THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

That same night, as the Squire and Mrs. Meysey sat by themselves towards the small hours—after the girls had unanimously evacuated the drawing-room—discussing the affairs of the universe generally, as then and there envisaged, over a glass of claret-cup, the mother looked up at last with a sudden glance into the father's face and said, in a tone half-anxious, half-timid: "Tom, did it happen to strike you this afternoon that that handsome cousin of Elsie Challoner's seemed to take a great fancy to our Winifred?"

The Squire stirred his claret-cup idly with his spoon. "I suppose the fellow has eyes in his head," he answered bluntly. "No man in his senses could ever look at our little Winnie, I should think, Emily, and not fall over his ears in love with her."

Mrs. Meysey waited a minute or two more in silent suspense before she spoke again; then she said once more, very nettatively: "He seems a tolerably nice young man, I think, Tom."

"Oh, he's well enough, I daresay," the Squire admitted grudgingly.

"A barrister, he says. That's a very good profession," Mrs. Meysey went on, still feeling her way by gradual stages.

"Never heard so in my life before," the Squire grunted out. "There are barristers and barristers. His gets no briefs. Lives on literature, by what he tells me: next door to living upon your wits, I call it."

"But I mean, it's a gentleman's profession, anyhow, Tom, the bar."

"Oh, the man's a gentleman, of course, if it comes to that—a perfect gentleman; and an Oxford man, and a person of culture, and all that sort of thing—I don't deny it. He's a very presentable fellow, too, in his own way; and most intelligent: understands the riparian proprietors' question as easy as anything.—You can ask him to dinner whenever you choose, if that's what you're driving at."

Mrs. Meysey called another halt for a few second's before she reopened fire, still more timidly than ever. "Tom, do you know I rather fancy he really likes our Winifred?" she murmured, gasping.

"Of course he likes our Winifred," the Squire repeated, with profound conviction in every tone of his voice. "I should like to know who on earth there is that doesn't like our Winifred! Nothing new in that. I could have told you that myself. Go ahead with it, then.—What next, now, Emily?"

"Well, I think, Tom, if I'm not mistaken, Winifred seemed rather inclined to take a fancy to him too, somehow."

Thomas Wyville Meysey laid down his glass incredulously on the small side-table. He didn't explode, but he hung fire for a moment. "You women are always fancying things," he said at last, with a slight frown. "You think you're so precious quick, you do, at reading other people's faces. I don't deny you often succeed in reading them right. You read mine precious often, I know, when I don't want you to—that I can swear to. But sometimes, Emily, you know you read what isn't in them. That's the way with all decipherers of hieroglyphics. They see a great deal more in things than ever was put there. You remember that time when I met old Hillier down yonder.——"

"Yes, yes, I remember," Mrs. Meysey admitted, checking him at the outset with an astute concession. She had cause to remember the facts, indeed, for the Squire reminded her of that one obvious and palpable mistake about the young fox-cubs at least three times a week, the year round, on an average. "I was wrong that time; I know I was, of course. You weren't in the least annoyed with Mr. Hillier. But I think—I don't say I'm sure, observe, dear—but I think Winifred's likely to take a fancy to him—a serious fancy—and he to her—what are you and I to do about it?"

As she spoke, Mrs. Meysey looked hard at the lamp and then at her husband, wondering with what sort of grace he would receive this very revolutionary and upsetting suggestion. For herself—though mothers are hard to please—it may as well be admitted off-hand, she has fallen a ready victim at once to Hugh Massinger's charms and brilliancy and blandishments. Such a nice young man, so handsome and gentlemanly, so adroit in his talk, so admirable in his principles, and though far from rich, yet, in his way, distinguished! A better young man, darling Winifred was hardly likely to meet with. But what would dear Tom think about him? she wondered. Dear Tom had such very expansive not to say utopian ideas for Winifred—thought nobody but a Duke or a Prince of the blood half good enough for her: though to be sure, experience would seem to suggest that Dukes and Princes, after all, are only human, and not originally very much better than other people. Whatever superior moral excellence we usually detect in the finished product may no doubt be safely set down in ultimate analysis to the exceptional pains bestowed by society upon their ethical education.

The Squire looked into his claret-cup profoundly for a few seconds before answering as if he expected to find it a perfect Dr. Dee's divining crystal, big with hints as to his daughter's future; and then he burst out abruptly with a grunt; "I suppose we must leave the answering of that question entirely to Winnie."

Mrs. Meysey did not dare to let her internal sigh of relief escape her throat; that would have been too compromising, and would have alarmed dear Tom. So she stifled it quietly. Then dear Tom was not wholly averse, after all, to this young Mr. Massinger. He, too, had fallen a victim to the poet's wiles. That was well; for Mrs. Meysey, with a mother's eye, had read Winifred's heart through and through. But we must not seem to give in too soon. A show of resistance runs in the grain with women. He's got no money," she murmured suggestively.

The Squire flared up. "Money!" he cried, with infinite contempt, "money! money! Who the dickens says anything to me about money? I believe that's all on earth you women think about—Money indeed! Much I care about money, Emily. I daresay the young fellow hasn't got money. What then? Who cares for that? He's got money's worth. He's got brains; he's got principles; he's got the will to work and to get on. He'll be a Judge in time, I don't doubt. If a man like that were to marry our Winifred, with the aid we could give him and the friends we could find him, he ought to rise by quick stages to be—anything you like—Lord Chancellor, or Postmaster-General, or Archbishop of Canterbury, for the matter of that, if your tastes happen to run in that direction."

"He hasn't done much at the bar yet," Mrs. Meysey continued, playing her fish dexterously before landing it.

"Hasn't done much! Of course he hasn't done much! How the dickens could he? Can a man make briefs for himself, do you suppose? He's given himself up, he tells me, to earning a livelihood by writing for the papers. He had to do it. It's a pity, upon my word, a clever young fellow like that—he understands the riparian proprietors' question down to the very ground—should be compelled to turn aside from his proper work at the bar to serve tables, so to speak—to gain his daily bread by penny-a-lining. If Winifred were to take a fancy to a young man like that, now"——The Squire paused, and eyed the light through his glass reflectively.

"He's very presentable," Mrs. Meysey went on, re-arranging her work-box, and still angling cleverly for dear Tom's indignation.

"He's a man any woman might be perfectly proud of," the Squire retorted in a thunderous voice with firm conviction.

Mrs. Meysey followed up her advantage persistently for twenty minutes, insinuating every possible hint against Hugh, and leading the Squire deeper and deeper into a hopeless slough of unqualified commendation. At the end of that time she said quietly: "Then I understand, Tom, that if Winnifred and this young Massinger take a fancy to one another, you don't put an absolute veto on the idea of their getting engaged, do you?"

"I only want Winnie to choose for herself," the Squire answered with prompt decision. "Not that I suppose for a moment there's anything in this young fellow's talking a bit to her. Men *will* flirt, and girls *will* let 'em. Getting engaged indeed! You count your chickens before the eggs are laid. A man can't look at a girl nowadays, but you women must take it into your precious heads at once he wants to go straight off to church and marry her. However, for my part, I'm not going to interfere in the matter one way or the other. I'd rather she'd marry the man she loves, and the man who loves her, whenever he turns up, than marry fifty thousand pounds and the best estate of all Suffolk."

Mrs. Meysey had carried her point with honours. "Perhaps you're right, dear," she said diplomatically, as who should yield to superior wisdom. It was her policy not to appear too eager.

"Perhaps I'm right!" the Squire echoed, half in complacency and half in anger. "Of course I'm right. I know I'm right, Emily. Why, I was reading in a book the other day a most splendid appeal from some philosophic writer or other about making fewer marriages in future to please Mamma, and more to suit the tastes of the parties concerned, and subserve the good of coming generations. I think it was an article in one of the magazines. It's the right way, I'm sure of that; and in Winifred's case I mean to stick to it."

So, from that day forth, if it was Hugh Massinger's intention or desire to prosecute his projected military operations against Winnifred Meysey's hand and heart, he found at least a benevolent neutral in the old Squire, and a secret, silent, but none the less domestic ally in Mrs. Meysey. It is not often that a penniless suitor thus enlists the sympathies of the parental authorities, who ought by precedent to form the central portion of the defensive forces, on his own side in such an aggressive enterprise. But with Hugh Massinger, nobody ever even noticed it as a singular exception. He was so clever, so handsome, so full of promise, so courteous and courtly in his demeanour to young and old, so rich in future hopes and ambitions, that not the Squire alone, but everybody else who came in contact with his easy smile, accepted him beforehand as almost already a Lord Chancellor, or a Poet Laureate, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, according as he might choose to direct his talents into this channel or that; and failed to be surprised that the Meyseys or anybody else on earth should accept him with effusion as a favoured postulant for the hand of their only daughter and heiress. There are a few such universal favorites here and there in the world: whenever you meet one, smile with the rest, but remember that his recipe is a simple one—Humbug.

Hugh stopped for two months or more at Whitestrand, and during all that time he saw much both of Elsie and of Winifred. The Meyseys introduced him with cordial pleasure to all the melancholy gaieties of the sleepy little peninsula. He duly attended with them the somnolent garden-parties on the smooth lawns of neighboring Squires: the monotonous picnics up the tidal stream of the meandering Char: the heavy dinners at every local rector's and Vicar's and resident baronet's; with all the other deadalive entertainments of the dullest and most stick-in-the mud corner of all England. The London poet enlivened them all, however, with his never-failing flow of languid humor, and his slow, drawled-out readiness of Pall Mall repartee. It was a comfort to him, indeed, to get among these unspoiled and unsophisticated children of nature; he could palm off upon them as original the last good thing of that fellow Hatherley's from the smoking-room of the Cheyne Row Club, or fire back upon them, undetected, dim reminiscences of pungent chaff overneard in brilliant West-end drawing-rooms. And then, there were Elsie and Winifred to amuse him; and Hugh, luxurious, easy-going epicurean philosopher that he was, took no trouble to decide in his own mind even what might be his ultimate intentions towards either fair lady, satisfied only, as he phrased it to his inner self, to take the goods the gods provided him for the passing moment, and to keep them both well in hand together. "How happy could I be with either," sings Captain Macheath in the oft-quoted couplet, "were t'other dear charmer away." Hugh took a still more lenient view of his personal responsibilities than the happy-go-lucky knight of the highway; he was quite content to be blest, while he could, with both at once, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, of his own final disposition, marital or otherwise, towards one or the other, but leaving the problem of his matrimonial arrangements for fate, or chance, to settle in its own good fashion.

It was just a week after his arrival at Whitestrand that he went up one morning early to the Hall. Elsie and Winifred were seated together on a rug under the big tree, engaged in reading one novel between them.

"You must wish Winifred many happy returns of the day," Elsie called out gaily, looking up from her book as Hugh approached them. "It's her birthday, Hugh; and just see what a lovely, delightful present Mr. Meysey's given her!"

Winifred held out the present at arm's length for his admiration. It was a pretty little watch, in gold and enamel, with her initials engraved on the back on a broad shield. "It's just a beauty! I should love one like it myself!" Elsie cried enthusiastically. "Did you ever see such a dear little thing? It's keyless too, and so exquisitely finished. It really makes me feel quite ashamed of my own poor old battered silver one."

Hugh took the watch and examined it carefully. He noted the maker's name upon the dial, and opening the back, made a mental memorandum of the number. A sudden thought had flashed across him at the moment. He waited only a few minutes at the Hall, and then asked the two girls if they could walk down into the village with him. He had a telegram to send off, he said, which he had only just that moment remembered. Would they mind stepping over with him as far as the post-office?

They strolled together into the sleepy High Street. At the office, Huge wrote and sent off his telegram. It was addressed to a well-known firm of watchmakers in Ludgate Hill. "Could you send me by to-morrow evening's post, to address as below, a lady's gold and enamal watch, with initials "E. C., from H. M." engraved on shield on back, but in every other respect precisely similar to No. 2479 just supplied to Mr. Meysey, of Whitestrand Hall? If so, telegraph back cash-price at once, and cheque for amount shall be sent immediately. Reply paid. Hugh Massinger, *Fisherman's Rest*, Whitestrand, Suffolk."

Before lunch-time, the reply had duly arrived: "Watch shall be sent on receipt of cheque. Price twenty-five guineas." So far, good. It was a fair amount for a journeyman journalist to pay for a present; but, as Hugh shrewdly reflected, it would kill two birds with one stone. Day after to-morrow was Elsie's birthday. The watch would give Elsie pleasure; and Hugh, to do him justice, thoroughly loved giving pleasure to anybody, especially a pretty girl, and above all Elsie. But it could also do him no harm in the Meyseys' eyes to see that, journeyman journalist as he was, he was earning enough to afford to throw away twenty-five guineas on a mere present to a governess-cousin. There is a time for economy, and there is a time for lavishness. The present moment clearly came under the latter category.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHERIDAN'S FIRST VICTORY

"The Boy is Father to the Man"—An "Unconditional Surrender" for the Time Being.

The Sheridan story runs thus: The Irish schoolmaster, Patrick McManly, was one of the sort who believed that the intelligence, morality, and future happiness of the scholars depended upon a liberal use of the birch. —On a very cold morning of 1842 or '43 two scholars reaching the school house a little ahead of the time, crawled in through a window and got warm. Being full of fun and seeing a bucket of ice water, they fastened it over the door so that on its opening the water would come down. They then retreated to a neighboring hay-mow to watch the result.

Teacher Patrick soon came along rubbing his hands vigorously to keep them warm, hurriedly turned the key and entered, and received the full dose, which heated instead of cooling his blood. He looked all around, inside and out, but there was never a boy anywhere to be seen to vent his wrath upon. So arming himself with a six-foot hickory twig, and stirring up the fire, he sat down to dry, fully determined to flog the first boy that entered. Unfortunately a little fellow soon came, and his hand was scarcely on the latch when Patrick seized him by the collar, and shook him fiercely, "to shake the truth out of ye," he said. The astonished looks, and more astonishing yells, convinced Patrick that the boy was innocent. The next and the next and the next boy went through the same operation. Finally when all the school had been throttled and shaken into their seats, the two real culprits left the hay mow, entered the school, got their shaking and went to work.

It so happened that Phil Sheridan was very late that morning, and as each previous comer had proved his innocence, the presumption against the last one was very strong. When Phil opened the door Patrick made a dive for him, but Phil dodged and commenced his first "strategic retreat." Patrick, believing this a proof of guilt, pursued. Away went Phil up the street, and away went the teacher after him, bareheaded, stick in hand, with the whole school bringing up the rear, all on a run. Phil lost a little on the home stretch, and his pursuer was too close for him to shut the gate, as he broke into the back yard. But here he got a "reinforcement" in his pet Newfoundland dog, who instantly attacked Patrick on "flank and rear," as his master did in after years when driving Early from the Shenandoah valley. Patrick mounted the fence, the dog snapped at his heels, and he found it necessary to climb an apple tree, where he found himself out of breath, out of patience and very completely "outflanked."

"Take away yer divilish dog, Phil," says he, "or I'll bate the life out of ye."—"Like to see you," says Phil; "watch him, Rover." And then he threw an old piece of carpet under the tree and bid the dog "watch" it. The dog laid down on it, and Phil mounted the fence, where he sat contemplative, with his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees.—"What do you want to lick me for?" asked Phil.—"What did ye throw water on me for?" said Pat.—"I didn't throw any water on you."—"You did, though, bekase none of the ither boys did, and I'll punish ye to death entirely, if ye don't let me down."—He started down, but Rover went for him. Retreating up the tree, he called loudly for Phil's father.

The noise soon brought out Mr. Sheridan. The teacher up the tree, the dog growling at him, Phil on the fence, and the whole school standing around, was too funny a scene not to require an explanation.—"What are you doing up the apple tree, Mr. McManly?" he asked.

"Ah, that divilish boy of yours, Misther Sheridan, will be the death of me yet. It's all his doin's, sir. He poured a whole bucketful of water on me this mornin,' and when I wanted to give him a decent reprimand he ran away, and for the sake of the discipline of the school, I went to catch him, and he got that big baste of a dog after me, so I had to climo this tree to defind meself."

"I didn't throw any water at all," said Phil. "All I know about it is, that he went to whipping me this morning before I got in." The old gentleman, rather enjoying the fun, and not certain whether his boy ought to be whipped without reason, suggested to let the case await further inquiry. —"Let 'im go without a floggin', Misther Sheridan? Shure, it'll ruin the school to do that now; just look at 'em, will ye, how they're all laughing at me." The old gentleman called the dog, but he looked at Phil and wouldn't stir. "Take away the divilish dog, or I'll bate the life out of both of ye intirely," said Patrick.

"Better come down nrst," Phil suggested; "watch him, Rover."—Finally relenting, he said after a pause, "If you won't whip me I'll call him off. He won't go for father's calling all day, because he sees you're imposing on me.—Patrick argued and protested, but it wouldn't do. Phil's terms then were, as in after years, "unconditional surrender." The longer Patrick talked, after the hot race, the douse of cold water, and the frosty January morning, the more hopeless his case became, especially when Phil intimated intention to demand on the spot exemption from all future flogging.—Finally Patrick said: "I'll tell you what, Phil. If you'll jest call off that baste, I'll not bate you this time, indade I won't."—"Why didn't you say so at first?" said Phil, and then he called Rover away.

This is believed to be the *first* surrender to Sheridan, though not the last by any means.—Phil said, however, that the teacher kept his word in that affair, bnt that he put two floggings into every one that he afterward administered for new offenses.

Won by a Neck—and a Box on the Ear.

About twenty-five years ago a Yorkshire gentleman owned a very promising two-year-old colt. On the day he was to make his debut the jockey engaged was unable to ride. The old trainer picked out a promising stable lad who could ride the weight and promised him five sovereigns if he won. The saddle, bridle, whip and boy barely turned the scales; in fact there was not half an ounce to spare. It being the boy's first race in public he felt anxious and nervous. The result, however, confirmed the trainer's good judgment. The boy rode a brilliant finish and beat the favorite by a neck, On returning to the paddock he was congratulated by the trainer and the owner promised him that he should do his riding for the future. The boy was elated and overjoyed at this. Catching up his saddle, bridle and whip, he went smiling and laughing into the weighing room along with the trainer. And to their dismay he was unable to pull down the the scales. The old trainer took in the situation at a glance and said to the weighmaster: "Excuse me a second." He caught hold of the boy, kicked him round the weighing-room and boxed his ears soundly, saying: "You young scoundrel, you have sold the race; never come round the stables again." He dumped him again into the scales, the boy crying as though his heart would break. The saddle, bridle and whip was pitched on his lap, and strange to say he pulled down the scales, with a trifle to spare. The incident was related to the officials, and the race was saved by the old trainer's presence of mind.

The boy became a celebrated jockey and enjoyed the confidence of his trainer and master for many years. There was a good deal of discussion at the time amongst medical men and others as to how the boy's state of mind affected his bodily weight. The colt won by a neck. The boy nearly lost by an ounce—and the trainer snatched it by a box on the ear.

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NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Travellers who feel disposed to treat railway officials must in future treat only with courtesy. The penalty for giving them liquor while on duty is a fine of $50 with imprisonment for a month at hard labour.

The State of Mississippi is rejoicing because some residents of Dakota, driven away by the blizzards, have gone south to try farming. It is said that the fleeing farmers all tell the same story—the blizzard has been too much for them.

New York Tribune: The English Government never abandons its colonists when their commercial interests are at stake. It protects them, makes their interests its own, and devotes all the energies and the finesse of its diplomacy to their service.

Christian World: "Toronto is a city containing a population of 140,000, and yet they have neither Sunday horse-cars nor a single Sunday newspaper, and it is reported that in spite of the prophecies of ill, the city is prospering as never it prospered before. We hope some of that kind of leaven will be imported into the States.

Buffalo, being a much more populous city than Toronto, has suffered to a greater degree from the evils of grade railway crossings. It is stated that at least a life a day is lost on these crossings, and it is no wonder that the people of Buffalo have, during the past twelve months, persistently and vigorously agitated for the removal of so great an evil.

London is not to have a free library, the electors having voted by a large majority against it. It is satisfactory to learn that the oppositian to the enterprise was based solely upon the conditions attaching to it. The Library Board wished the city to buy a lot of old books and to take possession of an unsuitable building, and to this the people were advised not to consent.

A new thing in the way of subsidies is proposed in Quebec. On the plea that in a cold country like this some kind of stimulant is necessary, and on the assumption that if people drink good Canadian wine drunkenness will be decreased, a wine-making firm is asking for a bonus from the provinces. Of course if we bonus railway companies and manufacturers, why not wine producers?

Southern prejudices against the Negro race are evidently being softened by time. The latest evidence of this fact is found in the appointment of fifteen Negroes to positions on the police force of New Orleans. The city council for three weeks refused to confirm the nominations of the colored men, but finally they gave way to the pressure of public opinion.

Disasters are not always without redeeming features. The Baptist church in Charlottetown, P. E. I., was burned down and it is related that "the Roman Catholics were among the first to offer their afflicted fellow-citizens the use of their hall in which to hold their services, and are not at all backward about tendering donations of money to the building fund." Here is a case in which trouble has produced sympathy, toleration and friendship.

Spontaneous combustion having brought to ruin several buildings in the neighbourhood of Fredericton, N. B., the populace has arrived at the conclusion that the spirits of departed enemies are at the bottom of the disasters. Unfortunately punishment for arson does not lie in these cases, nor were such punishment possible would the insurance companies prosecute, for it happens in every instance that an uninsured building has been burned. The series of calamities certainly forms an argument in favour of insurance.

Though thoroughbred cattle may be imported free of duty into the United States the American Customs authorities have levied duties upon animals sent there by Canadians for sale at auction. Through the intervention of Sir Charles Tupper cattle of this kind, whether already sold or consigned to be sold at auction, may now pass the frontier without paying toll. Sir Charles deserves credit for the part he took in securing the removal of the tax.

It has always been a source of wonder to Canadians that mob law is so constantly resorted to in the United States. It appears in comprehensible to us that in a country where there are regularly organized courts of justice so many lynching outrages should occur, and that no serious attempt should ever be made to punish the perpetrators. It does not require any great capacity for moral reasoning to come to the conclusion that a number of men who, taking for granted the guilt of a person suspected of crime, proceed to constitute themselves jury, judges and executioners are themselves guilty of murder.

The boating season has been opened in earnest, and with it have come the dangers which beset pleasure-seekers on the water. Last year several calamities occurred, bringing sorrow into formerly happy family circles, and it is only truth to say that some of these resulted from inexperience in the apparently easily acquired arts of sailing and rowing. The trouble in past years, and it may be repeated this year, has been that people who do not know how to manage a boat are too ready to trust their lives to one.

The United States fishery experts have made one attempt to transplant the lobster from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, but they have failed owing to the circumstance that the crustacean has not been able to stand the long overland journey. A second attempt is to be made, and the Canadian Government is about to make an experiment in the same direction with a view to giving the British Columbians fresh instead of canned lobsters. It is rather strange that the lobster, so popular in the East, is not to be found in the Pacific; but probably the explanation is to be found in the circumstance that lobsters had contracted the absurd habit of walking backwards.

The War Scare.

LONDON, June 18.—The fading hopes of the warmongers now centre in Turkey as a last resort. Russia has, like a polite tailor, sent a note stating that she has been very patient, that she is pressed for money herself, and that Turkey has not kept her promise. She is earnestly requested, therefore, to send forthwith £700,000 Turkish, representing two delinquent annual instalments of the thirty-two million war idemnity agreed upon by the treaty of 1879. The Sultan not only has no money, but has a Finance Minister who just now is accused by the Vienna correspondents of amassing £300,000 by methods which would affront the sensitive feelings of a pawn broker. If Russia is ruthless in her demand she will proceed to scissor off a slice of Turkey's territory. England agreed at the Cyprus convention to protect Turkey's Asian frontier, and she must do it.

Moreover, English diplomatic circles are not a little ill at ease over Russian railway building, and if there is to be trouble they would prefer to have it come this year. With a Unionist majority in Parliament and the railway through the Caucasus yet in complete, making the Black Sea still a commercial and strategic necessity, is perhaps one reason why Lord Knutsford is laboring so hard to fix up the trouble concerning a Chinese invasion of Australia and a British invasion of Thibet.

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband."

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

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