St. Tammany Farmer.

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OUR DARLING.

Last autumn, the maples were golden,
The oak wore a chaplet of red,
Like wings the white clouds were unfolden,
In the infinite blue overhead.
And all on the roadways were rallies
Of scarlet, and yellow, and green,
And all on the hills and the valleys
The mists were a silvery sheen.

Oh! flowers uncounted and lustred
With tints from the fountain of light,
Oh! birds in great armies that mustered,
And flew on the wind from our sight,
Our darling was here when your sweetness
Made sweeter our heaven of home,
That knew not one rift in completeness,
That feared not one sorry to come.

Was it fancy that never so tender
Had been her dear words and her ways?
Did we dream that God meant but to lend her,
To bless us in hurrying days?
Perhaps we had thought that forever,
As earth names forever, our dove
Would croon her sweet songs at our hearth-stone,
And brighten our eyes with her love.

For alas! when the Angel stood knocking—
Strode over our threshold in haste—
We cried: "Surely God can not know it!"
Our souls pleaded: "Wherefore this waste?"
"Not ours," we urged. "*Not* our darling!"
We prayed in a passionate strife;
And lo! ere were spent our petitions,
The Angel had borne her—to life.

God lent her! God took her! We owned it,
Confessed it was right and was best.
In the midst of our anguish we moaned it,
Low bent at the couch of her rest.
But oh! the sad missing, the quiver
Of pain at the heart-strings to-day,
With the sheen on the hills and the river,
And only our darling away.

Bless God for the hope that remaineth,
Of home in the mansions prepared;
Bless God for the faith that sustaineth,
For the cross that is never unshared.
One walks by our side in the shadow,
And lo! in His face is the sun;
And His life and His love are the pledges
Of the life that our darling has won.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

AN ICEBERG.

It Floated Gently Into the Warm Sea of Married Love.

I.

"You will have the painting sent to-day, Mr. Vane?"

"At one o'clock, Miss Rutherford."

"Good-morning." It was said a little haughtily.

"Good-morning," and, with a courteous, but as haughty, nod of his head, the pale, high-browed artist saw her depart, then turned to his easel again.

The lady's heavy silk robe trailed the stairs leading from the studio on Tremont street. Her delicate, high-arched feet came upon the pave, then stepped into a rich, but plain carriage drawn up at the curb-stone.

"Drive down to Williams' and Everett's, John."

The coachman touched his hat respectfully, closed the door of the carriage, mounted his box, and reigned the span of sleek blacks by a detour through Bromfield into Washington street, where the lady shortly alighted at the door of one of the most prominent picture stores in the good trimountain city. Passing through the outer room, lined with its array of choice engravings, lithographs, etc., and into which pressed a crowd of loungers and shoppers, Miss Rutherford ascended the flight of steps leading to the inner exhibition hall. Pausing a moment before the sadly-eloquent face of an exquisite "Beatrice Cenci," turning to drink in the summer warmth of an August landscape, doubly grateful that bleak March day; almost starting with momentary fright at one of Hinckley's perfect animal pieces, she passed on through the door on the right opening into the gallery, where hung that group of time-stained, old-world paintings, antique altar-pieces brought from Florentine churches, grotesque mythological representations, and the sad-eyed "Mater Dolorosa," known as the "Jarves' collection."

Making the tour of the gallery, an hour passed like a dream to the lady connoisseur—for, throughout "her set," Miss Gertrude Rutherford was known as a worshiper and patroness of art. A cultivated, æsthetic nature gave her the former taste; and great wealth enabled her to gratify the latter desire; and these two, which do not always go hand in hand together, put it in her power to weave many a rich strand into her web of life.

She paused a little before a glowing picture of the southland—two young Seville girls, with Spanish eyes and tresses, gathering grapes in the sun; and her own dusky eyes grew warmer with the warmth of the scene. For Gertrude Rutherford, with her pale, creamy cheek, her low, broad forehead, shaded by jetty braids—her exquisitely-molded features, and scarlet lips, was akin to such creatures as enrich the painter's canvas with rarest womanly loveliness.

But the lady pressed on. It was before a three hundred-year-old picture of "The Three Graces Disarming Cupid" that she paused next. A most lusty Cupid was he who struggled in the fatal grasp of the fabled trio, stoutly holding his bow and quiver aloft—yet, alas! all in vain; for the golden-haired goddesses had pinioned him fast, and would soon despoil him of the weapons wherewith he had roamed through the world, making such sad havoc in tender hearts.

Long the lady stood before this picture. You fancied, perhaps, that you could read her appreciation in her countenance, for her dusky eyes were half closed dreamily, and a little smile half parted the line of scarlet over her even white teeth, as if betraying her electric sympathy with the struggling captive; but suddenly her face grew cold, her mouth shut resolutely, and she turned away.

"'Cupid disarmed!' It is not possible!" said one lounger to another of a group of gentlemen standing near.

"I don't know about that! I believe it may be done, and his wings clipped into the bargain!" was the laughing rejoinder. "Every day we see it exemplified."

"How so? Where, then, do you assign happy lovers?" queried the first speaker.

"Lovers? Pshaw! that idea exploded long ago! People marry now from motives of interest, policy or propinquity—their so-called 'hearts' utterly guiltless of a wound from Cupid's dart. Don't argue, my dear fellow! I tell you these old masters knew all about it, and got up this grand picture that all the world might behold and believe."

A little sally of laughter greeted this ingenuous interpretation, and the group moved away. They were all strangers to the listener, but their words entered her ear and brain. And they accorded, too—those words—with the cold, auspicious mantle she had been wrapping round herself. Cultivated, æsthetic tastes the lady had; keen intellectual capacities, too, and high, proud nature; had she, also, a loving, womanly heart?

She shut her scarlet lips more closely; drew her furs and velvet cloak about her, turned away from the picture, and swept from the gallery.

II.

The artist, Etheridge Vane, sat before the easel whereon stood his last-finished picture. It was not half so brilliant a creation as many that had been born of his brush and brain, and now graced the drawing-rooms of Beacon street. There were no brilliant tints and shadows; no gorgeous belts of western sunset clouds, or glory of autumnal coloring; instead, only a soft twilight, vailing a quiet woodland nook and a rustic cottage-door.

It was a little domestic picture—a beautiful young mother, sitting on the cottage threshold with her child upon her lap, and her young husband, proud, tender and manly, stooping over them. A vine threw its thick shadows over the group; and June roses slept upon the bush close by. Only a simple picture—over which none of his brother artists had rhapsodized about "tone," or "coloring," or "perspective"—which he had not thought worthy of placing in the "Artists' Exhibition" in the hall below—yet a picture, which, if you once took it into your heart, haunted you like a dream.

And the elegant, proud, fastidious Miss Rutherford, who had ordered paintings from Italy, and whose drawing-room held choicest gems of art, vertu, cameos, and antiques, had been anxious to secure this.

Well, a lady who sets up for a connoisseur in art may have her fancies, and why should not Miss Rutherford have hers?

The "old south" pealed out eleven, clear above the car-din and hack-rattle of the noisy street below; and with its strokes came the feet of Dick Cranshaw, gentleman of cultivated mustache and leisure, over the studio threshold.

"Morning, Vane; before that cottage door yet? Come; walk up to the Atheneum with me to have another look at Church's 'iceberg!'"

"Thank you, but am too busy. Besides, I've seen icebergs sufficient for one morning!" answered the artist, quite bluntly. It was so like Etheridge Vane to bolt out his thoughts upon his lips.

"Aha!" shouted his visitor, in great glee. "I'll wager a ticket to the 'Boston' that the fair, proud, cold and statuesque Miss Rutherford has been in this morning. Don't flash up now, Vane. I saw her carriage before the Atheneum as I came along, and concluded she was out picture-worshiping; that's why I proposed going up now. As for my adjectives, they were borrowed from a jilted lover of hers, but your noun is the better part of speech decidedly. 'Iceberg' does suit her, and no mistake—beautiful, grand, and glittering, but freezing cold. They say she has no heart; eh, Vane?"

"Well," and Etheridge Vane's hands were busy with his brushes, and his tone was cool, though there was a caged fierceness in his eye.

Cranshaw laughed at first; then grew almost embarrassed. His ease died under that strong gaze and the query of the single word.

"Oh, pshaw, Vane; don't eat a fellow up with that wolfish eye of yours! You make me feel as if I'd said something I ought to take back. But I can't do it, 'pon my honor, dear Vane! You ought to dake it friendly in a fellow when he warns you of a rich, beautiful, but heartless woman, who is like ice to all men!" and he stroked his luxuriant beard most complacently.

But the artist's eye grew scarcely less fierce, though his lip curled half contemptuously. Glancing about the walls of his studio, he said, in a low, slightly bitter tone:

"Cranshaw, do you take me for a fool? True old Moneybags and Mme. Petpoodle have bought a few of my pictures, with a view to give 'struggling genius' a lift, I suppose, but do you think the proprietor of a lean purse, a good stock of brushes, a fair quantity of tube paints, and four unfinished pictures, will ruin the risk of——"

"Of getting cut and chilled against the sharp corners of an iceberg?" interrupted Cranshaw. "No, my dear boy, I don't believe any such nonsense of you," and he went on with an admirable affectation of paternity. "You learned your geography lesson too well to venture into those polar seas in winter time; but, my dear boy, we read somewhere, I believe, that the artic summer, though brief, is fair—and these bergs sometimes get loosened and float away into warmer seas and melt. You see I look on the subject in a warmer light than I did a minute ago—eh, Harry? And unmarried ladies don't affect cottages and rustic happiness, and that sort of thing for nothing, in my opinion."

"Pshaw, Cranshaw!" growled the artist, lifting the painting off the easel, and substituting an unfinished one in its stead, upon which he went to work furiously, daubing it with great blotches of umber—"pshaw, I say!"

"A safe expletive, my dear Vane," said Cranshaw, coolly, rising. "But I must be off, if you won't 'do' the 'north' this morning. So *au revoir!*"

The artist paused, with his brush suspended over the little heaps of fresh paints prepared on the palette. A dreamy light had superceded that fierce glare in his eyes.

"'Icebergs melt,'" he whispered, murmuringly. "Will she?"

III.

"All right! Thought I should find you ready for Miss Rutherford's reception. Found her card of invitation at my place yesterday," cried Cranshaw bursting into Vane's studio one fine morning, two months later than their last recorded interview. "Come, my dear fellow, let's be moving! Lots of artists and musical folks will be there—for these amateur ladies know how to get up a thing of this sort."

The young man threw down the morning paper, which he had taken up to while away a lingering hour; drew the shade over the skylight of his studio; turned an unfinished painting face to the easel; brushed his wavy chestnut hair before the small looking-glass on the wall; then signified his readiness to set out for the rooms of the heiress amateur.

He was looking jaded and pale; and Dick Cranshaw good-naturedly observed it with:

"You're working too hard, Vane—all fagged out. What the deuce is the use for a fellow to kill himself in order to get to Italy? Better paint less and stay at home. Am sorry you're looking so sick this morning, when I wanted you to be your best. But come along! The lady's drawing-rooms will be as dim as one of your own distances; and you may warm up a little in the excitement of her presence."

"Coolness seems a prerogative you do not mean to part with, Cranshaw, at any rate," said Vane, dryly. His cheeks were flushed now, either with the warmth of the bland May morning into which they emerged or at his companion's words.

"Of course not. It helps a fellow on through the world amazingly. It's you fellows who fire up, then freeze off so constantly, who meet the rubbers. I never allow myself to hurry, to work, or to worry—and that keeps me in good looks, you perceive!" and he stroked his magnificent hirsute appendage complacently.

Fifteen minutes later the twain stood in the presence of their hostess. The rooms were comfortably thronged, cool and perfumed, and alive with the low hum of subdued voices. Miss Rutherford moved among her guests, beautiful, elegant, lady-like, and with an air of high-bred ease mingled with youthful grace and happiness. She was especially kind to Vane; all her former haughtiness seemed to have died out. She led him to her rarest pictures and engravings; she had never conversed so affably or seemed so charming.

But the artist was in his bitterest mood. He stood in the presence of wealth, beauty and luxury, and recalled his own toiling studio and his lean purse. He saw fashionable fops filling those superbly-furnished drawing-rooms on terms of equality with their hostess; while he—more than her peer in true refinement of soul and intellect—was of the class whom lady amateurs of wealth may patronize. He believed such to be the secret of her kindness to him; hence he put on a high, lofty air, and answered her haughtily, almost coldly.

"And here is your little gem, Mr. Vane," said Miss Rutherford, leading him into a small recess off the great drawing-room, shielded by flowing velvet curtains. "I hung it here, where it might have a soft western light, just such as you have infused into the picture. And I only ask my intimate friends in to see it—so thank me, please, for the favor I show you!" she said, gayly.

"I do thank you, Miss Rutherford," replied Vane, a little won from his bitterness. "You honor me—to put my picture here, in your private room, amid music, and books, and flowers;" and he gazed round the little apartment, where a harp stood in a corner, and vases crowded with superb exotics, and volumes in velvet and gold were on the table. "But it is only an humble picture to contrast with all this elegance," he said, presently.

"That is why I like it—because it is so quiet, and simple, and true," said the lady, earnestly. "Because it takes me often from all this pomp, and teaches me that wealth is not essential to happiness. I shall con many a lesson from my humble cottage-door," and she half-sighed as she ceased.

Etheridge Vane's heart gave a bound, but he dared not speak yet.

"I am glad you like the picture; but I hope to paint better things in Italy."

Miss Rutherford gave a quick start, and her jeweled fingers were clasped tightly.

"In Italy? You are going abroad? And soon, Mr. Vane?" she asked, uneasily.

"In June, Miss Rutherford. Three weeks hence."

The lady's dark eyelashes fell unaccountably. Her manner was strangely nervous for a wealthy Beacon-street heiress in the presence of a poor artist. She grew pale and paler; then, by a mighty effort, strove to rally her self-possession.

"It is sudden. But you will take with you my best wishes, Mr. Vane!" and she gave him her hand.

A wild hope was born in Etheridge Vane's heart. The contact of that soft white hand—her agitation—gave him strength to utter words he would have thought himself a madman to dream of an hour before.

"Miss Rutherford—Gertrude—if I might take with me something more than your good wishes!" and he pressed her hand to his lips.

Miss Rutherford made no reply, but her cheek was scarlet.

"Let me hope to win this!" and he clasped her hand tighter.

We will not write the lady's answer; we know what it must have been; for we met her, a half-hour after, perfectly radiant with happiness, among her guests.

June came, and Etheridge Vane, the artist, sailed for Italy; but he will not visit Rome and Florence, or stray over the broad Campagna alone. His beautiful, refined and wealthy bride will be ever beside him.

Dick Cranshaw wore white gloves at the wedding, and said:

"The Iceberg floats gently into the warm gulf stream of married love!"—Peterson's Magazine.

CONVERT THE RICH.

An American Hebrew Journal Finds Many Flaws in Crœsus.

There is a good deal of cant expressed nowadays about the education of the poor, and we regret that it is creeping also into Jewish circles, as if the education of Jewish wealth should be less an object of solicitude than that of Jewish poverty. Sift men and women closely, and the motives and temptations of all, rich and poor, are pretty much the same. The community has equally to fear from the vices and weaknesses of both classes, although money, raiment, fine houses and influence can often spread a convenient vail over the failings of the one.

It will be a sad day for our community when "missionary" efforts are restricted to the poor, while often the sons and daughters of the wealthy show perhaps more urgent need of missionary work in their midst. Jewish society, unhappily, is so profoundly influenced by society in general that the money standard is universally employed in our opinion of people. It is utterly foreign to the spirit of Judaism, however, to nourish caste and develop cant in its most obnoxious form under the guise of charity. As has been well said, the poor require justice, not almsgiving. At any rate the Jewish community has more to fear from a moneyed class without refinement, culture and religious sentiment than from squalid emigrants, who, if taught to depend upon themselves, will gradually develop into sturdy and useful citizens.—Jewish Messenger.

—The decline of the English tailor in America is announced by some of the trade journals, and it would seem that there is a reason for the assertion that he is no longer as fashionable as an American tailor. It has been discovered at last that the conventional English clothes do not fit.

EUROPE'S CRACK TRAIN.

It Does Not Compare Favorably with Our Vestibuled Limited Express.

Perhaps I can not better convey an adequate idea of this "train de luxe" than by relating my own experience for a day on the Orient Express, for it is the "crack train" of the continent, and on it travel the nobility of England, the magnates of France and the nabobs of India.

The most luxurious trains in America are those called "Limited Express," running between New York and Chicago. They are "vestibule trains," provided with reading and smoking room, a barber's shop and bath, bar, desks for writing, library and elegant sleepers for all the passengers. No ordinary coaches are attached to these trains, and in place of $5 for a berth on an ordinary train $7.50 is charged on the "limited."

I have traveled on both of these trains, and I could not well help comparing them with the Orient Express, the crowning triumph of the "Wagon-Lit Company." The train consisted of sleepers, baggage car and a car containing the smoking and dining room.

With my friend and neighbor, Dr. L., I arrived from the Rhine at Strasburg. We had bought Cook's tickets in Liverpool from that city by London (where we had to go to obtain Cook's circular notes, paid for in Boston, and promised us in Liverpool), Harwich, Rotterdam, Cologne, the Rhine, and round to Paris. We went second class, except on steamers, and in France, where there was no second class, on the express train. The train we wanted was to leave at 9:25 in the forenoon. Cook's tickets assured us that they were good on any express train. When we presented them at the ticket office where they were to be dated, we found they were not good except on payment of over $3 apiece, for the train was the Orient Express. We paid it. The porter could find no seats in the sleepers, and we were condemned to make the trip in the smoking-room.

The sleepers were built with an aisle on one side, the staterooms opening from it. They looked like the ordinary compartment, but the seats were reduced to berths at night. They looked very comfortable, but we were not permitted to occupy seats in one of them. The smoking-room was not very bad, though our apartment of the limited, so-called, is regal magnificence compared with it. With soiled hands I went to the wash-room, but there was neither water nor towels. I went to another convenience, always nice and clean on the "Limited," but it was out of order, and the door was locked. Later it was opened, but it was a vile place for a Christian, though it might have been all right in the Orient.

Early in the day a waiter came to ask who wanted *de jeuner*. We wanted it, of course; but though there was but one "wagon-lit" on the train, two tables were necessary for the passengers, and we had to wait till the nabobs of India had finished their repast. When we had it, it was very fair, measured by the European standard. The price of this meal was 80 cents, but most of the passengers paid from 40 cents to $1 more for the wine. Dinner is served at $1.20, wine in addition.

This paragon of European trains made about thirty-five miles an hour, which does not equal the speed of our "Limited." In no respect could it be compared with our ordinary express trains with sleeper and parlor cars. Not only in *trains de luxe*, but in all trains, our system is vastly superior to railroading in Europe.—Oliver Optic, in N. Y. Journal.

DERANGED DIGESTION.

Ailments That Trace Their Origin Back to the Stomach.

This is a common complaint, for it is merely the forerunner of dyspepsia—that curse of the American people. Deranged digestion ranges from the slight disturbance of the organs of digestion up to the most agonizing dyspepsia, when it is painful to eat any thing but the most easily assimilated food. From the earliest times this complaint was known, but with the advance of civilization it has increased, until of late years about every fifth person is suffering more or less from it. Despite the warning of doctors and the press, people carelessly go on in their accustomed way, regardless of the consequence. Poor digestion finally gives way to acute dyspepsia; then the whole system becomes affected, until, the patient is a wreck. The food that is put upon the stomach can not be properly assimilated; the system, as a result, does not get sufficient nourishment, for the lack of which the other organs work harder for a time to make up for the loss, and then finally wear out, refuse to do their work properly, various diseases follow, and life becomes a burden. Kidney and liver complaints, backache, nervousness, headaches and a whole list of other complaints often trace their origin back to the stomach. It naturally follows from this that one can not be too careful with this important part of the body, and on the first sign of deranged digestion the cause should be inquired into, and if possible, remedied. The stomach, and its needs, should be studied by each one. A fair trial of any food which is supposed to disagree with one should be made, and then, if found injurious, it should be discarded from the bill of fare forever. Solid food should always be given plenty of time to digest, and not taken on the stomach in too large quantities. Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks; the warm drinks before meals, especially warm water; do not begin mental or physical work too soon after meals. Give the rest of the body a short holiday while the stomach works. If these directions are followed out many diseases would be avoided, and dyspepsia become an unknown quantity, except in persons peculiarly susceptible to the complaint from birth.—Yankee Blade.

Big Bullfrogs in Chili.

"As to the Chilian workmen, they are not herculean, and the tools they use are exceedingly primitive. I met recently with a serious disaster. I was flooded out by the carelessness of the government and I received no compensation from them because I was a foreigner. After the waters had vacated my store all I found was six bullfrogs, but of a very large size. The smallest weighed over a pound. After putting to death these furious animals I tanned their skins, which made very simple leather, and then manufactured them into purses and sold them at some profit. This is all I recovered from the flood. Articles made from the skins of these frogs are easily sold, and since then I have bought a number of frog skins, which we call here little elephants, and it is my intention to make a regular business trading in these skins, for it is very easy to make out of them portfolios and purses.—Chili Cor. Leather Review.

AMERICAN EDUCATION.

Some of its Defects Pointed Out by a Prominent Irish Scholar.

What intelligent visiting foreigners think of manners and customs in our republic is always interesting to the thoughtful citizen. The latest of such critics is Prof. Mahaffy, of Dublin, who studied particularly certain aspects of university education in this country. Regarding one, at least, of his subjects of study, he came to distinct conclusions which have a direct interest for Americans.

The professor maintains that there is no clearly cut standard of culture among us. He intimates that wealth is in all but a few of the larger cities either the most potent factor in determining a desire for culture, or is a satisfactory social substitute for the charm of mind, manners and conversation which should be possessed by cultured persons. After remarking that most American college presidents and instructors are underpaid, Prof. Mahaffy writes:

"The ability of a nation will not run into such poor and narrow channels, but will surely seek out those paths which lead to wealth in a country where wealth is the only aristocracy."

The professor is much troubled by what he hints is the vagueness of the American standard of culture, and with apparent reason, inasmuch as a graduate of our larger colleges

"does not enjoy the rank to which he is entitled, when some hundred other colleges confer the same name [A. B. "Bachelor of Arts"] on very different educated students. In some colleges one can graduate as an A. B. without knowing one word of Greek or even Latin, a fact which, when understood in Europe will tend to make us suspicious of all American degrees."

There is enough truth in the professor's deductions to make them worthy of careful scrutiny. It can not be doubted that the standard of culture in America is more accommodating than it is in Europe with its centuries of governmental nurture of learning. But, on the other hand, practical education is more widely diffused in our republic than it is abroad. It is also true that more and more attention is paid to university education of the broadest kind—a fact which is proven by the increasing size of the classes entering our Universities.—N. Y. Ledger.

An Author Ships as a Sailor.

Hans Jaeger, one of the cleverest authors of Norway, has accepted the place of a common sailor on one of the Scandinavian ships. Long residence in the capital and close study of the lower classes of society, which he loves to write about in his books, have also undermined his health, forcing him to adopt another profession. Although his hands were soft and his head was covered by a worn-out silk hat when asking for a place before the mast, his powerful frame gave the captain confidence in him, and secured him the place. It is said, however, that he will devote his few leisure hours to finishing a new novel. Much interest is now taken in his career, as it was not generally known that he was so poverty-stricken.—London Letter.

—One of the married lady judges at a Fenton, Mich., fair entered several articles under her maiden name in the class of which she was judge, and then awarded the articles first prize.

'Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time
All broken-down and hopeless when life should hold its prime;
She feels herself a burden when a blessing she should be
And longs for death to bring her release from misery.

If these poor, discouraged women who suffer from diseases peculiar to women could only know that health could be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, how eagerly they would hasten to avail themselves of it. They ought to know it, and try it. Every woman who is still healthy ought to be told about the wonderful virtue in this medicine, and understand that it is a safeguard against the terrible diseases common to her sex. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or money paid for it will be refunded.

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

YES, there is plenty of room at the top, and there always will be unless facilities for getting there are improved.—Binghamton Herald.

A $2.50 Paper for $1.75.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly Half a Million Families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Double Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending $1.75 now you may obtain it free to January, and for a full year from that date to January, 1891. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

WITH its yellow, green and blue plumes, the new Brazilian bird of freedom must be a compromise between a paroquet and a peacock.—Baltimore American.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

WHEN a Spaniard comes to America and gets to prefer a beer garden to a bull fight, he is said to be on the road to a higher civilization.—Texas Siftings.

QUEER BRITISH JURIES.

They are About as Intelligent as the Average American Article.

Two examples of the mode in which juries sometimes decide may be added. In one case, at the assizes in a Midland town, a girl was charged with the murder of her illegitimate child. The evidence clearly pointed to her guilt; but the circumstances were painful, and to the general relief of everybody in court the jury declared her not guilty. Asked privately how they came to deliver such a verdict, the foreman stated that he had seen the black cap lying on the judge's bench and the sight was too much for him; he hadn't the heart to bring in a verdict of guilty. "And the others!" "Oh, well," said the foreman, "ten of them were neighbors and customers of mine, and I easily persuaded them." "What about the eleventh man?" Well, he was a farmer whom I didn't know; and I said to him, 'Well, Mr. Chumps, what do you think about this case?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I ain't thought nowt about it at all, sir!'" Yet the trial had lasted for the whole of a day.

The other case is a Welsh one—a trial for murder. The prosecution had broken down on a point of law, and the judge directed the jury to find the man not guilty. But all the same they delivered a verdict of guilty. His lordship, in a voice that thundered with wrath, explained that he, and not the jury, was the judge of the law, and asked them what they meant by defying his directions. "Oh, indeed, my lord," said the foreman, with a bland Celtic smile, "but the man at the turnpike told us he knew Peter Jones did it."—St. James Gazette.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

IT is hard to be wise, but it is comparatively easy to look wise when you are not, and if you keep your mouth shut in most cases that serves just about as well.—Somerville Journal.

G. M. SCOTT, of Okolona, Miss., wrote to Dr. Shallenberger:

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