

CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER
PAIN-KILLER
 THE GREAT
 Family Medicine of the Age.
 Taken Internally, It Cures
 Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the
 Stomach, Bone Throat, Sudden Colic,
 Coughs, etc., etc.
 Used Externally, It Cures
 Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,
 Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia,
 Rheumatism, Frost-bite, etc.

ASPIRATIONS FOR DEATH.
 FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.
 O soul, hold prisoner out of reach
 Of God's great glory in this gloom
 Of life, as in a living tomb;
 O God, whose mercy I beseech,
 Whom will my spirit reach the plain
 Of this dark prison house of pain
 Where weeping, plining, faint I lie,
 And die, because I cannot die.

How vain this only life I know!
 This bitter cup from poisoned springs,
 Those soiled and broken spirit-wings,
 Stained with my sins and dark with woes,
 These fetters bound upon my feet,
 That fain would run their Lord to greet,
 And from my soul go up the cry,
 I die, because I cannot die.
 Here all is weak and poor and frail—
 Even when my life with this is blest
 In Thy Most Holy Sacrament,
 I long for death to lift the veil;
 And if the death-pain, low and faint,
 I changed for some dying saint
 My prayer goes upward with a sigh—
 I die, because I cannot die.

Death brings alone the soul release
 From all this weary, worldly strife;
 For life is death, and death is life,
 And through the grave we pass to peace;
 O mortal life of four years,
 This life begins and ends in tears;
 In death I hope, to death I fly,
 And die, because I cannot die.
 My life is slain with sorrow's sword,
 And still I know it is my sin
 That leaves me in this low world within;
 Yet dead lips cannot praise Thee, Lord—
 O! to breathe forth my soul's desire,
 My burning love, with lips of fire
 Until that moment draweth high,
 I die, because I cannot die.

To stand within the Golden Gate,
 Bathed in the adjacent light and love
 Wherein the spheres systems move;
 To see the circling angels walk
 Around the great white Throne of Him,
 The Lord of all the Seraphim,
 O blessed life beyond the sky!
 I die, because I cannot die.
 My life, O God, I give to Thee:
 My life—'tis all I have to give,
 And, losing it, begin to live
 The life of immortality.
 His bound have, as the Spirit saith!
 O give me freedom, life on high!
 I die, because I cannot die.
 Life shrouds us with its gloomy pall;
 Yet still through blinding mist I see
 Heaven's holy light stream down on me,
 O God, my God, on Thee I call,
 That soon before Thy face I die,
 Forever see Thee, wholly Thine,
 My soul may utter forth the cry—
 I live, and never more shall die!
 —BY THE LATE LADY WILHELMINE.

**DIMITRIOS AND IRENE,
 OR
 The Conquest of Constantinople**
 A HISTORICAL ROMANCE
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 BY
 CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
 "It is dangerous everywhere," answered Morosini. "Let us trust in the protection of our guardian angels. On the other hand, keep your eyes open, you can hear the bells as they ring, and see them some time before they fall, so that we can manage to evade them. We have six gates to pass among them that of Polyandria, which opens on the sea, the gate of Adrianople, the Roussie, the gate of the Hephalygion, near the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the Golden Gate. The last named is nearly at the extreme end of the wall towards the Propontis."
 "Thus conversing, while an occasional ball would fly over their heads, struck the walls or fell on the earth of the terraces, the two friends rode along the fortifications, until with mutual agreement they put spurs to their horses and galloped at full speed, until they had reached the southwestern angle of the city, where the waters of the Propontis or Sea of Marmora wash the walls of Constantinople, then, turning to the left, they followed the sea, well until they reached the harbor of Theodosius, the mouth of which was protected by two towers which had recently been joined by a wall. There they turned to the left and rode in the direction of the Polyandria, where, by the gate of that name, they entered the older portion of the city of Constantinople. Riding in a south-easterly direction, they passed near the aqueduct of Valens, and the Church of the Pantocrator, in the Monastery, attached to which, as Morosini had heard in their headquarters in the preceding century. Proceeding still further east, they finally arrived at the ancient Acropolis, with which were connected the famous Hippodrome and the Hippodrome, the latter being a spot near which the Sophists staid. After some rest and refreshment taken in the quarters of the Imperial Guards at the old palace and a brief

visit to St. Sophia, the two friends again mounted their horses, and, passing along the shores of the Golden Horn, proceeded as far as the gate Xysticircus, whence they returned to the Blachernae palace. They had thus completed the circuit of the city, with the exception of the space between the harbor of Theodosius and the Acropolis, which they had omitted, by taking the route we have indicated towards the Polyandria. Morosini had pointed out many points of inferior interest which were unknown to Dimitrios, and the latter expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.
 The day was now nearly spent, and out towards the west the spears of the Turkish soldiery glittered in the mellow rays of the sun as it descended towards the horizon, while the report of their cannon reminded the frightened inhabitants of Constantinople that the enemy was before the walls. The clouds in the west gradually lost their topaz hue, till, as so many tongues of fire, they shot across the sky, slowly mellowing into darkness. Sombre, and still more sombre, grew the shadows on the earth, the blue green of the plains becoming purple. The gorgeous tints of the sunset faded, as the ever deepening shades announced the coming of the night. By degrees a melancholy pall was cast by nature's hand over the beleaguered city, fit emblem of the dark clouds of apprehension that hovered over the hearts of its inhabitants. The reports of Turkish cannon grew less frequent, until they finally ceased, leaving in their stead a painful silence that hung heavily over the population.
 Some hours had passed since Dimitrios and Morosini had returned from their excursion, and the Greek youth had hastened homeward to his sister. He found her alone and lost in reverie.
 "O brother," she exclaimed, as she saw him enter, "how long this day has seemed! It appeared as though you would never come. Fearful apprehensions filled my mind; I saw you standing on the walls, and as the continuous roar of the cannon sounded in my ears, I imagined those deadly balls flying around you—and, oh!"
 The affrighted girl bent her head over her arm that was leaning on the table near by. After a brief silence she continued:
 "My imagination was so strong, it worked so fearfully, I saw you struck by one of those frightful messengers of death. I saw you fall."
 The poor girl burst into tears and sobbed aloud, moaning:
 "O Dimitrios, it is awful!"
 "Calm your fears, my sister," the youth replied, "thus far I have not been called upon to perform active duty."
 "But, Dimitrios, you will have to bear your portion of the labor and share in the great struggle; brother, my poor brother, I can stand it no longer. Expose not your life; there are enough soldiers without you, one more or less will not cause the city to succumb. Remember you are the only one left me, what, O! what shall I do without you; what will become of me if you fall?"
 The heart of Dimitrios bled, he could find no reply.
 "Speak, brother, speak. Will you remain with your sister, and not leave her again?"
 "But, my dearest Helena, in defending Constantinople I am defending you. Of what use can I be to you in the house? Pray do not dissuade me."
 "I No, no, no! You are risking your life, they will kill you; Dimitrios, you must, you shall not go. By all that is dear to us, by the memory of our departed father, by the love of our mother, I beseech you, stay."
 Dimitrios felt his heart beating even against the dictates of his judgment, but, making a superhuman effort, he said:
 "Helena, would you wish me to shrink from the fulfillment of a sacred duty? If my father were alive, he would stand beside his son to join in the glorious combat against the infidel, my mother herself would grip the sword around me. Would you wish the sacrifice of a descendant of Nicophorus Phocas has shown himself a coward? Did you not often read to me now, in the Tenth Century, our glorious ancestor was the terror of the Saracens? Shall I be unworthy the conqueror of Aleppo? Are not the bronze gates of Adams, Mephestis and Tarsus the trophies of his victory? And think, Helena, how many helpless orphans there are, how many widowed mothers, how many tender maidens, who hold their hearts imploringly to me, crying, 'Dimitrios Phocas, help us save us from the Turks. And shall I turn a deaf ear to their supplications, shall I abandon them to their fate?'
 Helena gazed at the inspired youth with admiration. In spite of her grief she could not help sharing his enthusiasm.
 "Dimitrios," she exclaimed, "you are a noble boy; yes, you are made of the stuff of which heroes are made. My heart is bleeding, weeping, dying, but, my brother, I give you for the love of our country and our God. Go! Fight, conquer or die, and if you fall your sister will not contain the bodies of Dimitrios and Helena."
 Dimitrios caught the girl in his arms and pressed her to his heart.
 "You speak as a true daughter of the East, my mother, my sister, be again—you are her image, my sister."
 Seating himself beside her, he continued:
 "Not that you are calm, I will break to you a piece of news which I dare not mention until I know that you were ready to make a sacrifice. Now listen, my brave heroine. The Emperor has decided to make a sortie to-morrow, and to lead it in person. The Sultan's batteries are laying havoc with the walls, and above all, one of his cannon has become deadly work. Our brave Emperor is determined to bear the lion in his den and, if possible, take the battery and spike the cannon. He will leave the city under cover of the night, and before the morning dawns, we shall be hand to hand with the accursed brutes."
 "What do you say, Dimitrios, are you going?"
 "My sister, did you not tell me to be a hero; do you retract?"
 "No, Dimitrios," moaned the sobbing girl. "No! but it is awful, I fear to lose you," and she clung to him as though they were taking him

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 CURES
 DYSPEPSIA,
 BAD BLOOD,
 CONSTIPATION,
 KIDNEY TROUBLES,
 HEADACHE,
 BILIOUSNESS.

away from her by force, while she buried her face on his shoulder.
 "Must you go? Does he not know that his handful of men cannot stand against the hordes of barbarians?"
 "The case is desperate, Helena, we must risk it. I feel for you, sister. Were I alone, O! how gladly, and with what alacrity, would I cast myself into the midst of our foes, but my heart sinks within me. It is crushed when I think of you. But duty calls, stern duty summons me to its side, and when duty calls, we must obey. Pray for me, and, like Moses on the mountain, raise your hands to heaven, while I struggle against the enemies of Christ. Now, Helena, dear, I must be gone. The night is already advanced. I must join the ranks. I must hasten."
 The poor girl threw her arms around her brother's neck and sobbed.
 "Dimitrios, my dear, dear brother, do not leave me. What shall I do without you?"
 "Be strong, Helena. Trust in God."
 The spirit is willing, brother, but the flesh is weak, I resign myself to God's holy will."
 The suffering girl cast herself upon her knees, and with her eyes and tears streaming down her cheeks, she exclaimed:
 "Not my will, Father, but Thine be done."
 The scene was heartrending; many a stern soul would have melted on beholding it, and the reader may well imagine what the heart of Dimitrios must have felt.
 "Helena!" he exclaimed, "let us unite our sacrifice for God and our country."
 He fell upon his knees, and with eyes raised heavenwards, prayed:
 "Eternal God, who didst command Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, help us in this hour of trial. Thou dost require of us a sacrifice, from which human nature shrinks in terror. But Thou who didst strengthen the Father of the faithful, hear our prayer, that grace may conquer in our hearts. I offer to Thee, heavenly Father, the sacrifice of my life, and that which is even dearer to me than life, of my only sister, in honor of the great sacrifice of Galvary. Cross of my Redeemer, be my strength in the midst of my tribulation."
 Dimitrios arose, and, after another man, Helena, too, had grown calmer, firm determination showed itself upon her face.
 "I go, Helena, at the call of duty. If the sacrifice of my life is demanded, my dearest friend will provide for you. You know him; Morosini will be your brother."
 Brother and sister embraced each other, and the dreadful order was given. Dimitrios had gone. Helena stood gazing at the door through which he had passed, as though she still beheld his form. There a loneliness of her utter loneliness burst upon her, she cast herself upon the couch, and sobbed aloud.
 "O, why did I let him go?" she said. "Dimitrios, my brother, shall I ever see you again, shall my eyes ever more rest upon your manly face, shall I press your hand again, shall I ever read to you as I did in those happy days, now past forever? Alas! is there happiness on earth?"
 A voice sounded within the depths of her soul, it was the voice of a warrior. . . . Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries."
 "It is true!" she exclaimed. "I had often read those passages of Job, but never did I understand them until now. My life had always been so tranquil, so undisturbed, but now the warfare has begun, I must bear my cross as others have borne theirs, but the cross leads to eternal life. Patience, my soul, after this life follows another, where the weary soul finds rest and we part no more."
 CHAPTER XII.
 The night was dark; not a star shone in the firmament. The Emperor could not have chosen a better time for the execution of his plans. The Turks were still at a considerable distance from the city, and it was deemed necessary that the sortie should be made at an early hour of the morning, in order that the unsuspecting enemy should be met before daybreak. The Emperor had decided to lead in person the attack, proceeding from the gate of Chastius, while the Genoese Giustiniani would head another from the Selymbria gate. Each would command a thousand men, if necessary, concentrate their forces on the great battery, where stood the famous cannon from Adrianople. The Emperor had been advised not to make the attempt, on account of the great distance of the Turkish army, and the difficulty there would be in effecting a retreat, should there be a case of failure, but the thought of the incalculable damage that was being wrought by the enemy's cannon, decided him to attempt the hazardous enterprise. Only the infantry were to form the detachments; these were armed with crossbow, in imitation of the Crusaders, a rude species of small firearms that were just coming into use, spears and ponderous swords. Both detachments were, at an early hour of the morning, drawn up behind their respective gates. The en-

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tire affair had been managed with most secrecy, that most of the inhabitants of Constantinople were ignorant of what was taking place. At the appointed hour, and, at a given sign, both gates were simultaneously opened, and the troops marched out. The vanguard was formed by those who carried the standards, these were followed by the men with the crossbows; then came the light infantry with lances and swords. The rear was brought up by the Varangian Guard, who were taking place. The Emperor, Dimitrios was there in full armor, with cuirass, helmet and sword. On his breastplate was blazoned the ancient device of Byzantium, the cross and the sword. In perfect silence, and as noiselessly as their numbers would permit, marched the columns. Stillness reigned supremely; not a sound was wafted upon the tremor air. There was absolutely nothing to indicate the presence of an invading army. Suddenly a flash of lightning shot athwart the sky; it was momentary, but sufficient to render visible the surrounding objects. To the eyes of the astounded Greeks, it showed the Turkish tents. They lay there in peaceful silence, indicating naught of the sea's heavy breathing of the forest patients that were beating beneath them. A sound of distant thunder rolled under the vault of heaven, a sign of the coming storm. Simultaneously with the onset of the Turkish camp, a flash of light suddenly burst forth in the direction of the Turkish camp; it was followed by a loud report.
 "We are discovered!" exclaimed the Emperor; then turning to one of his staff, he gave orders to halt. The bugle sound re-echoed in the stillness of the night; it was repeated from a distance towards the south: it was the alarm given from Giustiniani's columns. At the same moment there was another flash, followed by a report, and a ball flew whistling over the heads of the soldiers. The light flashed showing the soldiers in the Turkish camp, which had now become like a beehive, teeming with life and activity. The Emperor turned towards two of the highest officers in his army, and he said beside him, asked their advice.
 "Sire," replied the elder of the two, a veteran soldier, "it would be worse than attacking Mahomet's forces in broad daylight. Besides, the danger of being snowed down by their cannon before reaching them, in this pitch darkness, we would be unable to distinguish friend from foe. My advice is that we retreat."
 "And I will act upon it," said the Emperor; we can ill afford to sacrifice our men uselessly."
 The bugle sounded the retreat, and the columns wheeled around, returning in an instant to the Imperial Guard taking the lead, and the men with the firearms lighting up the rear. Again the lightning flashed, again a report was heard, and the Emperor, while the Turkish cannon balls flew thick and fast over them. Fortunately, the enemy aimed too high; the gates were reached and closed; the expedition had aborted. The companies were disbanded, the Imperial Guards returning to their quarters, where, before they were dismissed, the roll was called. As each one was named, the answer came:
 "I am here."
 The list of names had been nearly read, all those called being present. Finally, the officer's voice pronounced: "Dimitrios Phocas!"
 The soldiers gazed at one another in mute astonishment, there was one man missing, and that one Dimitrios.
 Although he had been only a short time in the service, he had grown to be a universal favorite, not was anyone so much esteemed among the Guard as he.
 It was also known how high he stood in the Emperor's estimation, and how closely he was linked by the ties of friendship to the Emperor's Italian favorite, Morosini. This added no little to the universal esteem in which he was held. It fell, consequently, like a thunderbolt upon the soldiers when there was no answer to the call of his name. Dimitrios had never been known to have been guilty of a breach of discipline, and it could be supposed that his absence was voluntary, therefore, some accident must have befallen him. But how could it have occurred! No one had missed him. He could not have been struck by a ball without his comrades noticing it. There was, consequently, a mystery, perhaps, of great importance. It was, therefore, necessary that the Emperor should be informed, for it was his wish that every occurrence of the ordinary life should be brought to his notice. The Chieftain of the Guards himself undertook to inform him.
 The officer, having announced that he had matters of importance to communicate, was immediately admitted to the monarch's presence. Although the Sovereign was worn out with fatigue, he was not without his daydreams. He had not retired, but the Chieftain found him closeted with Morosini, engaged in earnest con-

versation. The officer, entering, knelt before his Sovereign, who bade him speak.
 "Your Majesty," said the officer, "what I have to say to you grieves me sorely: one of my best soldiers cannot be found."
 "The Emperor, who knew all his guards by name, enquired with deep interest:
 "Who is it?"
 "Your Majesty, it is Dimitrios Phocas."
 "Impossible!" he exclaimed; "Good Heaven! it cannot be!"
 "Dimitrios Phocas," repeated the Emperor; "are you not mistaken?"
 "No, Sire, Dimitrios was the only one who failed to answer the call."
 "Did he leave the city with the troops?"
 "He did, Sire, most assuredly; he was present before we left our quarters, and I often exchanged words with him outside the walls, shortly before the first shot was fired from the Turkish camp."
 "Did you see him since?"
 "No, Sire, I did not."
 "This is a mystery. He could not possibly have been struck by a ball, or it would have been noticed. There must be treason."
 "Not Dimitrios!" exclaimed Morosini.
 "No, Vincent, I did not mean that; but I am almost afraid that we are surrounded by traitors; who can tell where the serpent, Nicolas Lecapanos, is?"
 "Morosini stood dumfounded."
 "The Emperor continued:
 "No pains must be spared; let every quarter of the city be searched; send men outside of the walls, as much as prudence will permit, at least, as far as we proceeded last night; if the traitors will not venture so near the city, I will grant myself no rest until Dimitrios is found."
 "Your Majesty," said Morosini, "may I depart? I have a painful yet pleasant duty to perform. Dimitrios has entrusted to me the care of his sister."
 "Yes, Vincent, go, and may the Mother of God protect you!"
 The Emperor prostrated himself before his Majesty and retired. The Emperor, addressing the chieftain of the Guards, spoke:
 "Are you perfectly sure that there is no traitor among your men?"
 "I am, your Majesty; I trust each individual among them as much as I trust myself. You know that they are a select body of men, although foreigners, and that each one has been admitted only upon the highest recommendations."
 "I cannot, then, possibly solve the mystery; truly, matters are darkened around us. Go, now, do your duty; spare no pains; find Dimitrios for me. I will be ever grateful to you."
 The officer arose and retired.
 Reader, it is now morning; the bright sun shines over Constantinople; the bombardment was resumed at dawn. Return with me to the house of Dimitrios. Helena had not closed her eyes; she would have refused sleep had it presented itself. A great part of the night she had spent in prayer. The ringing of the night had greatly alarmed her, and she trembled for the safety of her brother. Finally, the morning dawned, and she gladly welcomed its approach, for it would relieve her anxiety by bringing her news of her brother. She had gone out into the courtyard, and she was sitting beneath the fountain when Morosini was announced. Her heart beat rapidly; every nerve in her body trembled. What could this early visit indicate? Had anything happened to Dimitrios? She gave orders to the servant to admit the visitor, and Morosini entered. He was pale, though a forced smile played upon his lips, Helena saw at a glance that something unwelcome had occurred; she sprang up quickly and extended her hands imploringly, as she exclaimed:
 "Tell me, oh! tell me, where is my brother?"
 "Be calm, my lady," said Morosini; "do not be uselessly agitated."
 "Oh, yes, yes! she cried out, "something has happened; tell me, I am not in suspense; where is he?"
 Morosini, fearing lest her anxiety should cause her more harm than the knowledge of the truth, gently broke the news to her.

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 New Moon, 24th
 First Quarter, 29th
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D Day of Sun Sat
M Week rises sets
 1 Sun 6 43.5
 2 Mon 41 4
 3 Tue 38 4
 4 Wed 38 4
 5 Thu 36 4
 6 Fri 34 4
 7 Sat 32 5
 8 Sun 30 5
 9 Mon 28 5
 10 Tue 26 5
 11 Wed 24 5
 12 Thu 22 5
 13 Fri 20 5
 14 Sat 18 5
 15 Sun 16 5
 16 Mon 14 5
 17 Tue 12 5
 18 Wed 10 5
 19 Thu 8 5
 20 Fri 6 5
 21 Sat 4 5
 22 Sun 3 11
 23 Mon 1 12
 24 Tue 5 9 18
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 28 Sat 5 1 18
 29 Sun 4 9 20
 30 Mon 4 7 21
 31 Tue 4 5 22

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 a pair of
SPECTACLES or
 And you will
 assortment
Watches, Clocks,
S
E. W. T.
 CAMERON