Lines Appropriate to the Death of Linnie Roeder at Tryon, was Find February 8th, 1888.

Weep not for her, for she hath crossed the river,
You almost saw Him meet her on the shore,
And lead her through the golden gates, where never
Sorrow or death can enter any more.

Weep not for her, that she hath reached before you
The safe, warm shelter of her lovely home;
Weep not for her, she may be bending o'er you,
In quiet wonder when you too will come.

Weep not for her; think how she may be kneeling
Gazing her all upon the Master's face;
A loving, humble smile, but half revealing
The perfect peace she feels in Mary's place.

But weep for those round whom the fight is thronging,
Who still must buckle heavy armour on,
Who dare not pray for rest, though sore their longing,
Till all the weary working day be done.

And pray for them, that they, though sad and lonely,
May still with patience bear the cross He sends,
And learn that tears, and wounds, and losses, only
Make peace the sweeter when the warfare ends.

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

"Well, old fellow, so you went to the picnic after all; and so did I; and we were invisible, each to the other, it seems, the whole afternoon. You had a time of it, I guess. And, by the way you tossed about and muttered all night, the night was as bad as the day. What set you into such a raging headache? Why, man, you look as though you had a fit of sickness. Your eyes are bloodshot. What do you suppose has upset you so?"

"Fate," said Eben Bruce, laconically, turning on his pillow, so that his eyes could not be seen by the sympathetic ones of Lloyd McLean. "How came you to go?" he asked, presently wondering vaguely in his mind if he had known that McLean was there, whether he would have sought him out, and the whole afternoon have been different.

"Oh! it was an eleventh hour reprieve. Backell found that he couldn't carry out his schemes, so he let me off. I tried to find you, but they said you had gone out for the afternoon. I went out of my way to see if you were not at the doctor's office, smelling of his musty books, but he sat on the piazza, and said you hadn't been there. Then I flew, and had just time to swing myself on the train."

"He did not sit on the piazza when I was there," said Eben Bruce.

There was a shade of bitterness in his tone. "If the doctor had been at home!" That was what he thought. The fact is, the poor young man had not been brought up to be self-reliant, nor yet to lean on people who were strong enough to support his weight. And he made the curious blunder, too, which nearly all such characters do make, of supposing himself to be very strong in character, simply because he was obstinate.

"What did you do with yourself all the afternoon?" questioned Lloyd, bustling about to finish his somewhat belated toilet. "You fell in with a queer set, I should say! Were you with those fellows all the time? Poor victim! If I had had the ghost of a thought that you were on the ground I should have hunted you up. I stepped into very high-toned society; spent half the afternoon listening to the orator. He gave us a first-class temperance address right there on the cliff."

Poor Eben rolled over on the bed, and emitted something between a sigh and a groan.

"Poor Fellow," said Lloyd, pausing long enough to give him a sympathetic glance, "your head is raging yet, isn't it? I wish you had been with us; we had a quiet time, and it would have done you more good than tramping around in the woods. What possessed those fellows to drag you off into the ravine? They are not particularly given to studying the beauties of nature, as a general thing. We had some rather interesting scenes up on the cliff. Durant knows how to talk, I can tell you; and that Josie Fleming succeeded in making almost a total abstinence fellow of me; I think if I should meet her twice more, I should be entirely converted."

"Josie Fleming! Is her influence in that line? It is more than her brother accomplished for me."

The latter part of the sentence was muttered, and lost on Lloyd, because of his interest in what he was about to say.

"Decidedly in that line; she talks like such a first-class idiot that you feel as though you must get out of her line right away in order to have an ounce of self-respect left. I'll tell you what it is, if I had a brother who lived as fast a life as they say Fred Fleming does, I would take care not to try to trample on him as she did with her tongue yesterday. You never heard a girl talk more like a simpleton! She received some splendid answers, though. I should like to hear Durant lecture. The fact is, Eben, you and I ought to have changed places yesterday; the company I fell into would have been more in your line; intellectual, you know. That crisp little old maid, who lives in the large, old-fashioned house back of the elms, advanced some ideas that were like a frosty evening after a hot day. You would enjoy her, Eben; she is original. Well, what do you mean to do next? You'll have to lie by to-day I guess. You don't look fit to lift your head from the pillow. Shall I report you at headquarters as under the weather?"

"No," said Eben, "I'll get up when you get out of the way, and I'll go to the store as usual. What do they care for headaches?"

"He ought to have a rest of some sort," Lloyd McLean said to himself, as he closed the door on his friend. "He is getting completely knocked up over night work, I believe. That an afternoon in the woods has not done much for him; now I feel made over. I wish I had gone in search of Eben, and entangled him into our set; that was the sort of company which he would have relished."

Ah, me! how often afterward Lloyd McLean wished just that thing. Why need people be so blind? Why must the gay, light-hearted young fellow have chattered on that morning, so full of his own life, that he could not see there was more than a common headache holding his room-mate prisoner? Oh, for a friend just then! Some one with wide open eyes, and wide open heart, and wise forethought, to have stopped in to his aid; some one who would have understood the unnatural look on the usually pale cheeks, and the unnatural gleam in his eyes. Mr. Durant was far on his Westward journey this morning. Mr. Cleveland was busy among the grape-vines in his garden, scanning them with critical eyes, and determining which needed training, and which needed pruning. Charlie Lambert was sitting in the door of his office smoking a cigar, and trying to decide how he would excuse himself to Miss Wainwright for not attending the projected prayer meeting, and Lloyd McLean, having hurried through his belated breakfast, was hurrying down street, whistling, his mind full of pleasant remembrances of his holiday. There was no one to watch the human vine which so sadly needed culture this morning. There was no one to understand the trembling of the unsteady hands which worked over the refractory buttons. Nobody noticed that he ate nothing at all at the uninvited breakfast-table; that he turned with loathing, even from the coffee, because it was both cold and weak; nobody would have cared if they had seen him. There was a letter awaiting him from his mother; but it was brief, and told him that she felt overworked and ill, and that she did not recognize his last letter at first, because of the rough, ungainly appearance of the cheap envelope. Did he really feel reduced to this? Why, yes; she supposed it was as good as a poor clerk could afford; she must remember that they were less than nothing now; it did not matter what such people used, she supposed. He curled his lip bitterly over the words. In his present unnatural mood they seemed to him to say much more than they did. He crumpled the letter in a heap, thrust it into his pocket, and went out, saying aloud:

"No, it doesn't matter; nothing matters. I can never be anything now; I need not try."

Doctor Brandon passed him, with a hurried preoccupied bow. It had occurred to the doctor once or twice to wonder whether he could not get those young men into his bible class, and he meant, some time when he had leisure, to drop in and have a chat with them; but on this particular morning he was deep in thought over a theological question on which he had just been reading an exhaustive argument, and he went with swift steps, over the very road which Eben Bruce must take. They might have walked together, and words might have been dropped which would have changed the history of the day. Who knows? I know that they didn't. And that Eben Bruce halted, for the first time in his life, at the door of a gilded saloon, which occupied the corner around which Doctor Brandon had passed in safety, and, went in and ordered a glass of brandy!

CHAPTER X.

FRUIT FROM THE PICNIC.

In Mrs. Copeland's pretty little dining-room there was trouble. Mrs. Copeland was polishing the silver teaspoons, which had worn themselves thin in her grandmother's service and were few in number, and represented the very small stock of silver which the Copeland family possessed. There were two bright spots glowing on the lady's cheeks, not caused by the warmth of the room, for the fire had died down; the windows were set wide open, for Kate Hartzell had a duster in her hand, and had just been using it faithfully. Her face wore a distressed look, and the tears in her eyes were bent on coming to the surface if they could. Fannie was there, in a trim morning dress, preparing to iron a ruffled and tucked garment, which needed time and skill.

"Of course, if you are resolved upon it, I have nothing more to say. I have no right to restrain you, even if I felt inclined, and I am sure we do not want you to stay with us, if you prefer to go; but I must say I am surprised."

Kate struggled with her voice to keep it clear.

"Mrs. Copeland, I don't know how to tell you how hard it will be to do it. I have looked forward to my home here this winter with such pleasure. Surely you know that I would not leave such a place as this for such a home as I am going to if I could see any other way to do."

"I don't understand such talk as that," the lady answered coldly. "You were aware that you had a father and brother when you came here; they are in no worse circumstances, I suppose, than they were when I took you into my home; I don't see how they well could be, I am sure. I don't know why you should suddenly be impressed with the idea that it is your duty to go back and grovel with them. I should think your self-respect would hold you from doing so. It is unaccountable to me, I must say!" While she spoke the color deepened on her cheeks, and her indignation seemed to rise at every word. "I am sure I have spared no pains to make you feel at home and happy; and to give you advantages; and Fannie has treated you more like a companion than like a servant. She even arranged that you should attend the picnic in her company, and have as pleasant a time as the rest of them."

But there was something in this sentence which made Fannie blush; she could hardly help remembering how little she had contributed to Kate's happiness on that occasion.

"O, mamma!" she muttered; "never mind that."

"I am not minding it, daughter," Mrs. Copeland said, with dignity. "It is of no consequence of course; people don't do such things for the sake of the gratitude which they will receive in return. I am only suggesting to Kate that she has had certain advantages here which she would not be likely to have in every home."

"I have had everything, Mrs. Copeland, and I shall never be able to tell you how grateful I am for all that you have done for me in the last few months. I can never forget it. I go away because I think I ought. I did not know I was shirking my duty when I left my father and brother. I could not see that I had any duty toward them. I did not know a thing to do; but now I have discovered ways in which I might possibly reach them. I can not help thinking that I ought to try. O, Mrs. Copeland, they are human beings, and they may be saved!"

It was not possible to be deaf to the pitiful cry there was in the young girl's voice. Mrs. Copeland felt it and was silent for a full minute. Silent but not convinced. She spoke coldly at last.

"You can help them better by retaining your responsibility than by shirking it that way. Why need people be so blind? Why must the level. How any girl of your capabilities, and with your opportunity for escape, can think for a moment of dropping back into that hovel to live like the pigs, is more than I can imagine. There must be something wrong."

She had talked herself into indignation again. Kate had no words ready. The tears were having their way now in spite of her.

Fannie ironed with rapid hands, and the silver spoons took such a polishing as they had not received in months. It was Fannie who found voice first.

"Mamma, will you let that Haines girl come and try it, if Kate goes away?"

"No, Fannie, I will not. I have no time nor heart for any more experiments of the sort. I have given all the clothing I could spare to Kate; and your father is not in circumstances to do more than we have done; besides, as I say, I have no heart for the effort. What does it amount to? We may as well determine to save our sympathy and get along alone."

If Mrs. Copeland had known how every word she uttered burned in the heart of the desolate girl before her she would have closed her lips firmly and let not one escape. The trouble was, she considered herself an ill-used woman. She had been kind to Kate Hartzell since the first time she saw and was struck with her pure, sad face, and inquired who she was, and learned with intense dismay and deep pity that she was the daughter of Old Hartzell the drunkard, who had been living with an aunt until now. The aunt was dead, and the daughter had come home to misery and poverty such as the respectably poor cannot even imagine.

Mrs. Copeland was not a benevolent woman in the large sense of that term. She was a loving and faithful mother, an excellent housekeeper, a member of the church, who was generally in her pew on Sabbath morning, a member of the Missionary Society, giving her ten cents a month without outward grudging, when the collectors called for it; but she never attended the meetings—for lack of time, she said, and honestly thought it was true, and she occasionally remarked to Fannie, or to a very intimate friend, that if the ladies would interest themselves in the poor of the town, and save their ten-cent pieces to dress up some of the Sunday-school children, she thought it would be quite as well. She had what is called a warm heart—that is, when any case of actual suffering came to her ears, she was ready with her sympathy and with what means she had to help in an emergency; but anything like systematic warm-heartedness, anything like going out into the world and looking right and left for the people who possibly needed sympathy, and flannel, and beefsteak, never entered her mind. The poor must come to her, must represent their needs, and make good their claim to something like respectability if they wanted her help.

The widest step out of the beaten track that she had taken was to reach after this Kate Hartzell, knowing nothing about her but her interesting face, and neat dress, and the fact that she had sought out the Sabbath-school, and joined a class, and learned her lesson. Mrs. Copeland watching her one Sabbath, had resolved to experiment. Doctor Copeland was a physician with an extensive country practice, a hard country ride, and a large class of poor patients whom he grumbled about and served faithfully. He managed as the years went by, to get for himself a neat home, and to support his family comfortably. It had taken management and thrift to do this. Doctor Copeland had been heard more than once to say that if it had not been for his wife's excellent seconding, they could never have done as well as they had—that Eastwood was the best town he knew of for a doctor to keep busy and poor. However, by dint of very careful economy they had sent Fannie for one year to an excellent school, and they had ambitions which, as yet, they hardly dared mention, even to each other, for their one boy Holly.

There was certainly reason for economy in the Copeland family. This was why Mrs. Copeland had hesitated, even when her sympathies were drawn out toward the girl who came every Sabbath to church, looking neat and clean, and who came from the Flats! Could she take her from that dreadful place into her home, and teach her to be a notable housekeeper, and teach her to sew, and to darn, and to be at home in all the mysteries of home life? What a blessing that would be for the girl! She could dress her out of Fannie's outgrown clothing, for Fannie was tall, and Kate was short, and Fannie was in school and had left many things at home not suitable for school life; and it was lonely in her kitchen, with Fannie always away, and Holly at school, and Doctor Copeland riding over the country, night as well as day. If the girl proved to be neat and quiet and respectable as she looked, might she not become in time a comfort? There had been much thinking, and some talking with the busy doctor, who was disposed at all times to think that what his wife thought must be the right thing, and at last, with many misgivings, she ventured.

The few people who knew anything about it had shaken their heads at her, and said that it was a hazardous experiment to take a girl from the Flats; but Mrs. Copeland, having resolved, was not one to give much thought to shaking heads. Kate was sent for and interviewed, and came promptly into the Copeland kitchen, feeling a little like one who had been imprisoned in a dungeon, and had suddenly gone to heaven! She did not grow into being a comfort. She jumped instantly into that character. She had not been in the Copeland home for twenty-four hours before Holly became her firm friend and ally, and Dr. Copeland pronounced her a handy creature, and Mrs. Copeland congratulated herself that she had certainly done a kind and benevolent thing for the girl, and a comfortable thing for herself. Thence-forward for some months life went on smoothly at the Copelands. Then Fannie came home; tall, beautiful girl that she was, with a cheery heart and a sunny voice, and took kindly to the interloper, finding it comfortable to have her share of the kitchen work done for her by deft and willing fingers; finding it pleasanter to bestow little cheery favors, which cost nothing, on one who was so grateful and so helpful. The first break to the comfort had been when the mother resolved that Kate should have a holiday, and go to the picnic, where all the town was going, and that Fannie should take her with her and look after her a little. She had not meant that Kate should be considered a companion of her daughter, exactly, though she had not given a great deal of thought to that matter; it was just a sudden resumption of the fact that the girl was young, and never had chances to make one of merry parties like other girls, and a sudden resolve that for once she should go. The woods were ample, there was plenty of lunch and Kate would look after the basket, and the napkins and the dishes, as Fannie never did, and Fannie could see that Kate had what help she needed in getting through the ravine, and, for the rest, young people could take care of themselves. Mrs. Copeland gave very little thought to the whims of society; in fact, she was above many of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Little Match-Girl.

"Matches, sir? Buy my matches, sir? Only a penny a box, sir!"

There she stood in the same place every day on the south side of London Bridge where the jostling thousands must pass by. Her little brother stood by her side, as usual, with a few tiny bunches of violets.

I bought a bunch, for 1, Frederick St. Pierre, artist, am as fond of flowers as any woman. I bought the matches, too, though I don't smoke.

She looked thinner than ever that morning, and I couldn't help wondering if she'd had any breakfast. Of course, it could only be a crust, but sometimes street arabs haven't even that. Just at hand was a hot roast potato stand. I bought a few, and, returning, pushed them into her hands.

If I'd only been rich! But I wasn't in those days. For the pictures I sold were few, while the rent I paid was high for my room in an old-fashioned house—a mansion in the time of Elizabeth—now used chiefly for the offices of an old mining company. It stood just over the bridge at the foot of Martin's Lane, fifty yards to the left of King William street and twice a stone's throw from the Tower. I liked the location on that account, for I could slip over any time for the study of mediæval armor and other things. Besides, I was at work then on my Sir Walter Raleigh, so it was necessary. Do you know the picture? It represents him in that long, low room where he spent so many years busy with his history. But his book is forgotten as he leans back in his chair lost in dreams of the past—possibly of that wonderful New World to which he has been, perhaps of that day when first he met his queen. A shaft of light piercing the high, narrow window lights up his finely-carven, handsome, melancholy face which so stands out in relief from the shadows of the dreary room.

Of course it seemed a Bohemian-like freak of mine to forsake the West End *ateliers*, but I could live on bread and water here if I chose, while I worked, and nobody be the wiser. I've never been sorry, for it brought to me my little match-girl. All that day I thought about her. How the tears rushed to her eyes as she took the hot potatoes! The boy evidently had his breakfast, even if she went without.

"Yes, I's father an' mother to him," she had said one day in answer to a question. "An' we gets along werry well, sir, w'en the weather's fine, sir. But w'en it raine, sir, an' it's cold, sir, then gen'lemen won't stop to buy my matches, sir, an' the ladies has to look after their skirts an' the mud an' their umberels, instead o' buyin' posies, sir."

And this was one of those days, drear and drizzling. No trade for her, poor child! and nothing but that ragged old waterproof cape over her shoulders to protect her and her matches. But for all these thoughts of the children, I worked hard until the light grew dim and I could not trust my colors. And then I took to dreaming, until I remembered that I had nothing for tea or supper. For I boarded myself, except for dinners, which I took in one of the eating-houses near the London Bridge Station (when I could afford them), and that's how I came to pass my little match-girl so often. So I started off for bread and cheese, and this took me to the Southwark side again.

There they were still, the boy clinging to his sister, partly shielded by her cloak, she with the veritable two match-boxes which were left after I had taken one in the morning. Were they the last of her stock in trade? If so, I could set her up again with the pile in my room.

I called at the cooked-meat shop and bought a slice of cold roast beef, I got my bread and cheese and then a few piping hot potatoes, and then—why, then, I was so near, and they looked such miserable, water-soaked rats, that I just stopped and offered them a penny each if they would carry my parcels home for me. And there I, a big six-footer, stalked over London Bridge, safe under my umbrella, and those two little rats trudged after with my bundles.

It looked mean, but 'twas all a dodge to get them to come with me, for London arabs are so afraid of being delivered up to the "Bobby" or to some institution where they will be deprived of their liberty that they would rather starve than run a risk.

Well, we arrived at the house, and I was too weak to carry my parcels up stairs, so those water-witches had to follow. And then I threw open my door and those two just said, "Oh!" and dropped my parcels smack. I must own the room did look pretty as a picture after the dark, dreary oaken staircase and the gloomy drizzle outside.

A bright fire throwing out blue and yellow flames lit all the room, bringing into relief my pictures and bronzes (imitations, the bronzes) and plaster casts. Then, too, red draperies will warm up a room so.

"Oh!" said she children. The girl's eyes were shining at the pictures, but the boy was looking at the fire, seeing which I drew him to it, bidding him dry himself.

"But we must go," said the girl timidly. Nevertheless she, too, was presently beginning to steam.

An old box served for a table, and what a supper those children did eat! "It's like heaven," said the girl at last very softly.

"What?" said I, startled.

"This—this room—these pictures—and these—" And here she laid her head back against the red curtains. I jumped to my feet.

"Don't move!" I exclaimed, "not a hair's breadth!" Already I was beginning to dash in the colors.

What a picture the child did make! That clear olive skin, those shining dark eyes, that mass of black hair dropping over her shoulders, that long, brown hand so delicately shaped! What a vision! How I worked! This should be my Academy picture! Down on her feet I threw her tray with the two forlorn little boxes on it.

Fairly the beads of perspiration stood on my forehead and rolled down my cheeks. I dashed them away and worked on. How patiently she sat there, though I knew she must be getting cramped.

"You must come again," I cried at last, dashing down my brush from my quivering hand and stepping back from the canvas.

She sprang to her feet.

"O sir, how beautiful!" she cried, and then remembered that it was herself.

The boy was fast asleep on the rug. I shook him up. "Where do you sleep?" I asked the girl. And then it struck me to ask her name.

"I'm 'Genie and' he's Paul Vincent," she answered, drawing the cloak around her.

"And where do you stay?" I persisted.

"Anywheres, sir. Under the bridges an' in the doorways mostly; an'—an'—" (here her voice sank) "sometimes in a beautiful place, but it's—it's awful!"

"Where?"

"Wont you never tell, sir? No! Well, sometimes we sleeps in St. Paul's. You see, we slips in at dusk, an' we hides in the shadders ahind the pillars till we gets locked in. An' in the mornin' we'n the man opens it we chanses it to get out. We hides near the door, and w'en he's gone in to where it's mostly shadders, then we slip out. But it's awful, sir, with those marble people all about you, an' all so still."

I shivered as I listened.

"You shall stay here to-night," I said. And then I made them a bed in a closet just off my room."

And after that they came every night.

Of course there was a row with the "Company," but I reminded them that I had the privilege of having models come into my studio. And if I chose to have them sleep there I would. If they objected, why, my rent would be useful elsewhere. That ended it.

In time my picture was finished and went to the Academy. It was well received, well hung, and brought a good word from Ruskin. Then the public wanted to know who I was, for the papers were full of My Little Match-Girl.

And who can tell how rich I felt when Lord Lansdowne paid me a couple of hundreds for it, and came with his friends to see my "Sir Walter" and bought that also.

The tide had turned. No more working for Jews. No more poverty for my little match-girl and her brother. They should be educated and cared for, my children from henceforth. God bless their dear souls!—*Ch. Weekly.*

—Oxberience was a bully deacher. Der only trouble mit him vos dot he gifs his knowledge out vhen it vas pooty late.

—Jones says that when his daughter was young she wanted numerous dolls; but, now she is older, her want increase, and she desires several dollars.

—"Why don't you marry?" "Well, you see, I am very particular how my intended should be"—"Explain yourself." "My wife must be rich, handsome and stupid." "Why all that?" "Very simple. She must be rich and handsome, otherwise I would not have her; and she must be stupid, otherwise she would not have me."

—It was Josh Billings who originated the phrase that this is now a national expression, "The business end of the wasp!" and when he said to a lady, "It is better to be laug hed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are," he uttered a sentence, to use one of his own expressions, "bulging out with first class wisdom." *Chicago Saturday Herald.*

—Legal persecution, with all its wondrous ingenuity, is not always successful in eliciting the desired answer. "Was there anything in the glass?" asked a counsel of a somewhat reluctant witness. "Well there was something in it," he replied. "Ah I thought we should get at it in time," observed the triumphant questioner. "Now, my good fellow, tell us what the something was." The "good fellow" took time over it, and at last he drawled out, "It were a spoon!"

—The scarcity of young men in Yakima County, Washington Territory, is proving a serious obstacle to education. As soon as a young lady is installed as teacher a score of admirers fight for her affections, and usually not many weeks pass before one of them wins and secures a bride. Meanwhile the school is closed, and the youngsters are as happy as the bride and groom. One of the school committee—he should be immortalized: his name was Beebe—aggravated by repeated experiences of this sort, hit upon a novel plan. He secured the passage of a resolution that "no lady shall hereafter be engaged unless she signs a paper declaring that she will not get married until a year has expired after the time of her installation as teacher." He secured the next teacher himself, met her at the railroad station, and produced the paper for her to sign. The prettiest eyes he had ever seen flashed scorn at him, and their owner emphatically declared that sooner than agree *ultimatum* she would return. Both parties were inflexible, and the result was that, after a little discussion, they agreed—to marry each other.

A Skilful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil foreboding. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whirling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for

nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdonroad, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

To A. J. White, Esq.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) Carey J. Berry,
2 Baptist Missionary.

For sale by Geo. E. Frost, Druggist, St. John, N. B., and by A. J. White, Limited, branch office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

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