MISCELLANEOUS.

Proclaim the Victory

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against *Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. All Druggists.

TO SLEEP.

A song by Lord Tennyson.

TO sleep! to sleep! the long day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past;
Sleep, happy soul, all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

CHAPTER I.

Leather lane, Holborn, has never, so far as I am aware, been sought by the wealthy as a temporary health or pleasure resort, while its attractions have ever been found insufficient to induce England's "golden youth" to use it as a promenade. Nor are its back streets and courts worthy the admiration of a scenery epicure. Tub alley, especially, is an extremely bad spot to live in without you have made your will, or are anxious to do your heir-at-law a good turn. Hovel 6 in the alley contains three "rooms." The two lower ones are let out to foreigners of the organ-grinding persuasion. The top floor is inhabited by a John John Weir, his wife and child. The wife had been delicately brought up, and Mr. John Weir, without any delicacy whatever, had brought her down. Having "brought her down" to their present abode—the lowest residential depths—the husband stopped for a breather. The worthy creature for the time being was satisfied with his achievement.

Mr. Weir had been before marriage—and was for some little time after—a promoter of public amusements. He had "financed" them. Indeed, so expert was he at the business that, after "declaring" a dividend for himself, there was none left for the shareholders. The shareholders unreasonably objecting to this, he good-naturedly retired and left them to declare one for themselves. Disinterestedness beyond all praise! Yet it did not get its reward, for Mr. Weir sank lower and lower. He now got his living lounging about pot-houses. This was a great drop in the social scale, but what—as he pitiedly observed—will not an honest man do when he has to turn an honest penny? At the time his wife is introduced to the reader he is "out"—doubtless, busy "turning" the coin referred to.

Rachael Weir was an uncommonly good-looking woman (or rather girl). Still, the less had been raised to the dignities of a wife and motherhood. Though she had barely turned twenty, she yet had learned that matrimony (at least for her) didn't exactly represent a sort of land of Canaan. Not to deal in vague generalities, her husband was one of the bad bargains the matrimonial market not unfrequently turns out. A shade of the hand from Bacchus was far dearer to Mr. Weir than a combined caress from the innocent lips and tiny fingers of his twelve-month-old child.

How many, many times had the suffering wife regretted her disregard of her parents' earnest warning to reject Weir's proposal of marriage. But she was extremely much in love and would have her own way. So they were joined together, the innocent-of-all-evil girl and the innocent-of-all-good man, and the wife's disillusion was soon complete and comprehensive. Her exasperated father, seeing her distress—often without food—urged, and implored her return to his roof, but obeying a noble duty to a man who had never attempted to fulfill his to her, she had refused. As she sits in her dreary room nursing her babe with a mother's affection, she, despite the lines care had placed with her, exerted her beauty. Her features, too fair to look upon, with her beautifully proportioned figure, abundant glossy hair and earnest grey eyes. A step on the landing outside. Rising to her feet she opened the door, and in walked, without any ceremony, an old man about five feet high by rule of three, and twelve feet high by the rule of three, and twelve feet high by the rule of three, and twelve feet high by the rule of three. Indeed, so expert was he at the business that, after "declaring" a dividend for himself, there was none left for the shareholders. The shareholders unreasonably objecting to this, he good-naturedly retired and left them to declare one for themselves. Disinterestedness beyond all praise! Yet it did not get its reward, for Mr. Weir sank lower and lower. He now got his living lounging about pot-houses. This was a great drop in the social scale, but what—as he pitiedly observed—will not an honest man do when he has to turn an honest penny? At the time his wife is introduced to the reader he is "out"—doubtless, busy "turning" the coin referred to.

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