AN OLD MAID'S HUSBAND.

Won at Last After Many Years.

All day long the rain had moved in majestic columns across the ploughed fields and gloomy Bigelow Mountains, over hill and valley, in great sheets of misty liquid; now looking like some awful wraith, and anon as if a host of shrouded forms hastened shiveringly onward, fearful of some impending calamity.

And I, filled with a weary restlessness, wandered about the little farm-house dreading the strokes of the hours, for this unpropitious ides of March was my only sister's wedding day.

I was but two years her senior, but so odd and settled-looking with my painfully plain face and great gray eyes, that I looked ten years older than rosy, dimpled, laughing-eyed Lucy.

Harry Lorton was a well-to-do, intelligent young farmer, and I liked him as well as I could have liked any one who took from me the one treasure of my loveless life.

In a few minutes Harry came upstairs, kissed us both, drew Lucy's hand within his arm, and I followed them with good Mrs. Bentz down the crooked little stairs. A few quiet words of introduction took place between the minister and Mr. Gray and the members of the little family.

It was soon over. They went away, and I went back to my monotonous life. A year from that time we laid Lucy and her little babe in the same grave; and a great hush fell on my life.

Seven years sped away, marked by no great changes.

In the fall of '66 I was prevailed upon by some friends to form one of their party in spending the months of July and August at Barrie, a small French village on the borders of Lake Simcoe, in Canada.

The day after our arrival I wandered at sunset down to an old, worn-out dock, and seating myself at one end on a pile of moss-grown beams was enjoying the well-earned satisfaction of having nothing to do, when I was startled by a sweet voice, almost at my elbow, saying:

"Marvin, do you see that cluster of tiny, arrowy-shaped clouds there below those huge battlements of purple and crimson? Their tips are such a bright gold they make me think of the light that must shine upon the faces of the redeemed as they near the Eternal City."

I rose and looked in the direction from which the voice came, and beheld on the other side of the pile of logs, on which I had been seated myself, a small basket hand carriage; and in it reclined a young girl of apparently 15 or 16 summers. I could see that she was painfully maimed, while on her pale, beautiful face was stamped an expression of patient meekness, touching in one so young.

The other figure was that of a tall, well-formed man, whose face was turned from me.

He did not speak, and presently the girl said: "I wish you would repeat that dirge of Hunt that you said one evening at Hillcroft, I feel so restless."

There was a moment's silence, and then it needed but the first two lines,

Blessed is the turf, serenely blessed,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,

to bring before me the farm house in Maine and a little group assembled there on a gusty afternoon in March, and I seemed to hear that same voice say, "Beloved, we are gathered together," and then, sinking down on the logs, I forgot all about the dirge and the speaker, while memory tolled through the troubled waters of the past, her lost, lost treasures, until the harvest moon rolled up the still flushed sky, and the shrill-voiced daughter of my host said: "Pardonnez, M'alle, mais vos amis cherchez vous."

A few minutes later, as I entered our long narrow parlor, his voice greeted my ear, and genial old Mr. Harman presented to me "My friend, Mr. Gray," who, said quietly, "We have met before, Miss Harrington," and I replied, "Yes; you have a good memory, Mr. Gray." Then we sat down and talked such talk as was a cool refreshing stream to my barren, arid life.

After that we met and talked often. His sister Orpah grew strangely attached to me and her holy, spiritual nature was a wonderful book to one who had seen little but the hard, bitter side of life.

When my friends jested about my penchante for the preacher, I would say, "I am thirty-three, and growing gray; the dreams of youth will never come back to me." So I wilfully thought then; but oh, how dear his presence and strength were getting to me I was soon to learn.

It was the morning before we left B—, I was again sitting in the shadow of the old dock, with "Vita Nuova" before me, but my thoughts were not with Beatrice's fair life, but my own, and I was dropping another "fennel leaf" into the already bitter cup, as I reproached myself for having been so misled by the sophistry of "only friendship" for one whose every thought seemed in unison with my own, and who cared no more for me than he did for those old rocks on the further shore, when a hand closed the book, and Marvin Gray, standing before me, said:

"Miss Harrington, I am a man of few words. Years ago a dream of love came to me, as it does to most young lives. A random shot fired by a boy learning to shoot killed her by my side. That was ten years ago. I esteem you more than any woman I have met in all that time. Orpah loves you and grieves at the thoughts of separation; for her sake will you marry me?"

A strength not my own enabled me to look up in those wonderful eyes and say, "No, Mr. Gray; a man should love his wife as his own soul," and, holding out my hand for my book, I walked away.

Fourteen months after this, on one of the last of golden, misty October's days, as I paused a moment before opening the gate of my schoolyard at M——, a well-known figure came up the walk, stopped at the foot of the stone steps, and, looking up in my face with a light in his eyes that I had never seen there before, said in those beloved tones my thirsty heart so longed to hear—

"Hope, I was mistaken. I love you. I miss you every hour. May I come up, dear?"

And I opened the gate.

The Old and the New.

—The old-style pills! Who does not know
What agony they caused—what woe?
You walked the floor, you groaned, you sighed,
And felt such awful pain inside,
And the next day you felt so weak
You didn't want to move or speak.
New Pierce's "Pellets" are so mild
They are not dreaded by a child,
They do their work in painless way,
And leave no weakness for next day.
Thus proving what is oft confest
That gentle means are always best.

Six Hundred Skeletons in the Roof.

From St. James Gazette.

Since the annexation of Nice to France in 1870 the former Dominican church has been used as a military bakery. A few days ago it became necessary to examine the roof, and the architect was horrified to find in the garret about 600 skeletons flung pele-mele. Medical experts declare that they must have been buried at least three or four centuries ago. It appears that when Nice was occupied by the French troops in 1792 the monks were expelled from the building, and the church of St. Dominick was converted into a national bakery; and it is supposed that in carrying out the transformation the graves in the floor of the church were emptied of their contents, which were transferred to the garret and flung there in heaps. Most of the persons interred in that church must have been members of noble families of Provence or the neighboring districts, who possessed the privilege of a place of interment within the church "forever." The majority of the skeletons were of women; probably among them was the skeleton of a Duchess of Savoy who is known to have been buried in that church. All these remains have been buried in one of the cemeteries of the town.

In Good Repute.

—James McMurdock, writing from Kinsale, says: "B.B.B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it." 246

Miss Anxious Suffers a Sigh.

"Here is a book mentioned in this paper entitled 'Hints on Husbandry,'" said Miss Sniggle. "I think I'll go down town and buy me a copy."

Her brother, to whom the remark was addressed, smiled and said nothing.

That evening at the supper table he inquired: "Did you get that book you spoke of to-day, Miranda?"

"Ye-es," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"And how did you enjoy it?"

"Well, I reckon it's a good enough book, but the title is kind o' disappointin'."

BETTING ON OWLS.

A Species of Speculation That Philadelphia Indulges In.

Betting on horses is a custom of honored age, if not always honored in its patronage. But betting on owls—who ever heard of that kind of betting? There is a whole roost of owls at the Philadelphia Zoo, says the Telegraph of that city, gloomy, sleepy, blinking owls. When you look at them casually they blink; when you stare at them continually they don't wink. That's where the betting comes in. When the owl blinks he shuts out the light from his sluggish brain and breathes with a solemn air of apathy to all animated life. But to stand in front of the tall iron cage and watch five, six or seven of them all sitting on a pole, and say which of them will wink first, or whether any of them will wink at all, is to deal with a great world of probabilities.

An owl is a great stayer. If anyone looks straight at him expecting to see him wink, he won't wink. It makes no difference how long he is stared at—he just keeps on looking and doesn't wink. The big pupils contract from a great black disk to a tiny, small spot, and the smaller that spot gets the longer the owl can keep his eyelids open. That is one of the fine points in the owl economy. The game is very simple. Take a poleful of owls—say seven of them—and the keeper will suggest to the visitor that it will be pleasant to watch those owls and see if he can keep count with his watch how often they'll wink in a minute. The visitor watches them closely, and the seven owls contract the pupils of their optics and stare dizzily and lazily at space. "Why, owls never shut their eyes, do they?" the visitor willinquire innocently. "Oh, yes; they're bound to," says the keeper. "That fellow in the middle's been staring the longest. He'll go first; you watch him." The minute hand on a watch goes slowly along, when the patience scarcely longer survives. The end man on the owl pole winks slowly, deliberately, calmly. Then the others go one after another, as if infected by an epidemic, and all certainty of prediction is at once unbalanced. The next round the visitor is ready to bet a cigar on the result. He bets on the corner owl, and the one in the middle goes first. It gets exciting, and the spectators are carried away with the fever of betting on chance. A man will bet on every owl but the right one, and get almost in a state of desperation to bet his head and miss.

A Modern Miracle.

—In a recent letter from R. W. Dowton, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of Dyspepsia after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health. 246

—Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment in rheumatism, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without a rival, 25 and 50c. per bottle. All druggists ed

Not Likely to be Presented at Court.

London Cor. New York Sun.

Viscount Savernake, grandson of the late Marquis of Ailesbury, having succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, society is in a terrible flutter. The fact that Lord Savernake is a dissipated dare-devil fellow has much to do with this state of feeling, but the new marchioness is the chief cause of alarm. Lord Savernake, who was well known in Brighton for several years prior to 1884 as "Capt. Bruce," was the shining light of one of the horsiest and fastest sets of that gay resort. In 1884, on the day after he reached his majority, Savernake married Julia Dorathy Halsey. Previous to her marriage she was better known as "Dolly Tester," a pretty, flaxen-haired maid, always superbly dressed, a favorite member of the ballet attached to the Brighton Theatre, and a girl who held extremely accommodating views on the subject of morality. Her father was a cobbler in Brighton, while her mother took in washing.

At the time of her marriage, Dolly, although a spinster, was the mother of three children, one the child of a Brighton lemonade manufacturer, and the other two generally accredited by Dolly and her friends to a gentleman named Brown, the leader of a set equally as fast as that headed by Lord Savernake. But Savernake really loved Dolly, and married her the moment he became his own master. At the wedding breakfast, which was attended by a company of congenial friends, a package containing a wedding present was handed to the bride, with the best wishes of the lemonade man. The parcel was opened in the presence of the guests, and disclosed a tooth-brush and an old night-dress, marked with the initials "D.T." Lord Severnake was furious over the insult, and that same afternoon sought out the donor and gave him a receipt for his present in the shape of a sound thrashing. It is hardly likely that the new Marchioness will be received at court.

—West's Cough Syrup, pleasant to take and always gives satisfaction. Do not be put off with any other but insist upon having West's Cough Syrup, genuine wrapped only in blue, three sizes. All druggists. ed

Fatal Attacks.

—Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of diseases, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc., that often prove fatal in a few hours. That other reliable remedy, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency. 246

—Beware of calomel and mineral poisons. West's Liver Pills are purely vegetable. Always reliable and effectual. All liver diseases readily yield to this magic power. All druggists. ed

A Human Curiosity.

A remarkable curiosity is said to have been lately examined by M. de Quatrefages, the French naturalist. He is a Provencal, named Simeon Aiguier, and is 30 years old. Aiguier, thanks to his peculiar system of muscles and nerves, can transform himself in most wondrous fashion. He has very properly dubbed himself "L'Homme Protee." At one moment assuming the rigidity of a statue, his body may be struck sharply, the blows falling as on a block of stone. At another he moves his intestines from above and below and right to left into the form of a large football, and projects it forward, which gives him the appearance of a colossally stout personage. He then withdraws it into the thorax, opening like a cage, and the hollow look of his body immediately reminds one of a skeleton. Aiguier successfully imitates a man subject to the tortures of the rack, as also a man hanging himself, and assumes a striking cadaverous look. What most astonished M. de Quatrefages was the stopping of the circulation of the blood, now on the left, now on the right side, which was effected by muscular contraction.

A Speedy Cure.

—As a speedy cure for Dysentry, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Colic, Cramps, Sick Stomach, Canker of the Stomack and Bowels, and all forms of Summer Complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Dealers who sell it, and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits. 246

—It is useless to attempt the cure of any disorder, if the blood is allowed to remain impure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are traceable to a disordered condition of the blood, and in numberless cases have been cured by taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Consumptives, do not despair. There is hope. Try West's Cough Syrup. It will always cure in early stages. Procure a dollar bottle of your druggist and be cured. ed

Tom Thumb Omelettes.

Eight eggs, half a cup of milk, salt and pepper, tablespoonful of cheese; beat the eggs light, season, stir in the milk the grated cheese. Half fill eight patty pans, buttered, and set in a dripping pan with half an inch of boiling water in it; shut up in a quick oven, and as soon as they are "set" turn out on a hot dish. You may vary the dish by substituting minced parsley and thyme for the grated cheese, and when dished pour drawn butter over the omelettes. They make a pretty show when garnished with curled parsley, a tiny sprig being stuck in the middle of each mold.—Marion Harland.

—The experience of years furnishes the most convincing evidence that thousands of lives are annually saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It speedily cures all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

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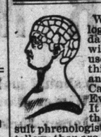
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For years I have been subject to Constipation and Nervous Headaches, caused by Indigestion and derangement of the Liver. After taking various kinds of medicine, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time, and I am sure my system retains its tone longer, after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried.—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.
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And Stomach Troubles.
Ayer's Pills are prompt and mild in their action; they gently stimulate the liver, and always leave the bowels in a natural condition.—Philip Caldwell, Beverly, Mass.
After sixteen hours of intense suffering with Bilious Colic, I took Ayer's Cathartic Pills. In half an hour the pain in my stomach and bowels subsided, and I quickly recovered.—R. S. Heathfield, 63 Chestnut st., Providence, R. I.
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Ayer's Pills have cured a case of Chronic Dyspepsia, here, which resisted other remedies, and had become a very serious affliction. The cure is remarkable, and has created a sensation in this locality.—S. K. Jones, M. D., Brighton, Mich.
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