphrodite, just offering her the golden apple he held in his hands.

It was a beautiful picture, so perfect in its details that there was a universal demand for a second opportunity of seeing it.

Bertis had enjoyed the rehearsals, for he made an invariable rule, the moment they were finished, of offering the apple to Barbara, tell-

ng her he was a second Pacis, with a far better udgment than his predecessor. There were many guests at that brilliant evening festival who never forgot Lady Hilds as she stood between her fair rivals; who remembered the bright loveliness of the face, the rosente flush of beauty and triumph, the light in the violet eyes, and the sheen of the golden hair, long after the cloud of sorrow and suffering had dimmed the beauty then so radiant.

had dimmed the beauty then so radiant.

There was another tableau that evening as much admired as Bertie'a—"The Farewell before the Bittle." A knight, belted and spurred, ready for the fray, had just taken farewell of his young wife. He turns once more to look at her, and she returns his gaze. The beauty of the picture lay in the expression of both faces—the stern handly of the bright leading his leaf turns his beauty of the knight, looking his last upon his wife, her wistful, sad face, trying vainly to mile a last adieu, while the lips were pale and the eyes full of tears.

Hilds and Lord Bayneham rendered the idea perfectly; there had been some difficulty in teaching the Lady of Bayneham Castle to look ead or tearful. "I cannot do it," she said, when Bertie for the twentieth time found fault. "I cannot do

it. I have never learned to look sad. Tell me what I am to think about." "Fancy that Lord Bayneham is going to leave you, and you will never see him again,"
replied Bertie; "how would you look then?"
"I cannot do that for play," said Hilda; but
even the passing thought brought a rapt expres-

sion of grief that made a perfect and beautiful picture. "You must forgive me, Lady Hilda," said ertie, "that I have been the first to teach you Bertie, to look sad. I can only hope the look may never

be more real than now. That evening, when Barbara Earle, tired and exbausted, reached her own room, she saw a small packet addressed to her, lying on the toilet-table. She broke the seal and found a small box. When that was opened, lying in a soft nest of white velvet, was a most heautiful little golden apple. It was made with a small loup, so that it bould be worn at the end of a chain, or suspended to a bracelet; there was a line of many and on it these for words. slip of paper, and on it these few words were

"Barbara, will you accept this from me in my own character of Bertie Carlyon?"

Miss Earle, understanding exactly how much that meant, resolved upon taking time for deli-

On the morning following Bertie was anxiously waiting for her appearance, but Barbara avoided any title-a title with him. The day after was spent in preparing for the grand ball, which Lord Bayneham declared should

The evening so anxiously looked for came at last. The whole neighborhood round Bayneham seemed alive with the rolling of carriages. The castle was one blaze of light and warmth. The ball was brilliantly and numerously attended. It was something like a dream of Fairyland—the rich hangings, the fragrant ex-otics, the little scented fountains that rippled so

otics, the little scented fountains that rippled so musically, the gleaming of jewels, the sweet, soft music, the bright, beautiful faces.

Lord Bayneham felt proud of the ladies of his house. The countess was dressed with more than her usual magnificence. Barbara wore a beautiful costume of green velvet, with rich golden ornaments. Lady Hilda looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her, in some wonderful combination of white satin and costly lace, with the far-famed Bayne-bam diamonds shining in her golden hair and

round her white neck. Hilda was the queen of that brilliant throng. admired and flattered, the homage of great and famous men floating around her—her every word received with smiles, her every wish complied

She bore her honors meekly, with sweet, unaffected grace, never forgetting in this, the su-preme hour of her triumph, the wants and wishes of others. Her guests declared Lady Hilds was a perfect hostess; no one was forgotten or overlooked.

ten or overlooked.

The great county magnate, the Duke of Laleham, had purposely delayed a journey he meditated in order to attend the Bayneham ball. He opened it with Lady Hilda, who delighted her stately mother-in law by the way she conversed with one whom the countess held in high estates and the delayer conversed. with one with the counters held in high se-teem. Soon afterward the duke, conversing with Lady Bayneham, expressed his great ad-miration of her son's wife.

It was a brilliant and successful evening,

more so perhaps to Bertie than any one else. He secured two waltzes with Barbara, and

probably spent the happiest moments of his life in the conservatory with her.

"Barbara," he said, as they stood watching the lamps that glowed like pale moons among the green plants-" Barbara, do you accept or

refuse my little present?"
"The golden apple?" she said with a smile; "neither, Mr. Carlyon. I hold it in reserve"
"Is there any hope for me, Barbars?" he said, his handsome face flushed with joy. "I have loved you ever since I knew how to appreciate what is noble and good. Could you ever care for me?"

"It will depend upon yourself," she replied. "When you come to me with some claim to admiration and respect, you shall have my answer. I shall say more when you have accomplished some of those great deeds we speke of."

With that answer Bertie Oarlyon was con-

(To be Continued.)

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. Cronp is a disease which strikes quickly and severely. To be prepared for this dangerous disease a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil should

be kept in the house, it is a prompt and sure

"Ah ! this is quite springlike," as the tramp remarked when he had settled himself for a night's sleep on a buckboard, in a secluded carriage shed .- Lowell Citizen.

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

remedy.

To remedy an evil the cause must be removed. It is by opening the clogged avenues of the system and thus removing the impure poisonous and worn out matter which is the cause of disease that B. B. B. is so uniformly Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Blood.

DO NOT THINK FOR A MOMENT that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because to develop into catarrh. You can rid your-self of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

"我们我们的"我们"的"我们",我们就是这种情况,还是一个人。

Travis (entering Poseyboy's office on the latter's "busy day")-Poseyboy, were you ever engaged? Poseyboy-Yes; I am now. Go 'way.—Burlington Free Press

VERY SENSIBLE "JAPS."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the druggist who intro-duced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire, carries a fine steel blade. It was found that all who tried this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefitted.
The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

Two old sports accusomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another, "I call you. What ye got!" "Four aces." "What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself."—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, the liver, the kidneys and the blood, any failure of their action brings disease and derangement to the whole system. Regulate their condition with Burdock Blood Bitters to secure perfect health.

Artist-Where are you going to take dinner? Author—Or, I'm not particular. Wherever you de. Artist—Well, I was going to take it with you.—Index.

A GREAT REMEDY

For coughs, colds, consumption, is Dr. A. B. Wilbor's Cod-liver O.l. Contrary to the usual impression, it is pleasant to take. Those who use it like it and it contains wonderful dealing qualities. Besides it will give fissh and strength to the wasted and broken down body. Remember always ask for Dr. A. B. Wilbor's Pure Cod-liver Oil. All druggists keep it. If you will address Dr. A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, Mass., he will promptly reply, sending you free an Illustrated circular.

He (at a very late hour, with deep tenderness)—How can I leave thee? She—Really—Mr. Stayer, I can't tell you. I wish to heaven I could. - Washington Critic.

A VEXED QUESTION.

The number of Corsets are legion, and ladies are often undecided which to order. "Godey's Lady's Book" gave an interesting article upon this subject; it says: "The desideratum seems to have been reached in the Duplex Corset nearer than in any other. The prominent features of the Duplex Corse are: The absence of any bones over the hip to break and vex the wearer, and the quick and snug, but easy adjustment to the form by strap and buckle, thus saving the wearer the discomfort of breaking in. The Company has striven to produce the best dollar Corset in the world, and have attained to a standard that, notwithstanding its nominal cost, the Duplex' is suitable for any lady in any walk of life,"

The advertisement of this Corset can be found in another column of this paper.

New Congressman at dinner-Waiter (who has seen new Congressman before)—Skuse me boss, but 'taint good fawm to eat yo' pie wid yo' knife. New Congressman—Well, why in thunder didn't you bring me a spoen.— Washington Critic.

Two young writers were talking of their hoper, their ambitions. "If I have not made a reputation by the time I'm thirty I shall blow my brains out," asserted one. "My dear boy," replied the other, "you are as good as dead."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. 9-13eow

Dr. Pellet—So Scalpel set your broken arm? Patient—Yer, sir. Pellet—What were his charges? Patient-Twenty dollars. Pellet-Robbery, sir -- downright robbery. I would have amputated it for \$25 .- Detroit Free

FORTUNATE LUMBER CAMP TICKET HOLDERS.

Some months ago a party working in the lumber camp of Wm. Coach, on the Surgeon river, ordered 31 tenth tlokets in The Louisiana State Lottery. One of these was a tenth of ticken No. 71,575, which wen the tenth of ticket No. 71,575, which wen the first prize of \$150,000, in the drawing of the 7th of Feb., giving the handsome sum of \$15,000 to be divided. There were sixteen in the club, the tickets being sent to Geo. J. Johnson, of Baraga. Three of the holders were of one family, being John Bodwein, his wife and child, who thus secures a good share.—L'Anse (Mich.) Sentinel, March 3.

"Mr. Goodhead is a splendid fellow," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, a wonderfully fine fellow. I never saw his match. So intelligent and well-informed, and such an excellent man every way. He is from London. I believe?" "Is he!" replied the spokesman's friend. "Well—er—it is evident that Nature intended that he should have been born in Prestwich or Rainbill,

THEIR GENTLE ACTION AND GOOD effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

A clergyman was boasting the other day that he had "built his church entirely out of his own head." "I didn't know that the city authorities permitted the erection of wooden buildings !" was the reply.

SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.]

152 -WITH US NOW.

I am in the kitten, playing, Pulling at her mother's tail, I am in the schoolboy, running, Leaping o'er the rail.

I am in the earth's dark bosom, Pushing up and out, Seeking freedom, flowers and sunlight, Running all about.

Cased in gold or silver circlet, I, with Father Time, Loose the little winged minutes To a merry chime.

When your easy chair invites you, I the welcome hold; And at night sweet sleep assisting I am more than gold.

I. too, am the year's fair daughter, Fairest of them all; Smiling back at grimest brother, Softening his rough call. ELLICE.

153.—A TRANSPOSITION. A heathen Chines was walking the street,
A bevy of girls heighbere chanced to meet,
In front of salcon, all trim and neat,
At once they besieged him, urging a treat.
He led them all in, and seated the crowd,
"Lice cream to ten gal," he called out aloud,
Both shocked and silent, as by the agents!
That swips the carth most fleet M. M. That strike the earth most fleet. W. The kirls there avowed that neer again.
They diask Chinese to treat is They
C. A. WANDELOER.

154.—A GARDENER'S PROBLEM.

Father proposes to fence in a square piece of Father proposes to fence in a square piece of land and give it to me for a garden upon the following conditions: In fencing it he is to have two panels to each lineal rod and ten palings to each panel. I am to cut this square piece of land into aquare lots of one acre each, and he is to have as many of these acre lots fenced in as it will take palings to enclose one acre, provided I can tell him how many lots I will have in my garden. Will some of you puzzle-readers help me solve this problem?

Minnie Eddington.

Is the dearest gem revealed.

Montreal.

Holloway's Contment and Pills.—Those every paling to enclose one acre, provided I can tell him how many lots I will have in my garden. Will some of you puzzle-readers help me solve this problem?

Minnie Eddington the dearest gem revealed.

Montreal.

155.-A REBUS. Not long ago I saw a man Who looked to me peculiar; His left hand held a cobbler's tool,
With which we are all familiar,
And a cutting tool was in his right, Well known to many nations; But all at once the scene was changed To useful publications. ARTIBUS LAPRENTIUS.

156.—A CHARADE. Ye one-ers of the mystic crew, If this charade should puzzle you, Then you may think tis not one-two. But if you fail to get the clew That brings this answer in full view, 'Twill be because you are not two.

1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. 3. To defame. 4. A yellow pigment obtained from India. 5. Warmth. 6. Vigorous. 7. To cleanse. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A letter. Par Rior.

158.—NAME THE TWAIN. Something madder than a bare Rushed upon us unaware; In our house it ran about, Ordering the inmates out.

Snarled at all it chanced to meet; Moving with a furious haste, For it had no time to waste. Well for us its time was short-

Storming up and down our street,

Victims of its cruel sport. Time and strength, and life might end Ere its fury would expend. Sulkily it disappeared,

For one followed whom it feared, One with whom our griefs all melt While rehearsing what we felt.

NELSONIAN.

159.-A DOUBLE PALINDROME. An odd animal I name, I read either way the same, The Last read first, if you wish,
The Last read first, if you wish,
You'll see no change, in this;
Strange, you think, but nevertheless
Every word is true; now guess.
EL Ex Drs.

THE PUZZLE-MAKING.

"Will the \$100 prize in the puzzle-making contest be allowed to go from Montreal?" is a question yet to be decided. No one should fail to make an effort to gain this or one of the other rewards, as only those who try will know whether success has been within their power or

ANSWERS.

144,-Blizzard, Ezard, 144.—Blizzard, Ezard,
145.—Hearth, heart, hear.
146.—Mr. Starling will be happy to see Mr.
Dashwood between 1 and 2 next Wednesday, to
meet Dr. Short, who arrived last week by Her
Majesty's frigate Nelson, now 'ying at Ports
mouth. Dr. Short is a relative, and the executor of the late General Treele, who died in
Calcutta the first of March last.

Calcutta the first of March last.
Old Jewry, 4th day of May.
147.—Fish-day.
148.—1. Bon-net. 2. Cyg-net. 3. Gar-net.
4. Cor-net. 5. Son-net. 6. Hor-net. 7. Sig-net. 8. Spig-net. 9. Sin-net. 10. Spi-net.
11. Gan-net. 12. Jen-net.
149.—1. Man, ban, bay, boy. 2. Wife, wine, pine, pine, prut. 3. Star. soar, boar, boor, boon, moon. 4. Good, gold, gild, mild, mile, vile. 5. Less, loss, lose, lore, more. 5. Corn, morn, moan, mean, meal. 7. Home, hole, hale, hall, hall, tail.

hall, bail, fail. 150.—Knife and fork. 151.—Puzzles, riddies, enigmes, anagram.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO WORK for a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over \$50 a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All ages; both sexes. All is new. Great inomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

A Galveston man says he met a panther in the Okennokee swamp, but saved his life by pre-tending he was dead. The heast was not hungry, so it covered him over with leaves and left him. He assures the public he did not wait to see whether it would come back, and they all believed him.

A bride in Manchester fainted when the clergyman asked her to say yes; but she was not so far gone that she couldn't remark, vigorously, between gasps, "Keep him till i come around."

Culberston-"I believe I've killed the dog Finn !" Finn, the gamekeeper-"Give your FITS Il Fits stopped free by Dr. Ellne's GreatNerve Parts Il Fits stopped free by Dr. Ellne's GreatNerve Parts and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Ellne, 931 Arch St., Phila, Pa. 25.G. Suk he's shot somethin'.

[FOR "THE POST" AND "THUE WITNESS."

 $(x_1, \dots, x_n) = \sum_{i=1}^n (x_i \cdot x_i)^{-1} = \sum_{i=1}^n (x_i \cdot x_i)^{-1}$

THE DEAREST GEM. An angel oped the pearly gate,
And fled to the world below;
His mission was only to terminate,
When he to heaven would consecrate The purest gem that the earthly state Can through all time bestow.

Where, said the angel, can I find
The lustrous jewel desired;
I'll seek mid the wealth of human kind,
'Tie surely held in the mass combined, This beauteous gem from dross refined, Whose splendor is so admired.

It may be on the arid plains,
Near the Niger's golden sands,
Or where the Incas' son's remains
Have gone to rest on the Antis' chains, And the Arequips maid complains Of a lover's countermands. It might Britain's diadem hold. For the kohinoor excels, There's yet the Khedive's wrath untold,

And Accra's fields of virgin gold, And oyster beds whose pearls were rolled For years by the ocean swells. In vain the angel sought these climes, His message to realize; He heard afar baptismal chimes,

And he hastened with happy thought betimes That the lustre of eyes so free from crimes, Was the boon he'd fondly prize, Not so I yet onward winged his way, With a hope of preater meed,
On the frigid ground, neath the torrid ay
He wandered on for many a day,
Still cheered by that celestial ray,
In time he would yet succeed.

O'er earth and sea the search is made, Yet the jewels still concealed; But, behold! a cross on yonder grade, At its toot is knelt a sinful maid, Whose penitent tear, so long delayed,

Is the dearest gem revealed.

carefully rubbed in the Gintment relaxes the swollen muscles, diminishes inflammation, as-suages pain, and even affeviates dangerous maladies which may have lasted for months. or even years. Holloway's excellent preparations are effective singly, resistless in combination, and have been recommended by grateful patients to be resorted to as alteraives when all other means of regaining health have failed. Their action is temperate, not violent or reducing.

A Cheshire poultry farmer, when his chickens escaped from their yard house, perpetrated this mercantile pun: "I will re-copy my losses." He has not been seen to smile since,

There is dauger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of communition disted their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Rad they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and

lungs Muscular wife—"M you dare to stir out again this evening, Rdwin, you will find I have not joined the Ladies Symnastic Society for nothing !"

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Hollo-way's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do A little boy whose sprained wrist had been

relieved by bathing in whiskey surprised his mother by asking, "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a little boy? A shert road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthms, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excorlated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the

inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live ?" The editor answered, "Because you sent your contribution by mail instead of bringing it."

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtrey, writes: For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizzlness which was growing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Dis-covery, from which I derived considerable benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affiction was completely gone, and I have not had an attack of it since."

Secrets are but poor property; if you cir culate them, you lose them, and if you keep them, you lose the interest on your invest

ment. How to Cure Headache. - Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all anstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion.
M. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P.Q., writes:
"I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article

for Billous Headache." Wife: That man has been staring at me for five minutes. Husband: Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept

your eyes on him. elery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

URES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Head-ache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys. AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Onick the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood. AS A LAXATIVE, R acts mildly, but

AS A DIURETIC. It Regulates the Kid-Recommended by professional and businessmen.

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