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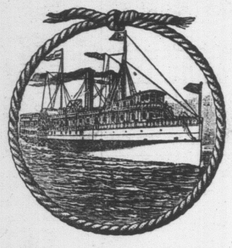

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Poetry.

Sometime.

(Lillian Gray.)

Sometime we shall know why
Our sunless mornings change to noons of rain;
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain.
And why we often lie
On couches, sown with thorns of care and doubt;
And why our lives are thickly hedged about
With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Sometime we shall know why
Our dearest hopes are swept so swiftly away,
And why our brightest flowers first decay;
Why song is lost in sigh.
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—
Estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart,
Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

Sometime we all shall know
Each other, aye, as we ourselves are known;
And see how out of darkness light has grown.
And He—who loves us so
Despite our willfulness and blind complaint—
Will show us how His kind and calm restraint
Can mould a human soul into a saint.

Sometime our eyes shall see
The silver lining to the darkest cloud,
While silvery echoes follow thunders loud.
Sometime our hearts shall be
Content, forgetting all our restless mood,
And knowing everything has worked for good—
The how, and when, and why, be understood.

Select Literature.

"Only John."

It was with feelings of rebellion and wounded pride that I perused Aunt Kate's letter. The letter contained an invitation for me to spend the winter with her, in London. This would have been delightful, if I had not known why she invited me.

When she was with us, in the summer, I had overheard her say to mother, one day:

"It seems to me that Bessie is looking pale and thin."

"Yes," mother replied; "she worked too hard in the spring, helping Alice to get ready to be married. She is not so strong as the other girls."

"She reads too much," said Aunt Kate, curtly. "How old is she, by the by?"

"Twenty-two in September," said mother. "Only a year and a half younger than Alice."

"It is time she was looking round a little, then. She must come to me next winter. She is not so pretty as the rest of your children, Mary; and she will never look any better than she does now. Still, perhaps she may manage to do quite as well as Alice has done."

My aunt conscientiously believed it to be her duty to find suitable husbands for her only brother's six daughters.

She had never quite forgiven my father for marrying my mother, and settling down as a poor country parson, in a little "out-of-the-way" place in Cumberland, called Winsted—when he might have had Julia Sears, her dearest friend, and twenty thousand pounds besides.

For the first few years after his marriage, she entirely ignored the happy pair, but when they named a little baby, Katherine Vane Hamilton, after her, her feelings towards them were softened, and she came to see her little namesake. After that, as the rest of us appeared, we were each considered by her to be a dire calamity. Six girls! What under the sun was a country minister, with a low salary, going to do with six girls? If only half of them had been boys, they could have helped their father on in the world. Nevertheless, she made up her mind that she would do her duty by us. She had no children of her own, and she was very wealthy.

So, from my earliest childhood, I remember being under the supervision of Aunt Kate. She visited us for a few weeks, regularly, every summer; and some time during the visit we were inspected generally—in regard to our education, manners, health, clothes and future prospects. These inspections were anything but agreeable to me, and I always rebelled, often declaring, with angry tears, that I would obey no one but papa and mamma.

Our mother, who was one of the sweetest, tenderest and most sensitive creatures, must have suffered a great deal at the severe, though perhaps just, criticisms made upon these occasions. Dear, kind, little mother! How often she would come afterwards to those of us who had been hurt, and lovingly soothe and calm our wounded spirits, telling us that Aunt Kate "meant all right," but that she was a little peculiar, and didn't understand children very well. She knew that at heart Aunt Kate wished to help us, and share the responsibility and expense of our bringing up; and so she was able to forgive this disagreeable mode of procedure.

When Aunt Katie's husband died, she sent for Katie, my oldest sister, to come and stay awhile with her. This was the first time that any of us, excepting father and mother, had ever visited her. Her husband had been for many years an invalid, and that was one reason, I suppose, why she did not care to have us children there.

John Vane, the nephew, and only surviving relative of Mrs. Vane, took up his abode with them at the time of his uncle's first stroke of paralysis; attending to all business affairs, and assumed all the duties which would have devolved upon a faithful and obedient son, had Mr. Vane possessed one.

In time Aunt Kate, as well as her husband, came to depend upon him for everything. He was to inherit the bulk of the property after Aunt Kate's decease. It was his uncle's wish that he should continue to reside there as a son of the family, and manage everything, as he had done for so many years. This was the most that I knew of him before my visit. I had heard him spoken of so often by Kate and Alice as "Only John!" that I had scarcely formed an opinion about him at all.

After Kate's initiatory visit, and after Aunt Kate found that a young, happy girl in a house brightened it not a little, she sent for her quite often, and when her own time of mourning was over, introduced her into society.

When Katie was happily and successfully married, Aunt Kate invited Alice to visit her, and now that Alice was married also, it was my turn, Aunt Kate thought, to be steered into a safe matrimonial harbor.

This was what vexed me. To be invited, specially and only, that I might have a chance of getting a husband, as I learned from the conversation I overheard, made me angry. I do not say that it was not a benevolent plan on the part of Aunt Kate; yet it was none the less mortifying to me.

At first I declared I would not go to Aunt Kate's; but Alice, who was home on a visit, would not hear of such a thing.

"Why, Bessie," she said, "you silly child! You will have a splendid time. You will drive in the park every day; shop in Bond street and Regent street; and go to parties, concerts, theatres and operas. You've no idea how nice it is. And then, Aunt Kate's house is delightful, and you can have it all to yourself. There is no one but John Vane there, besides Aunt Kate, and he won't disturb you at all; you will only see him at meal times. Besides, Bessie, you're not obliged to like any one Aunt Kate picks out for you, if you don't want to."

All this seemed plausible, and the whole family—father, mother, and my two younger sisters, Clara and May (Dora was only a baby still, and could not understand my trials) joined with Alice, saying that I must go, that I needed the change, and laughed at me for thinking of giving up a visit to the great metropolis, on account of that tacit understanding on the part of Aunt Kate.

So I wrote and accepted the invitation, saying that I should be happy to come and make her a quiet visit, on the condition that it should not be expected of me to do as Katie and Alice had done, and that my aunt should make no attempt whatever to arrange a match for me. It was rather daring for me to write such a letter, but neither my conscience or pride would allow me to go without doing so.

Aunt Kate received me cordially. The house was delightful, as Alice had said. While we were talking in the boudoir at the back of the large drawing-room, before going up-stairs to take off my things, we heard the front door open, and shut again.

"John, is that you?" said my aunt, looking round. "This is my niece, Bessie."

I looked up, and bowed to a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty years of age, with large hands and feet, black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, and a handsome, and I thought, rather remarkable face. This was what I took in at the first glance. I afterwards discovered that he had a pair of the keenest, most searching dark-blue eyes that I ever beheld in my life. It was useless to try to avoid them, or to hide anything from their gaze; they would fathom it out somehow.

He came into the room and put out his hand, and before releasing mine, said, looking down at me with a quizzical expression:

"So you have come here, I suppose, to get a husband, too?"

This was too much, after all my scruples, and the stipulations I had made in my letter to Aunt Kate. My face flushed scarlet. I snatched my hand away, and, drawing my *petite* figure up to its utmost height, looked him directly in the face, saying, in tones I meant to be particularly freezing:

"You are entirely mistaken, Mr. Vane. I came here simply to visit my aunt, and not for the object of which you speak. Indeed, the subject is not to be considered at all, and Aunt Kate understands perfectly well the conditions on which I came."

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Hamilton," he said with a low bow and an amused smile. "My curiosity led me to make that unfortunate remark. I wished to see if you could maintain your principles as heroically in reality as you do on paper.

What did he mean? Had Aunt Kate shown him my letter? My cheeks were burning hot and I felt the tears coming, as they always did, when I was very angry. So I hurried out of the room, and followed Aunt Kate up-stairs.

"Nobody but John Vane!" What were Katie and Alice thinking of to speak of this man in that insignificant way? Indeed, he promised fair to prove a very powerful "somebody," if the beginning of our acquaintance was to decide his character. At least, he had affected me so far as to make me hate him at this first interview.

"Aunt Kate," said I, as we entered my room, which was a delightfully pleasant, sunny one, "did John Vane see the letter I wrote you?"

"Yes, dear. I thought it would be pleasant for him to know something about you before you came; and as that was quite a characteristic letter, I handed it to him when I had read it. He seemed as much amused as I had been. I think he is inclined to tease you a little, Bessie; and he certainly will if he sees it annoys you."

"But, Aunt Kate, I think it was very unkind of him to say that to me especially after he had seen a letter which was intended to be strictly private to you."

"Well, you musn't mind him, child. He only said that to see how you would take it. And, Bessie, I wish to say that, although I admire your independent spirit, I hope your natural good sense will soon conquer those silly notions of yours, and that you will see how much better it will be for you to make the most of the opportunities offered you. Kate and Alice are both settled in happy comfortable homes of their own, and there is no reason why you should not be, too."

I drew a long breath, from the depths of my despair. It was useless to try to make Aunt Kate understand my feelings in this matter, so I went up to her, and putting my arm round her neck, kissed her cheek twice, saying, at the same time:

"Oh, auntie! please let me have my own way in this!"

She smiled rather grimly, and smoothed her collar, which I had rumpled in my impulsive caress. Just then the gong sounded, and put an end to our conversation.

The first few weeks of my visit passed very pleasantly. Aunt and I rode out nearly every day, and did a great deal of shopping, aunt considering it necessary to make many additions to my wardrobe. I enjoyed the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, having had so much quietness all my life.

John Vane and I got on quite well together; much better, indeed, than I expected. He seemed to want to make amends for his introductory speech.

It was Aunt Kate's custom, after dinner, to bestow herself comfortably upon the sofa, and be read to sleep.

"Don't you want to take a nap, too, Bessie?" she asked, on the day of my arrival, as she was getting ready for her *siesta*.

"Oh, no; I never sleep in the evening," I replied; and seated myself in a low rocking chair, with my crocheting—one of those soft, airy, Shetland shawls, which I was making for Aunt Kate.

John Vane took up a volume of Tennyson from the table, and began reading, in a low, expressive voice, selections from *In Memoriam*. Then he turned to *The Lotus Eaters*, that sleepiest, dreamiest of poems; and before he was quarter through it, Aunt Kate was fast asleep. When he heard her deep, heavy breathing, he laid the book down.

"Oh, you are not going to stop there?" I exclaimed, in a disappointed tone.

"Shall I go on till I put you to sleep, too?" he said, pleasantly.

"No; but I must hear the rest."

So he took up the book and finished the poem; and then we talked about Tennyson and Browning, and discussed book after book, and different characters of fiction, till an hour and a half passed, and Aunt Kate awoke.

The same thing happened every evening. About ten minutes of reading would make my aunt sleepy; then John Vane and I would talk.

I wondered over and over again why he had appeared such an inferior person—such a nonenity—to my two sisters.

"Perhaps," I said, "they had not seen so much of him as I did."

He did not talk much himself, however, but he had the power of making others talk.

Sometimes, when I was discoursing with all my mind, heart and soul upon some subject in which I was intensely interested, I would catch an amused, gratified expression in his eyes which was perfectly exasperating, and it would occur to me that he had roused me up in this subject for the sake of hearing me talk. Of course I always relapsed into silence, and made up my mind that I would never talk to him again; but the next time I should be drawn into the conversation so deftly and skilfully, that before I realized it, I was "holding forth" as earnestly as ever.

I always had very decided opinions of my own in regard to a great many things, and John Vane was not long in finding out all my strong and weak points. He knew, after a very little while, just where to attack me in order to bring out what was best and worst in my composition.

I came to think, under his variable treatment, that he was the most agreeable, and the most disagreeable, man I had ever met. He had the power of making me happier, and also more miserable, than any one else I ever knew.

Aunt Kate did not take much notice of our quarrels; but she said two or three times that she was very glad I argued so much with John, for it stirred him up, and made a little variety in his monotonous life; she thought it amused and entertained him. He was very kind, too, and thoughtful towards Aunt Kate—always looking out for her comfort, and anticipating her slightest wish. I liked him for this. After a while he began to do a great many little kindnesses for me, too; but I was never allowed to acknowledge them, or thank him in any way. I sometimes wished that he would never be kind to me, as he had it in his power to make me so unhappy at other times. On the whole, John Vane was an enigma to me.

One evening, at an "at home" at Mrs. Denvers, I was introduced to a Mr. Aspinwall, whom I took to be a boy of eighteen, and treated as such, though he really was a year my senior. He listened to whatever I said with unbounded interest and admiration, always seconding it with "Exactly," and "You're quite right," and "I think so myself;" but he seemed incapable of putting forth any ideas of his own.

I had begun to find entertaining him quite burdensome, when Aunt Kate came up, and said it was time to go. He escorted us to the carriage, and before shutting the door, asked if he might call upon me.

I was quite taken by surprise, and wondered instantaneously what I should do with him; but before I could collect myself to answer properly, Aunt Kate leaned forward and said, in her pleasant tone:

"Certainly, Mr. Aspinwall, I hope you will call upon Bessie. We shall be delighted to see you. Good-night," and we drove off.

After that, he haunted us, or rather me. We couldn't go anywhere—out shopping, to the theatre, or to drive in the park, but what he would appear and join us. I was nearly bored to death. There was nothing the least bit interesting about him. But his father was a very wealthy man, and the only child—which seemed to make him illustrous in Aunt Kate's eyes.

Finally, when I could not stand it any longer, I began to snub him, and to have a headache when he called, as I could not very well be "out," or "engaged;" but it did not seem to make any impression upon him whatever. He would take no offense.

At last, one morning, towards the close of my visit, Aunt Kate called me to bring my sewing into her room, as she wanted to talk to me a little while.

We were going to a reception in the evening and I was to wear a lovely, light-blue silk, which she had bought for me; so I took that in to sew some new lace in the sleeves. She began, in a very calm, moderate way, with:

"Now, Bessie Hamilton, I wish you would keep your temper for once, and hear what I have to say, without flying off into tantrums, before I've half finished. I want you to look at it in a cool, reasonable way."

"Very well, auntie," I said, laughing, though I apprehended what was coming. "I will try and keep my temper, if the subject be a reasonable one."

"Bessie," she went on, seriously, "you know just as well as I know, that Lawrence Aspinwall is in love with you, and that all this snubbing and "beating about the bush" means one of two things. Either you are silly and affected, like the majority of girls, and do not wish to show yourself too much pleased with his attentions, or else you are foolish, I would almost say insane enough, to reject this splendid offer, just because he is not intellectual, or handsome, or something else, enough to suit your school-girl fancy."

It was easy enough to say I would keep my temper beforehand. The question now was, how to let as little as possible burst out.

So I said, as calmly, but as decisively, as I could:

"Aunt Kate, it is neither of those things you have mentioned. I do not like Mr. Aspinwall, and that is the simple and only reason. If he owned the whole of England, it would make no difference to me. I never should marry a man I do not love. I will never marry for money!" and I closed my mouth very firmly.

"That all sounds well, Bessie; but you have too romantic ideas. I always thought you read more than was good for you. Supposing you don't love him now, you would after a while. Wives always love their husbands—some more and some less. At any rate, you would get on as well as most married people in the world, and a great deal better than if you marry on nothing but love. I hope you will think the matter over very seriously before you are called upon to decide it, and not throw away this golden opportunity. It will be a fatal mistake if you do."

I rushed back into my own room, threw myself upon the bed, and cried as hard as I could cry. Here I was in the midst of the difficulty I had tried so hard to avoid. Aunt Kate was managing and manœuvering me into accepting Mr. Aspinwall. I wished I was safe at home again, in the little peaceful, quiet cottage.

I dreaded to offend Aunt Kate, after all she had done for us; but it could not be right for me to sacrifice my whole life to please her. My own father and mother would never have required such a thing of me—never.

In thinking of them, I suddenly started up, with the idea of going home. No one had any right to hinder me. I would go to this horrid reception, because I had promised, and then to-morrow I would return to my parents.

John Vane did not come home to dinner, and I was very glad, for my eyes, red with crying, would never have escaped his notice.

After dinner Aunt Kate advised me to lie down and rest, until it was time to get ready; but I was so thoroughly home-sick and miserable that I could not rest.

I had a habit while at home of playing on the piano alone in the dark, and I had kept up the habit while here at Aunt Kate's. Whenever I was troubled and disturbed in any way it quieted me. So I thought I would play for a while.

First I played some of Mendelssohn's songs without words—the saddest and tenderest ones; then fragments from various things, most of them in the minor key; and then I extemporized.

My home-sickness, my longing, my disappointment, my despair at the crisis that was approaching, and my utter helplessness, rose before me, and I suppose, must have been expressed in my music, as I passed from one chord to another, changing from key to key, with only here and there a scrap of broken melody.

After awhile I began thinking of John Vane, and wondering if he should miss me when I went home. If only Mr. Aspinwall had been more like him—or if only John Vane had been different himself—or if only he had been the one who loved me.

And so I wandered on, and at last closed my meditations with an adagio from one of Beethoven's sonatas, which expresses disappointment, sad longing, despair, and patient resignation, if ever they were expressed in this world.

When I had finished, I leaned my elbows upon the piano, and my face upon my hands.

Suddenly a voice said, tenderly and low:

"That is a very pleasant little story you have been telling to yourself in the dark."

I started at the voice, and saw John Vane leaning upon the piano, close beside me. Had he been in the room all the time?

"What story do you mean?" said I, trying not to appear disconcerted.

Then, before he had time to answer, I cried, angrily:

"Have you been here all the time I have been playing?"

"Yes; just behind the curtains there, where I have been every night you have played to yourself here in the dark."

I was furious for a moment. Could he have understood what I played? No! It was impossible! So I said, in an injured tone:

"You did very wrong to listen, when you knew I thought I was alone."

"I knew it was wrong, but I could not help it. I should have kept still to-night, and you never would have known, but for your little story. And you think I didn't understand it?"

"How could you?" I replied. "I do not play stories. Of course I play in sympathy with my mood when I'm alone or supposed to be."

"Yes, but there was a story, and I've a great mind to tell it to you or else you won't believe I heard it."

"Well, what was it?" said I, desperately, yet curious to know how much he had really made out.

"There was once a little girl, who was away from all her family and those she loved, and in the midst of a big, heartless place. She was just as homesick as she could be, and heart-sick, too. She would give anything in the world to be back again in the home nest, and safely sheltered there. There was a great trial looming up before her, and heavy clouds were settling all around her. Somebody wanted her to do something, against which her soul revolted, and she did not know how to get out of the difficulty. She had such a tender little heart, that she did not like to pain anybody. She was wicked enough to wish to die, and so be released from all that was troubling her so sorely. Wait a minute," he said, as I was about to exclaim. "It is true, and you know it. Well, then there was somebody else mixed up in all these trials and troubles—somebody whom she did not know whether to hate or to love——"

At this, I sprang from the piano stool and confronted him with eyes blazing with wrath.

"You have no right to understand me like that," I cried, passionately, "to interpret my playing, and read my thoughts. Indeed, I do know whether to hate or to love you—and I hate you most decidedly, and with my whole heart, and I wish I had never—never, seen you."

I was going to say more—though I don't know what I was going to say, for I was too angry to think—when he took both my hands and made me look straight up into his face, saying:

"My darling! Why is it that I have no right to understand you! How can I help it, when I love you more than all else on earth? And now you say you hate me utterly. Tell me, Bessie, that it is only because you are angry with me, and that you will give me the right to understand you, and to love you, always."

I was stunned and bewildered, and could hardly believe what I heard; but when he put his arms around me, and folded me close in his embrace, I burst into tears—the whole scene had been too much for me.

"I ought not to have startled you so," he said, after a while, smoothing my hair back softly; but when I saw how very sad, sorrowful, and utterly disconsolate you were, I longed to comfort you, and take you right into my heart, where you really belong. My heart you can never—never leave any more."

"But what will Aunt Kate say?" I asked, starting suddenly from him.

"Sure enough—I have upset her plans for you, entirely, haven't I? But perhaps you had rather have Mr. Aspinwall, after all. I never thought to ask you. He is much younger than I, you know, and——"

"How absurd! You know I wouldn't rather. But what *shall* we do about Aunt Kate? I can never tell her in the world." At this moment my aunt called from the foot of the stairs:

"Bessie! where are you? It is time to get ready."

I trembled violently; but John whispered, with a parting embrace:

"I'll arrange all right, darling! You run along, and leave the whole thing to me."

I was nearly dressed, just pinning the roses into my hair, when Aunt Kate knocked at the door. She came in and sat down in her heavy black silk and diamonds, and looked at me, with a singular expression. I could not tell from her face how she had received the news. At last she spoke.

"Bessie Hamilton!" she said, "you have done well. You have outwitted me entirely. I never would have believed this could have happened, before my face and eyes, and I not to have known of it. However, I am very glad."

"But, Auntie, it was as much of a surprise to me as to you. I didn't dream that he cared for me in the least," said I.

"I was in hopes that he would like Katie, and talked to him about it; but he would not listen to anything of the kind. He was barely civil to her. He se med to like Alice a little better; and when you came and he seemed so much amused by you, I thought of course that he regarded you as a child; there is so much difference in your ages. But I am glad he has found some one at last."

And so it was all settled very satisfactorily. We went to the reeeption, which was one of those crowded, crushed, heated affairs. Everybody said it was splendid, and I suppose it was; but I was so thoroughly engrossed with my own happiness, that I could not think of much else.

The next day Mr. Aspinwall called, and I was thankful that I could tell him of my engagement, and ask for his congratulations, and so be spared the pain of hearing and rejecting the offer he had come to make. He was very much surprised and disappointed, and took it quite hard. But I tried to make it as easy as I could. I thanked him for all his kind attentions, and hoped I should meet him again, when I came back.

He said: "John Vane is a lucky fellow!" and shook hands with me, and went away bravely and courageously, showing more character than I thought he possessed.

In a few days I was whirling over the country again, this time to my home. It seemed as if the train could not go fast enough, I was so impatient to see them all, and tell my news.

They all received me with open arms. Alice was there. She had come, just to hear about my visit. When I was released from their embraces, and allowed to sit down and breathe, they all said:

"Why, how much better you look!" When Alice interposed: "Something has happened to you. Bessie, are you engaged?"

"Yes," tragically. "I am engaged."

The girls clapped their hands, and danced round the room for joy. At last one said:

"Is he rich?"

"Yes, he is rich."

"Is he handsome?" said another.

"Yes, he is handsome," said I.

"Is he good?"

"As good as gold."

"Well, who is he? Tell us quickly. Who is it?"

I looked from one anxious face to another, waiting to see the full effect of my words, and then said, quietly:

"Only John!"

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—Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and until the twentieth year nine hours sleep. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule, at least six to eight hours is necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is the longer sleep it should get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life to be cut short at an early age.

Living in a Fool's Paradise.
Many neglect slight symptoms of disease hoping that nature will restore health. True, nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from one to two bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

—To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, but to act kindly is best. Let warm, loving light shine on all around you, and you will never lack friends.

—Let no one be discouraged because his time is fully occupied. An industrious man's odd minutes are worth more than a lazy man's all day.

The Religion We Want.
We want a religion not merely of creeds but of conduct; a religion that softens the step and gives gentleness to the voice, that checks the impatient word and hasty rebuke; a religion that is respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion not merely for the church and the Sabbath, but that lives in the family and keeps the husband from being cross if his dinner is late, and the wife from fretting if the husband sometimes forgets the scraper and the door mat; that keeps the mother patient if the baby is fretful, and can amuse and interest the children as well as govern and instruct them; that cares for the comfort and welfare of servants as well as pays them; that projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. "I would not give much for that man's religion," said Rowland Hill, "whose very cat and dog are not better for it." Ever christian should so live as to be able, with the good Methodist brother, to say: "If you don't believe I am a christian, ask my wife." We want a religion not merely for the prayer meeting and the public profession; but for the home, for the counting house, for the marts of business, for the entire life—one that shall smooth the rough places of the world, and makes daily life brighter and better, cherishing the spirit of Heaven here, and so preparing for Heaven hereafter.

Left a Legacy.
Last winter left a legacy of impure blood to many people, causing tired feelings, lack of energy, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. From one to four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to cure any of the foregoing diseases by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities from the system.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Mme. Tacon, the venerable governess of little King Alfonso of Spain, has just received the title of Countess of Peralta from the queen regent, as a reward for her devotion to the child monarch during his illness. The new countess is over 70 years of age, and has been in the service of the royal household for more than half a century. She acted as a governess to all the children of queen Isabella, including the late King Alfonso XII. —*New York Tribune.*

FREEPORT, FEB. 22nd, 1880.
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