ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR LINE.

["Though lost to sight to memory dear," originated with Ruthven Jenkins and was first published in the Greenwich Magazine for Marines, in 1701 or 1702. As a literary gem, we quote the whole poem.]

Sweetheart, good-by! the fluttering sail
 Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the favoring gale
 My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
 These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,
 Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace!
 Oh, cruel Fate, true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
 Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollections trace
 In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
 Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

THE WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

A Story of the Transvaal.

After tiffin on the second day of the summer assizes for Griqualand West, the languid interest which had hitherto been taken in the proceedings suddenly developed into something nearly akin to excitement. The jury had just returned a verdict of culpable homicide against a dozen out of some fifty Shangaans who stood huddled together, helpless and frightened, in the dock, charged with participating in a fatal tribal affray at the Lone Star Diamond Mining Company's compound; the judge had duly sentenced the gaping unfortunates, and the jailers were endeavoring to sort them out from amongst their unconvicted but probably no less guilty comrades, when the Crown Prosecutor, a fresh-colored young Englishman, with no small idea of his own importance, turned in his seat at the barrister's table, and whispered to the official who sat behind him to put forward Dirk Sylvester. The official rose and repeated the name aloud; a hum of expectancy ran through the little crowd of spectators, and passed on to the loungers outside, who eagerly crowded into the corrugated iron temple of justice; gentlemen of the long robe and members of the press hurried over from the Yellow Bar just opposite and the stalwart Zulu, attired in canvas, marked with a broad black arrow, paused in his monotonous jerking of the punkah cord in order to catch a glympse of "Baas" Sylvester, as he stepped into the dock.

The prisoner was a tall, handsome colonial, with dark gleaming eyes, black beard, and a skin the paleness of which had been ripened into swarthiness by the fierce African sun. He was erect and fearless; he threw a glance of defiance at his enemies; he nodded with a smile to his friends, and then, as the door of a private entrance to the body of the court opened, and a figure draped in purest white, with bright golden hair rippling in rich profusion over the shapely shoulders, glided in softly and quietly like a sunbeam from the free world outside, he leant over the rail which interposed between him and liberty, and hoarsely whispered her name—the dearest name on earth to him.

It was Sylvester's wife. She responded quickly with a look more eloquent than words; and then the prisoner drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms and listened intently as the clerk of the court—an old friend with whom he had spent many a roystering evening in his bachelor days—droned through the indictment, and in a clear voice replied to the charge of willful murder, "Not guilty."

The Crown Prosecutor, in slow and measured tones, began to sketch the history of the crime; the judge lounged back in his easy chair and leisurely sought for the clean pages in his record book; the counsel for the defense pushed back his wig from his perspiring brow, and hunted out a reference in an almost forgotten work on the Roman-Dutch law, the spectators hushed their murmuring; the punkah swayed regularly to and fro over-head, and Sylvester's wife, sitting there in the well of the stifling court, with her sweet blue eyes riveted on the prisoner, and her luxuriant locks rising and falling with the artificial breeze, looked to me even more beautiful than two years ago, when she nightly ravished the hearts of susceptible diggers in the make-shift theatre in the Dufoitspan road.

In those memorable bygone days she was Mademoiselle Marie La Cour, and the star of a traveling theatrical company, which, like most other "combinations of talent" visiting the Diamond Fields, never, as a whole, got any further. The proprietor made so much money in a short season that he left to assume the lesseeship of a big Australian house, and Marie's father look over the managment of the sheep thus bereft of their shepherd. How divinely she danced and sang; how she brought the tears into the eyes of great rough fellows, or made them shake the rafters with their sonorous laughter; how she fluttered the hearts of the bank magnates and the Jew diamond merchants, and she caused the "treasury" to overflow with fatness—are not all these things written in the tablets of the memory of every dweller on the Fields? In the zenith of her fame she married Dirk Sylvester, and if ever a man deserved his bride he did, for his passion wore him almost to a shadow; and his dark eyes gleamed dangerously if a rival presumed as much as to speak to her; and before Dirk came upon the scene there were rivals in plenty, but though Marie sipped the champagne they offered, and even accepted their diamonds, she laughed openly at all of them. Dirk was proprietor of one of the richest claims at the New Rush; and the moment he and Marie met the host of more or less hopeful suitors saw their chances were over. She seemed to have fallen in love with him quite as much as he had with her, and would have married him long before she did, but that her father besought her to continue on the stage a little longer for his benefit. At last the old gentleman drank himself into the Carnarvon Hospital, and only came out since to occupy one of the graves which are always yawning, ready dug in the Kimbarley Cemetery, for victims to fever and alcohol; and then Marie La Cour became to us and all our world, "Sylvester's wife."

They took a little villa at the extremity of Putoitspan road, a neat veranda-surrounded residence, screened from the dust and heat by tall blue-gums, and half covered with creepers and tropical flowers. After that we saw little of the so well known Marie La Cour. Occasionally, at long intervals, they would invite a few bachelor friends—myself included—to witness their bliss, and on such evenings the great bull-frogs which invaded the garden of "the Oasis," as their place was rightly named, would hush their vile croaking as Sylvester's wife thrilled forth some gay chansonette to the accompaniment of the Broadwood which Dirk specially imported for her from Europe; or sometimes the happy pair would ride over to a picnic on the banks of the meandering Modder river, and Mrs. Sylvester would deign to astonish us with the feats of marksmanship which she would accomplish with the pretty revolver—ivory handled and chased with gold—which Dirk had given her.

One night as I strolled into the Albert saloon for a game of billiards, I found a knot of diggers gathered around a new arrival—a handsome little Frenchman, who had come to the Fields to look after some claims in which a Parisian firm had invested. He was laughing conceitedly, and stroking his carefully waxed imperial with a self-satisfied air, when Dirk came in, and was immediately hailed by a man who was no friend of his—the manager of some ground which was always tumbling into Dirk's claims, and smashing his gear.

I did not hear exactly what he said, but my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing Dirk make a bound at the Frenchman, and seize him by the throat, while his eyes fairly blazed with passion. The Frenchman tried to elude his grasp, but in a moment Dirk had dashed him to the floor and was standing over him, raging with fury.

"You miserable liar and scoundrel," he said, "if ever I hear of you mentioning my wife's name again, I'll kill you!" Then he strode out of the saloon.

A silence fell on the company standing around the fallen Frenchman, and as he staggered to his feet and slunk away into a side room, where the rattle of dice went on all day long and far into the night, no one found so much as a word to throw after him.

I met Dick on several occasions after this curious episode, but, as if by mutual consent, we avoided the subject. One night, however, when the moon was sailing majestically overhead and lighting up the dusty road between the Pan and Kimberley with a flood of lambent light, I was riding slowly into camp when I heard the pattering of a horse behind me, and turning in the saddle confronted Dirk. He was agitated and angry, and without a word of greeting plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know, old fellow," he said. "I've just been told by a digger at Hallis's that that rascally little Frenchman has been repeating his lies about being intimate with my wife in Paris before she came out here. Not only that, but he says he has a miniature of her which she gave him, set in gold. The unmitigated liar! If I find time I shall canter over to his cabin the other side of the mine to-night, and if he can't produce that souvenir it will be hard for him. If he does, it won't be in his possession long."

"Don't do anything rash, Dirk," I said. "Remember, there is another to think of beside yourself."

"That's what it is that bothers me, old fellow," he replied; and then, reining in his horses, and jogging along by my side, he told me his trouble. It appears that his wife denied any intimacy with the Frenchman, but stated that her father tried to force his attentions on her in the old days when he was a half-starved ballet master, and she a struggling aspirant at a Paris theatre. The miniature was a new feature in the story, and Dirk firmly believed it to be a myth, but was bent on finding out whether it was so or not.

After awhile he grew calmer, and paid more attention to my entreaties to him to proceed with caution.

On parting he shook me by the hand, and his last words, shouted to me as he galloped off at the turning for the Oasis, were—

"I shan't trouble the little Frenchman to-night, but let him keep out of my way."

The next morning the body of Jules Lacroix was found lying on the floor of his cabin with an ugly hole in the left temple. In one hand he grasped tightly part of a gold chain, and the swivel of a miniature. There was the fresh spoor of a horse not far from the door, and the bullet found in the brain fitted Dirk's revolver to a nicety.

It was not long before Dirk was in custody, and the case looked black against him. His threat to shoot the Frenchman was well remembered; his excited demeanor in Hallis's bar at the Pan, when the news of the Frenchman's reiterated assertion of a former intimacy with his wife was brought to him, was commented upon, and the circumstantial evidence was strong.

As for Dirk himself, he utterly denied going near the Frenchman's cabin on the night of the murder, and he accounted for the fact that he did not reach home for nearly an hour after leaving me by saying that, feeling hot and excited, he went for a scamper over the veldt, and the beauty of the moonlit night caused him to stay out longer than he intended.

He pressed me to tell all I knew about the matter, and I reluctantly did so, making the most of his expressed determination on leaving me not to visit the Frenchman that evening.

The trial dragged on until late in the night, and at 12 o'clock the jury came into the court with a verdict of "Guilty."

I shall never forget the look of mute agony on his wife's face as Dirk stood up to be sentenced to death, or the calm, proud way in which he heard his doom.

II.

"Mark my words, boys, Sylvester's wife will get him reprieved."

The speaker was lounging at the counter of the Yellow Bar, in the Transvaal road, and his words evoked a murmur of sympathy.

Ever since the conviction efforts had been made in all directions to prevent the dread sentence of the law being carried out, and Sylvester's wife had become the heroine of the camp. There were few who did not beleive that he shot the Frenchman; but why should he die for an offense which was light compared with some which lay quite easily on the consciences of not a few of the inhabitants of Kimberly?

As the hum of approval subsided, some one directed our attention to a lady walking rapidly in the direction of the jail. We recognized her at once, and respectfully saluted as she drew near. She stopped for a moment and spoke to the formost man, who, as she hurried on, turned and gave a great shout.

"Hurrah," he cried, "Dirk's reprieved! The little lady has just had a telegram from Cape Town. Three cheers for Sylvester's wife!

I doubt if the attention was pleasing, but the kindly jailer told me that she smiled for the first time since Dirk's conviction, as that cheer reached her ears, just as she stepped into the prison yard.

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Three weeks afterward I had occasion to call on the governor of the jail, and as we sat in his little cool room, discussing his Martell and smoking his Boer tobacco, he looked up suddenly with a troubled air, and said, "By the bye, do you know that Dirk Sylvester goes to Cape Town with the next lot of I. D. B.'s (Illicit Diamond Buyers)?"

I expressed my surprise, as I knew the governor had the selecting of the prisoners to be transferred to the breakwater at Cape Town, and heard that he had an idea of making Dirk a clerk in the Kimberley Prison office. There was little chance of his ever being a free man, but it was something that he should serve his weary years at Kimberley, amongst friends who could visit him, and close to his faithful wife. I mentioned this, and the governor, stepping to a little cupboard, turned the key and took out a little blue packet.

"I have had to forbid Mrs. Sylvester's visits," he said, "and when I tell you the reason, I think you will agree that I am right in sending Dirk to Cape Town. You see, he seemed to expect, when the reprieve came, that he would be set at liberty; and so did she, but as you know, the death sentence has only been commuted to one of imprisonment for life; and how on earth they managed to persuade the Governor to do that, I can't tell. Well, since that has been made plain to Dirk, he has been a changed man. He talks hopelessly of his future—and God knows, poor fellow, it's dark enough! —he seems to be pining for freedom, he says the convict dress clings to him like searcloth, and the other day just after his wife had visited him, I saw such a queer look in his eyes that I quietly turned over his things. At the bottom of a basket of 'comforts' she had brought him, I found this."

He opened the packet, and poured out before my eyes a whitish powder.

"Well?" I said interrogatively.

"Poison!" he briefly replied, as he swept the powder back into the packet. "And now," he added, "don't think me hard if I send Dirk to Cape Town."

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There was an unusual stir and excitement in Kimberly; the streets were crowded with men and women whose faces bespoke every kind of emotion, from despairing rage to rejoicing malice; whilst hither and thither amongst the throng in the market square rode officials in the dark blue uniform of the Cape Civil Service.

At length there was a cloud of whirling dust in the Transvaal road; the crowd swayed and parted, and at a hand gallop two heavily laden mule wagons passed through the surging ranks, and halted for the escort to close round.

A woeful freight those wagons bore; a load of human misery; a company of wretched convicts, into whose souls the iron of captivity had already entered; a consignment of baffled, trapped and forsaken seekers after illicit wealth. Youth and age were there, and the galling fetters bound all together in the links of a common despair. Chained as they were, like wild beasts, some stood up, and in agonized voice called upon friend, wife and child, who answered not; while others, crouching piteously in a corner of the rude conveyance, bowed their heads between their trembling hands, and sought to keep out the light of a sun which had become hateful to them.

Suddenly, I caught sight of Dirk Sylvester. He was sitting on the side of the foremost wagon, his arms folded across his chest, and a look of eager expectation on his finely molded face, thin and pale with confinement and suffering. I called to him, but he heard not; his gaze seemed fixed on some far-away object, and a smile played upon his wan lips.

I hurried on in advance of the cavalcade toward the Oasis, which I knew it must pass, on its way to the open veldt. I remembered that the governor of the jail had told me the night before that he had allowed a last interview before the fearful journey to Cape Town between man and wife, and that they spoke some words in French, which he did not understand, but which seemed to have a wonderful effect on Dirk.

As I neared the gate of the Oasis, over which the blue-gums cast their shade, and where the sweet trailing flowers were in their full autumnal beauty, I saw Sylvester's wife standing motionless. She was attired in the plain white dress she wore on the day of the trial, and also when she crowned Dirk's hopes and rendered him the envy of the bachelors of the Fields by becoming his own. Her golden hair floated unheeded on the lazy breath from the distant plain; her eyes were turned upward to the deep blue sky above, and her lips seemed to be moving as if in silent prayer. There was no need to tell her of the approach of the convict party; their coming was heralded by a wild refrain of a dismal song chanted by the prisoners; and adown the startled air came the sound of creaking wheels, the cracking of whips, the shouting of orders and the responsive curses of the mob. I was unwilling to obtrude myself on her notice, and therefore I did not speak to her, but merely took up a position close by the gate.

Nearer and nearer came the rolling wagons; and the crowd rushed through the eddying dust, till, suddenly, they caught a glimpse of the lonely watcher in the gateway. There was not a man there who did not know that the slight, pale woman standing with her hands clasped convulsively together, and her whole soul concentrated as it were in one long gaze, was Sylvester's wife. Even the officials knew his history, they knew he was no midnight purchaser of stolen gems, but only a passionate, hapless man; and as if by instinct, the melancholy procession slowed and steadied and paused before what was once the home of a pure and holy love.

Dirk was standing now; the smile on his lips lit up his whole countenance; he looked like the careless happy Dirk of former days; the lines of care and deep and dull agony seemed to soften and disappear from his face.

He made a motion with his left hand to his breast; with his right he pointed to the awful blue of the cloudless heaven, and then—a thin streak of flame leapt from the midst of the creepers and the quivering leaves, a sharp report rang out upon the morning air, a puff of smoke curled upward from the gateway, and Dirk Sylvester, with that strange, glad smile upon his lips, fell heavily forward, shot right through the heart by his wife!

* * * * * * * *

She never lived to take her trial; indeed she was unconscious from the time when by one supreme act she broke the fetters which were wearing Dirk Sylvester's spirits down into the dust and ashes of a misery too keen for his endurance, till within a few minutes of her death.

Then a new light shone in her fast-closing eyes; she stretched out her arms as to embrace a viewless form, and with the words "Dirk! Dirk! Free forever, dear! Free, Dirk, free!" trembling on her lips, her soul went forth rejoicing on the mystic journey to the dark hereafter.

* * * * * * * *

Soon after she had been laid to rest by the side of her husband in the cemetery, white with many a memorial stone to ruined hopes, lives wrecked and shattered, and affections sundered by the cruel hand of death, a Kafir, sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law for an atrocious murder, confessed that he and he alone was the cause of the Frenchmen's tragic end. He had watched, through the half-drawn blind, the miserable man toying with a golden chain to which a miniature was attached, and, his cupidity fired by the sight, crept to him unawares, and tried to wrest it from him. A struggle ensued; the Kafir snatched a revolver from the Frenchman's hand and shot him, then, fearing discovery, fled with only the miniature in his possession. The size of the bullet and the spoor were coincidences only; but there is one mystery which will never be cleared up. Was the miniature that of Sylvester's wife?

The population of Melbourne increased 18,281 last year, and is now 322,690.

Personal Gossip.

Prof. Loomis, of Yale, states that with two exceptions the month of February, this year, was the coldest February in that section for 100 years.

Parson Newman's successor in the Madison Avenue Church, New York, Rev. W. F. Price, is only 28, but weighs 250 pounds.

A Maryland man has twenty-two of his daughters living with him. If he could give out the impression that it is a female seminary, and that all the young ladies are kept under lock and key, he might work off some of his surplus stock on some enthusiastic but misguided young man. No young man likes to visit a place which hasn't enough front gate facilities to go around unless there is a necessity for a little "over the garden wall" performance.

A colored clergyman who had been put on trial before a jury in Darien, Ga., for some offence, was brought in not guilty, the other day. The defendant said: "Read that again." "Not guilty," was repeated. With a spring he bounded into the air, giving vent to religious ejaculations. The colored women who crowded the court room, set up a hallelujah chorus, in which the preacher joined, and the Judge had to sit still and let them have it out.

A recent traveller in a Corsican village says he saw a troop of young girls carrying on their heads jars containing five or six gallons of water. Before them marched their male relatives bearing flaming torches to light the burden bearers on their way.

Hon. James Oliver, of the New York assembly, has been before the public through an encounter with a Broadway flower girl. The pleasant feature of the engagement is the fact that she struck out from the shoulder and landed the aspiring statesman into a congenial gutter.

A surprised man is J. B. Ham, who went to the New Orleans exposition to care for Maine's interests. He writes to the Lewiston Journal that rum shops are plenty and teetotalars in the minority, but in the whole six months of his residence there he had not seen six drunken men within the city's corporate limits. Mr. Ham, who is a prohibitionist, does not attempt to explain this singular fact. He says: "It may be in the quantity or the quality of the beverage drunk, and it may be in the climate." But he leaves the solution of the problem to a longer-headed philosopher.

Sergeant Lewis Loffman, the oldest veteran of the United States army, died at Niagra Falls recently. He was eighty-eight years old, and some years ago was retired on a salary of £50 per month. He fought at Waterloo under Napoleon and carried a medal presented to him by that Emperor for gallant conduct upon the field.

Glass drinking cups, having round bottoms, have recently been found in Anglo-Saxon graves. Such cups could not be made to stand upright, and it has been supposed they were designed to cause the drinker to empty them at once. This feature is said to have given rise to the word tumbler, which has been applied to our drinking vessels, though these do not possess the curious shape of the ancient cups.—Temperance Banner.

Of one of the navy chaplains the Christian Advocate relates that he has been on leave now for something more than two years. For the past six months he has regularly supplied a pulpit in a certain church, and has recently accepted a call from that church for one year. He makes no secret of his distaste for work in the navy, and has often said that he only wishes to keep along for eight or nine years more, when he hopes to be retired, and to be able, in the mean time, to draw his pay without the liability to be called on duty. According to his own account he has not been at sea for four years, and has been on leave most of the time. He is a robust man, in the enjoyment of excellent health. He draws $1,900 a year, and does nothing for it, while he is paid $500 or $600 for preaching.

John Esten Cooke of Virginia has made a searching investigation of the Pocahontas matter, and he is satisfied, from all the evidence to be had, that Smith was captured by a party of Indians in 1607 and carried to the Indian capital on York River, where Powhatan ordered him to be slain. Pocahontas interfered to save him. She took Smith's head in her arms, so that it was impossible to beat out his brains without hitting her. Powhatan consented to spare the prisoner, and treated him kindly. Afterward Smith released some Indian prisoners, stating that it was for the sake of Pocahontas. He told his friends in Jamestown that Pocahontas had saved his life. In a letter to Queen Anne he said that he would be guilty of the "deadly poison of ingratitude" if he forgot the goodness of Pocahontas. In several letters he gave to this girl credit for his rescue from death. It was on this account that Pocahontas was flatteringly received at the English court. After her marriage to Rolfe she was baptized, and lived "civilly and lovingly with her husband."

An Amusing Marriage Ceremony Performed by a Negro.

From the Woodford (Ky.) Sun.

Thomas M. Field has written out from memory a description of a colored wedding, under the old regime, which, he said, used to be related with gusto by Major Herman Bowmar: A tall, dignified and clerical-dressed-looking negro (Tom Menzles), officiating, said, in pompous tones:

"Silence in dis 'sembly. Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have anything 'twix dem come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold der peace now and forever more. I wants every ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Irvin Johnson, whomsoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health safe and be safe, loving and beloving, holy and be holy; do you love her mother, and do you love her father, do you love her sister, do you love her brothers, and, above all, do you love God de best? Answer, I do.

"Miss Mary Jones, whomsoever stands so fastly by your right side, do you take for your loving husband, to wait on him through health and through confliction, through affliction and conviction, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his master, do you love his mistress; but, above all, do you love God the best? Answer, I do.

"I command you, Mr. Irvin, to hold Miss Mary so fastly by de right hand, and by authority pronounce you both to be man and wife by the commandments of God. What God jines together let no man 'sunder.

"We shall hope and trusting through God and his 'postles that you may live right, and that you may die right, now and forever. Now, Mr. Irvin, s'lute your bride. Let us sing a hymn—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

What Sporting Men Rely on.

When Lewis R. Redmond the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse."

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicans has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin of Buffalo caught Tom Ballard he ''covered'' him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Gross was ''covered'' a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death ''fetched em'' with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated ''dead shot.''

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should ''draw'', face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless ''covered'' by that wonderfully successful ''dead shot."—Sportsman's News.

Nellie Grant's Unhappiness.

The American papers state, I see, that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is talking of returning to the United States to reside. I hardly think that she has found England a pleasant dwelling-place. Her first impressions were formed when she visited Europe as the daughter of the President of the United States, and she was, in consequence, caressed and feted wherever she went. On her return as Mrs. Algernon Sartoris she found things by no means as brilliant and agreeable. She had been wild to return to London, where she had been so superbly entertained, but London to Mrs. Sartoris was not what it had been to Nellie Grant. In the first place her father was no longer the President of the United States and our "Republican Princess" as she used to be called, was princess no longer, nor was she welcomed and worshipped as such. Secondly, she had a mother-in-law—a lady who was born a Kemble, a fact that implies much. It is true that the elder Mrs. Sartoris did not survive her son's marriage many years, but after her death her inconsolable widower retired to strict seclusion on his country estates, taking with hin his son and daughter-in-law and their children. Such an existence can hardly have been very exhilarating or enjoyable to an American girl, and especially to one whose girlhood had been passed at the White House as the leading young lady of American society.

Fresh Air For The Brain.

A physician noted for his skill in curing nerve diseases almost invariably separates the patient from her family, her old nurses, and the familiar, anxious, sympathizing circle of friends, and places her in a cheerful atmosphere, among new faces and scenes, where she no longer can believe herself the centre of the universe.

"There is a certain healthy, helpful influence which naturally comes from human beings to each other," he said, lately, while speaking of one of his patients. "This woman has drained all which her friends had to give years ago. We need occasionally a fresh moral and mental atmosphere, just as much as fresh material air to breathe."

Another physician; visiting in a country house where the mother (a delicate, affectionate, self-sacrificing woman, who lived but for her husband and children) lay ill, with no disease apparently but extreme weakness and weariness, ordered her to go to the city alone; to spend a month in absolute idleness, mixing as often as possible with crowds of people who were interested and excited, at church, at concerts, even in public meetings. The patient, a shy; diffident woman, obeyed, and came home with color in her cheeks and new life in her heart.

"I once asked," said a well-known lawyer, "the famous backwoods preacher Bascom what was the secret of his power as an orator; how he contrived to sway large numbers of men to his will. 'First,' he answered. 'I bring them close to me and to each other. Leave no empty benches between your audience. The electric spark will not pass across a gap from one man to the other.'"

These ideas may seem fanciful, but there is a solid basis of truth under them all. Physicians usually bring all their skill to bear in curing the ailments of the body. There is a human magnetism which we are all apt to overlook in our materia medica.

Hard-working women in the lonely farms or isolated villages of this country often find themselves growing irritable and nervous, and even troubled with religious doubts, in spite of their fervent prayers. They do not need tonics or moral discipline. They need friction with unfamiliar minds, new ideas, novel scenes, just as their lungs, after using up all the oxygen in a close room, need the air out of doors.

Young girls are too apt, voluntarily, to force themselves into this state; disappointed in their natural longings for a congenial companion, they resolve to live alnoe, and shut themselves into their own souls. The resources are not sufficient to keep off famine. "Only a God or a brute can dwell in solitude," says the wise old German.—Youth' Companion.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and all bilious attacks.

Anoka has a new school house that cost $9,000.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillfull Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Grand Union Hotel, opp. Grand Cent. Depot, N. Y. city, 600 elegant rooms, $1 a day & upward. Travelers arriving at this depot save $3 carriage hire and baggage transfer, European plan

MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 79¼c; No. 3 spring, 68c; No. 2 red, 88¼c; No 3 red, 80c, Corn, cash 44¼c. Oats, 25¼@26¼c. Rye, No 2, 56½c. Flaxseed, No 1, $1.19. Mess pork, cash, $8.77½@8.85. Lard, $6.22½@$6.25. Butter, creamery, 16@20c; dairy, 11@16c. Eggs, 12@12½c.

MILWAUKEE.—Wheat, Milwaukee No. 2, 80¾c. Corn, No. 2, 43¼c. Oats, No. 2, 25c. Rye, No. 1, 56½c. Mess Pork, $8.75½, Lard, $6.20. Butter, dairy, 15@17c. Cheese, 7@7½c. Eggs, 13@13½c.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 81c; No. 1, 79c; No. 1 Northern, 76c. Corn, 42 @43c. Oats, 25@26c; white, 31@32c; new oats, 26@28c. Bran, $8.75@$9. Shorts, $10.25@$10.50. Mixed feed, $16@$16.50. Hay, Timothy, $9@$11; best upland, $7 @$7.50.

ST. PAUL.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 81c; No. 2 hard, 77c; No. 2 hard, cash, 80c; No. 2, 67@70c. Corn, 43c. Oats, No. 2 mixed, 29c; No. 2 white, 20c; No. 3 white, 27c. Barley, No. 2, 60c. Rye, No. 2, 48c. Ground feed, $16 to $17. Baled Hay, $7 bid $7.50 asked; Timothy, $8.50@$9.00. Eggs, 11¾@12c. Butter, extras, 16@18c; firsts, 11@12c.

DULUTH.—Wheat, 80¾c No. 1 hard and 83¾c for No. 2 Northern, 86½@87c.

Education In California.

Mrs. W. E. Chamberlain, wife of Professor W. E. Chamberlain, principal of the celebrated Pacific Business College, San Francisco, Cal., writes that from personal experience she can heartily recommend Red Star Cough Cure to any one troubled with cough, cold or sore-throat. It gave her relief at once.

A college of music is about to be built in Paris. It will comprise a free school of music, a theatre capable of holding two thousand persons, concert and lecture halls, a dancing school, an exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture, a free school of painting on china, an artists' club in which gambling will be strictly prohibited, an immense fencing hall, billiard rooms, conservatory, shooting gallery, library and reading rooms, and finally a wing containing forty small suits of apartments, which will be reserved for the foreign members of the club.

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

Thieves entered the house of N. Ficker of Vermont, and took $60 in gold.

Big Luck.

Wichita Falls (Tex.) Herald, Aug. 8.

It is gratifying to us to note the fact that Messrs. John Cameron and J. Q. Morrison were the lucky owners of one-fifth of ticket No. 48,954 in The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the $25,000 prize in the Drawing of July 14. This forever does away with the reasoning of those crying fraud, because these gentlemen are too well known to admit of a single thought for a moment that they would lend themselves as parties to deceive the public. The fact is, they held the ticket and it has been promptly cashed and our good friends wear broad smiles because of their good luck. In the face of undisputable facts some will still doubt that which has been demonstrated beyond a doubt to any reasonable mind. Talk with these gentlemen and you will then know that The Louisiana State Lottery cashes its drawings and that persons do not have to stand in with them to be lucky. We rejoice with our good friends and hope that they may again hold the winning number.

A. M. Crosby will erect a $10,000 hotel at Luverne.

The Best Butter Color.

The great unanimity with which dairymen of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co. of Burlington, Vt., is remarkable. It shows that the claims of imitative colors are baseless, wise dairymen will use no other.

Mrs. Mary Peterson is serving sixty days in jail at Fergus Falls for cruelty to her husband.

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Cure guaranteed in all cases. Use Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer according to directions, and it will cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Try it, it surely will not hurt you.

Notwithstanding the prohibitory liquor law in Kansas, there are 1895 persons licensed by the United States government to sell liquor in the state.

Strumatica

Is never sold at drug stores. No discovery compares with it for a moment in the cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Cancer, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Rheumatism. The Pandect, a copyright paper, is mailed gratis. Address, J. A. Gates, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

George Rupp, a Louisville gambler, gets a $500 fine and six months in jail for defiance of the law.

For Dyspepsia take Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the name of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE PIMPLES, and rough Skin cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

ITCHING and irritations of the skin and scalp, burns, scalds, piles, ulcers, poisons, bites of insects and all skin diseases, quickly cured by Cole's Carbolisalve. 25 & 50 cents, at Druggists.

ST. JACOBS OIL

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

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I have been a great sufferer from Hay-Fever for 15 years. I read of the wondrous cures by Ely's Cream Balm and thought I would try once more. After one application I was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel entirely cured. It is the greatest discovery known.—DURAMEL CLARK, Farmer, Lee, Mass.

CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use.

Price 50c. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

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STOMACH BITTERS

Among medicinal means of arresting disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands pre-eminent. It checks the further progress of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, revives the vital stamina, prevents and remedies chills and fever, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to aged, infirm and nervous persons. The article is, moreover, derived from the purest and most reliable sources. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

FOR THE LIVER TAKE FOR THE KIDNEYS

HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

It will cure any case of Liver and Kidney troubles when properly taken. It is a perfect renovator and invigorator. It cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Liver, Kidney and Urinary diseases, carrying away all poisonous matter and restoring the Blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating Mind and Body. It prevents the growth to Serious Illness of a Dangerous Class of Diseases that begin in mere trivial ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as such.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved and in a short time perfectly cured by the use of Hops & Malt Bitters.

Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. Take Nothing but Hops & Malt Bitters if you want a sure Cure.

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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT, or any other form of Bowel Disease in Children or Adults, it is almost a certain cure, and has without doubt been more successful in curing the various kinds of

CHOLERA

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Price, 25 cts. 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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CANCER. A positive cure. No Knife. No Plaster. No Pain. W. C. Payne, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1883. I was treated by some of the best physicians in Atlanta. They used the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs. Every joint in me was swollen and full of pain. When I was given up to die, my physicians thought that it would be a good time to test the virtues of Swift's Specific. When I commenced taking S. S. S. the physician said I could not live two weeks under the ordinary treatment. He commenced to give me the medicine strictly according to directions, which I continued for several months. I took nothing else, and commenced to improve from the very first. Soon the rheumatism left me, my appetite became all right, and the ulcers, which the doctor said were the most frightful he had ever seen, began to heal, and by the first of October, 1884, I was a well man again. I am stronger now than I ever was before, and weigh more. S. S. S. has saved me from an early grave.

LEM McCLENDON.

Lem McClendon has been in the employ of the Chess-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statement to be true. At the time he began taking Swift's Specific he was in a horrible condition. I regard his cure almost miraculous.

W. B. CROSBY, Manager. Chess-Carley Co., Atlanta Division.

Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885.

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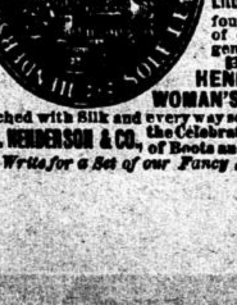

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is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

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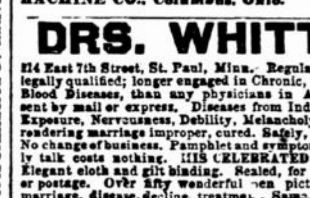

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IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING the BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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