



Officer A. H. Bruley of the Fall River Police

Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt all the time. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvelous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man, and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is very important that during the months of March, April, May the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Gentlemen: I have had a rash on my face for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been broken out very badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to walk with crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued with it for three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. The inflammation has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgeway, Mich. HOOD'S PILLS act safely, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Best dinner pill.

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FRANCIS LOVE, R. H. DIGNAN, D. R. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

A Northern Sailor. I shall slip my cable, Polly. Some night when the sun sinks low. When the tide is mounting, mooning, I'll be between the ebb and the flow.

How can they rest at night, Polly. Far away from the sound of the sea? I could not die in my bed, dear. If the waves they called me.

They never have called in vain, Polly. I gave to the North Sea. The best of all I had, child. It has taken my heart from me.

I have never been able to rest, dear. Nor safely hide at home. For the sea was calling, calling. And I must breast the foam.

And once when I came back, Polly. They told me the wild North Sea. Her eyes were as blue as the sea, child. That Springtime that we wed.

Ah, Polly, I loved her dearly. But she hated the wild North Sea. Her eyes were as blue as the sea, child. That Springtime that we wed.

I have sometimes wondered, Polly. If I heard the words she said. You must always love her, dear. 'Till the day that I was dead.

You should not have married a wife, then. You can love no other else save the sea. You had better stay with me, dear. You never have need for me.

Was it in anger, Polly. And I saw the stars in the best of days. And I should have loved her, dear. You had better stay with me, dear. You never have need for me.

And I told the North Sea, Polly. That I would love her forever. That I would love her forever. That I would love her forever.

And I know that I could not rest, dear. In my grave, if I leave the sea. I shall still hear it calling, calling. No matter how deep I be.

Ah, well! I shall slip my cable. Some night 'twixt the ebb and the flow. I shall hear the great sea calling. And I shall arise and go.

The New Man at Rossmore CHAPTER VII. "INDUCTED INTO OFFICE."

"And now, Mrs. Thorn, my love, I arranged matters before breakfast so that I should be able to devote the whole of this first morning to introducing you to your new home, your domestic cabinet, and your responsibilities as a planter's wife; inducting you into office, as it were."

With these words Squire Thorn pushed his chair noisily back from the breakfast-table, the four legs of it grating harshly upon the bare floor and upon Mrs. Thorn's quivering nerves, drew his pocket handkerchief across the wily mustache whose appearance had not been improved by a copious draught of buttermilk, stuffed it into the side pocket of his jeans coat, and, with both hands spread upon the table, one on either side of his plate, waited for his wife to rise in response to this broad hint.

Mrs. Thorn raised to her lips the cup of muddy coffee she had been doctoring all through the meal, and drained its contents with the sudden heroism one brings to bear on an unavoidable dose, in her slow, even voice: "Very well, sir; I am ready."

A finer intelligence than Squire Thorn's might have found something to resent in the air of passive endurance that had already become habitual with his wife. But to him it was the perfection of wifely bearing. He never had asked any thing on a sentimental basis from her. "I had no reasons for asking," was his frequent mental reminder. "So I guess we're about quit."

And well he got along about as well as the majority. With this feeling strong upon him, it was not likely the squire would expend any superfluous pity upon her, even when he found that the absolute roughness of her home surroundings was a jarring surprise to her. Nor did she demand it.

Away from the plantation, dressed in the garb he kept so exclusively for the benefit of society, shaven by a barber who had some regard for his own reputation as an artist, without invested with a certain softness of manner and speech that came to us all when we leave behind the sordid anxieties of our work-a-day life, the squire had readily passed muster as an elderly gentleman, rather brusque in his manner, but no doubt all right at heart.

And when, in the sharpest agony of her life, when the boy for whose career in life she was making every sacrifice, had sent for her to his prison-house in the little county seat, and told her of this one way of escape for him, what could she do but lift the burden of his ill-doing from the boy's shoulders and lay it as a heavy yoke about her own? Ah, well! It was all well with the boy now, and irreparable with herself.

She followed her husband from the house into the yard, dumbly acquiescently holding her trailing wrapper carefully above the mud. "It is a great mistake," says the squire, with some difficulty regulating his own stumbling shuffle to the stately, even footfall of his wife, "to suppose a planter's wife has an easy time of it now because she don't have to do for and look after slaves that stand for so much money. I won't be so ungenerous as to deny, Mrs. Thorn, that you've

got a tolerably hard row to hoe. Yes, you've got that very thing; but you married me with your eyes open. I supposed you'd gone purty nigh through the woods and I was your crooked stick, but I'll promise to be as good a stick for you to lean on as is in me to be. That's fair! I'm sure a man couldn't say nothing fairer. I hope we'll fall together easy. Every new team's got to get used to each other's place and to the harness. Yes, to the harness, my dear."

Mr. Thorn was conscious that the harness chafed fiercely at that moment. Would she ever get quite used to it? "Let me look at the garden, please. You spoke of one at the breakfast-table."

The squire emitted a sound that might pass for a laugh if one were previously bent on so considering it, and shambled across the weed-checked yard to where a picket fence enclosed another rank growth of the "bitter weed," "Jamestown weed," and "wild coffee."

"It is scarcely worth while going inside," he said, "after tugging vainly at the big gate, which, hanging by one rusty hinge, had sagged so that it was unmovable by his enfeebled hands. 'You can see all there is to be seen from the outside,' and, assuming an easy posture by planting both elbows on the pointed pickets, supporting his chin in his hands the while, he went into particulars. 'That's about one acre of as good ground inside of that picket fence, Mrs. Thorn, as you'll find anywhere in the state of Arkansas. It looks a little roughish now, for things have gone tolerable slack about the yard premises for a good bit back, but you can soon make it blossom like a rose if you'll just tuck square down to work at it. Visitors won't interrupt you much. Folks have got something better to do in this country than to gad from one year's crop living off that piece of ground. You see it's handy to the mole lot, there, where the manure comes from to enrich your potato ground. I shan't pester you in your department. Some men want to boss everything around them. That ain't me, Mrs. Thorn. I'll give you Jim Doakes—he's the best nigger in the land of Dixie, if he is free; and Pete—Pete's as good for a mule as Jim is for a nigger; and a box of garden seed, and a barrel of potatoes, and turn you loose to amuse yourself. Amusements of any other sort than your own making you'll find scarce in these parts. It's a little late for breaking up ground, but then we didn't take spring gardenin' into 'count when we fixed our weddin' day, so we'll have to eat our vegetables when we can get them this year. You'll find Jim has got a purty good ideya of gardenin' himself, and when you both get stumped you can turn for help to 'White's Gardenin' for the South.' It's somehwere in the house. I don't take much stock in book gardenin' myself, but I suppose you might get a hint or two out of it."

Agnes looked with despairing eyes at the luxuriant crops of weeds that flanked their heads, so much higher in the amount of labor that must supervene between their fall and the rise of green peas and radishes, she shrank dismayed at the responsibility of making that dreary spot blossom like the rose.

"It looks desperately little like a garden now," she said, impelled to speech by her husband's prolonged pause.

"It ain't much to look at now, for a fact, but you and Jim and Pete can soon improve matters."

Mrs. Thorn began to realize that she was part of the squire's working force. He removed his elbows from the pickets, rubbed them a little, and turned in another direction, saying: "Now I'll show your hen-house. We ain't got nothing in the way of fancy stock on hand at present, but if you've a mind to try your hand on Braymers or Leggers, I'm not the man for snubbin' a woman for having ideyas of her own."

This magnanimous concession made, he took a key from his pocket, inserted it in the rusty padlock, and unlocked the low door to the little hen-hut. He held the door open for her to precede him. She glanced in, and drew back dismayed.

"You see," the squire resumed, volubly, bent upon squelching the too evident daintiness of his wife, "if you want vegetables on a plantation, you've got to raise 'em. If you want butter, you've got to churn it. If you want eggs, you've got to see that the hens lay 'em. I always keep the hen-house locked, Mrs. Thorn," he added, in a low, admonitory voice: "if I didn't, more of my chickens and eggs would be traded off for whisky and tobacco than I'd ever get the sight of. It would all be laid to the minks and the crows, but the minks and crows that bothers you worst here ain't got but two legs! There's considerable art in tendin' poultry. I can't tell you all at first, but you'll find that little old Lotie don't know about raisin' chickens ain't worth knowin'. Old Lotie's got the assmer, and she don't do any thing but gasp for breath about two-thirds of the time, but the other third I generally make her put in clearing up the hen-house and putting fresh straw in the nests."

A HAPPY HINT—"We don't believe in keepin' a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those sufferin' with Piles to my form, blood-bleedin', protrudin', etc., to Betton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of sufferin' and inconvenience. Send 50 cents to the Winkelmans & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

and do all she can to pay for her keep. Clean lodgin's, plenty of fresh water, and corn-meal dough with a sprinklin' of black pepper in it, is the fundamen-tal principles of success in raisin' poultry, Mrs. Thorn. Why, a Yankee woman would raise enough chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys in this yard to keep her in clover all her days. By the way, my dear, the geese feathers are always to be saved. They fetch a good market price always, but if you don't watch 'em when they're pluckin' 'em, you won't get more than half what they belong to. Oh, I tell you, you'll have to have eyes in the back of your head if you hope to hold your own here."

The squire gave a last comprehensive look around the interior of the shackling shed, carefully re-locked the rusty padlock, and handed the key to his wife with the air of an outgoing minister of state. Agnes dropped the little iron key into the depths of her siskin pocket, and mentally pronounced the garden part of the poultry-house a brambly thicket piled on an abominable Pelion.

"I hope I shall grow fond of it all," she said, daintily gathering her skirts about her, until her little high-heeled slippers and striped blue stockings came ravishingly into view. But her voice had very little hope in it.

"You're bound to be fond of something," Squire Thorn answered, looking down rather unappreciatively at this display of pretty feet and stylish hosiery, "and I reckon chickens is about as safe company as you can keep. Leastways they ain't going to backbite you, nor lie on you. You'll wear them paper-soled things out in the yard, if I was you. First I'll go out to Landin'. I'll see if I can't find you a good stout pair of shoes. Things ain't lively round here, Mrs. Thorn, I forewarn you."

Agnes thought the forewarning came rather late, but she only said, with a slightly wearied voice: "I suppose we are through now, aren't we?"

"Well! I can't say as we are, but as the calf-pen's on the road back to the house, 'twon't consume much more time to step around that way. We'll leave the pig-pen (I always keep up two pigs to feed the kitchen slop) and the dog-house, maybe, you'd like to unpack your trunks to-day. I hope you've got some commoner duds than them," glancing askance at the soft merino wrapper with its silken trimmings; "they won't stand the mornin' dew long. We're early movers here, Mrs. Thorn. Early to bed and early to rise—you know the rest—that's my motto. Now here," coming to a sudden halt under the low spreading branches of a beautiful pecan, "is your calf-pen. You'll have to keep your eyes skinned about these innocent-looking points, who gaze at them deprecatingly with big soft eyes."

"The rails of this calf-pen air rather rottin', there's no denyin', and that bull calf yonder—he's a yearlin', for all his innocent looks now—is a gettin' to be tolerable handy with his sproutin' horns. He butts them rails down every day or two, and there's a everlasting cry of 'cows and calves got together, no milk this mornin'." Of course, when I was here by myself, some things was bound to be neglected, because I couldn't be in but one place at a time; but now, with you on hand, and Isham at your beck and call—Isham's Jim's son, but a blunderin' little rascalion for the space of twenty miles around on 'packet day.' The local packet was the steamboat that had the contract for carrying the United States mail between Vicksburg and New Orleans; in consequence of which its arrival on a certain morning up, and down on another, were the events most sure of anything in the future of Shadyridge. Unfortunately for the morals of Shadyridge and the country around, Sunday was packet day; and as the mail boat was always laden with a lot of miscellaneous freight for the neighborhood, and, moreover, brought with her the very last New Orleans papers, Shadyridge was at its liveliest and did its busiest business on the day which, in civilized communities, is considered sacred to rest and reflection. Sunday had no higher significance than lay in its being the packet day. But rest and reflection are at a discount where people at best lead half-awake lives; and, as it was not in reason that men should ride ten or twelve miles over villainous dirt roads for a letter or a paper only, it was considered quite the thing that any out-lying business matter should be settled between the planters and the three or four Hebrew merchants who formed the commercial element of the country and the entire resident population of Shadyridge.

A feet of battered and painless skiffs, dug-outs, flats and other small craft, always moored to the ragged, brambly banks of the bayou that flanked the town on the south, where it ran to contribute its cool, dark waters to the muddy current of the Mississippi; a tall levee, whose broad crown was rutted deeply by the wagon-wheels that sought that refuge from the impassable mud of the "big road."

Probably in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Pain, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid. Send 50 cents for a box of 500, and 81 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Job's Endurance. A man may bear up patiently for hours under trials of physical endurance, but when prolonged to years, we cry out. But why should we suffer thus? There is a sure and prompt cure. Bethany, Mo., U. S. A., Aug. 4th, 1888. "I suffered for years with neuralgia, and was finally cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHERER.

You've noticed the ball-post, I suppose?" Agnes felt viciously inclined to ask him how she could have failed to notice the brazen source of the uproar that had broken up her own morning slumber and set half a dozen dogs to howling dismally, but she only said: "Yes; I know where it is. I will remember."

They walked back to the house, the squire dilating upon the pleasures and dignity of a well-filled home life—Agnes inwardly praying that her sacrificial act might not tend to wither all that was fresh and sweet in her own nature.

"It's just next to impossible," she came back from a sudden flight into the past to hear her husband say, "to pick up all the threads you've got to weave into one web, like as it was, all in a minute. Mrs. Thorn. But I can say one thing—and I ain't the man to brag—any body that fair earnings you do your duty as a planter's wife in these unregenerate days of free niggers, carpet-baggers, and reconstruction, you'll be entitled to a crown of righteousness in the next world, whether you get it or not; and I ain't going to belittle your efforts."

"And meanwhile wearing a crown of thorns in this one."

Mrs. Thorn's supplement was delivered safely, for the squire had, with a sudden ejaculation, left her hurriedly, and, with much ado of flinging bricks and bats and encouraging of dogs, was in hot pursuit of a sow and her infantile brood who were complacently rooting for the tender herbs in the grassy front yard.

She saw nothing more of him until, punctuated as the harsh-voiced clock on her mantle shelf struck twelve, she glanced out of the window and saw him swaying vigorously to and fro at the end of the big bell's rope, clamorously announcing twelve o'clock, to the howling accompaniment of five pensive hounds.

She bent once more over the trunk she was unpacking. A scroll lay under her hand in the tray—the scroll of daily mottoes that always hung in her bedroom. She shook it out from the creases that had formed in it, and hung it against the wall. The words that faced her were taken from the ninth chapter of Luke, sixty-second verse: "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

There are certain primitive customs and inconveniently patriarchal ways of "getting along" in most of the agricultural districts of the South, which fill visitors from more advanced sections of this progressive land with amazement. People to whom the railroad and the telegraph are daily necessities, marvel how other people, claiming like mental organism, can exist under such stagnant conditions.

The commercial center of the locality with which these annuals of quiet neighborhood would do, was what in the North would be called a hamlet, but which, in its own sparsely settled section, was accorded the dignity of being called a town. The town of Shadyridge lay in a straggling fashion along the immediate banks of the river; and as it consisted of only three stores, one dwelling-house, a little new pen of a cottage that sheltered the bachelor doctor who dispensed drugs and advice for the entire country, a rail inclosure to receive cotton for shipment and preserve it from marauding cattle while waiting for the packet, it did not straggle very far.

This town was the rallying point for all the planters, freedmen, and teams for the space of twenty miles around on "packet day." The local packet was the steamboat that had the contract for carrying the United States mail between Vicksburg and New Orleans; in consequence of which its arrival on a certain morning up, and down on another, were the events most sure of anything in the future of Shadyridge. Unfortunately for the morals of Shadyridge and the country around, Sunday was packet day; and as the mail boat was always laden with a lot of miscellaneous freight for the neighborhood, and, moreover, brought with her the very last New Orleans papers, Shadyridge was at its liveliest and did its busiest business on the day which, in civilized communities, is considered sacred to rest and reflection. Sunday had no higher significance than lay in its being the packet day. But rest and reflection are at a discount where people at best lead half-awake lives; and, as it was not in reason that men should ride ten or twelve miles over villainous dirt roads for a letter or a paper only, it was considered quite the thing that any out-lying business matter should be settled between the planters and the three or four Hebrew merchants who formed the commercial element of the country and the entire resident population of Shadyridge.

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a cluster of native forest trees, beneath which stands the long, rude horse-rack whose horizontal top-rail has been chewed and gnawed into less than half its original dimensions by generations of tethered animals; a blacksmith's shop that does its briskest business in the shoeing line on a Sunday; a listless, loafing, impatiently sitting group of white men and black, sitting about on the much-whittled benches that flank the store galleries, or on the steps, or on inverted boxes and barrels, smoking, exchanging crop items and weather prognostications while waiting for the boat; a quickened move for the river's brink that first glimpse of her smoke-stacks in the bend just below a jay emulous rush on board as soon as the staging plank swings within the possibility of an agile leap; a quick demand for New Orleans papers and for drinks at the boat's bar, which supplies choicer poison than is to be procured at the local corners, which cater exclusively to the freedmen's tastes—there you have Shadyridge, its customs and its frequenters, in a nut-shell.

The periodic perturbations which beset the dwellers upon the banks of the Mississippi River invest news from the outer world with a vivid and painful interest at certain seasons of the year. "What is the river doing?" or "What is the river going to do this year?" are the questions that pass from mouth to mouth as soon as the reign of winter is passed and the ice-gates are open. The "river column" is the first thing looked for in the papers that, coming to hand but once a week, are read and loaned around until they are ready to resolve themselves into their original pulp. The man who has a correspondent in Cairo or a relative in Vicksburg or Memphis is invested with factitious importance as the recipient and retailer of reliable information concerning the probabilities of this most dangerous of streams. An admixture of feverish anxiety and dull apprehension takes possession of every breast. Each man will tell his neighbor, with dreary insistence, that "One more overflow and he will be ready to give up;" but the time when he really can give up never comes, for the burden of other lives is laid upon his heavily-laden shoulders, and he watches the receding waters with a satisfaction bordering nearly on cheerfulness, and gathers together the remnants of his flocks and stock, and commences sowing when he should be reaping, and is buoyed up by the hope which, happily, springs eternally in the human breast, and so on and on forever and forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Mary Conceived Without Sin" BY VIRGINIA McSHERRY.

The fruit which was borne in the garden of the terrestrial paradise and the waters which flowed in the four rivers to the four corners of the earth, all types of Mary, who bore the eternal and mystical fruit, the Body of Our Lord, which has become our banquet until the end of time. And in our own days has not a child risen up and called the attention of the world to a little fountain which has sprung up and which is now flowing through the Christian world, carrying the flood of graces that spring from Mary's heart? When she is invoked under the title of Immaculate she is more than ready to answer every appeal. The tempted are enabled to overcome the severest temptation, the afflicted are at once relieved, those in danger are at once consoled. During the war, when everything around was destroyed, were not the houses saved on the doors of which was the name of "Mary Conceived without sin"? And the same inscription preserved houses and buildings which were already partly consumed by fire. Many well attested miracles are related showing the efficacy of the miraculous medal which appeared like the dawn of the day that was to see published the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and have it made an article of Faith.

On one occasion Louis Philippe was to have a grand review of his troops. The evening before, Amelie, his queen, who was more pious than her husband, inquired what uniform he wore in the parade, and when one of the king's gentlemen brought her the color a little miraculous medal. The king, knowing nothing of this, appeared at the review surrounded by his staff. Ten of his most distinguished generals stood near him. The infernal machine was discharged and killed the ten men, leaving the king alone, unharmed. Louis returning to his queen, she met him with remarks of great joy. "How," said he, "have you not heard the distressing news?" "Yes," she answered. "But let me show you how you have been saved." And ripping open the collar of his coat with her scissors, she drew out the miraculous medal. For once at least in his life his heart was touched and he was seen to shed a tear. Let us have hope, of true gratitude to God and an acknowledgment of His power and goodness.—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Pleasant as Syrup. Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, taken, Chery's Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while its coughs and colds it gives complete relief. Mother's Friend. Worm Expeller has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing. Child's Liniment cures Garget in 10 days.

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