Dry and Fancy Goods.

719 LADIES' 719

COTTON UNDERWEAR

AND

HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES

JUST OPENED, a large line of Ladies' Cotton Underwear, which will be sold at a very small advance on manufacturers' prices. Only first-class, well-made, reliable goods sold at

DAVIS',

719 Market Space, corner Eighth street.

HAVING PLACED LARGE ORDERS for Hamburg Edgings and Insertions before the recent advance in these goods, we can offer our customers great bargains. The assortment is complete, and goods perfect in make and finish. Favorite goods and prices before assortment is broken, at

DAVIS'.

CLOSING OUT ODD LOTS.

WE ARE OFFERING great bargains this week in odd lots of Ribbons, Gloves, Buttons, etc. One large lot of Buttons reduced to 10 cents per dozen. Corset waists from 50 cents up. Lots of Ladies' and children's Fabric Gloves very low. Bargains in every department, at

DAVIS'.

FICHUS AND SCARFS, Real and Imitation Laces, Kid Gloves, Ribbons, Duchess Laces, and Fichus, Ruching, Neckwear, Artificial Flowers, Tropical Plants, Fancy Goods, and Notions in great variety, at

DAVIS'.

LUNDBORG'S Celebrated Cologne and Extracts in all the popular perfumes always on hand at lowest market prices, at

DAVIS',

719 Market Space, Corner 8th Street.

TO THE PUBLIC!

We have ended the first season's business in our New Building, and can assure our friends who take an interest in the success of our enterprise that we have met with the most sanguine success, and done more business than we could possibly expect.

Encouraged by this, and knowing the wants of the public during

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY,

We have determined to place all goods brought from our old stores (which have been stored up till now on our fourth floor) on sale, and shall sell them

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,

At Such Prices that will Sell.

For this purpose we cleared our third floor, (accessible by elevator,) and have placed on thirty-six counters the following goods:

GINGHAMS, 7 cents, reduced from 12½ cents.
PRINTS, 5 cents, reduced from 8 cents.
4-4 WIDE DARK PERCALE, 6¼ cents, reduced from 12½ cents.
WRAPPER GOODS, (wool,) 12½ cents, reduced from 20 cents.
6-4 PLAIDS, (wool,) 39 cents, reduced from 60 cents.
3-4 PLAIDS, (wool,) 12½ cents, reduced from 25 cents.

DRESS GOODS at 5 cents,
DRESS GOODS at 8 cents,
DRESS GOODS at 10 cents,
DRESS GOODS at 12½ cents,
DRESS GOODS at 15 cents,

Up to 50 cents per yard. Some of these retailed as high as 87 per yard. They must be closed out, as our stock shall be at all times fresh and seasonable. We pursue this course in preference to sending them to New York auction.

CASES OF SHEETING,

Full ten quarters wide, at 25 cents, worth 35 cents.

ALL BRANDS OF

BLEACHED AND BROWN COTTONS

For Less than Wholesale Prices.

We are determined not to know what dull season means, and shall try to make January sales as large (if not as profitable) as those of December.

SILK CHENILLE FRINGES,

All colors, in destirable shades, at 25 cents, reduced from 75 cents.

1,000 PAIRS CORSETS,

Odds and Ends, to Close at Your Own Price.

Hosiery for Ladies and Children.

All these must be closed out, and we have marked some as low as FIVE CENTS PER PAIR.

CAMBRICS FOR LINING, 3 cents.
FIVE CASES PLAID NAINSOOK at 9 cents, reduced from 15 cents.
VICTORIA LAWN at 8 cents, cost 12½ cents by the case.

BUTTONS! BUTTONS!

Thousands of Dozens at 5 cents per dozen.

Some Fine Pearl Buttons will be Found in this Lot.

We shall inaugurate this sale with the determination to close out every yard of old goods, and shall not touch them now, and may have some left over, storekeepers especially invited, as we shall sell in *lots to* suit.

LANSBURGH & BRO.

420, 422 and 424

Seventh Street.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the **Inflammatory Rheumatism,** with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

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

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

JOHN R. KELLY,

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS
BEEF, LAMB, VEAL, MUTTON, ETC.
CORNED BEEF a specialty.

Stalls 628, 629, and 630 Centre Market, Ninth-street wing, and 206 and 208 Northern Liberty Market, or address Box 71, City Post Office.

Marketing delivered free of charge to all parts of the city. de16-tfs

THE BAD AND WORTHLESS

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best, and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names, in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in anyway connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. de31-4t

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

There never was yet such a prosperous little town as Brookvale. It was just what the name implied, a vale between two high hills, sheltered from fierce winds and storms. Through the quaint quiet streets meandered a wide, noisy brook, green with moss, covered with mossy rocks, white and silvery where its bed was the shining, water-worn pebbles, and brown the life blood of the dead leaves in the forest dripping over damp, soggy ground to the brook on its course through from the springs in the heart of the hills. Then under the picturesque stone bridges it was dark and deadly, polished as a mirror, and children, peeping over the rail, saw their sweet faces reflected in the depths below. There was even a tradition that one careless night, gazing fascinated into the stream, lost her balance and fell headlong, and was drowned. Children knew the story, oft repeated by anxious grandmas, and many a time sweet faces grew sad and rosy lips trembled as an older child related, as they crossed the bridge on the way to school, how little Gretchen Kohler, the pet and darling of her parents, their only child, had lost her sweet life in the dark water, and was taken out white and dead, a ribbon lock of fear in her lonely blue eyes and her yellow hair heavy with the black mud of the river. It was on Thanksgiving day, too, but there never could be another Thanksgiving in the lonely farmhouse, where its life and sunlight were forever gone. There was a little grave in the churchyard, the elder children would tell, a stone of purest marble ornamented with a little lamb. That was Gretchen's.

Brookvale is somewhere in Ohio. It is a German settlement. Years and years ago a party of emigrants from the Faderland settled there. They called it a German name, but in time this was changed to Brookvale. Wisely, too, for the American could not master the guttural sounds. One might be in some town near the Black Forest, wandering through its quaint, crooked streets, noting the odd, foreign-looking houses, the three-pointed roofs, and gable windows. The people, too, preserved their nationality; the men were ponderous, fair-haired, and fond of beer; the women fat and comfortable-looking, wearing the white caps of married life, and leading quite as peaceful, domestic lives. In the long stretches of well-cultivated land around the village there were generous patches planted with cabbage, for the villagers still clung to their sauerkraut, cold slaw, and other delicious viands in which cabbage played a prominent part. No vegetables sold in the big city of Modiboro, only twenty miles away, found as ready purchasers as those raised at Brookvale. Brookvale eggs, butter, milk, and garden stuff always brought the highest market price, and in fact brought the same prices all the year around, from wealthy and regular customers. Is it a wonder, then, that the little town was prosperous? Its old people lived on their own farms happy, well-rounded lives, and its young men would not have dared to enter the portals of the church to wed the maiden of their choice had they not a farm, paid for and well cultivated, to take her to. The schools were excellent, and children were children till they were men and women grown.

There was only one church, and therefore one religious sect, the Lutheran. The pastor, Parson Wolff, was exactly as old as the church, and a white-haired old man loved and revered in every home in the town. One of the pillars of the church was old Jacob Kohler. When he and his bride came to the town, then a green field by the babbling stream, he was from a German university, and an infidel, but she was a pious, sweet soul, who would have been a pious heathen if she had never known what Christianity was. Goodness was born in her. By her influence and that of the good parson Jacob went to the little church on the hill; then, when after ten years of wedlock his twin daughters, Gretchen and Hilda, came he entered the church as a member, thanking God openly for His mercies. Then a day came—Thanksgiving Day—and the golden-haired Gretchen, a merry, laughing child, was brought home dripping with the icy waters of the brook, to be laid on her white bed, as white and pure a soul as the angels were when she had gone. Jacob's faith wavered, but Hilda, with her wonderful violet eyes and yellow hair, then adde her playthings, and, to his wondrement—for she was never an affectionate child—crept to his arms. He was comforted and trusted in the all Father. But why did not the school children know of Hilda. They said there was only Gretchen. They were too young to know of the story of sin and shame that turned the loving father into a bitter, dark-browed, uncharitable man, living only for his wife and himself, and never even attending her faltering steps as they sleepbill to the church. At sixteen sweet Hilda rode one day to Madison with her father. There a man, one of the richest in the city, saw the sweet, wild rose bloom, the wonderful violet eyes, and the face burned in his memory like a picture of fire. Why repeat a time-worn story, and the old history of a man's desire, his selfishness, his treachery, and his success. Gifted with the beauty that whis such simple hearts, he took Hilda captive. She did not know that he was married; she was not so base as that, though her father accused her even of that knowledge—but her father was maddened by his great wrong. So she left her girlhood's home, left the white-haired, loving old mother who not seven round her slightest wish, left the tender, proud old father who loved her with a love that animated his heart till he was young and hopeful as when he stood, his arms about his bride, gazing at the fast receding shores of the Old World, or looking across the blue seas to the New World before him. Why are daughters so cruel? In a lifetime of love and care and of tender watchfulness to be thrown aside for a love like? Alas! poor Hilda! and alas, poor father and mother! There were plenty to tell the old man (cursing and waiting over the tear-botted little note of farewell, signed "Hilda" in such trembling letters) that there had been a dark, handsome stranger seen with her in the fields at twilight. They had not told him at the time; now it was too late, and he chased them away in a frenzy. Still in a wild delirium of passion he destroyed his daughter's clothing, her books, even the few little trinkets she had cherished. Then he called to his trembling old wife, on her knees in the sitting-room, her face hidden in the chair in which Hilda used to sit in all her sweet, girlish beauty:

"Where are the two lockets, mother, we kept in the case—the chains and lockets marked with their names?"

"Why, my poor, poor child," groaned the old woman, with the tears flowing down her face, "I gave them to Gretchen."

"My pure, innocent Gretchen," groaned the father. "Ah, but she lived, and the other died."

Then he went out from his home, desolate a second time. And worse than death had been this child's fate. The brook was kinder than the world, and the soul it had taken was pure and unsullied. Jacob Kohler came home at nightfall, with a set, stern face, and he forbade in terms that there was no gainsaying any further mention of his willful daughter's name.

Years rolled on; Thanksgivings passed. It was the eve of the eleventh. Not once in all the ten weary years had Jacob Kohler mentioned his daughter's name; not once had he entered the meeting-house on the hill. And Hilda, who should know or guess her fate? Not a word or a rumor had reached Brookvale. Down the valley this bitter night a fierce, icy wind was blowing; the turbid brook was flecked with icy, hear frost lay heavily on the meadows, and on the window-panes the frost king traced with marvelous power pictures of scenes in dismal or fairy bowers. By a bright, snapping, crackling open fire, in a cheerful and old-fashioned room where the heavy crimson curtains were draped about the windows, shutting out all cold, Jacob Kohler in the comfort of dressing gown and slippers sat toasting his feet by the fire. His wife sat by the table reading the Bible by the flickering candle-light. Jacob honored her in this custom; he had ceased to be a believer in God. He had gone back to his infidelity with a fierce, vindictive hate toward all in the past he had loved. The world was a wilderness. But he liked to hear his wife read; her voice was low and soft—"an excellent thing in women."

"Jacob," she said, looking up from the Bible, "isn't strange it is that to-morrow, Thanksgiving Day, we have not one being of kith or kin to eat a dinner with us. There is no one so poor that we could ask them to share their own dinner to share ours. The old friends who used to dine with us are dead and gone. Only two weeks ago old Granny Dietrich died, and she was the last of the circle of friends who have met with us at Thanksgiving for twenty years past. The cupboard is full of good things, our turkey as large a one as ever we raised. I never made better pies. The last ten years have been plentiful ones, and we were never better off." She paused, half trembling. She seldom made so long a speech. Jacob looked at her kindly. He had been thinking how like she was even in her old age, and how the pink flush on her withered cheek became her, and what a true and a faithful wife she had been.

"Well, frau, what would you have me do?"

"I am afraid to say, yet here the good book seems to point out the way. I was reading, you know, the parable of the marriage of the King's son. I thought all the time of my plan. I have had it in my heart for weeks, and I see these verses seem to tell me just what we might do. "Go ye, therefore, into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage."

"So those servants went out into the highways and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good, and the wedding was furnished with guests."

She closed the book and went up to his chair, laying her trembling hand on his shoulder. "Jacob, I don't ask many favors of you, but I want you to do one now. Last time I went to market with you I saw so many children—poor, ragged, pitiful little faces. They were so ragged and cold. You know the alley by the market. Well, I've always seen them there. The boy selling candy and a cry. Don't you remember I bought some once, and how bright and smart he was? Then there is the little old woman who goes around at the market begging for half-decayed fruit. I've often talked with the good old soul while you were busy. She has an idiot daughter, an actress woman—don't frown, Jacob. She fell, poor thing, from way up in the air somewhere, and struck on her head, and her poor mother has taken care of her ever since. Then there is the old man with the fur cap. He sells slate-pencils on the corner by the market. He always takes his cap off to me, and do you know, Jacob, there is a look on his face always like there was on my father's when you and I said good-bye forever on this earth to him. Then there is the porter at the bank on Commerce street. A woman at the market said his old wife had died and he was alone in the world. Wouldst ask him. You would be lonely, perhaps, if *Hilda* old wife were gone."

Jacob put his hand over his mouth, looked at it solemnly, then at her. "I should indeed," he said, earnestly. "Who else?"

"That's all the table will hold," she answered; "but there might be one more seat added if you would not say no."

"Who?" asked Jacob, grown suddenly hard and cold.

"Parson Wolff, the dear man, is lonely indeed, now the young niece is married."

"He wouldn't come where there was such a gathering."

"Oh, he would, Jacob. There was one greater than he could ever hope to be who sat with the lowly and made them his friends."

"Well," said Jacob, rising to go to bed, "if he won't talk any religion to me I've no objection to his eating a meal of victuals in the house."

The next day Jacob harnessed up his horses to his roomy, three-seated wagon and drove into Madison. During his absence his wife and the doft handmaid Lisa, not quite three months from her German home, prepared a glorious old Thanksgiving dinner—turkey, goose, cranberry sauce, delicious jellies, the best of vegetables, crisp celery, pumpkin pie, mince pie, one piece of which would bring forth six generations of relations, including three great-grandmothers, and a plum pudding alive with plums. After the dinner was under way good Frau Kohler donned her cloak and furs and limped up the hill to the church. After the service she told the good parson of her guests, and to promised to be present with genuine delight.

How did Jacob succeed in his curious undertaking? Well, he grumbled and growled all the way in town, half pleased with the good frau's project, half angry. Then he fell to thinking of their married life; of her when she was a golden-haired girl; how trustingly she had put her hand in his to live for him alone. There is no happiness here on earth like the love life of those who to youth are wed, and to peace and love live to a green old age. Before he was aware the horses were at the brink of the steep hill leading to Madison, and here his thoughts came back to the present. He drove slowly down the accustomed street to the market—the horses knew it so well—and looked from right to left for his guests. It was bitterly cold, and for that could do otherwise were out of doors. He passed the bank. The old porter was not in his usual place on a stool at the door, but sat on the steps enjoying what little sunshine there was. The bank was closed, the clerks all enjoying a holiday. There was no holiday or Thanksgiving now to the porter's desolate home. There was a vacant chair. Her work-basket as she had left it, and the open Bible on the table—open where she had finished the chapter. The old dog, now sitting beside him on the step, whined around the lonely house looking for her, and this but added to the porter's sadness. He sat gazing vacantly before him. He was a pleasant-faced old man, with mild blue eyes, wrinkled face, and bushy white hair and beard. He was short and stout, and looked like a sailor. As he sat there a smart wagon, drawn by two spirited, well-kept horses, stopped before the bank.

"The bank ain't open to-day," he said, mechanically.

"I don't care for that," said the man in the wagon, who had big round blue eyes, long white hair and beard, and the reddest of cheeks; "I ain't after the bank; I want the porter, John Blake."

"I'm him," said the porter, getting up painfully, stiffened with age and the cold.

"Had your dinner, man?" asked the driver.

"No, nor want none; I have nothing to be thankful for."

"Host, man, you've got your health and you can work. You've got your dog for a friend—the best a man can have. My wife said you'd a loss, so have we all; what are gone are only a little ahead of us. It was better the old wife would die before you; you wouldn't want her to be alone after you were gone. I have an old wife at home, so come home with me and eat a Thanksgiving dinner. She'll comfort you, and a hearty meal will make another man of you. No excuses; we've neither kith or kin; all my old friends are dead, and I've come out into the highways and byways." After a little more persuasion the porter and his yellow dog, who had been an interested spectator to the colloquy, got into the wagon, and Jacob drove down to find the old man who were a fur cap and sold store-pencils. He found him at his usual stand near the crossing, his hand blue with the cold, his eyes watery, his nose a brilliant cardinal. He gazed in alarm as the wagon stopped before him, listening with amazement as Jacob invited him to dinner. His face lighted up, and even in his aged eyes there came a ray of sunshine. Yes, thought Jacob, his eyes are like the old father's in Germany. He was not attired for an elegant dinner, he said in his broken English. He would go to his abode and become presentable. But Jacob said no, there was not time, and besides the frau and himself were plain country folk. So this old man got into the wagon and they went down through a narrow, ill-smelling alley, where the sickly tenement-houses leaned forlornly toward each other, shutting out let the merest glimpse of the blue sky overhead. Before the weak-looking house of them all the porter told Jacob to halt. This was the house where the old woman and her daughter lived. Jacob got down from the wagon. "I suppose they'd understand best if I'd go an' 'em myself," he said. "Can either of you see to the horses?" The bank porter could, that was a part of his business. Jacob's remarks were rather profane as he tumbled up the steep, ill-lighted old stairs. In fact, at every landing he swore a series of round German oaths. No. 17, fifth floor, he found at last, and fumbled in the darkness for the bands. He knocked, and a voice called out, "Come in." The room was bare and poorly furnished, just two chairs, a cracked looking-glass, a bed, and a table—the sort of a room from which the pawnbroker would have long been taken. Before a little stove, where a few bright coals were burning, sat a girl not more than twenty-two or twenty-three. Her eyes were full but black and soft as velvet, her cheek bulbing and warm, and her hair, which should have been black to accord with her soft hazel's eyes, white as the driven snow. She sat on a low stool close to the stove, and was knitting busily on a shawl of scarlet wool. Jacob had hesitated on the threshold of the door. He remembered the "stage women;" he had known in his wild student days in Germany, and had been fascinated with their meeting one now. Any way the good frau had told him the poor thing was crazy. He stared in amazement and asked if this was old Mrs. Merrick's room. The young woman answered in the affirmative, and said, with a look pathetic in its appeal, "Are you a manager? I am Sue Merrick. Did you come to give me an engagement? I was hurt, you know; but I will study so hard. I will try to remember—I know I can if you will keep them quiet; don't let them pound, pound all the time. Oh, my poor head. They have no pity, they are never still." She broke into a grieved little cry and hid her face in her hands. There were tears in Jacob's eyes. She looked up and saw them. "Oh, you have a kind heart," she cried wildly, clasping his hands with a gesture, poor soul, that was but an echo of the old stage days. "You will give me a part, ever so small a one. Do you know my poor mother begs in the market for food, she washes and irons with those frail old hands, worn to skin and bone. Oh, can I tell you all. She nurses the patients at the poor hospital in the poorer. Parson Wolff, was exactly as old as the church, and a white-haired old man loved and revered in every home in the town. One of the pillars of the church was old Jacob Kohler. When he and his bride came to the town, then a green field by the babbling stream, he was from a German university, and an infidel, but she was a pious, sweet soul, who would have been a pious heathen if she had never known what Christianity was. Goodness was born in her. By her influence and that of the good parson Jacob went to the little church on the hill; then, when after ten years of wedlock his twin daughters, Gretchen and Hilda, came he entered the church as a member, thanking God openly for His mercies. 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"I am afraid to say, yet here the good book seems to point out the way. I was reading, you know, the parable of the marriage of the King's son. I thought all the time of my plan. I have had it in my heart for weeks, and I see these verses seem to tell me just what we might do. "Go ye, therefore, into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage."

"So those servants went out into the highways and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good, and the wedding was furnished with guests."

She closed the book and went up to his chair, laying her trembling hand on his shoulder. "Jacob, I don't ask many favors of you, but I want you to do one now. Last time I went to market with you I saw so many children—poor, ragged, pitiful little faces. They were so ragged and cold. You know the alley by the market. Well, I've always seen them there. The boy selling candy and a cry. Don't you remember I bought some once, and how bright and smart he was? Then there is the little old woman who goes around at the market begging for half-decayed fruit. I've often talked with the good old soul while you were busy. She has an idiot daughter, an actress woman—don't frown, Jacob. She fell, poor thing, from way up in the air somewhere, and struck on her head, and her poor mother has taken care of her ever since. Then there is the old man with the fur cap. He sells slate-pencils on the corner by the market. He always takes his cap off to me, and do you know, Jacob, there is a look on his face always like there was on my father's when you and I said good-bye forever on this earth to him. Then there is the porter at the bank on Commerce street. A woman at the market said his old wife had died and he was alone in the world. Wouldst ask him. You would be lonely, perhaps, if *Hilda* old wife were gone."

Jacob put his hand over his mouth, looked at it solemnly, then at her. "I should indeed," he said, earnestly. "Who else?"

"That's all the table will hold," she answered; "but there might be one more seat added if you would not say no."

"Who?" asked Jacob, grown suddenly hard and cold.

"Parson Wolff, the dear man, is lonely indeed, now the young niece is married."

"He wouldn't come where there was such a gathering."

"Oh, he would, Jacob. There was one greater than he could ever hope to be who sat with the lowly and made them his friends."

"Well," said Jacob, rising to go to bed, "if he won't talk any religion to me I've no objection to his eating a meal of victuals in the house."

The next day Jacob harnessed up his horses to his roomy, three-seated wagon and drove into Madison. During his absence his wife and the doft handmaid Lisa, not quite three months from her German home, prepared a glorious old Thanksgiving dinner—turkey, goose, cranberry sauce, delicious jellies, the best of vegetables, crisp celery, pumpkin pie, mince pie, one piece of which would bring forth six generations of relations, including three great-grandmothers, and a plum pudding alive with plums. After the dinner was under way good Frau Kohler donned her cloak and furs and limped up the hill to the church. After the service she told the good parson of her guests, and to promised to be present with genuine delight.

How did Jacob succeed in his curious undertaking? Well, he grumbled and growled all the way in town, half pleased with the good frau's project, half angry. Then he fell to thinking of their married life; of her when she was a golden-haired girl; how trustingly she had put her hand in his to live for him alone. There is no happiness here on earth like the love life of those who to youth are wed, and to peace and love live to a green old age. Before he was aware the horses were at the brink of the steep hill leading to Madison, and here his thoughts came back to the present. He drove slowly down the accustomed street to the market—the horses knew it so well—and looked from right to left for his guests. It was bitterly cold, and for that could do otherwise were out of doors. He passed the bank. The old porter was not in his usual place on a stool at the door, but sat on the steps enjoying what little sunshine there was. The bank was closed, the clerks all enjoying a holiday. There was no holiday or Thanksgiving now to the porter's desolate home. There was a vacant chair. Her work-basket as she had left it, and the open Bible on the table—open where she had finished the chapter. The old dog, now sitting beside him on the step, whined around the lonely house looking for her, and this but added to the porter's sadness. He sat gazing vacantly before him. He was a pleasant-faced old man, with mild blue eyes, wrinkled face, and bushy white hair and beard. He was short and stout, and looked like a sailor. As he sat there a smart wagon, drawn by two spirited, well-kept horses, stopped before the bank.

"The bank ain't open to-day," he said, mechanically.

"I don't care for that," said the man in the wagon, who had big round blue eyes, long white hair and beard, and the reddest of cheeks; "I ain't after the bank; I want the porter, John Blake."

"I'm him," said the porter, getting up painfully, stiffened with age and the cold.

"Had your dinner, man?" asked the driver.

"No, nor want none; I have nothing to be thankful for."

"Host, man, you've got your health and you can work. You've got your dog for a friend—the best a man can have. My wife said you'd a loss, so have we all; what are gone are only a little ahead of us. It was better the old wife would die before you; you wouldn't want her to be alone after you were gone. I have an old wife at home, so come home with me and eat a Thanksgiving dinner. She'll comfort you, and a hearty meal will make another man of you. No excuses; we've neither kith or kin;

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A Mongoose and a Cobra Fighting.

At the present time, when the proposed introduction of the mongoose into Australia is under discussion, perhaps the following extract from the *Lecture Hour*, October, 1879, describing a combat between one of these animals and a cobra, may prove interesting to some of your readers. A report of the fight, it is stated, was sent to the Madras newspapers, signed by several Indian officers who were eye-witnesses, and dated Trichinopoly, July 11, 1877. It is as follows: "The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his hood, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, fand the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably. This lessened his distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's neck and appeared to inflict as well as receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter; again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. I would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other. The fight had lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing his position and throwing out about half an inch of his tail, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra then made a sudden dash at the mongoose (who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in previous encounters) and bit at his head, which he evidently had aimed at, but missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, with equal celerity, the mongoose sprang at the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after to fail inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by seizing the head of his foe in the act of retreat. It seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now, no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, he unfolded his coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth to his brain at once ended the contest. The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom sac, and then I was the opposition of her subjects, until there seemed good ground for the fears entertained by Simler. "Je necroirai au mariage," he said, "que lorsque les draps seront levés, les flambeaux éteints et mon maître dans le lit." But after this open acknowledgment of the man who was to be her husband, further excuse and hesitation seemed impossible. Yet the very morning after this announcement this hysterical spinster came into the Duke's room and declared it could not be, she had passed the night in tears; three more nights of such misery, she said, and she would be a dead woman—indeed, she could not marry. The Duke threw the ring on the floor, chiding the fickleness of the whole sex, and vowed that he would at once take his departure. But Elizabeth, who would not marry him, did not think it beneath herself to put her arms around his neck, to kiss him and caress him, and to implore him not to go. The Duke, thus petitioned, consented to remain for a time. And for a time Alencon passed his days now in the hope and then in the despair common to the lover who is not accepted and yet not dismissed. The Queen flirted with him, smiled upon him, and presents still continued to be exchanged between the two. One morning, while sitting with the Duke, hand-in-hand, Elizabeth, in her softest tones, said she could never marry a Papist. Hereupon Alencon, with the most charming imperturbability, offered to turn Protestant. Alas! sighed the Queen, she did not feel toward him as she had once felt. The Duke now lost his temper, and reminded her of all he had gone through, what sacrifices he had made, how he had lost the good opinion of the Catholic world, how deeply he loved her, and how he would rather die with her than live without her. Elizabeth—indeed, he were he would not quit England—"It is very ill of you," said the Queen, "to threaten an old woman in her own kingdom; you are mad, and talk like a madman." The Duke stood, and Elizabeth sat by his side alternately wiping his tears away with her handkerchief and caressing him as of old.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

She Would and She Wouldn't.

The Duke of Alencon was lodged at Whitehall, but otherwise had apartments assigned to him at Greenwich, where the Queen then was. The closest intimacy again ensued between the two; the warmest of love-letters passed between them, though the couple saw each other daily, and every morning Elizabeth came into the young man's room to give him with her own fair hands a basin of soap. On the day of the anniversary of her coronation she was walking with the Duke on-in-arm through the corridors of the palace. The French Ambassador was announced, and craved an audience. As soon as he appeared Elizabeth stepped forward and said with a smile to him: "You can write to your master that the Duke will be my husband." Then, taking a ring from her finger, she placed it on the hand of the Duke, and turning to her suitor said: "Now, I have a husband; you, all of you, can follow my example if you like." After this declaration it seemed impossible that the marriage ceremony could be long deferred; Elizabeth had given excuse after excuse for not fixing the day when the Duke was to be made the happiest of men; now it was her health, then it was the state of Europe, and then it was the opposition of her subjects, until there seemed good ground for the fears entertained by Simler. "Je necroirai au mariage," he said, "que lorsque les draps seront levés, les flambeaux éteints et mon maître dans le lit." But after this open acknowledgment of the man who was to be her husband, further excuse and hesitation seemed impossible. Yet the very morning after this announcement this hysterical spinster came into the Duke's room and declared it could not be, she had passed the night in tears; three more nights of such misery, she said, and she would be a dead woman—indeed, she could not marry. The Duke threw the ring on the floor, chiding the fickleness of the whole sex, and vowed that he would at once take his departure. But Elizabeth, who would not marry him, did not think it beneath herself to put her arms around his neck, to kiss him and caress him, and to implore him not to go. The Duke, thus petitioned, consented to remain for a time. And for a time Alencon passed his days now in the hope and then in the despair common to the lover who is not accepted and yet not dismissed. The Queen flirted with him, smiled upon him, and presents still continued to be exchanged between the two. One morning, while sitting with the Duke, hand-in-hand, Elizabeth, in her softest tones, said she could never marry a Papist. Hereupon Alencon, with the most charming imperturbability, offered to turn Protestant. Alas! sighed the Queen, she did not feel toward him as she had once felt. The Duke now lost his temper, and reminded her of all he had gone through, what sacrifices he had made, how he had lost the good opinion of the