

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

In these modern times when most young women intend and expect to earn their own living, the question of selecting a business, or profession, is one of very great importance. It is, of course, most natural that each one should make the selection, as far as it lies in her power, of the profession for which she seems to have the most natural inclination, and music is the choice of many. Those who decide upon music will do well to remember, that in order to become a competent teacher, it is of no use to take half measures—a "smattering" will not do.

The most satisfactory way to obtain a thorough musical education in this country is to attend one of the great conservatories, whose courses are specially arranged with a view to educating teachers, the number of whose pupils enables them to provide many lectures, concerts, and other advantages which cannot be obtained under private tuition, and whose diplomas have a real value to those seeking positions as teachers.

Of these Conservatories, undoubtedly the first in the land is the New England Conservatory of Music. It was the first to be established in this country, and has kept in advance of all others, by constantly improving its methods, and offering more valuable free advantages. Its faculty is unsurpassed in excellence, and its methods are followed respectfully by most other American Conservatories.

It has, moreover, a most elegant and well-appointed home, in which reside nearly four hundred lady students, whose own homes are afar. The advantages of living, and taking all studies (no matter whether music, elocution, Art, or languages), under one roof, is of immense importance to the student, as it does away with so many causes for loss of leisure, etc.

This advantage is accentuated by the fact that the home life in this institution is replete with comforts and safeguards. The moral influences are of the best, and have gained the repeated endorsement of such people as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Dr. Philip S. Moxom,

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease.

The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been

gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumption becomes germ-proof and well. ●

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and hosts of others of national reputation.

Everything tending to the comfort and welfare of the students, is judiciously provided by a management whose experience in this line is of many years. There can be no doubt, that the New England Conservatory of Music can most fully satisfy those who are in earnest about selecting music as a profession.

EUPHUISM AND STYLE.

Euphuism, whenever and wherever it appears, is a fashion or a fad. It never rises to the dignity of a style. One may affect a style; but style is not an affectation; it is the expression of a temperament in composition. Style is a mode of dressing thought. One man looks well in a suit of light gray, another is never so becomingly dressed as when clad in sober black, another yet can take the most daring liberties with vivid colors. It is just so in the matter of writing. We are aware that there are full-dress occasions in literature. There are subjects which no one should venture to treat with levity; but no writer can afford to forget his own limitations. The chief charm of style is its clear note of individuality. Young writers almost inevitably imitate the authors who have most attracted them; but, however close the imitation, the world will never place it on a level with the original. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many young people who fell in love with Dickens and undertook to imitate his style. Some of them succeeded in producing quite recognizable parodies; but they all began with one capital mistake.

The reading world did not want another Dickens. A story written "à la" his manner would have been discounted on the ground of imitation even though it had been better than anything he ever wrote. A writer should not even imitate himself, and we doubt whether anyone should be advised to cultivate a style. Let a man cultivate a habit of accuracy, of propriety and elegance, if you please, but trust his style to nature. Indeed, to advise one to cultivate a style is very much the same thing as advising him to cultivate a countenance. One should have a style, certainly, but only for the reason that he should have a facial expression. There are a few impulsive people who never betray the least feeling on any occasion. They say the right thing, perhaps at the right time; but their speech lacks force because it is, in effect, impersonal. This illustration indicates the demand for style, for personal expression, as an element of literary power. But, as we have said, style is determined by the temperament. It is not determined by character—at least, not necessarily. Character is a fixed moral disposition; temperament is constitutional. Impulsiveness, for example, is a natural trait, a result of temperament, which can hardly fail to reveal itself in composition.

But let the man who looks well in light gray beware of an iridescent splendor. Children and savages delight in startling colors, and in literature our first love is usually a brilliant or, at all events, a showy rhetorician. Some never get beyond that stage of culture.—New Orleans Picayune.

C. C. Richards and Co.

Gents, I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied Minard's Liniment freely, and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

Joshua Wynaught.

Bridgewater, N. S.

That sting on your finger means "Bring home a bottle of Minard's Liniment."

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GORF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty and desires restrained; not that which is usually called so.—Plautus.

All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.—Goethe.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of the autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.—Warwick.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night, and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve. Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.—Goethe. There is strength deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck but little till the shafts of Heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before her gems are found?—Mrs. Hemans.

It was Mr. Emerson who said, "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher, who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock, runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Yours wouldn't be the first case of scrofula, or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good.