FORTY-SEVEN.

BY PATRICK BOYLE.

"Forty-seven? You're quite sure that's the number of his room, Nelly?"

"Forty-seven, Trimmers' buildings," said Nelly Clifford, and a buzz of universal whispering succeeded this piece of information, for "the girls," which collective noun comprehended about a dozen merry, bright-eyed beauties, were determined to give their unknown southern cousin a "surprise" on the occasion of his return from some distant medical university, where he had just graduated with all the honors of war, to settle in bachelor quarters in Trimmer's buildings.

So Nelly Clifford got the key of number Forty-seven from a dingy-faced old woman, who "did" for the wretched bachelors of Trimmer's buildings, and she and Abby Fortescue decorated it with flowers, and evergreens, and an ancient United States flag, which she had rummaged out of her father's garret. Kate Fuller baked a glorious big plum cake, with "welcome" in frosted capitals on its snowy top. Lizzie Alcott pickled a hundred oysters, and her black-eyed sister prepared a dish of chicken salad, which would have made a professional cook turn green with envy. And the end of it all was, that the gloomy, dusty little den was transfomed, for the time being, into a perfect fairy bower, with a Java canvas tidy covering the worn leather easy chair, a bright fire of Liverpool coal in the grate, while fresh cut flowers exhaled their perfume, and the table was dressed with true feminine neatness and taste.

"Now, I wish he'd come," said Lizzie Alcott, after she had arranged the last of the polished green leaves around the golden oranges in the centre fruit-dish.

"He'll not be long now," said Abby Fortescue, looking complacently around upon her evening's work. "And won't he be delighted?"

"How do you suppose he looks?" said Nelly Clifford.

"Haven't you any photograph?" said Miss Fuller.

"He never would send us one," said Nelly, straightening a tall damask rose, which seemed a little inclined to topple down upon its brethren.

"Of course," said Sabina Selleck, "he's tall and dark, with delicious hazel eyes. And, of course, he'll fall in love with one of us girls! Won't it be nice to be called Mrs. Dr. Bruce?"

"What nonsense," said Nelly, laughing.

"I don't see," said Kate Fuller, demurely; "why it need necessarily be nonsense. At all events, he's our cousin, and its our business to make things as pleasant as possible for him. Does that coffee boil yet, Fanny Fuller?"

While the cousinly task of preparation was in progress at No. 47, Trimmer's buildings the express train, gradually nearing New York, held two young medical graduates, with leather valises, comfortable fur-trimmed overcoats and carefully arranged moustaches—Norman Bruce, M. D. and Harry Caverley, M. D. The former was short and blonde, and rather insignificant; the latter, tall and dark, with big, black eyes, and a complexion worthy of a Spanish Don.

"I wish I was you, old fellow," said Dr. Caverley, with a yawn which changed into a little sigh.

"Why?" asked Dr. Bruce, who was almost asleep.

"To have an uncle and lots of cousins meet me. Only fancy what a dismal time I shall have of it at number—what's its name—what-do-you-call-'em buildings, while you are being made of by no end of pretty girls!"

"Well, that's easily obviated," said Bruce. "Go home with me for to-night. I'll insure you quite as hearty a welcome as will be extended to me, old fellow!"

"Thanks, no," declined Caverley, rather regretfully. I'll try to be content with the goods the gods deal out to me."

So, when they arrived at the Grand Central depot, Dr. Bruce took a cab to No.—Fessenden st., where his uncle lived, and Harry Caverley proceeded straight to No. 47 Trimmer's buildings, which he had concluded to lease, in conjunction with his friend and college mate, Norman Bruce.

He put his latch-key into the door, expecting to find Cimmerian darkness and solitude within. To his amazement, the door flew open before he had time to turn the key—the light and brilliance and scent of roses, boiling coffee and fried oysters, struck on him like a vision; and the flock of bright-haired, blooming girls who gathered around him made him think vaguely of a lot of Peris just broke out of Paradise.

"Hallo!" thought he, as the dimpled arms were flung miscellanously around his neck, the fresh kisses rained on him, "Am I dreaming or am I really awake? And, if the latter, what the deuce does all this mean? It's pleasant, but it's perplexing."

"Didn't I tell you he was tall and dark?" triumphantly whispered Sabina Selleck to her mates.

"Really, ladies!" stammered our confused hero, "I—I didn't expect—"

"Of course, you didn't," said Kate Fuller.

"We meant to surprise you," said Nelly Clifford, demurely.

"We're all your cousins," added Lizzie Alcott.

"But," persisted Harry Caverley, "I think there must be some mistake."

"None in the least," said Nelly, arbitrarily. "Now sit down here at the head of the banquet, and mind you do justice to everything."

And Harry Caverley could but obey. But he thought that if this was the general method of welcoming homeless young men to New York, what a paradise it must be for bachelors!

"All the same; there is a mistake somewhere," he thought, vaguely, as Sabina Selleck, a rose cheeked little blonde, nestled down beside him, and expressed her determination to hear everything that had happened to him for the past year.

"Because we're cousins, you know," said the blue-eyed enchantress, "and there should be no secrets between cousins!"

While this six foot imposter was enjoying himself among flowers, fruit and pretty girls, the true heir of all these estates had gone on to the substantial brick house in Fessenden street, where Squire Clifford, all alone, was reading the newspaper by the aid of a student lamp and a pair of double eye glasses. Chancing to look up suddenly he beheld, standing meekly before him, a man with a valise, whose knock he might have been aware of if he hadn't been a little hard of hearing.

"Who the deuce are you?" thundered the squire, whose mind had been disturbed by a daring burglary in the neighborhood the night before.

"I'm your nephew," said the man with the valise.

"No you're not!" roared the squire. "My nephew is being entertained by his cousins—seven of 'em—at Number Forty-seven, Trimmer's Buildings! You're a burglar! You're a confidence man! Go out, or I'll call the police!"

And poor Norman Bruce was turned out of his uncle's house before he could gain an opportunity to speak a word in his own behalf!

"He seems very much excited," thought the poor young M. D. to himself. "I hope there isn't any insanity in the family. Dear me! dear me! this is very embarrassing."

Fortunately, forty-seven, Trimmer's buildings was not very distant, and thither our hero sped without loss of time, disappointed of the warm welcome he had taught himself to expect.

"Caverley is there, at all events," thought he. "But no doubt he's abed and asleep by this time."

Nothing of the sort, however. To his infinite amazement, Dr. Bruce discovered that Harry Caverley was wide awake, the centre of a group of girls!

"Hallo!" cried Harry, starting up as his friend entered.

"Who is this?" demanded Sabina Selleck, rather curtly.

"It's Norman Bruce," Harry responded.

"Norman Bruce!" shrieked the girls in chorus. "Then who are you?"

"Harry Caverley, at your service, ladies," answered the tall young man.

"You're an imposter!" shrieked Nelly.

"A brute!" declared Abby Fortescue, with great earnestness.

"How dared you permit us to—to—welcome you as a cousin?" hysterically cried out Lizzie Alcott.

And it was full fifteen minutes before Harry Caverley could make his peace with the offended beauties.

"I tried to tell you I wasn't your cousin," pleaded he; "but you wouldn't let me! What was a fellow to do?"

"Girls," said Norman Bruce, "Caverley and I have always gone shares in everything, and we must go shares in our cousins, too! Come! I'm as hungry as a hunter! Let's sit down to supper."

And so they all agreed to forgive Harry Caverley, and the evening at Forty-seven, Trimmer's Buildings ended as harmoniously as it had begun.

The squire was full of apologies when he learned the mistake that he had made, but Bruce laughed away all his awkwardness.

"It was a natural mistake enough," said he. "The girls meant to surprise me, and they surprised us all! Eh, Harry?"

—Use Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" for all bilious attacks.

A man named Richard Scanlan, while engaged in demolishing a row of old houses on Notre Dame street Montreal to make room for a new hotel there, fell a distance of thirty feet to the ground, sustaining probably fatal injuries.

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

Mrs. McHooly was arrested for locking her husband out at midnight. When the magistrate asked her what she had to say about it she replied: "Well, your honor, I'm a dimmycrat and my old man voted for Blaine, and shure I turned him out for offinsive partisanship. Begorra, that's the shtoils now." The magistrate, being a civil service reform democrat, discharged the woman.

—The face wears a yellowish hue, pimples appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superseded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, constipation, impurity of the blood, and kidney complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

"To illustrate," said the professor, "we will take some simple, semi-transparent article—anything of that nature; take something translucent, Mr. Zany." "Thank you," replied the student, "since you insist upon it, I will." [Loud and long continued applause and cries of "more! more!" and "Zwei!"]

—That taint of scrofula in your blood can be wholly eradicated by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoe a hen. The poor bird does not seem to know which way to go.

—One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

The house the husband ransacks o'er
To find the dimmer light and airy:
Alas! his wife has swapped it for
A lot of mantel statuary.

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

"What are your views regarding the Chinese question?" asked a reporter of an almoned-eyed knight of the washtub and starchboard. "Three centee clollar; ten centee shirtee; fi centee cuff," was the intelligent answer.

—Do no violence to the liver and general system by repeated doses of mercury in the shape of calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and gives a healthful glow to the cheek.

A New York doctor was arrested for killing three cats whose music he could not appreciate. His triumphant acquittal, though he actually slew the cats, has filled the whole city with joy.

—Ague, Malarial and Bilious Complaints so prevalent in the Spring and Fall may be prevented and cured by a timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify and tone the system. 246

A man should never doubt the possibility of getting a quart of whiskey into a pint flask, when he has seen how his wife can get a No. 6 foot into a No. 4 shoe.

—James Shannon, Lasakdale, writes: For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was then so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days, the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used.

Drivers of ice wagons always wear straw hats on wet, chilly mornings. This is to cajole an unwary public into the belief it is going to be a hot day.

—Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula, should be treated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The latest invention is a strawberry weevil, which will give a fresh excuse for the bottom of the box creeping up nearer to the top.

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extinguisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur—Will the Fifth and Final Act Be a Tragedy?

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Dr. Lincoln who was at the funeral of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, says ex-President Arthur looked very unwell. He is suffering from Bright's disease. During the past year it has assumed a very aggravated form."

That telegram is act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In act I. he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In act II. he represented a tired man, worn down, walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtains roll up for Act III. upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from bright's disease, while Act IV. discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely, (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of bright's disease, of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt 80 per cent. of all deaths, except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this dreadful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits—lawyers, clergymen, congressmen—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives way gradually, the strength is variable the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old, and as the Englishmen would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable;" but ere long, maybe, they "tap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside of their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

Offering it Too Low.

Poet (to editor)—I will let you have the poem for ten dollars,

Editor—You can do better than that with it.

Poet—Yes; where?

Editor—Take it to a magistrate. He will give you ten dollars and thirty days.

—M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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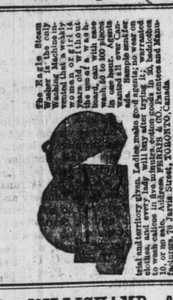

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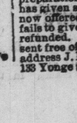

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