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HUGH KENRICK'S WILL,

THE STORY OF A POSY RING.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

Author of "The London Casket," "Thornicroft's Model," etc. etc.

"I never knew you wanted it until after my mother had answered your note, at the same time you can understand that no one likes his pictures to be bought by way of making amends, however grateful he may be for the kindness which prompted such a feeling."

"How entirely you have mistaken my motive! When I tried to make that drawing my own, I had never even heard of you. I did not know that you were related to Mr. Kenrick until after your mother's note came. I wanted the Caldwellwater drawing for its own sake. It is divine! Do let me have it—you will make me so happy if you consent."

"You shall have it, if you will honor me by accepting it."

"Oh, no, how can I? Why do you ask such a thing?"

"I should so like to give it to you—Please accept it."

Lucy shook her head, and continued: "And you would not give me lessons, or come to Caldwellwater while I was there?"

"Cap you not understand," said he, "that when people are situated as we are, it is almost better that they should not meet?"

"Yes, when we were strangers; but now that we have met—now that you own you are not vexed with me about Mr. Kenrick's will—why should we not see each other sometimes?"

"There is no reason against it," said he. "It is a great pleasure to me to see you."

"And perhaps some day you will give me lessons?"

"I think you must not ask me to do that," he replied with great hesitation.

"Not ask you?" cried she. "Oh! please say why not?"

"I dare not give you lessons."

"Dare not?"

"Yes, dare not! I am a very poor man—I always must remain so—I am afraid it would not do for me to see much of anyone with whom my relations are so peculiar! Perhaps I am proud—but that is the truth."

"And you told me a few minutes since that you owed me no ill will!" said Lucy bitterly.

"There is a great gulf between us," said he.

"You talk of a gulf," cried Lucy, impatiently. "Do you think I care for money?"

"No, of course not; but you have it! I don't care for it, and I haven't it; but then no one would ever believe that I did not care for it—but you don't understand."

Lucy sighed. Perhaps she began to have some dimly-faint apprehension of his meaning—to see that he was afraid that if he were too much with her he might learn to care for her more than it would be well for him to do. Possibly she felt that he never would allow himself to love her lest the world should say that he had wooed her only to win back his uncle's wealth. Be that as it might, she sighed, and said: "Ought we not to wave our handkerchiefs more vigorously? The people on shore do not seem to see us!"

"Yes, I think we ought. But they can easily see us without our making signals. One thing we must do, and that is, go up the hill at once, or we shall have the tide getting in between us and the steps. Let me give you my arm!"

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, coldly—she was still wondering what his speeches could mean. Presently, while resting at the second flight of steps, she said, "You have been on the Grand Bay since we were here together. I have picked up your sketch-book."

"My sketch-book?" cried he. "Oh, thank you. I had a fancy to revisit the places I saw with you."

That was precisely what she herself had been doing. Could it be possible that any of the thoughts that had passed through her mind while doing this had also passed through his?

"I knew you were," said Lucy, "the moment you showed me your sketch."

"Did you, really? I saw that something had happened, but had no idea what it could be. Then you recognized my work? Miss Clavering, please accept that little drawing you liked in the Exhibition."

"Never!" cried she. "Why should all the generosity be on my side? You take nothing from me!"

"By-the-by, I have your brooch," said he. "I looked for it yesterday, and could not find it—I found it this morning."

"Thank you," cried Lucy. "How pleased Aunt Esther will be, and how pleased I am too! It was a present of my father's to my mother before they married, and his father gave it to his betrothed too."

and this ring was given by both of them in the same way. It is a posy-ring."

"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed, with some interest.

"Yes; would you like to look at it?" and so saying she put it into his hand. It was a massive gold ring, and engraved inside were two lines in old letters:—

My love for thee
My life shall be.

"How charming!" said he. "It must be an old wedding-ring. They all had posies long ago, and it was far prettier when they had."

"That depends," said Lucy laughing. "What do you think was the posy on the ring of a great-uncle of mine put on his wife's finger when he married her?—I ought to tell you that he had already had three wives and lost them. This poor fourth bride, no doubt, thought that she had got a ring with some pretty motto, and instead of that it was—"

"If I survive
I'll make it five."

He was actually telling her that if she died she would have a successor!

"But don't you think she must have seen the ring before the wedding?" he inquired, with a smile.

"I am sure she did not! Would any woman have married him who had seen that?"

"People are wonderfully odd!" said he—and somehow or other he became very silent for awhile. Lucy was silent also, for the sight of the ring and the brooch had reminded her of all the Kenrick jewelry, the possession of which was such an annoyance to her.

Mr. Richmond, let us be good friends," she at length exclaimed with some eagerness, and a strong wish to be diplomatic and persuasive.

"What shall I do to show you how much I wish it?" he replied, with one of his smiles, which were so pleasant to see.

"Come and pay me a visit in Chester Square and help me pick out the family jewels which your mother would most value. It makes me miserable to have them—do come."

"Please, Miss Clavering," said he, "please remember that we have our pride too—We feel your goodness and kindness, but how can we receive from you in this indirect manner anything Mr. Kenrick did not wish to give us?"

"I hate pride!" cried Lucy. "Really Mr. Richmond, you and your mother have far too much of it!" She looked irresistibly pretty as she said this, the little air of pique with which she spoke, became her so well.

"If you were in my place you would act as I do," said he. "Besides, remember that all these possessions which afflict you so much are things about which I am entirely indifferent. I am a lowly-minded, unambitious man. If I have daily bread and health, I want nothing more than a little sunshine."

"I understand," said Lucy, in a tone which she knew to be one of slight vexation. "You are independent of your fellow-creatures."

"I! by no means! I am very fond of my fellow-creatures, when they are of the kind I like. I was intensely happy on the 'Dorothea.'"

They were sitting on the slope of the topmost hill. Lucy had fastened her handkerchief to a stick, and was waving it with intermittent energy; but in her secret heart she did not wish it seen just yet.

"Some of the people over there are quite certain to see us and come," said Hugh Richmond. "Let me enjoy this unexpected pleasure for one half-hour longer in peace. When I see you waving that white signal with such good will, I feel as if a boat would come and carry you away in five minutes."

"It would carry you, too."

"Yes; but it would mean bidding you farewell a few minutes afterwards."

"We will talk for half an hour," said she gaily, "and then we must take active measures to procure our release."

"None will be needed. Some of the St. Malo people are sure to see us and come of their own accord. Each instant I expect to see a boat put off."

"Then, in point of fact, our adventure is not an adventure after all!"

"No; it is nothing but an opportunity for a quiet half-hour's conversation."

"Which we could have any day we liked," said Lucy.

He shook his head, and said, "Not many more such pleasures for me."

Lucy did not know what to say. She began to speak of books and pictures; he followed her lead, and talked so well that she let the signal handkerchief fall, and was completely content to stay where she was. The sea was struggling and moaning below them; they did not heed it; the hours were passing swiftly, they forgot to mark their flight. He talked and she listened. She listened and he looked at her, and each moment he was more and more convinced that she was the prettiest, and sweetest, and gentlest, and most lovable girl he had ever seen in his life. He wished the conversation could last forever. Could anything be more romantic than to sit here wave compassed, alone with the beautiful girl who had played such a part in his history? She, all the while, was thinking what a dull life she had lived till now, and what dull, dull people she had dwelt amongst!

Mr. Richmond's sketch-book, the one Lucy had found, was lying open on her knee; suddenly a deep shadow fell upon it. She looked up quickly, and exclaimed, "I am very much afraid there is going to be a heavy shower!"

He, too, looked up in some alarm, and said, "We must really be thinking of getting on shore—I wonder no one has seen us."

"Is there not some danger if they do see us they will conclude that we belong to the yacht, and have a boat coming for us, and are independent of them and their help?"

"I don't know—but if so, we had better take means to undeceive them." He sprang on a broken-down wall, tied his handkerchief to a long stick and waved it backwards and forwards.

A few heavy raindrops fell. Lucy said, "We shall get very wet; and you, Mr. Richmond, are quite wet enough already."

"I am dry now. It is only salt water," He looked to see what provision she had against bad weather. Her dress was of some soft grey material, and she wore a little *flou* of the same—that and a para-

sol was all she had to defend herself with. He had not even an umbrella, and now the rain was beginning to fall fast. He gave up for the present the idea of trying to summon help from St. Malo, and ran here and there to look for shelter. The storm was coming from the St. Malo side; he ran towards the opposite cliff, and after some search found on the very edge of it a bit of overhanging turf under which the loose soil had crumbled away. This roofed in a little space, but very inadequately. He took Lucy there; and as the rain came in a slanting direction from the other side, this place of shelter which he had found was sufficient to protect her.

"I won't stay here unless you do," cried she. "Am I to be dry, and you get wet?"

"There is very little room," said Mr. Richmond.

"There is enough for both of us," said Lucy—so he crept in and sat down by her. The cliff sloped away before them in broken terraces-like descents of half hills, half precipices, and they could perceive the heavy rains falling on the now leaden sea.

"We are tolerably dry here, but we lose our chance of making the St. Malo people see us," said Lucy; however, the rain is so heavy it can't last long."

Richmond was accustomed to study skies, was afraid that it would last; but he said, cheerfully, "After all, this under-bit of pasture-land is a great find for us. I'll scoop a little more soil out, I think. Sit still, Miss Clavering; I am going to work very gently—I won't throw any of it on you." He took a thin bit of stone and scooped away the earth delving in carefully, and leaving a thick mass of protecting turf above.

"It is not worth while to do that," said Lucy. "As soon as the rain clears away enough to let them see us, we must go and show ourselves. What a pity my people have chosen such an unfortunate day for their excursion to Dinan!"

"Are you cold?" he inquired very anxiously.

"Oh, no; I am quite comfortable. Now, really, Mr. Richmond, this is beginning to look more like an adventure."

"I hope for your sake it will not be too much of one. Are you hungry?" inquired Mr. Richmond.

"No, I thank you—but what o'clock is it?"

"Twenty minutes past five."

"Where are you going now? Don't put your head out. You will get so wet," cried Lucy.

"I must not stay here, I must go to the other side and see if I can't arouse the people on shore."

"Not in this rain!"

"I dare not wait any longer. We must make them see us now. It will be dark in an hour or two."

"Whether you go now or not, we are certain to be seen long before dark—There are always a number of boats about."

"Will you excuse my taking off my coat?" asked he.

"Oh! don't go without your coat," cried Lucy. "What can you be thinking of—Just look how it is raining!"

"That is the very reason why I am taking it off," said he. "A coat is a coat as long as it is dry; when once it is wet it is of no use whatever to anyone." He rolled it up, put it in a dry corner, and went. He stood for an hour or more in the drenching rain, waving a handkerchief that would not wave, but, let him stretch it out as he might, dropped in a wet, soppy string by the side of the stick to which it was fastened. The rain which wetted him would have wetted the St. Malo folks, too; so none were abroad, or none looked over towards the Grand Bay—Heavy as the shower was, Hugh Richmond never once relaxed his efforts. He felt that he must do all that in him lay to get Lucy away from that miserable place before nightfall. And then he could not help remembering how they had sat and laughed and talked, believing all the while that each moment might put an end to their captivity, until all at once they had begun to see it was by no means so easy a matter to get away as they had supposed. Hugh Richmond's heart sunk within him when he thought of the delicate girl who was his companion in misfortune being kept here without food or shelter till low water. "We can cross by the causeway about four or five in the morning but if we have to stay here until then she will not be able to walk." This was his thought, and it caused him to redouble his efforts, and dance and fling his arms above him, and gesticulate wildly before the eyes of those who were not there to see—and still the rain fell. It was falling more heavily now—so heavily that it was beginning to obscure all distant objects, and presently he could no longer see St. Malo, nor indeed anything but a blurred confusion of white rain-drops.

Even then he did not desist; but suddenly he felt a light touch on his arm—he heard a sweet voice say, "Dear Mr. Richmond, give up trying to make them see you! Do come away! How can you stay in this dreadful rain?"

"How can you come out in it?" he cried almost angrily; for he was vexed to think she had left her shelter.

"I could not stay there so long, knowing you were getting wet," she answered, simply. "Come back to the cave with me. Let us make up our minds to wait until the tide goes down."

Whatever they decided as to that, the thing to be done now was to get Lucy out of the rain. He came down from the bit of wall on which he was standing; he turned to go back with her. He looked at her hat, which sat so daintily on her head that morning—it was shapeless, and the feather reduced to pulp; her dress was black instead of grey; her face splashed with raindrops. Nevertheless, he saw she was trying to be brave and cheerful—there was even an attempt at a smile on her lips. The closely cropped pasture-land was saturated with rain and intensely slippery. She stumbled and fell. She sprang to her feet with a laugh, which was but a faint one—but in another minute she had fallen once more. He helped her to regain her feet, but this second time he drew her hand within his arm, and as she still slipped, he put his arm round her, and supported her firmly. "Do not mind my helping you in this way," said he. "I cannot let you fall every moment—and it rains so hard, we must walk quickly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE

in regard to the great curative properties of

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES.

UNDOUBTED CURES OF

CONSUMPTION.

The Originals of the following Letters, as well as many thousand others, which lack of space in this paper prevents our publishing, can be seen by any one at the Office of Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son in Philadelphia.

We ask the Afflicted to go

and see the people who

write these Letters.

If this is impossible, write to

them, enclosing a stamp

for return postage.

For other Certificates of Cures, send for Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also, valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, &c. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Diseases, and should be read, not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.

IT IS SENT FREE

Post-Paid, to all Applicants.

Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, 573 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

From Springfield, Ohio.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Jan. 29, 1880.

Dear Sir—From a feeling of gratitude and a desire to benefit others, I send you this certificate that all may know of the virtues of your medicines. For over one year my case seemed hopeless; I had night sweats, loss of appetite, a very severe cough and complete prostration of my whole system. My physician pronounced my disease Consumption. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and all the medicines I took failed to give me any relief. I had fully made up my mind that I was incurable, when an acquaintance recommended your medicines. I was induced to try them, having lost all hope; but, in a very short time after commencing their use, I found to my great surprise that I was getting stronger and that my worst symptoms were fast disappearing. I persevered in taking them until I was restored to perfect health. I assure you that language fails to express the gratitude I feel towards you for your skill in preparing so good and great a remedy.

Gratefully Yours,

CATHERINE A. STEWART.

Cured of Consumption after Two Years of Severe Illness.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., March 4, 1879.

Dear Sir—I feel that I am doing good to others by telling you what your medicines have done for me. I was sick with Consumption for over two years, and after trying many remedies and employing the best physicians in this city, without benefit, I was induced to use your medicines. I had hardly taken the first bottle before I felt much better, and after continuing their use for some time was entirely cured. This was over six years ago, and I have continued to enjoy good health since. I feel that my cure is permanent. I am happy to add my testimony with many others to the efficacy of your medicines. I know many others in Newburgh who have been benefited by their use.

MRS. SOPHIA M. LAWSON.

No. 39 Ann Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

From Mr. Harley P. Hopkins, of Providence, R. I. He is Cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, after being given up to die by some of the best physicians of the city.

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DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I have been cured of what three of the best physicians of this city told me was Consumption of the lungs, by the use of your medicines. I was first attacked with the disease, in October, 1880, and although I was from that time continually under the care of a physician, I grew worse and worse until at last I was confined to my bed. I can hardly say that I was first attacked with the disease in 1880, for my lungs had been weak for many years previous to this, and I would quite often have severe pain in my breast, for over two years, and after trying many remedies and employing the best physicians in this city, without benefit, I was induced to use your medicines. I had hardly taken the first bottle before I felt much better, and after continuing their use for some time was entirely cured. This was over six years ago, and I have continued to enjoy good health since. I feel that my cure is permanent. I am happy to add my testimony with many others to the efficacy of your medicines. I know many others in Newburgh who have been benefited by their use.

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was gone I sent and got more; so I continued until I had used seven or eight bottles. All this time I was in bed and was so weak that I had to be lifted. This was not a difficult thing to do, however, as I only weighed about 90 pounds. As I have said, I commenced the use of your medicine with no thought of its curing me, but after taking the eighth bottle I would sometimes feel a little hungry, a thing I had not before done for many months. I omitted to mention that after taking four or five bottles of the Pulmonic Syrup, I also began taking the Seaweed Tonic, and I also took some of the Mandrake Pills.

It is needless for me to give you an account of all my feelings during my recovery. Of course it was slow, but it was also sure. I gradually gained strength, the character of what I raised from my lungs was changed, not being so offensive, and at last I was able to get up and walk about my room. From this time my recovery was rapid. I gained flesh fast and soon went out doors, and now, I am entirely well, a wonder to all my acquaintances who saw me when I was so low.

I weigh 150 pounds, appetite good, and I can truly say that I never felt better in my life. I consider your medicines as wonderful in their effects. They have saved my life and I feel so thankful to you that I am anxious that all who are suffering with lung troubles should know how good they are. Of course, I can give a better account of my case telling of it than in writing and if any who read this are interested, they are welcome to call on me at my residence.

Yours Truly,

May 19th, 1881. HARLEY P. HOPKINS,

No. 222 North Main St., Providence, R. I.

Mr. HARLEY P. HOPKINS, who writes the foregoing letter to Dr. Schenck of Philadelphia, is an old resident of Providence. I have known him well for the last fifteen years, and I can assure the public that all he has written in regard to his sickness and recovery is strictly true. He was considered a consumptive in the last stages of the disease by his physician and friends, and I believe his recovery is entirely due to the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines. May 19th, 1881. H. L. LEITH, Druggist,

No. 222 North Main St., Providence, R. I.

From Bay City, Mich. Another case of Consumption cured by Dr. Schenck's Medicines.

BAY CITY, MICH., Nov. 10th, 1880.

Dear Sir—I write this to give you an account of the cure of my mother by your medicines. Six years ago, from the effects of a heavy cold, she was reduced very low with Consumption, and was pronounced incurable by her physician. She had a terrible cough, and some of her coughing spells would last so long that she would turn black in the face and often raise as much as a pint of blood at a time. When she was first taken sick she was quite stout, but from the loss of blood by hemorrhages, and the loss of sleep, she was at last reduced to almost a skeleton. While in this terrible condition, I happened to read your advertisement in an Oswego, N. Y., paper, where we were living at that time. The statements of those who had used your medicines seemed so candid and reasonable that we concluded to give them a trial, and I can truly say, that by coming to this conclusion my mother's life was saved from a Consumptive's grave. She commenced by using all your remedies, as directed by you, and soon saw marked improvement in her symptoms. In conclusion I will say, that she continued their use until she was entirely well, regaining her former weight and strength.

Yours Respectfully,

BENI. TIFFANY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

October 29th, 1881.

Dear Sir—I have reason to know the value of your Remedies: the Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. I have used them in my family for many years. They were first brought to my notice in 1862. I was then very far gone with Disease of the Lungs, and was being kept by physicians to die. Mr. A. B. Griffith, a friend of mine, induced me to try your Medicines, saying that they had cured