consequence, of a pretentious demeanour, walked arrogantly into the apartment where Lady O'Driscoll, simple and unassuming in dress and dress, sat quietly awaiting her young friend.

"You want to see Miss Fitzgerald?" said Miss Hodgens, accosting the lady with a stately air, meant to be overawing; but the lady, not overawed, or evincing the least *empressement*, placidly responded: "Yes."

"Then, ma'am, I must beg to inform you I never allow the young persons in my service to receive visits, or squander in any way the time that should be devoted to their pupils." Miss Hodgens' eye, while she spoke, shifted, and her voice imperceptibly toned down; for she was somehow beginning herself to feel unaccountably overawed before the serene, unflinching gaze that probed her while she spoke, and, less dogmatically, she continued: "If you have any business with the girl, or a message to her, I don't mind letting you see her for a few minutes, or I can take it to her."

Lady O'Driscoll stood up. "Thank you, ma'," she said, with a quiet *hauteur* that at once brought down the schoolmistress to her level. "I'm sorry I should have disturbed you. Pray excuse my ignorance of the rule of your seminary. I shall write to Miss Fitzpatrick. Good morning."

Miss Hodgens, not possessed of tact sufficient to remedy what she clearly saw now was a blunder—for no one reverenced station, wealth, and tit'e more than she did—stood dumfounded, gazing after the vanishing embodiment of these goods and possessions, who departed in a spirit of intensely excited sympathy for poor Alphonse, combined with a resolute determination to befriend her now at any cost, when she should have consulted and arranged the programme with Maurice, to whom that evening she detailed the result of her visit, and inveighed, in language less compromising, against the heartlessness of the Misses Higgamboggan in consigning that young creature to such a destiny, interspersed with animadversions upon the stability of friends in general, and of relations in particular, with some allusions also to the inconstancy of men, as exemplified in the conduct of Guildford Colandisk, whom she had always believed to be an honorable man, but who had proved himself a mere fortune-hunter, who could break the most solemn engagement into which a man could enter from mercenary motives, and she wound up by predicting that he would not have better luck for it, and that Caroline Damer was not a person would long, she thought, please his fastidious taste. "I shall now, Maurice, write, and ask Alphonse to tea to-morrow, with a few more, and I lay you any wager the dear child won't be allowed to come," she added, sitting down to her desk, while Maurice moped away over his disappointment and a glass of wine.

Lady O'Driscoll's second prediction won the wager. Alphonse was not allowed to accept the invitation.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant;
These are but the flying sparks."

LONGFELLOW.

"——But they that stand,
When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
Linked but to perish with a ruined land,
Where freedom dies with them—call these
A martyr-band."

LAST CONSTANTINE.

The twelfth of March, '98, was a day fraught with disastrous events in the annals of Ireland. As Miles and Hugh O'Byrne had too surely foreseen and predicted, the lofty projects of those whose ardent bosoms had swelled high with noble aspirations, and expanded with magnanimous impulse to raise the oppressed, to do battle for a nation's liberty and rights, and redress a suffering people's mighty wrongs, were frustrated by the treason of crafty spirits, who, not only destitute of God-like instincts, and human sympathies allied to the divine, but animated with all the fell, sordid, merciless nature that had marked the ignoble character of the mercenary Iscariot, and were conspicuously displayed in the soul of the grovelling traffickers in the slave-markets of Africa, and lured to ruin, even as ancient mariners, steering with auspicious gales, by the songs of sirens, and trained to their fall by the cajoling professions of flattering traitors, vile instruments in the hands of intriguing statesmen, well paid to weave into death shrouds for patriots the filthy cobwebs spun in the loom of their cold, hard, and intricate brains. Twenty of the United Irish leaders, arrested by Major Sirr, were flung into noisome dungeons, many to expiate there with their lives the crime of loving their fatherland; but he, the chief of all, whose noble head was estimated by his foes at the value of a thousand pounds, warned by timely admonition, which yet he had rather yielded to than believe in, for the present escaped his comrades' doom, and, securely harbored in safe retreats, fenced by faithful bosoms, eluded the chase of human bloodhounds hot upon his track. But while the heart of the country, paralysed by this terrible assassin's stroke, so unforeseen and unexpected, a moment paused inert in suspended action, and the vampires of every degree, from Castlereagh to Reynolds the informer, that had seized upon the body were voraciously sucking its life blood and draining out its existence, a few there were who, helpless to aid or ameliorate the evil they witnessed and deplored, took refuge in silence and non-intervention, and more strenuously devoted their attention to their own individual concerns far apart from the arena of politics. Of this number were Miles and Hugh O'Byrne and Maurice O'Driscoll, but especially the latter, whose occupation as foreign correspondent in a mercantile office engrossed every moment that was freely his own to dedicate to other pursuits, the chief of which was building a castle in the air, an Aladdin's palace, and fitting it up with costly decorations, to render it a meet temple to enshrine the idol, before whose altar continuously ascended the burning incense of his devotion, pure, generous, and loyal as ever glowed in knightly bosom of old romance, for ideal paragon of all earthly and ecclesiastical perfection, the ever-recurring theme of his thoughts, the vision of his day-dream, that would not be exorcised, and that he did not want to exorcise, but, on the contrary, wooed to stay to gladden his heart with her smile, to make music to his ear with the tone of her voice, to thrill to harmonious vibration his pulse by the mystic touch of her hand; in a word, to dazzle him by the glamour, to enthral him by the spell of fascination, was Alphonse Fitzpatrick. To win the enchantress to abide for ever, what would he not dare; to win her, love's priceless guerdon, what would he not achieve? Immutable in mind, strong in purpose, firm of will, nevertheless he seemed destined to feed the hunger and thirst of his heart upon the ambrosia and nectar of a wildering imagination and idealism, for the fair, tangible impersonation of the shadowy phantom he pursued, came not within his reach. In vain he devised plans and projects to obtain an interview, and lay in wait for the chance of some casual *rencontre*. Day after day passed wearily by, and the look, the voice, the word, that were wont to make strange echoes in his heart, the presence endowed with power so magical as to transfigure earth into Eden, and for which his spirit yearned with a wonderful, earnest longing, came not to the secret prayer of invocation.

It was Patrick's Day, and O'Driscoll, being dispensed from office duty in consequence of his friend and employer wishing to attend the levee at the Castle, set out with his mother, who had asked him to accompany her upon a shopping excursion. As slowly, arm-in-arm, they paced along by Grafton-street, was O'Driscoll's musing still of her, the charmed image of his fancy, and had thought the power, at length to substantiate itself, or eliminate out of dreamland, a formed possessed of every attribute of palpable being? Twelve o'clock Mass was over in Clarendon street chapel; the congregation, a poor and motley one, were streaming out in a continuous procession. Impeded in their progress, Lady O'Driscoll and her son slackened yet more their steps. Presently emerged a group of somewhat better conditioned persons. Among them, but apart, walked one who, though unattractively arrayed in sable vesture, and of mien subdued and unpretentious, it needed Maurice no second glance to recognise the soft elegance of figure, the lithe, gliding motion of the easy, well-balanced step, the graceful pose of the head—all belonged to her alone. "Mother!" eagerly he exclaimed, "there's Miss Fitzpatrick; let us overtake her!" And with a palpitating heart and accelerated speed he urged forward his half smiling, yet rather conscious parent

Alphonse had, while passing, dallied for an instant, with something of her former juvenile propensity, so often rebuked by her aunts as a vulgarism, to look at the shop windows. Some paintings had attracted her curiosity, which, having satisfied, she turned away and blushed crimson with shame. Meeting face to face the O'Driscolls, witnesses of her puerile transgression, and vainly invoking to her aid her wonted ready tact to extricate herself from a dilemma, she stood, shy and embarrassed, while Lady O'Driscoll, solicitously scanning her countenance, addressed some words of courtesy, and Maurice, tongue-tied, revelled in the beatitude of the moment, basking in an ecstasy that glorified the atmosphere around him, and converted into a fragment of paradise the identical spot on which he stood, with its surroundings, henceforth to be classic ground to him.

In reply to Lady O'Driscoll's kind and maternal accost, "My dear child, I am so happy to meet you, and you must now come home to luncheon with us," Alphonse, with her old frank smile, but with less of the pleasant ring in her silvery accents, said, in tone that sounded rather plaintive:

"I am very glad to meet you, too, Lady O'Driscoll, and I thank you very sincerely for your past kindness in calling on me and inviting me to your house. I was, believe me, very sorry to have been obliged then, as now, to decline what would have given me so much pleasure; but, you know, I am not my own mistress."

"But you are not decreed to be anyone's slave, Miss Fitzpatrick," cried Maurice, recovering the use of his tongue in a burst of chivalrous enthusiasm. "Pray, gratify my mother by acceding to her present request."

"Oh, you don't know;—I dare not;—the Misses Hodgens would be so displeased!" she murmured, in broken sentences, and with an earnest, appealing glance. "I had ever so much difficulty to get leave to go to Mass today," she added, with simple candour. "It is a holiday of obligation, you know, and I could only get by promising to give lessons in French and Italian, and not to delay out."

"That is very hard," said Lady O'Driscoll. "I wonder at your aunts to permit you to be denied air and recreation necessary for health, or your abilities to be overtaxed by labor. You are not looking at all so well as you used."

"I have not seen my aunts since I left them, and I rather think they are pleased at Miss Hodgens being very strict, in the hope that I may repent of what they call my error," smiled Alphonse. "You know I displeased them: they were very angry about Uncle Jeremiah's will; but you know, Lady O'Driscoll, I could not help it," she added, pathetically. "And the loss was mine—all mine," she murmured, in sorrowful abstraction and with downcast eyes.

"Well, dear, I don't like to expose you to blame by pressing you to act against your judgment," began Lady O'Driscoll, when Maurice stoutly interposed:

"Nonsense, mother! we'll say we ran away with her, and by actually perpetrating this deed of violence exonerate her from all censure." He made sign for a hackney coach which drove up.

"There is no resisting such an incorrigible despot," smiled his mother, as he handed her in.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alphonse, looking quite dismayed and a little amused, as she found herself *sans cerémonie* deposited beside her ladyship opposite Maurice, gravely complacent, as the vehicle set off. "You can't exonerate me from being a consenting party in the transaction, since I shall not demand your transmission to Van Diemen's Land. I must only make up my mind to suffer the penalty that follows pleasure, and make the most of my present enjoyment."

"That is the very quintessence of philosophy," said he, laughing. "But don't let suggestions of future consideration mar your peace, since I shall take care that my lady mother and I only shall be amenable to reproof in the matter. I hope you have not leased yourself for any long term to those very exacting and unreasonable ladies the Muses of history, languages, and music?"

"I don't know," said Alphonse; I was glad to find a home with persons whom I had known. I suppose I can do nothing better than remain with them, if they will keep me. Mr. Hugh O'Byrne—I think he is a friend of yours, Mr. O'Driscoll?—whom I met there one day he came to make inquiries about a little girl—his sister—said, during a few moments I was alone with him, that a relative of his—Madame Byrne of Cabinteely—was desirous of finding a Catholic lady to educate her little girls, and that if I would authorise him, he would introduce me there; but I hesitated; I felt afraid to go among strangers; and then Miss Hodgens came in, and there was no more about it."

"I know Madame Byrne of Cabinteely. You would be very happy domiciled in that family, where you would be more in your position than where you are," said Lady O'Driscoll; "more comfortable and independent in every way, and more agreeably to yourself, I have no doubt, associated with ladies."

Before Alphonse, who gave earnest attention to her words, could make any reply, the coach drew up in Kildare street, and Maurice, springing out, gallantly presented his hand to assist the ladies.

"My dear," said Lady O'Driscoll, addressing her son, as they sat at luncheon, and for a moment diverting his courteous attention from their guest, "have you lately seen your friend, Hugh O'Byrne? I am greatly afraid, from some hints dropped by Lady Alicia Lutrell, when she visited here yesterday, that he and his brother are suspected of complicity with the United Irishmen, and to be suspected now-a-days is to be doomed." "You know some of his kinsmen engaged in the business have been among those arrested the other day by Major Sirr."

"They can prove nothing against Hugh O'Byrne or his brother save relationship to some and personal friendship with others of the party," returned Maurice, putting wine into Alphonse's glass "Nevertheless—let me send you some chicken, mother—knowing, as I do, that malignity and rancour would perversely construe even appearance of sympathy with the proscribed into damning evidence against them, without avail to their friends, I have counselled Hugh to appear as much as possible in public, and to obtain an invitation to Lady Castlereagh's approaching masquerade, which is, I understand, to be a great affair."

"Will you go?" asked Alphonse.

"I don't know. I like that kind of thing very well, and should have no difficulty in procuring a passport. Yet does it not appear an ill-chosen season for banquet and pageantry when the country is in a state so awful, on the very verge of some appalling tornado, with wreck and bloodshed on every side we turn? Methinks it more a time for serious reflection than ill-starred mirth. But come," he more cheerfully added, observing Alphonse's drooping brow and fading cheek, as the theme awakened dormant thoughts of the late calamities that had befallen her brother Patrick, "let us eschew for the present melancholy dissertation, which can serve no purpose, and give thanks that while our own hands are clean we belong to the party who are good enough to dirty theirs abominably for our benefit and protection—Camden, Castlereagh, their whippers-in, and all the thug faction, to boot. May I give you a little jelly?"

"What is Miles O'Byrne so long doing in the country, I wonder?" said Lady O'Driscoll, with pondering aspect. "I have heard some whisper that he certainly is in some secret league against Government."

"The wish, I dare say, fathers the thought with those who have disseminated such whisper," said Maurice; "but I am in a position to give a better account of his proceedings, which are, first, that he is in treaty with some person for the disposal of a small landed property down there, it being his intention to settle in America, to some part of which an elder brother of his emigrated many years ago, and has not since been heard of; secondly, he is interested in guarding, by his advice and authority, some junior members of his family from being trepanned by artful agents into what he considers a wild insurrection concocted by Government as a pretext for another wholesale slaughter of the people and confiscation of the country. Would you believe, mother, that no later than ten days ago those unblushing miscreants, Reynolds, Armstrong, Oliver and Castles had the audacity to strive to cajole Hugh and me to join the society they were hired to betray a few days later; and I protest that any younger and less wary men hearing them expiate on the duty of patriotism, and the glory of fame, with all the paraphernalia of recompense so vividly portrayed by these Machiavelians, had surely been fooled to their destruction. You would not like to see me a manslayer, or to know that I had the blood of a fellow on my hands," he turned smiling to Alphonse, whose presence gave fluency to his tongue. "And yet I will not promise you that should anyone of these ruffianly minions, by whatsoever accident, appear before me in the mood I now am, I would not be a murderer.

"At least a homicide," smiled Alphonse; "and I should feel wicked enough to be your accomplice. I hope poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald will have the good fortune to escape," she continued, drawing on her gloves. He shook his head dubiously.

"There are men with ragged coats and empty stomachs in this city whom, I am proud of my kind to say, will not, for the golden shower that would buy them comfort for the residue of their lives, sell to his foes one hair of Lord Edward's noble head; others there be, clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasting like Dives, who would traffic in the last drop of the Geraldine's heart's blood for a smile of Castle patronage, much less a thousand pounds in shining lucre. My only comfort is the thought that they are not men, but fiends incarnate, demons fitted with human form to do hell's behest among men; from such as these, gifted with diabolic ingenuity and inspiration, we can only pray—'Lord deliver the hunted patriot.' But you are not going."

"Oh, yes! pray do not detain me longer; I'm afraid to stay," pleaded Alphonse, with entreaty. "You would not get me blame?"

"Don't, Maurice, don't press her against her wish," cried Lady O'Driscoll, rising to facilitate her departure. "We are so much obliged to you, dear, for giving us so great pleasure, which we must contrive some means to have renewed often."

"Thank you, dear Lady O'Driscoll; I am indeed very grateful for your kindness," murmured Alphonse, with dewy eyes lifted to the soft countenance beaming upon her as she said "Farewell."

"You will then allow me the pleasure of seeing you home?" said Maurice, getting his hat. She hesitated, and was about to demur, when he whispered, as his mother withdrew: "I have something I wish to say to you: permit me." He opened the door, and they were in the street. "Take my arm, and let us walk round the Green." There was something in his look which was discomposed, and his manner, which was abrupt, that frightened her, and commanded unreasoning compliance. "Had he any bad news to break to her," was the swift thought suggested by her apprehension, as inquisitively she fixed her dark eyes upon his face, to read beforehand what she might have to learn. "I know not, Miss Fitzpatrick—pray, let me call you Alphonse; it is less formal,"—he commenced, as soon as they had gained the more open and less crowded causeway, and his tone was low and hurried: "what you will think of me, or what construction you may put on what I am going to say, since even to myself it seems an awkward time and place, nay, even perhaps to you premature, and the sole reason or extenuation I can offer for it, this, my impulsive temperament that cannot long brook suspense, and my dread of letting slip a golden opportunity that might not again present itself of saying, Alphonse, how blessed I were, to be granted the proud privilege of ministering to your happiness; were it mine to snatch you from this odious bondage, so unmeet and galling, and set you in a position which, though as yet humble enough, is one of independence; what unspeakable felicity were mine to hear from your lips a consent to my making you happy as my heart would aspire to!" He paused a moment, while she gazed with disconcerted and puzzled mien, and as yet mystified as to the meaning implied by his speech; but it was not long. Perceiving her bewildered perplexity, he resumed, with a succinct plainness that needed no interpretation, and admitted of no surmise. "Yes, Alphonse, it may surprise you the avowal I am about to make, but it is not less true that long, very long, I have loved you. From the hour that I first beheld your sweet face, you have been my heart's elected queen: it has never paid allegiance, and never will to any other. Dear, what ails you?"

"Oh! pray, say no more; let me go home!" faltered Alphonse, shrinking aghast, with the heart's recoil from the agony inflicted by the touch that probed the arrow yet festering within it; the keen-shafted memory of one who had spoken words like these, and yet reeking no: of the wound, the gaping wound and sore void left by the torn-up root of love and trust, with all their scattered flowers, had cruelly transferred to another plighted troth, and no later than yesternorn, before the altar, had ratified to another bride the faith sworn to her. Maurice had happened on an evil moment to disclose his love, and now disappointed, baffled, angry, and yet sorry for the unmistakable expression of pain too evidently depicted in her suffering countenance, he stood a moment, mutely confounded, then said, in low, resolute accents:

"I'm sorry if I have distressed you, dear Alphonse; for whether you will it or not, I cannot help expressing myself, and saying you are, and ever will be, very dear to me. Now that I have said so, and you know it, I shall tease you no more with my foolish presumption, and shall only beg you to forgive me, and at least not withdraw your friendship for my indiscretion."

"Oh, you are very good, and I know I ought to thank and feel grateful to you, Mr. O'Driscoll; but—but pray don't speak of it again; I am——"

"Engaged to another, perhaps?" said he, bluntly, filling up the pause, as a jealous pang shooting from his heart's quiver lighted on the head of Hugh O'Byrne,

"Oh, no, no! nor shall ever be," she emphatically cried, with a very passionate sob, as she quickly ran up the steps and disappeared in the gloomy passage of Miss Hodgens's seminary, leaving him standing without in the sunshine, relieved in spirit to find that his friend was not his rival in the affection of an object sensibly augmented in value by inaccessibility of attainment, yet not to be despaired of, since he had no faith whatever in engagements of celibacy outside of convents of which he knew but little; and blaming Guildford Colandisk's recreancy as the primary and natural cause, and his own ill-judged haste as the just and secondary cause of his failure, and, upon the whole, returning home in renovated spirits, while the lady of his love, in tears and confusion, was already running the gauntlet of penance, alone and unprotected, bravely defending her assailed reputation, and heroically enduring the martyrdom of taunt, jibe, and sneer, whose burning coals had been ignited and fanned by him.

(To be continued.)

ATTACKING THE BRITISH LION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—In the House today Robinson (New York) introduced a resolution calling for further information relative to the imprisonment of Americans in Great Britain. Robinson has prepared a joint resolution, which he will offer on Monday, providing for the return to the simplicity of inaugural ceremonies as practised by Jefferson. It prohibits the erection of triumphal arches and the display of bayonets in Washington on inauguration day, and provides that the Chief Justice shall call upon the President to elect and accompany him, either on foot or in a plain carriage drawn by not more then two horses, and without decorations or livery, to the Capitol, where he shall take the oath prescribed by law, and address such citizens as may be there to hear him.

What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Canada) Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amœba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemea, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood.

These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing the ulceration of the throat; up the eustachain tubes, causing deafness; burrowing the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should without delay communicate with the business manager, Mr. A. H. DIXON, 305 King street West, Toronto, Canada, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

Nov. 12th, 1884.

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,

Gents,—I am glad to inform you that the one treatment sent to Mr. Fraser cured him of a case of aggravated catarrh of over twenty years standing. He says your remedy is the only genuine one, for he has tried hundreds of others.

Truly yours,

GEO. H. PATTERSON,

264 St. James street, Montreal.

Italy spent $600,000 in one month in trying to check the spread of cholera, and France claims the loss to her this year through trade and travel being largely reduced is $100,000,000.

PROMPT CASH AND THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

The N. Y. Piano Co., 228 St, James street, call attention to the fact that they are selling the same pianos for $225 cash which are being sold by sewing machine agents on the monthly instalment plan, at $400 to $450, and organs in the same proportion. They also give a responsible five year's guarantee with all their instruments. This house keep a very large stock of choice pianos and organs. *See Advertisement.* 132-3

Eggs are only 50 cents a dozen in Washington Territory.

EASILY CAUGHT.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

Europe cannot begin to get along without United States meat.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

CLEVERLY CAUGHT!

THE RICH MAN'S FEAR OF BURGLARS—THE STORY OF AN ELECTRICIAN.

(Buffalo, N.Y., News.)

At the dead of night, Mr. J. B. Anthony, a wholesale grocer of Troy, N.Y., was awakened by his burglar alarm annunciator, which told him that his house had been entered through the roof scuttle. He hastily dresses, rings for a policeman, hurries to the upper story, and hears the burglar in the servant's room, threatening her with instant death if she made a loud noise.

He was captured, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.

So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the electrician of Westfield, N. Y., to our reporter.

"Do city residents generally use burglar alarms?"

"Yes, all first-class houses are provided with them, and I have never had any dissatisfaction from my customers, many of whom are the best known and wealthiest people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities."

"Do wealthy men have much fear of burglars?"

"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep valuables in their house, and yet they are not sure that they shall escape burglarious attacks, and they don't feel secure without a first-class burglar alarm apparatus in their house. Every door, window and scuttle is connected with the annunciator, and it is quite impossible to effect an entrance without the fact becoming at once known."

"Don't electricians run considerable risk in handling wires?"

"Even the most careful of them sometimes get a shock. A few years ago, while I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y., with a wire coil in my hand, I felt as if I had received the entire charge from the battery. For over a half hour I suffered the keenest agony. I did not know but what I had been fatally injured. After completing my business circuit, I returned to Boston, and for eighteen months did not get over the shock. I lost my appetite; all food tasted alike, I could not walk across the common without resting several times."

"My head whirled, and I reeled like a drunken man. I consulted the best physicians in a good many large cities, but none of them seemed to understand my case. About a year ago I was in Albany, and a physician there stated that I would probably not live three months. But to-day,' said Mr. Westfall, and he straightened himself up with conscious pride, "so far as I know, I am in perfect health. I weigh 170 pounds, eat well, sleep well, feel well and am well. One of my old physicians gave me a thorough examination a few weeks ago, and told me that I was in a perfect condition."

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," remarked the scribe, "to have escaped instant death after an electrical shock."

"O, it was not electricity that prostrated me. It was a uremic convulsion. For all my physicians told me I was a victim of a very serious kidney disorder. And when they and a dozen widely advertised medicines failed to benefit me, warner's safe cure restored me to perfect health. That preparation is invaluable to every grade of society, for it is a priceless blessing.

"There is no need of death from handling electrical wires if the operators will exercise care. In our burglar alarm attachments there is no possible danger from that source."

Thousands of French coppers circulate as coin in England. The importers can make £45 profit on every £1,000 brought over and disposed of.

Holloway's Pills.—Though good health is preferable to high honor, how regardless people often are of the former—how covetous of the latter! Many suffer their strength to drain away ere maturity is reached, through ignorance of the facility afforded by these incomparable Pills of checking the first untoward symptoms of derangement, and reinstating order without interfering in the least with their pleasure or pursuits. To the young especially it is important to maintain the highest digestive efficiency, without which the growth is stunted, the muscles become lax, the frame feeble, and the mind slothful. The removal of indigestion by these Pills is so easy that none save the most thoughtless would permit it to sap the springs of life.

A Georgia negro stole a horse near his home, rode the animal thirty miles, and sold it for $30. Then he stole another horse to ride back home, but was arrested.

To Remove Dandruff.—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, (½lb and 1lb) by grocers, labelled, "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England."

President Arthur is said to be among the customers of a New York furnishing goods house that makes a specialty of silk knit underclothing at $100 a suit.

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

Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., is dead.

A PLANT OF RARE VIRTUES.

Is the common and well-known Burdock. It is one of the best blood purifiers and kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters possesses wonderful power in diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach

In the Himalayas there are six meals a day—hazree, chatie, hazree, tiffin, lunch and dinner.

WELL TO REMEMBER.

A STITCH IN TIME—saves nine. Serious results oft follow neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.

The Jerusalem artichoke is said to be so prolific as to yield 1,200 bushels to the acre. This beats Pennsylvania's capacity for turning out Republicans.

THE BEST COMBINATION.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and barks, enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a purely vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

There are sixty German societies in New Haven, Conn.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe I could not move from the bed, or even without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

The Queen of Roumania has a mania for music.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of *consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma* and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10—19 eow

Fifty per cent. of the cholera cases at Naples were fatal.

A natural fool at Cleveland bet his natural teeth against a pocket-knife that Blaine would be elected. The winner insists upon his pound of flesh.

A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

The popular remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, deafness, and diseases of an inflammatory nature.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is said to be the ugliest Princess in Europe.

THE HISTORY OF HUNDREDS.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N.S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

Coaches with a chapel for religious services is the latest convenience of rail travel.

A Crying Evil.—Children are often fretful and when ill worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Thomas Harrison, the "boy" preacher, has just celebrated his forty-third birthday.

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

A French thief, who had stolen a lawyer's watch, asked the lawyer to defend him in court.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes $1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal. 95 tf

In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry toothpicks of silver suspended round the neck.

A BLACK LIST

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick headache, diseases of the skin, kidney and heart—all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one os the most successful physicians of the age.

In London banks each one of the directors serves in turn a short time as practical manager of the institution.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

The majority of the five to ten cases of insanity daily taken to Bellevue Hospital for examination are caused by intemperance.

Prof. Barrett of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: Not one death occurs now where twenty died before Down's Elixer was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Downs Elixir at the head of the long list of cough remedies.

The reason why Arnica & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is, because it not only is very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.