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AUNT JANE'S ONLY OFFER.

BY J. W. WATSON.

The three Mrs. Tibbs were, without doubt, in a fever of delight. Simply an event was about to happen, which, though it may more than once in a woman's life, on its first happening is especially fraught with excitement.

One of the Misses Tibbs, the eldest, Jennie, a very pretty blonde of twenty-two, was about to be married, and naturally the talk and thought all ran to matters matrimonial.

The three Misses Tibbs were very busy, intensely so, not really making up the trousseau, for that important matter had been entrusted to the hands of Madame Lollipop, the eminent modiste of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, but in evolving the hundred little nothings that are supposed to appertain to a wedding, and that must, in the majority of cases, emanate from the home circle or near it.

At this employment the three misses were busy, assisted by Aunt Jane, who, as far as a surname went, might as well have had none, for Aunt Jane she was to everybody, even those who could not even claim a ninety-ninth cousinship, though really, Aunt Jane's name was Hopkinson.

The three girls—Jennie, the eldest, named after her aunt; Josephine, the second, aged twenty, named after her Uncle Joseph, and Maud, the 'baby,' aged sixteen, and named after nobody, had often discussed Aunt Jane's charming qualities and how pretty she must once have been; but it had never occurred to think of why aunt Jane, still at the age of fifty, remained a maiden, with no apparent aspirations towards changing that condition. But now, brought forth by what was soon to happen to one of the trio, everything that bore upon the subject came prominently forward, and every acquaintance of the female persuasion became subject to discussion.

'Do you know,' said Josie, 'what was the reason that Tillie Smith did not marry John Penn?'

'No!' was Jennie's response. 'I've always wondered, but never knew.'

'I'll tell you. It was because when John went off, as he did after his engagement, to Chicago on business, and, of course, had to write Tillie letters, for the first time she discovered that not only he did not write good grammar, but did not know how to use the capital letters, and so she broke off the engagement. You know Tillie is very particular and teaches in a public school.'

'Why, how absurd!' said Jennie. 'I don't think my Tom is perfect in his letters, but I love 'em, and I'm as glad to get 'em as though they were classically correct. I think it was a fortunate escape for Mr. Penn.'

'So do I,' said Maud. 'I'll never put on such nonsensical airs as that with anybody. You know I'm too infantile—so you all say—to think of getting married, and I I think so myself, but I can't help it if I don't like everybody that likes me. Now, you know, you wanted me to explain why it was that I wouldn't come down stairs the other evening when young Charley Keeler called. Well, I'll tell you. It was because when he came last Wednesday evening, just a week ago today, he leaned back in his chair against the wall, over in that corner, and he left that grease spot that you see there from the back of head. Now, girls, if I was ten years older, I wouldn't want anybody coming to see me that greased his hair so as to leave a spot on the new wall paper.'

'Well, I don't know, Maudie, but what you may be right,' said Jennie, thoughtfully, 'but I don't think I would send my Tom away for that. I'd try and clean the spot, and if I couldn't I'd show it to him, and tell him he must be careful the next time.'

'Aunt Jane,' said Jennie, impatiently, 'is it the idea had just reached her, 'how was it that you never married?'

'Perhaps it was because I had no offer,' said the old maid with a smile.

'Oh, that's impossible,' said the three Misses Tibbs in chorus.

'Why impossible, my dear girls? Everything is possible,' replied Miss Hopkinson, gravely.

'Yes, auntie, but I know that you had everything attractive about you to draw the best of offers. Mamma says that you were one of the most charming girls she ever knew.'

'Your mamma, my dear, is very kind, but you must remember that she speaks with the prejudice of a sister, and besides that a woman does not look upon these things with the eyes of a man.'

'Oh, but, auntie, I know for myself. I can see how very pretty you have been, and I can see that you have not lost it yet. One can grow gracefully old, and keep all their good looks to those who love them, even though they be a little shaded by age.'

'Yes!' put in Josephine, 'and there's one thing ordained by Providence on that point, which is that we do not see those we are with every day getting old. We never notice age creeping to them unless our attention is particularly called to it.'

'I think that may be so in some cases,' said aunt Jane, smiling, 'but it could hardly be girls, in your cases with me. I have watched you from the cradle up, and could almost count every day. It may hold good with those who are about the same age as yourself. Now, I confess that I have never thought of age as regards your mother, and yet I am seven years olden than she is.'

'Oh, no; mamma is just as young and beautiful as ever" said 'The Baby,' enthusiastically, 'and I remember her for twelve years. No. I think we notice the advances of age upon ourselves more than we do on others. I know that I think of it every day I look in the glass and recognize that I am getting old."

They all laughed at this, and Maud had to laugh a little herself, but she turned it off with:

'Well, this isn't what we were talking about, girls. Jennie, you just asked auntie how it was that she never got married. Let's hear about that.'

'Well, girls,' said Aunt Janet, slowly, 'that seems an unanswerable question, but I'll try to reply to it even if I don't answer it. Perhaps it was upon the same principle that some men never get rich no matter how much they try, it is ordained that they shall always be poor, while others reach wealth and honors, not only without effort, but with positively everything against them.'

'Well, I don't think I ever made any great effort to get my Tom,' said Jennie, thoughtfully, 'and, really, when I come to think about it, I don't think he ever asked me right out. I believe it was understood between us perfectly before anything was said on the subject, and when we did talk about it I took it as a matter of course.'

'I believe that is the way in a majority of cases,' said Aunt Jane, laughing, 'and this mythical idea of popping the question is something that very rarely occurs. As Jennie says, its all understood without it. Now, for myself, I've been the same as engaged three or four times, and yet I never received but one formal offer in my life.'

'Oh tell us all about it, auntie,' said the three Misses Tibbs, hitching their chairs up a little closer to Aunt Jane.

'Well, it's hardly anything to tell, girls, but if you desire to hear it, I must tell it. But to explain what I say about being engaged without receiving a formal offer, I will cite a case or two within my own experience. My first was when I was seventeen, and, as I then thought, as much a woman as I am now. I was spending the summer on the seashore with my Aunt Margaret, and Aunt Margaret, having made a successful marriage, financially speaking, herself, was intent on having her nieces do the same, for she had no children, and so every summer she took me to fashionable places, and every winter to all the balls and parties.

'This particular summer she chose the seashore, and there I met Harvey Gray, who, though seven years my senior, and who had been traveling for three years in Europe, was, really, as innocent as a child. We fell in love, as it is called, at first sight, and were infatuated with each other. Of course, out of this grew the usual sweet communings, moonlight walks, boating, guitaring, singing, and all the inevitable things appertaining to lovers, ever since the world began.

'Aunt Margaret recognized the matter, and it suited her—too well as I afterward thought. Gray was rich, highly connected, handsome and of irreproachable character, therefore a very desirable match. I say it all suited Aunt Margaret too well, and I'll explain that by saying that while men are always ready to take advantage of being left by the parents and guardians of the girl they are in love with alone and uninterrupted in their wooing, yet there is such a thing as overdoing this, so as to rather turn him against it. He would really be better pleased with a little opposition. I think Aunt Margaret slightly overdid it.

'However, the summer passed, and we were happy, and I felt as much engaged to Harvey as though the actual words had been spoken, and I am as sure as we can be of anything in this life that Harvey felt the same way. In fact we talked freely of what we were to do in the future, and there was nothing wanting but the setting of the day, when Aunt Margaret stepped in, which I have always thought was unfortunate, to say the least of it, for I am a decided advocate of early marriages. Well, we were to start for the city early the next morning, and for what occurred the previous evening I am indebted to Aunt Margaret's own recital. I was detained in my room packing, but was to meet Harvey on the piazza at 9 o'clock. He was to go with us to the city the next day, and I left him after dinner promenading with my aunt. When I returned at 9 o'clock, he was not there, and Aunt Margaret made his apologies by saying that he was indisposed and had retired. The next day when he did not appear to go with us to the city, Aunt Margaret was forced to an explanation. She had asked Harvey what his intentions were, and he had revolted.

'I thought my heart was broken, but Aunt Margaret said she had done right, and that the man who after three months of unlimited courtship, as she looked upon it, who could not explain his intentions had better be got rid of. I never saw Harvey again until he was married, three years after, when we met, as they say in France, with elevated politeness. He married one of the great belles of society, and in two years he was living a bachelor life in Paris and she was living in New York City. Perhaps Aunt Margaret was in the right; I do not know.

But the three Misses Tibbs declared that she was not right, but emphatically wrong, and after discussing the matter a while Maud said:

'But, auntie, you haven't told us about the real offer that you did have.'

'Very well,' said Aunt Jane, laughing, 'I'll skip the offers I didn't have, then, and tell of the one I did have, if you say so. You all remember Underwood, of course. Your grandfather bought it, Jennie, when you were a baby, and we all spent our summers there. That's twenty years ago, and I was then what society calls passe—in fact I had made up my mind to a life of old-maidism.'

'One day I had taken a fancy to go into the kitchen and make a cake. I did this because everybody except the hired men and one of the chambermaids had gone to the city, even the cook being away for the day, the hired men off in the fields, and Mary and I the only occupants of the house. I had begun my cake making when I discovered the want of certain spices, and Mary volunteered to go to the store and obtain them. She had hardly got away when I heard a step, and raised my eyes to see a man standing at the kitchen door, which opened into the path that lead to the road.

'My heart was in my throat in an instant, and I remembered how utterly alone I was. We were not afraid of tramps in those days as now, but I think a better specimen of that genus I never saw. He was dilapidation itself, and as I looked at him in a dazed, frightened way, he whined:

'Lady, I'm very hungry. Won't you give me something to eat?'

'As scared as I was I reasoned. I would feed him and talk to him until Mary returned, and I would then send her for the hired men, and so I bade him come in and I sat before him the contents of the kitchen pantry, with an abundance of warm coffee from the stove. He ate like one who had not seen food for over a month, and as he ate poured forth the tale of his troubles. He had been a prosperous shoemaker, having at one time had as much as $400 in the savings bank, but, as he declared, he had been ruined by a bad wife, who would not bear with his little foibles, one of which was his conviviality, and so she left him, he became a wanderer.

'Of course I sympathized with him in his troubles, and under this and the stimulation of the coffee, as soon as he could eat no more, I found him on his knees before me, pouring out his admiration. Oh, if he had but such a wife as I was, what a different man he might have been. A millionaire, perhaps—Oh, will that girl, Mary, ever return?—but it was not too late yet. His wife was not dead but he was not afraid of her. Would I marry him?

'I don't know how I found words, in my fright, but I saw that I must temporize, and I told him that the offer was too sudden, that I was unable to decide at once; that at any moment my father or brothers might come down stairs, and I would rather keep it a secret from them. If he would go away now and return the next day at the same hour he should have my answer. He promised he would, and very candidly confessed that he did not know where he should sleep that night, whereat I took out my purse and gave him what money I had, about two dollars, and he departed, and that's the only direct offer, girls, I have ever received in my life.'

'Oh, Auntie!' went up in chorus from the three girls. 'How terrible! Did he come back?'

'Oh, no! I never saw him again, and as I did not know his name, you know, girls, I could not hunt him up. When Mary came back she found me stretched upon the kitchen floor, where I had chosen to drop in a faint, and after she had brought me back to life, she wanted to send one of the hired men after my visitor, but I refused to allow her, for what had the man done? Nothing! He was civil and quiet, and went away at my request, and had left it in my power to say that I had received one offer at least in my life.'

WHERE JESUS TAUGHT.

Ruins of the Synagogue at Capernaum where Christ Wrought Miracles.

AAIFA, Jan. 20.—Perhaps the most interesting spot in the world to those deeply under the influence of that charm which association lends to places hallowed by the ministration of the Founder of Christianity is to be found in a desert rock strewn promontory on the northwest shore of the lake of Tiberias; for among these piles of hewn blocks of black basalt still remain the ruins of a great synagogue, within whose walls, the foundations of which may be distinctly traced, were collected the multitudes who flocked to hear the teaching of Christ. While modern tourists resort in crowds to Jerusalem to visit the mythical sites which are supposed, upon the vague basis of ecclesiastical tradition, to be identified with episodes in the life of the great Teacher, scarcely one ever finds his way to this remote locality lying just out of the beaten track along which Cook leads his herds of sightseers; and yet it is probable that the greater part of that period in the life of Christ the record of which is contained in the four Gospels was spent at Capernaum, which the most careful investigation, by the highest authorities in such matters, has indentified with these ruins of Tell Hum, amid which I was just now standing. Here it was that Christ cured Peter's mother-in-law, restored the paralytic, called Matthew, cured the centurion's servant, raised Jairus' daughter from the dead, and obtained a tribute of money from the mouth of a fish. It was here He spoke the parables of the sower, the tares, the treasure hid in the field, the merchant seeking goodly pearls, and the net cast into the sea. Sir Charles Wilson, whose researches on this spot led him to identify it as being the site of the city of Capernaum, believes this synagogue was, without doubt, the one built by the Roman centurion (Luke vii., 5.) and, therefore, one of the most sacred spots on earth. It was in this building, if that be the case, that the well-known discourse contained in the Sixth chapter of John was delivered; and it was not without a strange feeling, says the same explorer, that on turning over a large block we found the pot of manna engraved on its face, and remembered the words: "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead."

This very synagogue was probably the scene of the healing of the demoniac and of the delivery of many of these divine lectures on faith, humility, brotherly love, and formality in worship, as we read at the end of one of them: "These things said He in the synagogue as He taught in Capernaum." Perhaps it was in the little creek where a boat was now riding at anchor only a few feet from the shore, that Christ taught the people from the boat so as to avoid the crush of the multitude. It was doubtless in one of these inlets that James, the son of Zebedee and John, his brother, were mending their nets, when, being called, they left their ship and followed Him; and it was on this coast that Andrew and Peter were casting their nets when they were summoned to become fishers of men. It has a higher claim to be called the birthplace of the religion which has since revolutionized the world than any other spot upon it; and it is a matter of some surprise to me that neither the Greek nor the Roman Catholic churches, in their zeal to discover holy places, which may serve as levers for political intrigue, have yet thought of occupying this one, which would seem the holiest of all. Perhaps it would lead to a comparison between their practice and the teaching of which it was the scene, which might give rise to some inconvenient reflections. Yes, and of Protestant churches, too.

Apart from their associations, the ruins themselves are not particularly striking. They cover an area of about half a mile in length by a quarter in breadth, and consist chiefly of the black blocks of basaltic stone which formed the walls of the houfes. The traces of the synagogue, however, remain sufficiently for the building to be planned. Built of white limestone blocks, it must have formed a conspicuous object amid the black basalt by which it was surrounded. It was 75 feet by 57, built north and south and at the southern end had three entrances. Many of the columns and capitals have been carried away, but enough still remain to the general plan and aspect of the building. The capitals are of the Corinthian order, and there were epistylia which rested upon the columns and probably supported wooden rafters. There are also remains of a heavy cornice and frieze. The exterior was probably decorated with attached pilasters.

Two miles north of Capernaum are the ruins of Chorazin. There is no difficulty in identifying the site, which may be determined partly by the itineraries of early travellers, and partly by the similarity of the modern name, Kirazeh. The path to them leads up the sloping rocky hillside, but owing to the peculiar character of the masonry, which is barely to be distinguished at 100 yards from the rocks which surround it, the extent and importance of these ruins have been overlooked until quite recently. They cover an area as large as, if not larger than, those of Capernaum, and are situated partly in a shallow valley, partly on a rocky spur formed by a sharp bend in the Wady Kirazeh, here a wild gorge 80 feet deep. From this spot there is a beautiful view of the lake of Tiberias to its southern end; and here, too, are gathered the most interesting ruins—a synagogue with Corinthian capitals and niccheads out, not as at Capernaum in limestone, but in hard black basalt. The dimensions of this building are about the same as those of the one at Capernaum, but the interior, is a mass of ruins. Two pedestals still remain in situ, and a portion of the wall. The characteristic of this synagogue is an excess of ornamentation of rather a debased kind. The niches almost elaborate, and remain as sharp as when they were cut in the hard material used. The mouldings of the door posts are similar to those used in other synagogues, and there are many stones cut with deep mouldings and pieces of classical cornices strewn among the ruins.

Many of the dwelling houses are in a tolerably perfect state, the walls being in some cases six feet high; and, as they are probably of the same class of houses as that in which Christ dwelt, a description of them may be interesting. They are generally square, of different sizes, the largest, however, not over 30 feet square, and have one or two columns down the center to support the roof, which appears to have been flat, as in the modern Arab houses. The walls are about two feet thick, built of masonry or of loose blocks of basalt. There is a low doorway in the center of one of the walls, and each house has windows twelve inches high and six wide. In one or two cases the house was divided into four chambers.

Conquering Physical Terror.

If it be certain that the terror of death is most potent among the strong and vigorous, those whose life blood recoils at the merest threat of danger, it follows then that those who conquer natural fear are the true heroes, and not those who never felt it. There is a story current, applied to many different circumstances, from the battles of the rebellion back to Waterloo, of a couple of young officers, who had been selected by the commander to carry a message to a distant part of the field. The danger of the mission was so great that two men were sent on the expedition that one might possibly escape the flying bullets. Their chargers had hardly taken a dozen strides when one, a ruddy faced, stalwart fellow, noticed that his companion was ghastly white, the beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead and his bridle hand shaking with terror. "Why, you're afraid," cried he of the ruddy countenance with an air of contempt. "I know I am," was the answer, "and if you were half as much afraid as I, you would not go at all."

One instance of the disgust a man can feel at his own irregressible symptoms of fear is related by a veteran. He was at Shiloh, in command of a battery of light guns. For his Lieutenant he had a young soldier who had recently joined. They were in a hot corner near where Albert Sidney Johnston fell, and the bullets were flying thick and fast. An impatient cry from the young Lieutenant attracted his chiefs attention. "What is it?" "Oh, d—n it! look at my feet—I can't keep them still." And, sure enough, they were rattling in his stirrups with unconquerable physical terror. The young fellow was in despair, for he though himself a hopeless coward, until the veteran praised him for his bravery in not being overcome by his too visible terror. The man made a brave soldier and died in the front of a desperate fight.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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The best blood cleanser known to medical science is Burdock Blood Bitters. It purifies the blood of all foul humors and gives strength to the weak. 2

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IN SPRING THE WANT OF A restorative to tone up the general health, is a common experience, especially among those constitutions impaired by age or disease. Prolonged cold weather want of out-door life and and sunshine, lower the vitality, diminish the red globules of the blood and interrupt the nutrition of the tissues. By promoting digestion and assimilation of food and securing increase of nerve force and muscular energy, the use of Wheeler's Phosphates and Calisaya will bring up constitutional vigor to its normal plane.

For rough conditions of the skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap. 1m

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

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Some Sensible Advice to a Boy—Proper Self-Esteem.

Self-esteem is a good thing, my boy, but you don't want too much of it, enough of anything is enough, and no matter how good a thing is, too much is more than you need, and self-esteem is no exception to the rule.

It is all well enough for a man to hold his head up, and step around with an air of considerable importance, if he is really doing any good in the world by living in it. But if he has never done anything to be proud of, or anything to win the esteem of others, he shows a want of sense in being too proud of himself. Of course, a man wants to possess self-confidence, and he wants to think that he is just as good as anybody, but he don't need to think that the welfare of mankind hinges on his action, or that the world rests on his shoulder. That is too much of a responsibility for any one man to assume, and besides other people would want a say in the matter, and everything might not go on peaceably.

While it is all well enough for a man to have a good opinion of himself, and feel that he is able to go it alone, he should be careful not to go too far. Self esteem is like mince pie, all right in moderate quantities, but seven or eight slices are all one should indulge in at a time. A man has to assume an air of some importance in this world to get along, but the trouble is, too many slop over.

This is a big world, my boy, and no man is imperatively necessary to its success. Presidents, kings and school directors may die, but still the old world goes round. Governors may resign, road overseers may move away, but the great mass of mankind never stop to weep. Mary Walker, Yasult Dudley, Ben Butler and other noted men may pass away, but the old world will still swing around the circle as though nothing had happened. When you and I pass off this stage of action, my boy, there will be several people, perhaps, who will not miss us.

The man who has self-confidence, and who starts out in life confident of his ability to perform great deeds, and who has the nerve to try, and keep trying, will eventually succeed. But before he achieves success he is apt to get a great deal of self-conceit knocked out of him. There are young men who have an idea that the world is very much in need of their services, and grand positions are standing open just ready for them to step right in, and that all they will have to do will be to reach forth, and grasp great fame, honor and riches at one fell swoop. But in the course of time they are pretty sure to wake up to the cold knowledge that things are not so.

Many a young man, my boy, has an idea that the eyes of the world are fixed admiringly on him, when in reality his neighbors are keeping a lookout to prevent his getting in debt to them. Many a woman imagines the eyes of her sex are gazing with envy on her beauty, when in truth they are only looking at the mole on her nose. Mankind is queer, my boy, and appearances are deceiving. When you think people are applauding your wisdom they may only be giving you taffy and laughing at your ignorance.

Don't bank too much on your self-importance. Remember that the dignified citizen is just as liable as any other to slip up on the banana peel, and that a dog with a can tied to his tail is just as apt to run between the legs of the most pompous individual as any. Have faith in yourself, and have confidence and self-pride, but at the same time keep a lookout for sharpers. Remember that there are plenty of other men who know as much as you do, and some of them may know more.

It is not well to debate in your mind whether or not you will accept a seat in Congress, when you do not know that your could secure a nomination for justice of the peace. If you do you are liable to be disappointed. And this reminds us that much of our disappointment comes of our expecting too much of ourselves.

The world is full of young men who rate themselves at about four hundred cents on the dollar, when they are not actually worth over ten cents on the dollar. Such men have got to come to a knowledge of their true worth, but it takes them a long time to do it. They have to be knocked down a great many times before they will stay down. There are men who feel very important, and who seem to believe that the world aways at their command, who attract attention by the aroma of their feet and the smell of their breath.

My boy, remember that this is a big world, and that spread yourself as you will—gain all the name and fame possible—reach as far to the front as you can, and still you have succeeded in attracting the attention of but few. And when you die millions of eyes will never shed a tear, and millions of tongues will never speak your name. Your children will quarrel over your wealth, the lawyers will gobble it, and the world will soon forget you.—[Thomas P. Monfort, in Peck's Sun.

The continued use of ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION invariably cleanses the blood from all impurities and restores the system to a state of healthfulness, that is manifested in increased constitutional vigor, mental activity, and lightness and buoyancy of spirits. Always ask for ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION, and be sure you get it. 2

Right-doing is first hard, then easy, then delightful. Such is the history of each virtue in the race and in the individual. Its beauty may be hidden in the root of self-denial and effort, but it comes into full bloom when at length the effort has grown into a pleasure that we would not willingly forego.

Fluid Lightning.

All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at the drug store

SPIT UPON.

A Central African Custom Which is Not Considered an Indignity.

Most people consider it one of the worst of indignities to be spit upon, and yet, according to Mr. Thomson, spitting has a very different signification with the Masai of Central Africa from that which is given to it elsewhere. With the Masai it expresses the greatest goodwill and the best of wishes.

"It takes the place of the compliments of the season, and you had better spit upon a maiden than kiss her. You spit when you meet, and you do the same on leaving. You seal your bargain in a similar manner. As I was a lybon (medicine man) of the first water, the Masai flocked to me as devotees would do to springs of healing virtue, and with the aid of occasional draughts of water I was equal to the demand.

"The more copiously I spat upon them, the greater was their delight; and with pride they would relate to their friends how the white medicine man honored them, and would point with the greatest satisfaction to the ocular proof of the agreeable fact. It was certainly rather drying work for me when I had a large number to operate upon, and I required the aid of bullets and stones in my mouth to stimulate the production of the precious fluid.

"However, their simple faith in the efficacy of it made me supress my feelings, and give them pleasure. How could I, for instance, resist the upturned face of a Masai maid; and what better reward could I have than her delighted and grateful glance when I expectorated upon the little snub nose so eagerly presented?"—[Youth's Companion.

Down in Dixie.

The wife of Mr. J. Kennedy, Dixie P. O., was cured of a chronic cough by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. The best throat and lung healer known. 2

Few efforts are more unsuccessful, few labors are more unavailing than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself, of the liberal giver who does not pay his debts, of the man who, without any special direction in life, is occupied in guiding and directing others.

Cholera Preventative.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. As your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by George Rhynas. Trial bottles given free. 1m

Out of 21 Senators appointed by Sir John Macdonald since 1878, eighteen voted for the amendments made by the Senate to the Scott Act amendment bill, permitting the sale of beer and light wines in counties where the Act has been put in force.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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