LOVE OR MONEY;

OR,

A PERILOUS SECRET.

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Put Yourself in His Place," etc., etc., etc.

Now just before this, two quick ears began to try and catch the conversation. Monckton had heard all that Colonel Clifford said, that warrior's tones were so incisive; but, as the matter only concerned Mr. Bartley, he merely grinned at the disappointment likely to fall on his employer, for he knew Mary Bartley was at death's door. He said as much to himself, and went out for a sandwich, for it was his lunch-time. But when he returned with stealthy foot, for all his movements were cat-like, he caught sight of Bartley and Hope in earnest conversation, and felt very curious.

But he could hear nothing at all until Hope's answer came to Bartley's proposal.

Then the indignant father burst out, so that it was easy enough to hear every word. "I part with my girl! Not for the world's wealth. What! You call yourself a father, and would tempt me to sell my own flesh and blood? No! Poverty, beggary, anything, sooner than that. My darling, we will thrive together or starve together; we will live together or die together!"

He snatched up his hat to leave. But Bartley found a word to make him hesitate. He never moved, but folded his arms and said, "So, then, your love for your child is selfish. Who will suffer most if you stand in her light? Your daughter; why, she may die. Who will profit most if you are wise, and really love her, not like a jealous lover, but like a father? Why, your daughter; she will be taken out of poverty and want, and carried to sea-breezes and scented meadows; her health and her comfort will be my care; she will fill the gap in my house and in my heart, and will be my heiress when I die."

"But she will be lost to me," sighed poor Hope.

"Not so. You will be my right hand; you will be always about us; you can see her, talk to her, make her love you, do anything but tell her you are her father. Do this one thing for me, and I will do great things for you and her. To refuse me will be to cut your own throat and hers—as well as mine."

Hope clinched his hands in agony, and pressed them against his brow. "It is selfish to stand in her light; but part with her—I can't; I can't."

"Of course not; who asks you? She will never be out of your sight; only, instead of seeing her sicken, linger, and die, you will see her surrounded by every comfort, nursed and tended like a princess, and growing every day in health, wealth, and happiness."

These words made a great impression on the still hesitating father; he began to make conditions. They were all granted heartily.

"If ever you are unkind to her, the compact is broken, and I claim my own again."

"So be it. But why suppose anything so monstrous; men do not ill-treat children. It is only women, who adore them, that kill them and ill-use them accordingly. She will be my little benefactress, God bless her! I may love her more than I ought, being yours, for my home is desolate without her; but that is the only fault you shall ever find with me. There is my hand on it."

Hope at the last was taken off his guard, and took the proffered hand. That to him was a binding action, and somehow he could no longer go back.

Then Bartley told him he should live in the house at first, to break the parting. "And from this hour," said he, "you are no clerk nor manager, but my associate in business, and on your own terms."

"Thank you," said Hope, with a sigh. "Now lose no time; get her into the house at once while the clerks are away, and meantime I must deal with the nurse, and overcome the many difficulties. Stay, here is a five-pound note. Buy yourself a new suit, and give the child a good meal. But pray bring her here in half an hour if you can."

Then Bartley took him to the lobby, and let him out in the street, whilst he went into the house to buy the nurse, and make her his confidante.

He had a good deal of difficulty with her; she was shocked at the proposal, and, being a woman, it was the details that horrified her. She cried a good deal. She stipulated that her darling should have Christian burial, and cried again at the doubt. But as Bartley conceded everything, and offered to settle a hundred pounds a year on her, so long as she lived in his house and kept his secret, he prevailed at last, and found her an invaluable ally.

To dispose of this character for the present we must inform the reader that she proved a woman can keep a secret, and that in a very short time she was as fond of Grace Hope as she had been of Mary Bartley.

We have said that Colonel Clifford's talk penetrated Monckton's ear, but produced no great impression at the time. Not so, however, when he had listened to Bartley's proposal, Hope's answer, and all that followed. Then he put this and Colonel Clifford's communication together, and saw the terrible importance of the two things combined.

Leonard Monckton was by nature a schemer and by habit a villain, and he was sure to put this discovery to profit. He came out of the little office and sat down at his desk, and fell into a brown-study.

He was not a little puzzled, and here lay his difficulty. Two attractive villainies presented themselves to his ingenious mind, and he naturally hesitated between them. One was to levy blackmail on Bartley; the other, to sell the secret to the Cliffords.

But there was a special reason why he should incline toward the Cliffords, and, whilst he is in his brown-study, we will let the reader into his secret.

This artful person had immediately n the confidence of young Clifford, ling himself Bolton, and had prepar- a very heartless trap for him. He troduced to him a most beautiful ung woman—tall, dark, with an oval e and glorious black eyes and eye- ws, a slight foreign accent, and in- tiating manners. He called this uty his sister, and instructed her to Walter Clifford in that character. and to marry him. As she was twenty-two, and Master Clifford nineteen, he had no chance with her, and they were to be married this very day at the Register's Office.

Manœuvring Monckton then inclined to let Bartley's fraud go on and ripen, but eventually expose it for the benefit of young Walter and his wife, who adored this Monckton, because, when a beautiful woman loves an ugly blackguard, she never does it by halves.

But he had no sooner thought out this conclusion than there came an obstacle. Lucy Miller's heart failed her at the last moment, and she came into the office with a rush to tell her master so. She uttered a cry of joy at sight of him, and came at him panting and full of love! "Leonard, dear Leonard, pray do not insist on my marrying that young man. Now it comes to the time, my heart fails me."

"Never mind your heart; think of your interest," said Monckton.

"Why, he is no such great catch, I am sure."

"I tell you he is, more than ever; I have just discovered another £20,000 he is heir to, and not got to wait for that any longer than I choose."

Lucy stamped her foot. "I don't care for his money. Till he came with his money you loved me."

"I love you as much as ever," said Monckton, coldly.

Lucy began to sob. "No, you don't, or you wouldn't give me up to that young fool."

The villain made a cynical reply, that not every Newgate thief could have matched. "You fool," said he, "can't you marry him, and go on loving me? you won't be the first. It is done every day, to the satisfaction of all parties."

"AND TO THEIR UNUTTERABLE SHAME," said a clear, stern voice at their back. Walter Clifford, coming rapidly in, had heard but little, but heard enough; and there he stood, grim and pale, a boy no longer. These two skunks had made a man of him in one moment. They recoiled in dismay, and the woman hid her face.

He turned upon the man first, you may be sure. "So you have palmed this lady off on me as your sister, and trapped me, and would have destroyed me." But if I was fool enough to leave my father, I am not fool enough to present to the world your cast-off mistress as my wife. Here, Miss Lucy Monckton—or whatever your name may be—here is the marriage license. Take that and my contempt, and do what you like with them."

With these words he dashed into Bartley's private room, and there broke down. It was a bitter cup, the first in his young life.

The baffled schemers drank wormwood too; but they bore it differently. The woman cried, and took her punishment meekly; the man raged and threatened vengeance.

"No, no," said Lucy; "it serves us right. I wish I had never seen the fellow; then you would have kept your word, and married me."

"I will marry you now, if you can obey me."

"Obey you, Leonard? You have been my ruin; but only marry me, and I will be your slave in everything,—your willing, devoted, happy slave."

"That is a bargain," said Monckton, coldly. "I'll be even with him; I will marry you in his name and his place."

"Why in his name?" said she. "Well, never mind the name, so that it is the right man—and that is you."

Then Monckton's fertile brain, teeming with villainies, fell to hatching a new plot more felonious than the last. He would rob the safe, and get Clifford convicted for the theft; convicted as Bolton, Clifford would never tell his real name, and Lucy should enter the Cliffords' house with a certificate of his death and a certificate of his marriage, both obtained by substitution, and so collar his share of the £20,000, and off with the real husband to fresh pastures.

Monckton reflected a moment. "What is the first thing? Let me see. Humph! I think the first thing is to get married."

"Yes," said Lucy, "that is the first thing, and the most understandable." And she went dancing off with him as gay as a lark, and leaning on him at an angle of forty-five; whilst he went erect and cold, like a stone figure marching.

Walter Clifford came out in time to see them pass the great window. He watched them down the street, and cursed them—not loud but deep.

"Mooning, as usual," said a hostile voice behind him. He turned round, and there was Mr. Bartley seated at his own table. Young Clifford walked smartly to the other side of the table, determined this should be his last day in that shop.

"There are the payments," said he, cavalierly.

"About one in five," said Bartley, inspecting them.

"Thereabouts," was the reply.

"You can't have pressed them much."

"Well, I am not good at dunning."

"What *are* you good at?"

"Should be puzzled to say."

"You are not fit for trade."

"That is the highest compliment was ever paid me."

"Oh, you are impertinent as well as incompetent, are you? Then take a week's warning, Mr. Bolton."

"Five minutes would suit me better, Mr. Bartley."

"Oh! indeed! Say one hour."

"All right, sir; just time for a city clerk's luncheon—glass of bitter, sandwich, peep at *Punch*, cigarette, and a chat with the bar-maid."

Mr. Walter Clifford was a gentleman, but we must do him the justice to say that in this interview with his employer he was a very impertinent one, not only in words, but in the delivery thereof. Bartley, however, thought this impertinence was put on, and that he had grave reasons for being in a hurry. He took down the numbers of the notes Clifford had given him, and looked very grave and suspicious all the time.

Then he locked up the notes in the safe, and just then Hope opened the door of the little office and looked in.

"At last," said Bartley.

"Well, sir," said Hope, "I have only been half an hour, and I have changed my clothes and stood witness to a marriage. She begged me so hard; I was at the door. Such a beautiful girl! I could not take my eyes off her."

"The child?" said Bartley, with natural impatience.

"I have hidden her in the yard."

"Bring her this moment, while the clerks are out."

Hope hurried out, and soon returned with his child, wrapped up in a nice warm shawl he had bought her with Bartley's money.

Bartley took the child from him, looked at her face, and said, "Little darling, I shall love her as my own;" then he begged Hope to sit down in the lobby till he should call him and introduce him to his clerks. "One of them is a thief, I'm afraid."

He took the child inside, and gave her to his confederate, the nurse.

"Dear me," thought Hope, "only two clerks, and one of them dishonest. I hope it is not that good-natured boy. Oh no! impossible."

And now Bartley returned, and at the same time Monckton came briskly in through the little office.

At sight of him Bartley said, "Oh, Monckton, I gave that fellow Bolton a week's notice. But he insists on going directly." Monckton replied, slyly, that he was sorry to hear that.

"Suspicious? Eh?" said Bartley.

"So suspicious that if I were you—Indeed, Mr. Bartley, I think, in justice to *me*, the matter ought to be cleared to the bottom."

"You are right," said Bartley; "I'll have him searched before he goes. Fetch me a detective at once."

Bartley then wrote a line upon his card, and handed it to Monckton, directing him to lose no time. He then rushed out of the house with an air of virtuous indignation, and went to make some delicate arrangements to carry out a fraud, which, begging his pardon, was as felonious, though not so prosaic, as the one he suspected his young clerk of. Monckton was at first a little taken aback by the suddenness of all this; but he was too clear-headed to be long at fault. The matter was brought to a point. Well, he must shoot flying.

In a moment he was at the safe, whipped out a bunch of false keys, opened the safe, took out the cash-box, and swept all the gold it contained into his own pockets, and took possession of the notes. Then he locked up the cash-box again, restored it to the safe, locked that, and sat down at Bartley's table. He ran over the notes with feverish fingers, and then took the precaution to examine Bartley's day-book. His caution was rewarded—he found that the notes Bolton had brought in were *numbered*. He instantly made two parcels—clapped the unnumbered notes into his pocket. The numbered ones he took in his hand into the lobby, and inserted the numbered notes into young Clifford's coat, and the false keys into his bag.

He then started for the detective. But it was bitter cold, and he returned to the lobby for his own overcoat. As he opened the lobby door the swing-door moved, or he thought so; he darted to it and opened it, but saw nobody, Hope having whipped behind the open door of a little room. Monckton then put on his overcoat, and went for the detective.

He met Clifford at the door, and wore an insolent grin of defiance, for which, if they had not passed each other rapidly, he would very likely have been knocked down. As it was, Walter Clifford entered the office flushed with wrath, and eager to leave behind him the mortifications and humiliations he had endured.

He went to his own little desk and tore up Lucy Miller's letters, and his heart turned toward home. He went into the lobby, and, feeling hot, which was no wonder, bundled his office overcoat and his brush and comb into his bag. He returned to the office for his penknife, and was going out all in a hurry, when Mr. Bartley met him.

Bartley looked rather stern, and said, "A word with you sir."

"Certainly, sir," said the young man, stiffly.

Mr. Bartley sat down at his table and fixed his eyes upon the young man with a very peculiar look.

"You seem in a very great hurry to go."

"Well, I *am*."

"You have not even demanded your salary up to date."

"Excuse the oversight; I was not made for business, you know."

"There is something more to settle besides your salary."

"Premium for good conduct?"

"No, sir. Mr. Bolton, you will find this no jesting matter. There are defalcations in the accounts, sir."

The young man turned serious at once. "I am sorry to hear that, sir," said he, with proper feeling.

Bartley eyed him still more severely. "And even cash abstracted."

"Good heavens!" said the young man, answering his eyes rather than his words. "Why, surely you can't suspect me?"

Bartley answered, sternly, "I know I have been robbed, and so I suspect everybody whose conduct is suspicious."

This was too much for a Clifford to bear. He turned on him like a lion. "Your suspicions disgrace the trader who entertains them, not the gentleman they wrong. You are too old for me to give you a thrashing, so I won't stay here any longer to be insulted."

He snatched up his bag and was marching off, when the door opened, and Monckton with a detective confronted him.

"No," roared Bartley, furious in turn; "but you will stay to be examined."

"Examined!"

"Searched, then, if you like it better."

"No, don't do that," said the young fellow. "Spare me such a humiliation."

"Well," said Bartley, "I will examine the safe before I go further." He opened the safe and took out the cash-box. It was empty. He uttered a loud exclamation. "Why, it's a clean sweep! A wholesale robbery! Notes and gold all gone! No wonder you were in such a hurry to leave! Luckily some of the notes were numbered. Search him."

"No, no. Don't treat me like a thief!" cried the poor boy, almost sobbing.

"If you are innocent, why object?" said Monckton, satirically.

"You villain," cried Clifford, "this is your doing! I am sure of it!"

Monckton only grinned triumphantly; but Bartley fired up. "If there is a villain here, it is you. *He* is a faithful servant, who warned his employer." He then pointed sternly at young Bolton, and the detective stepped up to him and said, curtly, "Now, sir; if I *must*."

He then proceeded to search his waistcoat pockets. The young man hung his head, and looked guilty. He had heard of money being put into an innocent man's pockets, and he feared that game had been played with him.

The detective examined his waistcoat pockets and found—nothing. His other pockets—nothing. He patted his breast and examined his stockings—nothing.

"Try the bag," said Monckton.

The detective searched the bag—nothing. He took the overcoat and turned the pockets out—nothing.

Bartley looked surprised. Monckton still more so. Meantime Hope had gone round from the lobby, and now entered by the small office, and stood watching a part of this business, viz., the search of the bag and the overcoat, with a bitter look of irony.

"But my safe must have been opened with false keys," cried Bartley. "Where are they?"

"And the numbered notes," said Monckton, "where are they?"

"Gentlemen," said Hope, "may I offer my advice?"

"Who the devil are you?" said Monckton.

"He is my new partner, my associate in business," said the politic Bartley. Then deferentially to Hope, "What do you advise?"

"You have two clerks. I would examine them both."

"Examine *me!*" cried Monckton. "Mr. Bartley, will you allow such an affront to be put on your old and faithful servant?"

"If you are innocent, why object?" said young Clifford, spitefully, before Bartley could answer.

"Well, it is only fair to Mr. Bolton," said Bartley. "Come, come, Monckton, it is only a form."

Then he gave the detective a signal, and he stepped up to Monckton, and emptied his waistcoat pockets of eighty-five sovereigns.

"There!" cried Walter Clifford. "There! there!"

"My own money, won at the Derby," said Monckton, coolly; "and only a part of it, I am happy to say. You will find the remainder in bank-notes."

The detective found several notes. Bartley examined the book and the notes. The Derby! He was beginning to doubt this clerk, who attended that meeting on the sly. However, he was just, though no longer confiding.

"I am bound to say that not one of the numbered notes is here."

The detective was examining Monckton's overcoat. He produced a small bunch of keys.

"How did they come there?" cried Monckton, in amazement. It was an incautious remark. Bartley took it up directly, and pounced on the keys. He tried them on the safe. One opened the safe, another opened the cash-box.

Meantime the detective found some notes in the pocket of the overcoat, and produced them.

"Great heavens!" cried Monckton, "how did they come there?"

"Oh, I dare say you know," said the detective.

Bartley examined them eagerly. They were the numbered notes.

"You scoundrel," he roared, "these show me where your gold and your other notes came from. The whole contents of my safe—in that villain's pockets!"

"No, no," cried Monckton, in agony. "It's all a delusion. Some rogue has planted them there to ruin me."

"Keep that for the beak," said the policeman; "he is sure to believe it. Come, my bloke. I knew who was my bird the moment I clapped eyes on the two. 'Tain't his first job, gents, you take my word. We shall find his photo in some jail or other in time for the assizes."

"Away with him!" cried Bartley, furiously.

As the policeman took him off, the baffled villain's eye fell on Hope, who stood with folded arms, and looked down on him with lowering brow and the deep indignation of the just, and yet with haughty triumph.

That eloquent look was a revelation to Monckton.

"Ah," he cried "it was *you*."

Hope's only reply was this: "You double felon, false accuser, and thief, you are caught in your own trap."

And this he thundered at him with such sudden power that the thief went cringing out, and even those who remained were awed. But Hope never told anybody except Walter Clifford that he had undone Monckton's work in the lobby; and then the poor boy fell upon his neck, and kissed his hand.

To run forward a little: Monckton was tried, and made no defense. He dared not call Hope as his witness, for it was clear Hope must have seen him commit the theft and attempt the villainy. But the false accusation leaked out as well as the theft. A previous conviction was proved, and the indignant judge gave him fourteen years.

Thus was Bartley's fatal secret in mortal peril on the day it first existed; yet on that very day it was saved from exposure, and buried deep in a jail.

Bartley set Hope over his business, and was never heard of for months. Then he turned up in Sussex with a little girl, who had been saved from diphtheria by tracheotomy, and some unknown quack.

There was a scar to prove it. The tender parent pointed it out triumphantly, and railed at the regular practitioners of medicine.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

International Lessons—By Henry M. Grant, D. D.—April 12—Paul's Shipwreck—Acts 27:27-44.

GOLDEN TEXT—Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses—Psalm 107:28.

Reckoning from the time of their leaving Fair Havens, Paul and his companions have now been in a well-nigh continuous storm for fourteen days. During this time their case has grown apparently the more hopeless. Days have passed since either sun or stars have appeared. Paul alone is trustful for himself and hopeful for the rest. And his hope, like that which sustains the Christian always, has its support in the divine promise: "Be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

The ears of sailors are quick to sounds which those unaccustomed to the sea would be slow to perceive. No doubt it was the sound of breakers, usually the first intimation of danger to mariners approaching a coast in a dark night, which led these shipmen to deem that they drew near to some country. Sounding once and again, their suspicions were confirmed, and they made haste to cast out anchors and waited anxiously for day. In what remains of the narrative we note—

1. The disclosure of character men often unconsciously make in times of danger (30)—The instinct of self-preservation is strong in all. It is natural and right. It was divinely implanted. But what we see in these sailors is a willingness to subordinate better feelings and principals to it. Honor and duty demanded that they should stand by the ship to the last. But both are forgotten in their cowardly eagerness to save themselves. More than that they resort to a miserable subterfuge to accomplish their purpose, making as if they "would have cast anchors out of the foreship." Here was cowardice, selfish, and unfaithfulness to a sacred trust.

Compare with the conduct of these seamen that of the Apostle. Courage, thoughtfulness of others, faith in God, calm judgment, heroic love not doling itself out by some rule of duty, but pouring itself out without stint or measure. Then, too, there was some sense of honor, as well as energy in action, on the part of the soldiers and the centurion. "One man is daunted by danger; another is bewildered; utterly selfish." Calm self-control which springs from faith in God, and love which considers another's safety as well as its own, now shines brightly.

It is worth our while to ask ourselves how we demean ourselves in the presence of danger to the soul, as in times of temptation, or when in the midst of moral corruptions. Do we content ourselves with saving our own souls, or do we set ourselves to help and rescue others also? The selfish Christian who cares only for his own salvation—what sort of a Christian is he?

2. Paul's practical reconciliation of God's absolute promises and the human free agency (31 34)—Paul had already received a divine assurance that there should be no loss of any man's life (22 24); and a little further on, he takes occasion from the divine promise to say to the centurion and soldiers, "There shall not an hair fall from the heads of any of you" (34). And yet here he as explicitly declares, "Except those abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved"; and again, "Take some food, for this is for your safety." The divine promise was sure; and yet there must be personal effort on the part of those interested in it. "The assurance that had been graciously given was to be realized, not by the apathy of a blind fatalism, but by man's co operation." Paul saw no contradiction here. He firmly trusted; he planned and acted. He knew God would bring their safety to pass; he also knew that if these men did not act with prompt and wise energy they would certainly perish. So with respect to the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of individual souls, God's promises are sure; and yet our co-operation must help make them sure.

3. The power over others of personal goodness and faith (32 37)—The entire narrative is a wonderful illustration of this. Paul showed great self-command, practical wisdom and energy. But two things shone out in all he said and did: namely, his goodness and faith; his unselfish regard for others, and his unwavering confidence in God. As the perils deepened and multiplied, these traits began more and more to appear. And so fast as these were disclosed, so fast did he gain in the respect and confidence of those about him. Soon he was acknowledged by all a leader. His courage and cheer proved contagious. He told the centurion the seamen must "abide in the ship," and at once the soldiers "cut off the ropes of the boat" and prevented their escape. He told them they had half-starved themselves quite as long as it was safe, and began himself to eat, and "then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat." Respect and confidence drew all about him. More and more they looked to him, and caught his spirit. So always goodness and faith are honored and trusted. This does not always appear. The world is not always conscious of its feeling toward those who possess such traits; but, in great emergencies, in times of peril, in dying hours it comes out. Indeed in ordinary times these qualities are secrets of influence and power. If we would win others, we must show ourselves unselfish. If we would inspire cheer, and courage and action in others, we must go forward with that faith which comes of great acquaintance with God.

4. An important sign of genuine faith (35).—When Paul took bread he "gave thanks to God in presence of them all." This was a common practice of devout Jews; just as it now is with the good Christians. But some Christians shrink from such distinctively Christian acts in the presence of others. Paul's companions were nearly all heathen. And yet he boldly acknowledged God, and acted out his convictions before them all. It was a good way to preach to them. No doubt they honored him for it. We may be sure his Master in Heaven smiled approval.

5. To be surely saved at last is reward enough, whatever be the cost (43, 44).—It was only with their lives that these men reached the shore. Their goods were gone. The ship that bore them was broken in pieces. The voyage had been one of hardships and privations and fears. But in the joy of safety all trials and ills were forgotten. So it will be when we reach the heavenly shore. The good things prized here will be left behind. It will be through much tribulation that we make the journey thither. But to find ourselves safely there will be triumph and joy enough.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Nights of storm and darkness are appointed to Christians as well as others.

2. With the worldling self is uppermost; the Christian "looks also on the things of others."

3. Faith and works, prayer and personal effort must always go together.

4. It is a Christian duty to take care of the health; and, with this, when and what and how we eat has much to do (34).

5. Men respect the religion of those who are ready to lend a helping hand in time of trouble.

6. The lessons we would practice in storms and trials are best learned in days of sunshine and comfort.

7. The saddest shipwrecks are those of souls.

"But O the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er."

A Turn of Tide.

"A turn of tide!" she laughed, but I,
Disconsolate at such reply,
Pleaded the happy days of yore,
When love was young. "No hearts were sore,"
I said, "In that sweet time gone by!"

I looked. A tear stood in each eye;
More sad she seemed, but with a sigh
Soft drawn, she faintly said once more,
"A turn of tide."

Yes, truth, sweet heart, but why, but why
Should love's tide ebb and ebb for aye?
For see! again upon the shore,
Whence waters rolled with sullen roar,
They flow, and murmur soothingly,
"A turn of tide."

—Springfield Republican.

Sermon to My Boy.

[Whitehall Times.]

My boy, when you desire to commit any wrong in your basement, have some one attract attention by proclaiming your virtue from the housetop.

When you make up your mind to call a man a liar always pick out some fellow you can lick.

When your pail of milk is spilled, don't sit down and cry, but go for a fresh cow and refill your pail.

When you decide that the world owes you living, pull off your coat and take it out of the world's hide.

When you think the world can not get along without you, pull a hair from your head, and see if it makes you baldheaded.

When you want to walk straight beware of whisky straight.

Johann Hoff's

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Respectfully yours,
ALBERT L. A. TOROLDY, M. D.

FOR

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 27, 1884.

EISNER & MENDELSON:

DEAR SIRS: I am using your "Hoff's Malt Extract" in my practice and am pleased with results. Thanks for circulars, etc,

Very respectfully,
J. A. LARRABEE, M. D.

DYSPEPSIA

GERMAN HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA.

To MORITZ EISNER, Esq., Sole Agent of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the U. S. of A., 320 Race Street, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR: Please send one dozen of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract to the above hospital. I am very much pleased with it and my patients could not do without it.

E. RAAB, M. D.,
Resident Physician of the German Hospital, Philadelphia.

THE

To M. EISNER, Esq., Agent for Johann Hoff's Genuine Malt Extract, 320 Race Street, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR: Dr. E. Wilson recommended Johann Hoff's Malt Extract *as the best and only kind for our purpose.* With kind regards, I am yours truly,

CHARLES S. TURNBULL, M. D.,
Assistant Professor Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Mr. M. EISNER: I have used the Johann Hoff's Malt Extract sent me with very good effect.

WILLIAM PEPPER, M. D.,
Dean of the University of Pennsylvania.

Weak and Debilitated

GARRISON HOSPITAL, Vienna, Austria.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has been largely used in the above hospital, and we cheerfully indorse its use to the medical profession for general debility and convalescence, for which it has proved to be a most estimable remedy.

(Signed) DR. LOEFF,
Chief Physician of H. M. the Emperor's Garr. Hosp.
DR. PORIAS, House Physician.

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Johann Hoff's Genuine Malt Extract has been chemically investigated in the laboratory of Prof. von Kletzinsky, and has been found to contain only articles which are of great benefit in cases of imperfect digestions and bad nutrition, also affections of the chest, for convalescence and general debility.

PROF. DR. GRANICHSTETTER,
University of Vienna, Austria.

Weak Children

I have brought suit against Messrs. TARRANT & CO., for bottling and selling another preparation upon the reputation of my Genuine Malt Extract for which I have received 58 Medals from Exhibitions, Medical Societies, etc., etc.

BEWARE of IMITATIONS!

None genuine without signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ EISNER," on the neck of every bottle.

JOHANN HOFF,
Berlin, Germany.

Beware of Imitations!

None Genuine unless having the Signature on the Neck of Every Bottle of

Moritz Eisner

Sole Agent for United States and Canada,

EISNER & MENDELSON

Sole Agents for United States,
318 & 320 RACE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA. U.S.A.