プトリング (16 Person 1978)

LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE.

THE RICH MAN S CHILD.

The world is very big and contains hun-

dreds of millions who are strangers to each

other. Yet every now and then this big

world seems to turn small; so many people

whose acquaintance we make turn out to be

the chances against it, owing to the size and

population of the country. As an example of this phenomena, which we have all ob-

shire, in a small parish, which belonged nearly all of it to Colonel Clifford; yet in

that battle for food, which is, alas, the pro-

saic but true history of men and nations, he

entered an office in Yorkshire, and there

and this same Hope was to come back and to

apply for a place to Mr. Bartley; Mr. Bart-

ley was brother-in-law to that same Colonel

Clifford, though they were at daggers drawn

Wiss Clifford, aged 32, had married Bartley,

aged 37. Each had got fixed habits, and they soon disagreed. In two years they parted, with plenty of bitterness but no scandal.

Bartley stood on his rights, and kept their one

child, little Mary. He was very fond of her,

and, as the mother saw her whenever she

liked, his love for his child rather tended to

propitiate Mrs. Bartley, though nothing on earth would have induced her to live with him

Little Mary was two months younger than

Grace Hope, and, like her, had blue eyes and golden hair. But what a difference in her

condition. She had two nurses and every

in bed smothered in lace. Some

luxury. Dressed like a princess, and even

woman's eye always upon her, a hand al-

ways ready to keep her from the smallest ac-

Yet all this care could not keep out sick-

ness. The very day that Grace Hope began to cough and alarm her father, Mary Bartley

flushed and paled, and showed some signs of

The old nurse, a vigilant person, told Mr.

Bartley directly; and the doctor was sent for post haste. He felt her pulse and said there

was some little fever, but no cause for anxiety.

He administered syrup of poppies, and little

Next day, about one in the afternoon, she

became very restless and was repeatedly sick.

The doctor was sent for, and combated the

symptoms; but did not inquire closely into

from the stomach; so he soothed the stomach

with alkaline mucilages, and sickness abated.

But next day alarming symptoms accumulated,

short breathing, inability to eat, flushed face,

wild eyes. Bartley telegraphed to a first rate London physician. He came and im-

mediately examined the girl's throat, and

shook his head, then he uttered a fatal word

They had wasted four days squirting petty

remedies at symptoms, instead of finding the

cause and attacking it, and now he told them

plainly he feared it was too late-the fatal

membrane was forming, and indeed had half

Bartley in his rage and despair would have

driven the local doctor out of the house, but

this the London doctor would not allow. He

even consulted him on the situation now it

was declared; and, as often happens, they

went in for heroic remedies since it was too

But neither po verful stimulants, nor bit-

ing draughts, nor caustic applications could

and growing.

The breath reduced to a thread, no nourish-

ment possible, except by baths of beef-tea,

and similar enemas. Exhaustion inevitable.

Such was the honeless condition of the rich

man's child, surrounded by physiciaus and nurses, when the father of the poor man's

child applied to the clerk Bolton for that em-

ployment which meant bread for his child,

William Hope returned to his little Grace

with a loaf of bread he bought on the road

with Bolton's shilling, and fresh milk in a

He found her crying. She had contrived after the manner of children to have an ac-

cident. The room was almost bare of furni-

ture; but my lady had found a wooden stool

nder the deadly parchment from growing

cause. Sickness proceeds immediately

Mary passed a tranquil night.

William Hope was born in Derby-

CHAPTER II.

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rce

feverishness.

-Dinhtheria

Death certain.

and perhaps life for her.

soda water bottle.

closed the air passages.

But Hope, who made it his business to intruct her and not deceive her (as some thoughtless parents do, out of fun, the

wretches) told her gently they were not swans. but ships. She was a little disappointed at that; but

inquired what they were doing.
Darling, said he, 'they are going to some other land, where honest, hard-working people cannot starve; and, mark my words, darling, said he—she pricked her little ears at that—'you and I shall have to go with them,

for we are poor. 'Oh,' said little Grace. impressed by his manner as well as his words, and nodded her

pretty head with apparent wisdom, and

seemed greatly impressed.

Then her father fed her with bread and milk, and afterwards laid her on the bed: and asked her whether she loved him.

However, he waited until she was in an excellent condition for keeping her promise, being fast as a church.

Then he looked long at her beautiful face.

wave-like and even tinted, but full of life

after her meal and went with a beating heart to Mr. Bartley's office.

ther of "It's Nover Too Late to Mend," "Griffth Gaunt," "Handi Cush," "Put Yourself in His Place," ic., ic. distracted with grief, but business to him was the air he breathed, and he went to work as usual, only in a hurried and bitter way unusual to him.

and told him sharply not to return without the money; and whilst Bolton, so called, was making his toilette in the lobby, his eyes fell

his head down; the very picture of a faithful servant absorbed in his master's work.

acquaintances of our acquaintances. This concatenation of acquaintances is really one mall book of his own nestled between the of the marvels of social life, if one considers ledger and his stomach. It was filled with hieroglyphics, and was his own betting book. As for his brown study, that was caused by his owing £100 to the ring, and not knowing how to get it. To be sure he could rob Mr. Bart-ley. He had done it again and again by false accounts; and even by abstraction of coin; for he had false keys to his employer's safe cash-box, drawers, and desk. But in his opinion he had played his game often enough, made friends with Colonel Clifford's son, Walter, who was secretly dabbling in trade and matrimony under the name of Bolton; and was afraid to venture it again so soon,

He was so absorbed in these thoughts that he did not hear Mr. Bartley come to him; to be sure he came softly because of the other clerk, who was washing his hands and brush-

So Bartley's hand fell gently, but all in a moment, on Monckton's shoulder, and they scious rogues. Anyway, Monckton started violently, and turned from pale to white, and instinctively clapped both hands over his bet-

'I have made a very ugly discovery.

Monckton began to shiver.

Monckton began to perspire. Not knowing what to say he faltered, and at last stammered out, "Are you sure, sin?"

Monckton winced and turned his head away, debating in his mind whether he should affect indignation and sympathy, and pretend to court inquiry, or should wait till lunch time, and then empty the cash box and

expectedly on his ear—

Then Monekton's eyes turned this way and that, in a manner that is common amongst

"It is my duty," said the sly rogue, demurely. Then, after a pause, "But how?" Then Mr. Bartley glanced at Bolton in the obby, and not satisfied with speaking under his breath, drew this ill-chosen confidant to

Now, there's this clerk Bolton. I know nothing about him, I was taken by his looks. Have your eye on him."

"I will, sir," said Monckton cagerly. He was glad when a voice in the little office an-

It was a clear, peremptory voice, short, sharp, incisive and decisive. The clerk, called Bolton, heard it in the lobby, and scuttled into the street with a rapidity that contrasted drolly enough with the composure and slow-

into the middle of the office and there stood

like a sentinel. Mr. Bartley could hardly believe his

"Of course I am. May I ask what brings

"That which composes all quarrels and squares all accounts-Death. Colonel Clifford said this solemuly and with

alone, that warrior, still standing straight as a dart, delivered himself of certain short sentences, each of which seemed to be propelled, or indeed jerked, out of him by some foreign power seated in his breast.

'My sister, your injured wife, is no more." "Dead! This is very sudden! I am very, very sorry, I----

and continued to expel short sentences.

to give you my hand. There it is!" His hand was propelled out, caught flying by Bartley, released, and drawn back again, all by machinery, it seemed.

'Poor, dear Eliza.' The Colonel looked as less high-bred people

do when they say "Gammon," but proceeded

you, or unmarried, the money lapses to your nephew, my son, Walter Clifford. He is a scapegrace, and has run away from me; but I must protect his just interests. So, as a mere matter of form I will ask you whether Mary Bartley is alive.'

so he continued, ' in that case'-and then interrupting himself for a moment turned away to Bartley's private table, and there emptied his pockets of certain documents, one of which he wanted to select.

His back was not turned more than half a

The nurse opened a door of communication and stood with a rush at the threshold; indeed she would have rushed in but for the stranger. She was very pale and threw up her hands to Bartley. Here face and her gesture were more expressive than words.

Then Bartley, clinging by mere desperate instinct to money he could not hope to keep, flew to her, droveher out by a phrenzied move ment of both hands, though he did not touch her, and spread-eagled nimself before the door, with his face and his dilating eyes

The Colonel turned and stepped towards him with the document he had selected at the table. Bartley went to meet him. The Colonel gave it him and said it was

pelled his last sentence. "We have shaken hands. Let us forget

With that he turned sharply on both heels and real angish; and faced the door of the little office before "Thank you, sir; I only trust that you he moved: then marched out in about seven will always find servants as devoted to your

heart, went to his child's room. The nur met him crying, and said, "A change," mid but fatal words, that from a nurse's lips end hope.

He came to the bedside just in time to see the breath hovering on the child's lips, and then move them as the summer air stirs a leaf.

Soon all was still, and the rich man's child vas clay The unhappy father burst into a passion of grief, short but violent; then he ordered the nurse to watch there and let no one enter the

room—then he staggered back to his office. and flung himself down at his table and buried his head. To do him justice he was all parental grief at first, for his child was his idol. The arms were stretched out across the

table; the head rested on it; the man was utterly crushed. Whilst the was so the little office door

opened softly, and a pale, worn, haggard face looked in. It was the father of the poor man's child in mortal danger from privation and hereditary consumption. That haggard face was come to ask the favor of employment, and bread for his girl, from the rich man, whose child was clay.

Hope looked wistfully at that crushed

figure, and hesitated; it seemed neither kind nor politic to introduce business upon grief. But, if the child was Bartley's idel, money was his god, and soon in his strange mind

defeated avariee began to vie with nobler sor-row. His child dead! his poor little flower withered, and her death robbed him of twenty thousand pounds, and, indeed, of ten times that sum, for he now bought experience in trade and speculation, and had learned to make money out of money, a heap out of a handful.

Stung by this vulgar torment in its turn, he started suddenly up, and dashed his wife's will upon the floor in a fury and maced the room excitedly. Hope still stood aghast, and hesitated to risk his application. But presently Bartley caught sight of him,

and stared at him, but said nothing. Then the poor fellow saw it was no use waiting for a better opportunity, so he came forward and carried out Bolton's instruc-

tions; he put on a tolerably jaunty air, and said cheerfully: "I beg your pardon, sir, can I claim your artention for offly a moment?"
"What do you want?" said Bartley, but

like a man whose mind was elsewhere. "Only employment for my talents, sir. hear you have a vacancy for a manager."

"Nothing of the sort. I am manager. Hope drew back despondent, and his haggard countenance fell at such a prompt re-

But he summoned courage, and, once more acting genial confidence, returned to the attack:

"But you don't know, sir, in how many ways I can be useful to you. A grand and complicated business like yours needs various acquirements in those who have the honor to serve you. For instance, I saw a small engine at work in your yard: now, I am a mechanic, and I can double the power of that engine by merely introducing an extra band and a couple of cogs." "It will do as it is," said Bartley, languidly,

"and I can do without a manager." Bartley's manner was not irritated, but absorbed. He seemed in all his replies to Hope

to be brushing away a fly mechanically and languidly. The poor fly felt sick at heart, and crept away disconsolately. But at the very door he turned, and for his child's sake made an-

other attempt. "Have you an opening for a clerk? I can write business letters in French, German and Dutch; and keep books in double en-

try." "No vacancy for a clerk," was the weary

reply.
"Well, then, a foreman. I have studied watertake to the economy of industry, and undertake to

get you the greatest amount of labor out of the smallest number of men." " I have a foreman already," said Bartley, turning his back upon him previshly for the first time, and pacing the room absorbed in

his own disappointment. go. But he turned at the window and said:
"You have vans and carts. I understand

horses thoroughly. I am a veterinary surgeon, and I can drive four-in-hand. I offer myself as carman, or even ostler." "I do not want an ostler, and I have a

carman.' "Bartley, when he had said this, sat down like a man who had finally disposed of the

application. Hope went to the door and leaned against it. His jaw dropped. He looked ten years older. Then, with a piteous attempt at

cheerfulness, he came nearer and said : "A messenger, then. I'm young and very active, and never waste my employer's time.

Even this humble proposal was declined, though Hope's cheeks burned with shame as he made it. He groaned aloud, and his head dropped on his breast.

His eye fellon the will lying on the ground;

Bartley started, took it, and bowed his head an inch or two in acknowledgment of the

civility. This gave the poor dannted father courage again.

Now that Bartley's face was turned to him by this movement he took advantage of it, and

said persuasively. "Give me some kind of employment, sir. You will never repent it, sir,"
Then he began to warm with conscious

power. "I've intelligence, practicability, know-ledge; and in this age of science knowledge is wealth. Example: I saw a swell march out of this place that owns all the parish I was born in. I knew him in a moment—Colonel Clifford. Well, that old soldier draws his rents when he can get them, and never looks deeper than the roots of the grass his cattle crop. But I tell you he never takes a walk about his grounds but he marches upon millions—coal, sir, coal! and near the surface. I know the signs. But I am impotent, only fools possess the gold that

men can coin into miracles. Try me, sir;honor me with your sympathy. You are a father—you have a sweet little girl, I hear,'
—Bartley winced at that—"well, so have I, and the hole my poverty makes me pig in is not good for her, sir. She needs the sea air, the scent of flowers, and, bless her little heart, she does enjoy them so. Give them to her, and I will give you zeal, energy, brains

and a million of money."

This, for the first time in the interview, arrested Mr. Bartley's attention. "I see you are a superior man," said he,

but I have no way to utilize your services." "You can give me no hope, sir?" asked the poor fellow, still lingering.
"None, and Lam sorry for it." This one gracious speech affected poor Hope so that he could not speak for a moment. Then

he fought for manly dignity, and said, with a lamentable mixture of sham aprightliness

ous humors, purify the system, and leave it in a lingly to the charge, said, magnificent lealthy and reinvigorated condition. @ Tipperary, The louth Royal Canadian Regi

But, ere he reached the door, Nature overpowered the father's heart; away went Bolton's instructions; away went fictitious de-

portment and feigned cheerfulness. The poor wretch uttered a cry, indeed a scream, of anguish, that would have thrilled ten thousand hearts had they heard it; he dashed his hat on the ground and rushed toward Bartley, with both hands out:

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIR, DON'T SEND ME WAY-MY CHILD IS STARVING! Even Bartley was moved.

"Your child!" said he, with some little feeling.
This slight encouragement was enough for

a father. His love gushed forth.
"A little golden-baired, blue eyed angel who is all the world to me. We have walked here from Liverpool, where I had just buried her mother. God help me. God help us both. Many a weary' mile, sir, and never sure of supper or bed. The birds of the air have nests, the beasts of the field a shelter, the fox a hole, but my beautiful and fragile girl-only four years old, sir-is houseless and home-Her mother died of consumption, sir, less. Her mother died of consumption, sir, and I live in mortal fear; for now she is beginning to cough, and I cannot give her proper nourishment. Often on this fatal journey I have felt her shiver, and then I have taken off my coat and wrapped it round her, and her beautiful eyes have looked up loving in mine and seemed to plead for the shelter and warmth and food I'd sell my soul to give

"Poor fellow," said Bartley," I suppose I ought to pity you. But how can I? Manman-your child is alive, and while there is life there is hops; but mine is dead-dead -

dead," he almost shricked. "Dead!" said Hope, horrified.

" Dead !" cried Bartley. " Cut off at four years old—the very age of yours. There—go and judge for yourself. You are a father. I can't look upon my blasted hopes and my withered flower. Go and see my blue-eyed, fair-haired darling-clay-clay, hastening to the tomb; and you will trouble me no more with your imaginary griefs."

He flung himself down with his head upon

Hope, following the direction of his hand, opened the door of the house, and went softly forward till he met the nurse. He told her Mr. Bartley wished him to see the deceased. The nurse hesitated, but looked at him.

His sad face inspired confidence, and she ushered him into the chamber of mourning. There, laid out in state, was a little figure that, seen in the dim light, drew a cry of dismay from Hope. He had left his own girl sleeping and looking like tinted wax. Here lay a little face the very image of hers, only this was pale wax.

Had he looked more closely, the chin was unlike his own girl's, and there were other differences. But the first glance revealed a thrilling resemblance. Hope hurried away from the room, and entered the office pale and disturbed.

To be continued.)

Carter's Little Liver Pills have no equal as Carter's Little Liver Pills have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Pain in the Side, teenth is called 'Green Howards,' after the and all Liver Troubles. Try them. 146-tts Fires are doing much damage in the New Hampshire forests.

If you have a Cough, do not neglect it; buy once a bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam-Sec

The Board of Trade has begun an enquiry at Glasgow into the loss of the steamship State of Florida.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator. Mr. Childers will represent England in the

Egyptian conference. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without

any pain. It is understood that assurances have been given to the Dutch that they need not fear

aggression on the part of Germany.

Latest U. S. crop estimates look for a full

average crop. The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rhenmatism, as well as relieves the pains of fractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunions, piles and other mal-

Three female members of the Salvation Army are undergoing imprisonment at Lou-

don, Ont., for breaking the civic by laws. BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. There are counterfeits, but if you will hold aleaf of the pamphlet, teits, but it you will nom a lear or the pampines, which is around each bottle, up to the light, you will see in faint letters, water-marked in the paper, the words, "LANMAN & KEMP, NEW YORK," and where you cannot find this you may

e sure the article is not genuine. A Garden City, N.Y., young man waited for the return of his cloped wife with a re-volver and vitriol bottle, but his heart failed when the truant appeared and she was for-

given. have been selling Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil remembered as the 'Dichards,' a nicking that it has given better retired. ing that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I con-backs' and 'Black Cuffs.' The Fifth ninth sider it the only patent medicine that cures

An Oregon man has failed in an attempt to swindle a life insurance company by setting fire to his house and burning an old skeleton in the hope that the remains would be accepted as evidence of his death,

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes:-" Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full

It is reported that Capt. Gerdzey, a promiment officer of Gens d'Armes, has been murdered by Nihilists at Odessa. The body was found with a bullet in the head and a dagger sticking in the heart.

IIA Crying Evil—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms. Samuel Bayard Stafford, a bachelor of more

than seventy, has astonished Trenton by sud-

denly leaving that town and marrying Har-riet Rebecca Perry in Boston. Mr. Stafford has a local reputation as the custodian of Revolutionary relicts, and probably, went abroad to add to his collection. No injurious, effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and un-failing autidote for missmatic poison, other

remedial agents which unite to expel the poison

NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGI- ment is called 'The Old Hundred,' although

THE PICCADILLY BUTCHERS, BAKER'S LIGHT | recall heroic and amusing incidents in the BODS, THE CHERRY PICKERS, PONTIUS PILATE'S BODY GUARD, KENT'S LUCKY DEVILS, THE CHESHIRE CATS, AND HOW THEY GOT THEIR NAMES.

"Nearly all the regiments in the British army have nicknames," said Col. Kirwan at the Startevant House recently, where a dozen army officers were . "The nicknames were given half seated. either for some local circumstance, or from some marked peculiarity. The Life Guards, for instance, are called 'Piccadilly Guards, for instance, are called Butchers,' because at one time they charged down Piccadilly and killed some innocent spectators of a riot. The Horse Guards are known as 'Oxford Blues,' and the First Dragoons as 'Trades Unions.' The Fifth Dragoon Guards are called 'The Green Horse,' and the Seventh Hussars 'the Black Horse, while the Eighth are nicknamed 'St. George's,' and the Tenth 'Baker's Light Bobs,' and their late Colonel, now Baker Pasha of the Turkish service. The crack Eleventh are known as 'Cherry Pickers' or 'Cherrybuns,' from the color of their trousers, and the Fourteenth are called 'Hamilton Runaways,' owing to an event in the Peninsula when the regiment, then under command of Col. Hamilton, ran away without, it is said, any justifiable cause. The Seventeenth Lancers are dubbed 'the Death or Glory Boys, after the device of a death's head and cross bones with the legend, 'Or

Glory,' which they wear on their headdress. "The aristocratic Grenadier Guards," the Colonel continued, "are known as 'To arows' and 'Sandboys,' and the equally aristocratic Coldstream Guards as 'Dirty Shirts,' The First Foot is dubbed 'Pontius Pilate's Body Guard,' and the Second the 'Queen's Own, or the 'Sleepy Queens' and 'Paschal Lambs,' The Third is known as 'Old Buffs,' from the color of its facings, but it is also called 'Nuterackers' and The Resurrectionists,' the latter name having been given to them because some of their men were at one time caught in the act of selling the dead for medical dissection. The Fourth is distinguished as 'Barrels Blues,' the Fifth as 'Old and Bold,' and the Sixth as Gure's Geese' or 'Short Sixes,' The Seventh is happy in the nickname of 'Kent's It won the title by its won-Lucky Devils," derful good fortune in losing fewer men and loing more hard fighting than any other regiment in the service. The Ninth is called 'Holy Boys,' and the Eleventh 'The Bloody Eleventh,' but quite as often the Onety-onety.' The Fourteenth passesas 'Calvart's Entire," while the Sixteenth is sneered at as 'Peacemakers' and 'Bloodless Lambs, It is the only regiment in the British service without the names of battles inscribed on its flags. The Seventeenth is scowled at as 'The color of their facings and one of the Colonels. "The Twentieth is known as 'The Minden Boys,' because of its gallantry at the battle of Minden. It is also known as 'Kingsley's Stand.' The Twenty-first North British Fusiliers is called 'The Earl of Mar's Grey Breeks,' while the Twenty-second is known as 'The Cheshire Cats,' The Twenty-third Welsh Fariliers smile at the name of Namy Goats. from the fact that a goat always marches at the head of the regiment, a new one being presented every year in the name of the Queen. The Twenty-fourth is known as 'Howard's Greens,' and the Twenty-fifth King's Own Borderers as 'The Botherers,' memorable of the way the Scotchmen in the regiment prononnec the word 'Borderers.' The Twentyeighth is called 'Slashers' and 'Old Brags, because of the habit of its men in repeating the story of the deeds of their predecessors. The Twenty-ninth sets the their turning his back upon him previshly for the list time, and paring the room absorbed in scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated Hope was in despair, and put on his hat to soap for the toilet.

To Remove Dandruff—Cleanse the predecessors. The Twenty-hinth sets the caps to the home or same Worcesters, and the Thirty-third is called 'Young Buffs.' The Thirty-third, the Duke of and the Thirty-first is called Young Buffs.' The Thirty-third, the Duke of Wellington's Own, is also known as the 'Havercake Lads,' and the Thirty-fourth as the 'Orange Lilies.' The Thirty-sixth are nicknamed 'Saucy Greens,' and the Thirtyeighth 'The Pomp and Tortoise.' The Thir ty-ninth is called 'Sankey's Horse, because at one time Col. Sankey mounted his men on

horses. It is also known as 'Green Linnets, while the Fortieth is dubbed 'XLers,' and the Forty-first is referred to as 'Invalids' and 'Wardrow's Regiment.' The Forty-second is the 'Black Watch,' and the Forty-fourth East Essex Regiment is called 'The Young Thieves,' The Forty-lifth is 'Old Stubborn,' while the Forty-sixth is dubbed 'Surprisers,' because one of their commanders was always trying to steal a murch on the enemy. The Forty-seventh is known as 'The Cauliflowers' and the 'Lancashire Lads,' while the Fiftieth is half-sneer ingly nicknamed 'The Dirty Holy Hundred, Blind Half Hundred,' and 'The Devil's Royals. "The Fifty-first King's Cwn Light Infantry is known as the 'Kolis,' and the Fifty-third pass as 'Brickdusts,' while the Fifty-sixth is jauntingly called 'The Pompadours,'

rejoices in the name of 'Lilywhites,' and more than it is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of
Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Do not be deceived.

The Sixtieth Rifles 'The Convicts,' because
difficult to tell how the Sixty-second got the
name of 'Springers,' but it is known that the Sixty-fifth got the name of 'Royal Tigers' in India. The Sixty-sixth are called 'Berkshire Hogs,' because the regiment was principally recruited in that county of prize pork, and the Sixty-seventh is known as 'Urlye's Own,' after the young General who beat Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham and won Canada for England. The Seventy-first is called the 'Dinna Kens, and the Seventy fourth is called 'the Assaye Regiment.' The Seventy-Sixth has a monetary significance, and is called the 'Seven and Six Pennies,' from the two figures which make their number. The Seventy-seventh is dubbed 'Pothooks,' after the likeness of the two sevens to the pothooks and hangers of a conybook. The Seventy-eighth is known as 'The Kingsmen,' and the Eighty-third as 'Fitche's Grenadiers, the Eighty-fourth have the singular cognomen of "Bubbly Cuffs," and the Eightyfifth pose as 'The Elegant Extracts.' The Eighty-seventh is called 'Old Fogs,' or 'Faugh-a-Ballaghs,' an Itish word which means 'clear the way,' and which the regiment once shouted when club bing their enemy in action. The Eighty-eighth is 'The Devil's Own,' and the Connaught Rangers.' The Eighty-ninth is called the 'Rollickers' and 'Blaney's Bloodhounds, or 'Blackguards, and the Ninetyseventh Celestials, from their long ex perience in China, The Ninety eighth rejoice in the stirring name of Tipperary, won in India when an English general, seeing the regiment go jount

the regiment is by no means an old one. The Rifle Brigade is known as ' the Bullfrogs. "The history of those nicknames," said the Colonel, "is an interesting study. Many records of the army."

GREAT FATALITY.

The ravages of Cholera Infantum and Sunmer Complaints among chileren is truly alarming. The most reliable care is Dr. Fowler's ing. The most reliable cure is Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Francis T. King, of Baltimore, who is preident of the Board of Trustees of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, has just refused for the se-cond time an annual salary of \$1,000 tendered him for his services as chief executive ofticer of that institution.

A HINT WORTH HEEDING,-Life loses half its zest when digestion is permanently impaired. Surely then a speedy means of re-storing this essential of bodily comfort is worth trying. Every rank, every profession, bears its quota of evidence to the beneficent influence upon the stomach, and also upon the liver, bowels and kidneys, of Northrop & Lynan's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, or celebrated Blood Purifier. What is the wise course suggested to the sick by this testimony? We leave them to decide.

Her apparently unappreciated authorship has prompted Queen Victoria to prod her pub lishers into issuing a sixpenny edition of her little book about Brown for popular circulation, and the publishers have agreed to have such an addition ready in autumn; but the trouble is that the book in any edition isn't worth a sixpence.

National Pills is the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

Twenty-eight years ago Henry Clark, of Hankinsville, Ga., put a cattish in his well, and it has grown from two inches in length to sixteen. Every year when the well is cleaned the fish is carefully caught and replaced after the cleaning.

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms and expel them from the system.

The descendants of the Penns now living who are to share the £67,000 designated by the British national debt commission in commutation of the £4,000 annuity, paid that family since 1790, as indemnity for the property it lost in Pennsylvania by the Revolutionary war, bear the names of Fell, Rawlins, Newcombe, Barrow, Gomm. Gaskill Baker, Coates, Hall, Read, Alexander Walk er, Goff, Clayton and Raynter.

ANOTHER POOR MAN STRUCK BY FORTUNE. The man who has a prize in a lottery is rigarded as the happiest of mortals. At the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, two Memphis men drew \$15,000 cach. Mr. B. J. Porsey, a foreman upon the levees along the Mississippi, has been living in humble circum. stances at 33 Jackson street. An Avalanche reporter repaired to the corner of Jackson street, and inquired were borsey lived. Q. "You mean the man that drew the lottery prize?" A. "Yos." "He's moved away. He used to live in that little house over there, but he's goin' to live in a fine house in Ft. Picker-jury new." "He he's live he was a fine house in Ft.

ing now." - Memphis (Tenn.) Avatanda, June 4. The largest bars ever eaught in the Hudson between New York and Albany was taken by Richard Ward, of New Hamburg, on Thurs day. It weighed eighty-four pounds. Between Milton and Low Point many fine bass have been taken this season, weighing from twenty to twenty-six pounds.

A GOOD TIME. When is the best time to take a blood puritier? Whenever the blood is fouland humors appear, or when the system is debilitated take

Burdock Blood Bitters. There will be an international exhibition at Antwerp, beginning May 5, 1886, and continu ing five months.

A SUDDEN ATTACK, All people, and especially travellers, are liable to a sudden attack of Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhea and Dysentery. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is the most prompt and reliable remedy known.

The great tunnel under the River Mersey, England, will be three and one-eighth miles in length. Work on it is progressing rapidly.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.

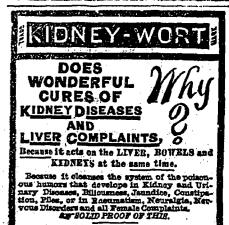
Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, of Buffalo, N. Y., was given up to die by her physicians, as incurable with Consumption. It proved Liver Complaint and was cured with Burdock Blood Bitters.

Miss Emma Kaisor, a Nevada girl, has written a song entitled "Love Among the Sagebrush.'

A FIRM OPINION. The firm of Ormand & Walsh, druggists, of Peterboro, say Dr. Fowler's Wild Straw-berry is one of their best Standard Medicines

for Summer Complaints. Seventeen Chinamen were fined at Boston for gambling on Sunday.

J. D. Bentley, a wealthy farmer at Modesto, Cal., was bitten by a tarantula in a Modesto outhouse recently. In about ten minutes afterward the bite resulted in delirium and almost in death.



TT WILL BURKLY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By coming FRES ACTION of all the organs CLEANSING the BLOOD

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time been controlled to the period of t

"Dearly, dearly," said she.

"Then if you'do," said he, "you will go to sleep like a good girl and not stir off that bed till I come back."

"No more I will," said she.

But in the short time, little more than an hone, and a, half, which elapsed between Hope's first and second visit, some most un-

expected and remarkable events took place.
Bartley come in from the child's dying bed

He sent out his clerk Bolton with some bills,

on his other clerk Monckton.

Monckton was poring over the ledger with But appearances are deceitful. He had a

and on so large a scale.

ing his hair in the lobby. say the shoulder is a sensitive part in con-

ting book.
"Monckton," said his employer gravely,

"Periodical errors in the brlances, and the errors always against me."

"Quite sure. I have long seen reason to suspect it, so last night I went through all the books, and now I am sure. Whoever the villain is I will send him to prison if I can only catch him."

Whilst thus debating, these words fell un

'And you must help me." thieves, and a sardonic smile curled his pale thin lip.

the other end of the office. "Why, suspect everybody and watch them.

drew a long breath of relief. For all that, he nonneed a visitor.

ness with which he had been brushing his hair and titivating his nascent whiskers. A tall stiff military figure literally mare'red

"Colonel Clifford," said he roughly.
"You are surprised to see me here?"

less asperity. He added, with a glance at Monckton, "This is a very private matter." Bartley took the hint, and asked Monckton to retire into the inner office.

As soon as he and Colonel Clifford were

Colonel Clifford looked the word 'Humbug,' "On her death-bed she made me promise

'She leaves you £20,000 in trust for the benefit of her child and yours--Mary Bartley. spectfully to Bartley.

civilly though brusquely—
'In dealing with the funds you have a large discretion. Should the girl die before

Bartley bowed his head. Colonel Clifford had not heard she was ill.

minute, yet a most expressive pantomime took place in that short interval.

turned towards Colonel Clifford.

copy of the will.

Bartley took it, and Colonel Clifford exour past quarrels and respect the wishes of

steps, as he had marched in, and never looked interests as my gratitude would have made behind him for two hundred miles. The moment he was out of sighty Bartley; with his write's will in his hand and ice at his ghostly air, and marched off resolutely.