

# THE FALSE HEIR.

OR  
WHY DID HE MARRY HER?

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

Two ladies sat in a lofty apartment in a large mansion in one of the most aristocratic streets of New York. The frescoed walls, silken curtains, and velvet carpet harmonized in coloring; but the costly mirrors which lined the walls reflected nothing so attractive as the living occupants of that elegant reception-room.

A lady of three-and-twenty, stately and composed, sat with her noble head leaning against the crimson cushion of a divan, the dark, shining bands of her hair, and marble white complexion, contrasting with its deep-toned hue. Her dress was rich, and in good taste, and her hands, that played lightly with a bunch of charms which hung from her chateleine, were of exquisite symmetry and fairness.

The reception was over, and the mistress of the house sank down in a velvet fauteuil, as the door closed on the last guest, and exclaimed—  
"Thank Heaven! the weary hours are gone, and I have time to break the seals of my foreign package. Oh, Nelly, you do not know what I have had in my possession for the last hour."

There was a sudden start, and uplifting of the drooping lids, which veiled a pair of magnificent dark eyes, and a faint streak of crimson flashed upon the pearly cheek.

"Letters from abroad—from Ernest?" she quickly asked. "Is there one for me?"

"Of course; when did our wanderer, ever forget to send a volume to you, Nelly?" I declare, I am half jealous sometimes."

"You need not be, Cornelia; for of the two, I suspect, he loves his sister far better than his friend. Only as his friend, remember, did I consent to correspond with him. Ernest is free to write to me, or to let it alone."

"Of course," replied Mrs. Harper, half smiling. "I understand all about that. But this puzzle will pass away before my brother returns, and in time your old relations will be established. I hope yet to see you the wife of Ernest, Nelly."

"It is not likely that I shall ever stand in that relation to him," replied Ellinor Graham, in a low tone, and the sudden fading of the flush that had leaped to her cheek betrayed that she was moved by some very painful emotion.

"Tell me, how did this package reach you?"

"Colonel Ramsay, the tall man in military undress, who came in with Mrs. Gilmore, gave it to me. He is just arrived from Washington, and he informed me that it came with dispatches to Government last night. A box will also arrive some time to-day, with presents, no doubt, for us all. Colonel Ramsay has just returned from Europe where he saw Ernest; and something I did not distinctly hear, that he said about a Mrs. Ernest. Lady made me think he is in my brother's confidence, though it sounded odd to me; perhaps, after all, I did not understand him rightly."

"There may possibly be a lady of that name in existence," said Miss Graham, with affected lightness; but her heart fluttered wildly as she spoke, and then grew sick and faint with a sudden, sinking dread, which with her was always the forerunner of evil tidings.

"Ellinor, how can you speak thus!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper, indignantly. "Even in thought I would not deem my brother capable of such a deed. Pray open your package, and if there is a letter for me let me have it."

Mrs. Harper broke the seals, and two letters were taken from the envelope. One was for herself, the other for her father. She hastily unfolded her own, but there was nothing within for her companion.

It was the first time Ernest Linden had thus slighted her, and Ellinor sank back with a pain so quick and sharp through her aching heart, that it seemed as if a dagger was piercing it; but she made no sign of suffering. Like the Spartan boy, she could clasp the wounded side, and still cry of anguish, which betrays less self-sustained nature.

Mrs. Harper hurriedly glanced down the page before her. At the first sentence she uttered an exclamation, and raised her eyes toward her companion; but her impulsive appearance betrayed nothing. Hastily dropping them, she read and re-read the incredible contents of her brother's epistle.

Ellinor Graham furtively watched the changes in the face familiar to her through all the years of girlhood, and she saw in them that which confirmed the fear of evil that had hovered as a dim shadow over her throughout the whole day. She apprehensively asked—

"What is the matter, Cornelia? Is Ernest ill?"

Mrs. Harper buried her face in her hands, and burst in tears.

"Oh! but to have my idol betrayed by my brother, whom I believe the soul of honor and truth, false to himself, to you, is more than I can bear."

"What can you mean?" syllabled the white lips of her friend, but the words were rather breathed than uttered. "Cornelia, you wrong him. Speak not thus of Ernest."

"And you—you defend him! Oh, Ernest, Ernest of my heart, my brother has proved himself unworthy of you, for he has married another! Colonel Ramsay was right; there is a Mrs. Ernest Linden, but I will never receive her as such—never!"

the first time in her life had fainted. She lay white and cold before her friend, who fortunately, had too much delicacy and prudence to expose her condition to the rest of the household. She knelt beside her, chafed her hands, and used her vinaigrette, until she showed signs of returning animation.

When she again spoke, Mrs. Harper was surprised at the even and quiet tones of her voice.

Tell me the particulars of this sudden marriage. Where did Ernest meet his wife? Let me hear all that I am interested in knowing, and then let us put aside this subject for ever. You see that I was right, Cornelia, to consider myself only in the light of a friend to your brother. As such I will prove myself.

"I do not blame him for this, for I find him from all that I have heard, he left his native land. Read his letter to me if you please, I wish to hear what he says of his bride."

Mrs. Harper kissed her tenderly. "My dear, I always said that you are of the material of which heroines are made. Read for yourself. It does not stifle my indignation and disappointment sufficiently to read his verbiage aloud."

Inclosed she found the printed account of the marriage, cut from a newspaper, and with a painful spell of fascination, Ellinor read the announcement which ran thus—

"Married in Paris on 20th of October, Ernest Gordon Linden, attaché to the American embassy, to Amelia Caroline Waltham, only child and heiress to George Waltham, Esq., formerly of Dorsetshire, England."

The reader folded the letter again, and repressed the deep and disappointed sigh that struggled for utterance, as she thought—

"Ernest has yielded to his old temptation and recklessly gambled away his resources. In a moment of desperation he has married this poor girl for her wealth. I know that he loves me alone, will love me to the end of his wasted life. Ah! me, my dream has vanished—my hope is dead. I prayed that he might become worthy of the love I gave him in those days when I was little more than a child. Now I am a woman with strength to endure, to conceal the tortures that is wringing my heart, and I will conceal it, or die in the effort."

Mrs. Harper watched her as she read, and marveled at the still calmness with which the lover's raptures were perused; the white cheek did not flush, the flexible lips did not tremble, and when the letter was tendered back without comment, she said, with surprise—

"Well, Nellie, have you nothing to say about this mysterious marriage?"

"Nothing except that I sincerely hope that Ernest may be happy in his choice. He seems not to have neglected the world, considers the main things in marriage family and fortune. I trust that his bride brings with her also a dower of sweet womanly affections and gentle temper."

"He deserves to get the most outrageous virago for his conduct toward all of us. What will my father say? I own I dread to tell him."

"Permit me then to take this duty on myself. Our father will listen to my arguments in favor of his son's sudden choice, sooner, perhaps, than to yours. When Mr. Linden sees that I consider it well that Ernest has married, he will soon begin to think with complacency of his new daughter, and as for me, I will not concern myself with the world's considerations of things in marriage family and fortune. Let us to the end of my days be true to the breaking of the tidings to him."

"My poor Nelly, it will be too much for you. I should be selfish, indeed, to suffer you to go through such an ordeal. I must carry the letters to my father myself, and do the best I can towards excusing my inconsiderate brother."

"You will do no such thing," replied Ellinor, gently but decisively. "Suffer and grow strong," says the poet of the heart. I have done that, Cornelia. Our compact was that he was to return rescued from his vice, or never seek me as a lover again."

"Oh, Nelly, how can you speak so calmly?"

"I know your heart is bleeding cruelly from this blow? Your pride is too great—seek the sympathy you need, let it break in its lonely struggles."

Ellinor laid her cold hand impressively upon that of the speaker.

"No earthly comforter can avail now, Cornelia. I must seek help when I weary and sorrow-stricken are told to apply. 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary laden.' I carry my burden there, and if God cannot help me I need look for aid from no earthly consoler."

"You are right, as you always are," said Mrs. Harper, in a subdued voice. "Oh, Nelly, may this wayward brother of mine never have the cause to contrast your upright, noble character, with that of this artful English woman, who has evidently entangled him into a marriage with her."

"Hush—hush—do not speak so harshly of one you know so little of. The pride of Ernest is too great to permit him to be won by an inferior woman. When your new sister becomes known to you, no doubt she will win her way to your affections, as she has done to those of Ernest."

Mrs. Harper would have protested against this possibility, but Miss Graham took from her hand the letter addressed to Mr. Linden, and left the room.

The task she had undertaken was a painful one, for she had long been considered by the old gentleman in the light of a cherished daughter, and he looked forward with certainty to her future union with his son.

Ellinor Graham was an orphan ward of Mr. Linden, and from early girlhood had had resided beneath his roof.

All that a tender and considerate elder sister could do for her young charge was performed by the lovely woman who understood the duty and until she was sixteen Ellinor was happy as a bird beneath her fostering care.

Mr. Easton she owed her fine perception of right, her truthfulness of nature, and above all, her firm Christian faith; and with tender reverence she cherished the memory of the angel in heaven whose teachings had formed her character. This labor of love was scarcely completed, when Mrs. Easton was called from her earthly sphere to one of wider scope. She left a child of seven summers, and toward her Ellinor assumed the duties vacated by her mother's untimely death. The little Clara was never permitted to feel the loss she had sustained, and in a short time the child clung close to her young cousin as fondly as she had lately done to her mother.

General Easton wished to console himself for the loss of his wife by a

tour to Europe, and he gladly accepted the offer of his half-brother, Mr. Linden, to receive Ellinor and her young charge under his roof, till the former should make a suitable marriage. Miss Graham had been a schoolmate of Cornelia Linden's, and it was the influence of the latter which induced Mr. Linden to make the proposal, which was at once gladly accepted.

At the time of her removal to Mr. Linden's house, Ellinor Graham was in her seventeenth year. Ernest Linden was six years older than his sister, and his absence at college had prevented him from having any familiar acquaintance with her most intimate friends. He had occasionally seen Ellinor as a child, and thought of her only as a demure little miss, who was utterly undeserving of the notice of a young gentleman who had graduated at Harvard.

After a lengthened summer tour, he was surprised on his return home to find a lovely and accomplished young lady installed in his father's house as a permanent inmate.

At first Linden neglected her, but soon some inexplicable charm, which he could not analyze, attracted him to her side, though he made manifest efforts to escape from the fascination. In a few months he became passionately enamoured of her, and in a fitful, morbid manner sought to win her love.

Sometimes for weeks he would exclude himself from the family circle, appearing to be in a most depressed and miserable state of mind; then he would suddenly emerge from his fits of despondency, and show himself the brilliant, sparkling Ernest of an earlier day. His family beheld his alternate fits of sadness and attraction with apprehension, and fondly sought to discover their origin. Nothing occurred to them so probable as his newly developed passion for Ellinor, and they watched with deep solicitude for some token that he was beloved by her.

The human heart is a strange riddle, and this young and charming girl, who already had several admirers, turned from the siren tones of flattery to the moody and melancholy man, who seemed afraid to betray to her how much he loved her. At length, in a moment of irrepensible emotion, he avowed his devotion to her, but protested that he was unworthy of a return to his passion.

Ellinor interpreted this as merely the high-flown language of romance, and in her deep heart, thought him worthy of the gift of any woman's affection. Hers was given to him with a doubt of her future happiness under his guardianship, and the pair were betrothed.

Mr. Linden was delighted, and urged the completion of the marriage as soon as possible; but, to the amazement of his friends Ernest shrank back, declaring that Mr. Graham was too young to enter into a marriage with the son of her guardian. The world would condemn both himself and his family, if he hurried a girl of seventeen into a union with himself, before she had seen enough of society to compare him with others who might seek her hand.

So the day passed on till that one came in which Linden was to bid adieu to his native land. At the moment of parting, he would have wrung from her a promise to await his return; to permit no other love to come between the hope he had so long cherished, and his ultimate fulfillment; but the pride of Ellinor was aroused by his pretensions, and she refused to give any distinct pledge. Ernest might trust to her constancy, and if he returned redeemed from his besetting temptation, and she was free, and then he might ask and receive his reward. The promised day came, and the pair considered each other, until it became expedient to resume their old relations.

The pair corresponded. Linden's letters were those of a lover; and the passionate outpouring of devotion, which he had habitually repressed when near her, was written in the precious pages, which were treasured with more care than would have been diamonds from the mines of Golconda. Ellinor wrote only as a friend, but a subtle spirit of confidence and unwavering devotion pervaded her letters, delicately and guardedly as they were worded.

His tour was lengthened to three years, at the end of which time he distinctly said he would come home, to claim the troth of her who had so long and faithfully awaited his return.

Just as happiness seemed almost within her grasp the cup was dashed from her lips. Ellinor had permitted suddenly changed; they became more cautious, less fervid in their expressions of attachment; and Ellinor felt that the old melancholy had laid its hold upon him again.

Ellinor knew that she must give Linden up. Mysterious as was the cause of his change, she felt that she had divided them she felt to be impassable. Yet she did not realize that their lives were actually severed till that evening, when the sudden announcement of his marriage with another had struck her senseless.

During all these years of secretly cherished affection, Ellinor had permitted no one to read her heart; she spoke to Ernest as a dear friend, resolute that she would not betray to any one the secret of her broken hopes and wasted love. It seemed as if some sad fate had warned her only by acting through the hand of a friend, that she was to be saved from the hour of desertion came. In the midst of her suffering there was still some consolation in the thought that she was saved from the pity of her friends and the sneers of her enemies, over that forlorn and wretched thing, a human heart whose altar fires are quenched—a human heart that has analyzed its detested idol, and finds not only the feet of clay, but the whole form destitute of the divine spark with which to light the pure flame that warms, yet consumes not.

And now Ellinor Graham was alone in her desolation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Orange Blossoms.

Orange brides were the first to wear orange-blossoms, and occasionally the European brides ever since the time of the crusades; but the general adoption of wreaths of orange blossoms for brides is comparatively a modern practice, due especially to the recent taste for flower language.

The subject of bridal decorations being made a study, and the orange flower being found suitable, from the use made of it by the ancient Saracens, it was introduced by modists as a fit ornament for brides. The motion once planted soon became a custom, now very general, adopted by all brides who study the conventions of society and follow the accepted fashions.

## PANDORA'S PUPIL.

Poor Miss Piper little thought when she began to teach Mr. Slinger, a gentleman of neglected education, how to read and write that her fair fame was in danger. But one day Mrs. Grimm, her landlady paid her a visit, told her she ought to be ashamed of herself to behave so unladylike, that all the neighborhood was talking about the scandal, and wound up by asking the poor little old maid to leave the house.

Poor Miss Pandora! As her friend and landlady walked out of the door with her handkerchief to her eyes she stood motionless, as though turned to a pillar of salt. She saw just how this repair of neglected education must appear to her small circle of discarded pupils, and felt a strong desire to drown herself, or jump out of the window, or turn on the gas, or take a box of matches in her ten, and she might actually it seemed to her afterward, have died of mortification, but that the gong at the front door pulled violently at this moment, startled her, and Nora, running up, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, for she had been making preparations to go to bed, announced the arrival of a visitor.

"Mr. Slinger."

"He can't come up," said Pandora, "at this hour of night."

"No, miss; he says for you to come down."

Pandora went down.

Mr. Slinger was at the door.

"There's a telescope at the corner," he said; "something going on in some star or other. I believe. Get a bonnet and shawl and come and take a peep. It will be a lesson in astronomy for me. You can explain it, you know—same terms as the other lessons."

Pandora without a word obeyed.

The door was closed after the two, leaving Mrs. Grimm staring at Nora.

"That's the capshaw," said the lady.

"Shall I sit up for 'em?" asked Nora.

"No," said Mrs. Grimm. "I will." Meanwhile Miss Pandora and Mr. Slinger peeped through the telescope and saw the rings of Saturn, which Mr. Slinger supposed to be phenomenal and temporary, and which were explained by Miss Pandora to be ice crystals, and then adjourned to a fire corner, as kind as an old lady, and this indeed was desperate dissipation, Miss Pandora said to herself, as she sat before the cut-glass goblets on the damask cloth and saw the water splash from the little fountain in the center into the aquarium and over the glossy plants, all reflected in the long mirror. However, what did it matter? She had been already "gabbed about," turned out of her lodgings as a person who had gone wrong. She would keep this merry moment to remember when she had put an end to all by saying to the neglected pupil that she could no longer impart instruction to him as an old lady, and he was ordering every indigestible luxury on the bill of fare, the diamond on his little finger flashing like a small sun, obsequious waiters bobbing about behind them. He looked kindly at her, and asked her if she liked this or that. He was as simple as an old baby; as kind as an old lady, and he was a nice, pleasant-looking man.

"All over! all over!" she said to herself. "I might have known what a wicked world this is, and how ill it thinks of innocent things. Why might not I go on teaching him forever without any harm to either of us?"

People were coming in from concerts, from the theaters; tables were filling, but theirs, between the two columns beyond the fountain, was very quiet.

The waiters were gone to execute Mr. Slinger's behests. Suddenly he turned to her and took a letter from his pocket.

"Miss Piper," he said, "read that."

It was from a firm of lawyers, speaking in plain terms of Mr. St. Leger as a gentleman and a man of honor and fortune.

"I did not need it, indeed," said Pandora sadly. "And this is the way your name is really spent? St. Leger! It's a beautiful name."

"It sounds a little curious to me," he said. "Mother wrote it Slinger. I never knew; but you see I'm all right. You never took me without a character when I went for a place—in the ball or the poor times, and I couldn't expect you to take me without a character either. I don't know whether you despise me for my ignorance or not; but if you don't why I want you to take me for your pupil for life—to marry me, you know, Pandora. Will you?"

It was a dreadful thing to do in such a public place, but Pandora Piper felt that she was going to faint—the room grew black.

"It was in my mind the first day I came," he said. "I had seen you often through the window, when you gave lessons to that little girl at Bell's. I wanted to watch you with my opera glass. I felt sure that you were just the woman for me, and every lesson you gave me proved it. I shall learn everything from you—goodness as well as spelling. Oh, say yes! I want you!"

She said "Yes."

Mrs. Grimm was sitting up for her, pale with wrath, when she returned; but Pandora took her by both hands and said:

"You won't turn me out until after my wedding day, will you, dear? You'll let me get married here. It's next week. Mr. St. Leger won't wait. You see we will have to go to England to live on the estate. And, after all, a poor little teacher needs no great preparation."

"Servants and diamonds and a country house and a city house, and every thing heart could wish," Mrs. Grimm says, in telling her story. A real great lady now. It's like a romance."

A Mastodon's Tooth.

Dr. H. Miles Cochrane, of Houlton, Me., has on exhibition at his dental rooms an extremely rare curiosity. It is the tooth of a mastodon, known as such, according to Dr. Cochrane, from the conical projections upon its surface, and showing it to belong to a vegetable eating animal akin to the elephant. It was discovered in the earth about five feet from the surface of the ground by a man engaged in excavating for a cellar to a house in Monticello. The tooth is about thirteen inches in circumference.—Kennebec Journal.

## Happless 40 Days

The great agony caused by rheumatism is indescribable, and the gratitude of those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla and are cured is often beyond expression. The following is from a well-known Wisconsin farmer, and is endorsed by the editors of the Nellyville, Wis., Times as an extraordinary case.

"For 25 years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to get out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering from every all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business. I took five bottles, and am now so free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel slightly on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla."

CHARLES HANSEN, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

N. B. If you make up your mind to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, take the following:

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only at Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

Not Perishable.

A colored man, who, a few days ago, obtained a marriage license, was at the clerk's office asking that it be taken back and the dollar refunded.

The anxious clerk asked if the license was not filled up properly, and the answer was, "I thought so; but I find the lady is lawfully married already, and of course I can't marry her."

"You don't know," said some one in the office; her husband may die, or there may be a divorce, and the license will keep." The applicant went off still holding the license.—Washington Star.

The devil's school is open night and day and never has a vacation.

FOR MENTAL DEPRESSION TAKE Allen's Sign Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

The world is quite small to people who live only on clothes themselves.

You wear out clothes on a washboard ten times as much as on the body. How foolish. Buy Dobbin's Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1894. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

A man who don't know much at home learns very fast when he travels.

Does every bone in your body ache. Then bathe in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; rub twice.

The late Gen. Terry was a brother of Rose Terry Cook, the writer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

London In a Fog.

London has been sunless for more than a month. "At one time this afternoon," writes Harold Frederick on Saturday, "it grew so light here in London that one could distinguish houses on the opposite side of the street quite plainly, but it didn't last long, and this evening people are bumping around in the same old pea-soup fog, which has enveloped the metropolis since New Year's. A little of this bit-like existence each winter has certain charms of uniqueness and variety, but Londoners this time are fairly worn out with it. No glimpse of sunshine has been permitted us now for thirty-eight days, and sometimes there have been banquets of solid darkness lasting for fifty hours at a stretch. Moreover, it has been for the most part exceptionally cold from an English standpoint. To be sure, the mercury has never fallen beyond 32° above zero; but that is deemed such an inhuman temperature here that a driver on a coach between Canterbury and Dover the other night actually allowed himself to be frozen to death by it."

Trousers' Bottom Protector.

It seems as if the ingenuity of the inventor would never tire of seeking for new worlds to conquer. A singular invention is the subject of a recent patent. This is neither more nor less than a trousers' protector, which is held to the trousers by means of two small spring clips, one at the buckle or projections at its lower edge prevents the bottom of the trousers from coming in contact with the ground and getting muddy. It is claimed that by its use it is impossible to pick up mud, and that the unsightly method of turning up the bottoms of trousers in wet weather is thereby obviated. It is said to be not noticeable when worn, and is made in different colors to suit the cloth. It weighs one-eighth of an ounce, and can be instantly fixed or removed.

THE POINT.

"A" From a Catholic Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

ST. JACOBS OIL, The Great Remedy For Pain, but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and that the worst cases become their infirmities cured. Give Express and Foot Ointment, H. G. MOOT, M. C., 193 Pearl St., N. Y.

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I CURE FITS!

When I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean radical cure. I have made a disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong cure. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Beeswax others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Foot Ointment, H. G. MOOT, M. C., 193 Pearl St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease. It is Dr. BRIDGES' SECRET. It has cured thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing. It has been cured. Induced to strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two bottles FREE, if a AVAILABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Dr. BRIDGES, P. O. 151 St. Paul St., N. Y.

FAT FOLKS

Induced to strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two bottles FREE, if a AVAILABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Dr. BRIDGES, P. O. 151 St. Paul St., N. Y.

## To Provide for Kossuth.

A London writer has alluded to the straitened circumstances in which Louis Kossuth finds himself. The Buda-Pesth Athenaeum offered him an advance of 3,000 forins on his writings, but the old man, with characteristic honesty, declined it on the ground that at his age he could not be sure of completing the work. However, an arrangement will be made which will obviate all risk of his suffering from want during the remainder of his life.

No man is very strong who is not strong enough to control himself.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, cured his stammering by having for a month full of pebbles, and many are the modern orators who have cured their hoarseness by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Whatever tends to increase usefulness, by banishing pain and suffering, will certainly secure notice and approval. We allude to Salvation Oil.

Angels are not far away from people who are trying to please God.

COMMENDABLE

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS USE Brown's Bronchial Trochiscs. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

There are in the world, 3,064 languages and 1,000 religions.

Slush, dirt, wet feet; rheumatism and colds follow. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.

Slam is to have a \$400,000 electric railway thirty miles long.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS USE Brown's Bronchial Trochiscs. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

The only remedy for earthly trouble is to be right with God.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoor, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needed exercise in the open air. They often