

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HOW THE BABY CAME.

Where did you come from, baby, dear! Out of the everywhere into here.

A Dangerous Half-Dollar.

BY C. BELL.

"Come, boys, let's have a sleighride," shouted Alphonso Tilton, as he came running up to a group of his mates.

"Gets it from his father, I guess," said Charlie Stearns. "Anyhow, I don't care, so long as we have the good of it."

Without waiting for a reply, he pulled up the horses, handed the reins to Joe Wilder, and taking a silver half-dollar from his pocket, threw it at the vane.

"Why, Phom!" the boys shouted in chorus, as the missile narrowly missed the mark and flew away into the snowy fields beyond.

Alphonso obeyed, looking by no means pleased to see his father, but on the contrary appearing rather crestfallen. They sat away together in earnest conversation.

Shortly after the events above related, Mr. Tilton's family removed to Boston. The boys heard nothing from Alphonso till, a few months afterward, they read in a newspaper that he had been arrested and found guilty of stealing a gold watch from the pocket of one of his comrades in the gymnasium. Of his subsequent fate his parents were never heard to speak.

MR. AND MRS. BREEZY.

The Domestic Life of a Happy Pair. Stanley Huntley. "Here you have been a whole week, Mr. Breezy, without telling me a word about your trip to Cleveland," said Mrs. Breezy. "You know you promised to tell me everything."

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Breezy, absently, from behind his evening paper. "I don't believe you heard a word I said," exclaimed Mrs. Breezy. "Do put down that paper and at least appear to be aware of my existence, Mr. Breezy."

"With your assistance, dear, I have," said Mr. Breezy, as a sickly smile crept over his features. "What do you wish to imply, Mr. Breezy, by saying with my assistance?" asked Mrs. Breezy, growing still more nervous.

"Oh, nothing, dear. It was only a little joke," said Mr. Breezy, making another desperate effort to finish the article he was reading.

"Your joke is, as usual, pointless, Mr. Breezy, and I wish you would drop joking in future. My mother always told me that you possessed a light, frivolous character, but I confess I didn't have sense enough to discover it until too late."

"Too late!" echoed Mr. Breezy, in a suspiciously doleful tone of voice. "From your tone of voice, Mr. Breezy, I should imply that you rather regretted its being too late," said Mrs. Breezy. "I'm sure I'm ready at any time, Mr. Breezy, to go back to my father. I was so happy in the dear old home—"

Names of Places.

Occasionally, in such odds and ends of leisure as happen to present themselves to myself, as a reader and writer of books, I have taken an interest in such a subject as the names of places.

This is a familiar fancy among the literati of Paris; but the changes of name, from various changes in political parties, have been far too numerous for such a study.

In London, which claims to be as old a city as Paris, these changes are not so numerous, yet there are a good many of them.

Strangely enough, the person who, above all others, I have found to possess the most intimate knowledge of London, new and old, not only was not an Englishman, but actually had never crossed the Atlantic!

This was Lewis Gaylor Clark, twin brother of Willis Gaylor Clark, who was editor of the old Philadelphia Gazette, and also successfully devoted himself to general literature, dying all too soon, in 1841.

His brother, also born in 1810, had no genius, but much tact and talent, both of which he successfully employed during the long period in which he conducted The Knickerbocker, for many years the best and most popular of American magazines.

Lewis G. Clark appeared to have had a knowledge of London, intuitive and extensive, and, indeed, marvellously accurate. I have seen him make a rough map of that Modern Babylon, correct in its leading outlines, in some ten or fifteen minutes!

FASHION'S CAPRICES.

For embellishing house-dresses the whim of the moment is a blue or Vandyke collar, falling low at the back.

A fancy button of enamel and gold is in the shape of a camel, and a new bonnet ornament is a golden and bronze wish-bone.

Flannel petticoats in London are now adorned with scallops around the lower edge, and a deep frill of imitation Valenciennes lace under the reallaps.

Shoes for the house are of unpressed kid, black, grey, or tan color, cut low and trimmed with a lacing and large satin bow to match the shoe in color.

New Cretonnes in the aesthetic style are not so much in vogue. The cheapest is \$1 a yard, the most expensive \$4, and all this for so simple a fabric as cretonne.

A bee composed of diamonds, finely contrasted with a pink pearl which forms the body, seated on a pearl-headed pin, is the latest design for a lace brooch.

Very delicate tints are in favor for notepaper, white and cream being the most popular ones. Those who run after strange fancies use a pistachio green or an old china blue.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not so pleasant to the taste as some other bitters as it is not a whisky drink.

Use dispatch. Remember the world only took six days to create. Ask me for whatever you please except time; that is the only thing which is beyond my power.

Let it be understood once for all CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will positively restore hair to bald heads and there is no other preparation under the face of the sun that can accomplish this work.

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Nature's Remedy.

It is evident that a large portion of our city people suffer from diseases of the liver, bowels, or kidneys. Kidney Wort is nature's remedy for them all.

RENEWED RENOVATE. William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a severe cold, followed by a pulmonary attack. I lost appetite and flesh, was confined to my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said that a hole in my lung as big as half a dollar. I gave up hope, but friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle when I commenced to get better, and in a few days found that for every year I had been in the hospital for three years past. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done me more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

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WHY WILL YOU COUGH? WHEN ONE BOTTLE OF DR. TAFT'S WHITE PINE WHEAT will cure the worst Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, or any other respiratory disease, no matter how bad or how long standing.

IRON TONIC. A New Motive Power Discovered—Expansion of Heat Does it All. A cylinder made to revolve under water at the rate of 30 to 40 revolutions per minute. A thing never accomplished before.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagas, in Spain," said Captain Porton, a representative of this journal in a recent conversation with the editor, "I had to shoot 200 waterbirds, the largest being about eight feet and five inches long. Crossing the straits of Messina, I had three fine brooks in a right with the sea, and coming down the Somme, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled hunterman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold. For as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or numbened I am all right. Of late I



carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil. In my little boat—The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provision, etc., and I have but little trouble, before starting out I run over the deck with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and feeling would ever benefit me until I got hold of this great German Remedy. Why do my knees ache? I have met people who have been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them without a scratch, do without food for days; but without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it. The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of St. Jacobs Oil, and when he left he took with him a large quantity of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party among his

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