A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XXX(II.



DEATHLY and terrible gloom reigned in the Villa Moraquitos after the awful catastrophe which had closed the life of Don

Juan. It was impossible to keep the entire truth from Camillia. She was told that she was fatherless, but that the report which she had beard was the result of an accident. The poor giri was made to believe that Don Juan had perished through an accident which had occurred to him while conning the fire-arms that ornamented his study. Pauline Corsi watched over her with the tenderness of an elder sister; but the stricken girl abandoned herself to a grief which seemed almost inconsolable.

Late in the afternoon, Paul Crivelli to the hotel at which Armand Tremlay was staying.

He was the bearer of a letter from Pauline Corsl; and he informed the artist of the terrible event which had happened since that morning.
"It will be, therefore, some months

before I can hope that my cousin Camillia will assume the right to a still warer name," said Paul, after they had alked for some time of the awful event. "I imagine so," answered Armand; "and Pauline tells me that I must be patient, as she will not consent to our marriage taking place on any day but that appointed for yours."

The two young men left the hotel and walked through the more retired streets, until they left the city behind them, and emerged upon the banks of the river. Armand Tremlay and Paul Crivelli

were eminently suited to each other. So much, too, had the terrible event of the day broken down the barriers of ceremony and restraint, that they seemed already like old friends. They walked on, talking of the singu-

lar occurrences which had checkered their two lives, until the sun was sinking into the bosom of the Mississippi, and until they found themselves at a considerable distance from the city. In order to regain New Orleans by a

shorter route, they struck into a wood that bordered the river.

The sun was fading behind the trunks of the trees, and the wood was lonely as some primeval forest.

They had walked for some little dissance, when they came suddenly upon the figure of a negro, reclining at the foot of an immense American oak. He started to his feet as they ap-

proached, and Paul recognized the man with whom he had that morning struggled, Tristan, the slave belonging to the tate Don Juan. The negro glared at him with a savage

expression in his distended eyeballs.
"It is you," he cried, "you—you! You
haunt me wherever I go. I had come
here to die." "To die?"

"Yes. I have poison here," he said, clutching at some object in the breast of his shirt. "I overheard all this morning, and I should have been your ruin, had you not overpowered me. I would have burnt the evidence of your birth. Camillia Moraquitos—with her I love?"
"You are mad, Tristan."
"Yes, I am mad. What can that slave

be but mad who dares to love his misress? I would grovel upon the earth, suffer her foot to trample on my neck. I would die a thousand deaths, but I am mad, and I love her. I have loved her from those happy hours when she was a little child by yonder sunny river, and I was her plaything, her dog, her slave, but still her companion; and now she loathes and despises the wretched slave, she loves another, and mad Tristan has come into this forest to

The glaring eyes of the negro had so much of the fire of Insanity is their savage light, that the two young men thought he was indeed mad. "Tristan, Tristan!" said Paul, im-

ploringly.
"Beware," cried the slave, snatching a knife from his breast. "Beware how for cross my pain: 100 are suarmen, and, strong as you are, feeble against the strength of madness. Avoid me, if you value your own safety; you, Paul Crivelli, above all others, should shun me, for I hate you. Avoid me then, if you would not tempt me to destroy

me uttered a wild cry, and sprang to-ward Paul, with the knife uplifted in his powerful right hand, but the two young men were prepared for the blow, and while Armand Tremlay seized the hand holding the dagger, Paul twisted a silk handkerchief into a bandage, with which they bound the arms of the negro. Secured thus, they conveyed him back

to New Orleans. The violent paroxysm of madness had passed, and the wretched man was as quiet as a child.

They took him to the Villa Moraquitos. where they placed him under the care of his mother, assisted by a powerful negro, belonging to the household. "Restore him to reason, Zarah." said

Paul. "and as soon as he has recovered, I will Ave you both your liberty. Good, generous massa, and we shall go back to Africa?" "You shall."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ERALD LESLIE. William Bowen,

and Philip Treverton accompanied Silas Craig to the attorney's office, where the wretched man refunded the hundred thousand dollars, and wrote a stic embrace; "but I have done all in long and detailed confession of his guilt,

which he signed in the presence of three This done, Gerald and his partner returned to the house of Augustus Horton, where they had left Mortimer Percy.

They found Augustus, Adelaide, and Mrs. Montregor seated in a brilliantly lighted apartment, communicating with the morning room that opened upon the

Mortimer Percy was seated at a little distance from his cousin, and it was evident that no reconciliation had taken

Adelaide and Mrs. Montresor were both engaged in some elegant needlework, which afforded them an excellent

excuse for a lence.

Augustus stood near the open window smoking his cigar in moody stillness. It was then the group was occupied

when bernin Lonneand while everesreturned from the lawyer's house. Gerald was the first to speak-

"You will be surprised, perhaps, to see me again, Mr. Horton?" he said to

"I will freely own that I am so," answered the planter; "though the conduct of my consin, Mr. Percy, has made me accustomed to surprises. The revelations of this morning have nothing to do with me, and I cannot imagine what can have brought Mr. Leslie and Mr. Treverton to this house,"

Gerald Lealie smiled.
"Indeed, Mr. Horton! You forget,
then, that I have a daughter?"

"I do not," answered Augustus. "I have very good reason to remember that fact, Mr. Leslie. The purchase of the Octoroon since, Corn, cost me flicy thou-Band dollars, and there appears considerable chance of my losing every cent.' "Not if you can capture your runaway

slave, and Gerald Leslie. "Not if I can recapture her. No, let her once fall into my hands, and it shall be my fault if she escape again. As for the Englishman, Gilbert Margrave-' "You will have no mercy upon him?"

asked Gerald. "By Heaven I will not. We Southernera are in no humor just now to put up with any of your abolitionist tricks, and Mr. Margrave shall pay dearly for break-

ing the laws of Louisiana.' Augustus walked up and down the room as he spoke, and every accent revealed his rage, at the defeat and humiliation he had sustained since the preced-

"Mr. Horton," said Gerald Leslie, gravely, "Philip Treverton and I had a very serious purpose in coming to you here this evening. We come to make an appeal to your generosity, and your sense of manly honor. Will you listen patiently to that appeal?"

"You are free to speak," replied Augustus, haughtily, and throwing away his cigar, he folded his arms, and placed himself against a pillar that bordered the window, as if prepared to listen, but as if determined not to be convinced.

"I appeal to you, then, in the presence of wour signer and your cousin and in that of Mrs. Montresor, whose sentments, I know, are opposed to the cruel system of barter, which has in my case deprived a father of his beloved and only daughter-I appeal to every better feeling of your nature, and I ask if my child Cora is to suffer for one hour for the infamy of that man, Silas Craig? Restore her to freedom, before I institute proceedings to invalidate the illegal sale of my property, which was seized upon for a debt I never owed."

Augustus Horton laughed bitterly. "All this is very fine," he said; as Miss Cora Leslie has chosen to run away from her rightful owner it is not in my power to give her up-even if I "Would you restore her to me if she

were found?" asked Gerald Leslie. "You would not? Remember, we are

rich, and I would give you back your fifty thousand dollars, or double the sum if you pleased." "Curse your paltry dollars !" cried Au-

gustus. "It was revenge I wanted to buy with my money; revenge for the insult your slave-daughter dared to inflict upon me. And am I to be balked of that revenge to the very last? No, I repeat, that were Cora recaptured to-night I would not give her up. "You would not?"

"I would not; and what is more, I could not, for she is no longer mine." "No longer yours!"
"No; I have given her away."

"Given her away !" "Yes, to my sister Adelaide, yonder, who has good reason to hate her, and slave. Trust a woman for that! With me she would have lived the life of a duchess; as my sister's property, she will be a lady's maid—a drudge. Heaven knows how low she may sink. It may please her mistress to send your brilliant and accomplished daughter to the kitchen

to wait upon the cook." Gerald Leslie writhed at this insulting

"Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "surely, surely, your woman's nature revolts at such words as these. Why do you not speak? You were once my daughter's friend; for pity's sake remember that!"

During the whole of this dialogue Adelaide Horton had sat perfectly still, her head bent over her work, as if she heard nothing of what was going forward: but a close observer might have perceived that her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion and that her small hand trem-

bled as she endeavored to continue her work. This had not been lost on Mortimer Percy, who had been for some time intently watching his cousin.

Suddenly she raised her head in order to reply to Gerald Leslie. "I can only answer you in the words of my brother, Mr. Leelie," she said; "I cannot restore Cora Leslie to you even if I would, for she is no longer mine. L. too, have given her away."

Augustus started at these words.

"You, Adelaide!" he exclaimed. "Yes! You gave her to me for a lady's maid. I had been long seeking for an op-portunity of repairing the injury which I did her upon that fatal day when I allowed a school girl's folly to get the better of my reason. I have given her to her husband, Gilbert Margrave!"

She rose as she said this and opened the door of an adjoining apartment and beckoned to some one within. Gilbert Margrave and Cora Leslie entered the room.

"My brother did not think of searching his own house for the runaway slave, said Adelaide, smiling. "The abduction of last night was planned by Mr. Margrave and myself, and it was agreed that he should bring her here as the last place in which her pursuers would be likely to seek her."

Mortimer Percy started from his chair, and, crossing the room, clasped his cousin in his arms.

"Did you indeed do this, Adelaide?" he exclaimed; "did you indeed? And will you forgive me for my conduct? Heaven knows what pain it has given me, for I have always loved you dearly. "I deserved all I have suffered, Mortimer," replied Adelaide, disengaging herself gently from her cousin's enthasi-

power to repair the error of a moment. Cora is free; free to sail for England with her betrothed husband.' "Dear, generous girl." murmured the Octoroon, taking Adelaide's hand in hers: "far away, in that free and happy coun

try, I shall remember your noble con-"And you shall see us in England Mortimer, "if my cousin will allow her you, I suppose, will accompany your daughter to England."

"Which will be heavy enough to keep nearest his heart,

him out of gambling hopses, sara ramp Treverton, with a smile. Augustus Horton felt that his defeat

and humiliation were complete. He had no alternative but to put the best possible face upon the matter, and he was wise enough to accept this alter-

native with a tolerable grace.
"Mr. Margrave," he said, "let all ill will be forgotten between us. Miss Les-lie will teil you that all is fair in love as in war. We have played a desperate game for the sake of yonder lady's emiles, and I have lost. So be it. I can but submit to my defeat, and congratulate you upon your superior fortune. There is my hand."

Gilbert and Augustus shook hands. Both men felt the hollowness of the ceremony.

Gerald Leslie's earriage, with Toby as the driver, was in waiting to convey the uglish steamer. verton asked permission to

his old partner to the pavil-Becomm ion. Mor over Percy remained with his cousin Ad laide. Two days after this happy evening, Mortimer 16d his tair orme to the

altar. The ceremonial took place thus hurriedly in order that Cora-the Octoroon, the once despised slave-might officiate

as bridesmaid at her old schoolfellow's wedding. The bride was given away by her brother Augustus, and Gilbert Margrave acted as "best man" to the bride-

On the day following, Gilbert, Cora, and Leslie were to bid adleu to New Or-

The marriage ceremony was performed with great splendor, and a sumptuous banquet was given by Augustus Horton to the most distinguished inhabitants of New Orleans.

It had been intended that Cora Leslie should appear at this banquet; and there was considerable curiosity felt upon the subject by the guests who knew the leading particulars of her story, and who were anxious to see the heroine of such romantic adventures.

They were disappointed, however, for, just as the bride was taking her place at the table, the Quadroon slave, Myra, slipped a note into her hand.

It was from Cora, and ran thus: DEAREST ADELAIDE, -Forgive me if I have discbeyed you in withdrawing from your brilliant assembly. All your visitors are not as generous as yourself; and there may be many amongst your guests whose prejudices would be outraged by the resence of a daughter of the despised race. 1 have a sacred duty to perform before leaving Louisiana; and I go with Gilbert to fulfill it durng the hours of your festivity. "Ever and ever your affectionate

The reader may, perhaps, guess the duty which called Cora Leslie from that festive party.

Deep in the bosom of that wood at Iberville, in which Gilbert Margrave and Augustus Horton had met some months before, Cora knelt with her lover beside the wooden cross, which alone marked the spot where the martyred Francilia

But the star of hope shone above the tomb and a prophetic whisper in the hearts of both, told of a day when the terrible institution which enables man to traffic in the body and soul of his fellow men, should be only a dark memory

Early next day a happy group stood upon the deck of a large steamer, which was speeding away from New Orleans. Already the queen city of the Mississippi was fading in the horizon, the white walls of villas, and the steeples of

churches melting in the distance. Cora Leslie stood with her arm linked in that of her father, and with her betrothed husband by her side. A little way behind them, laden with shawls, parasols and books, and proud

to be of service to his young mistress, stood Toby, the mulatto; no longer a slave, but a happy attendant on those he A few weeks after this another vessel steamed out of the New Orleans harbor. bearing some who have been familiar to

us; but this steamer was bound for the sunny shores of France. Paul Crivelli and his cousin Camillia decided on leaving New Orleans until the Spanish girl had recovered from the shock of her father's death. They had consented therefore to accompany Armand Tremlay and Pauline, who, after considerable persuasion, had been induced to become the wife of her old lover

without further delay.

Silas Craig left New Orleans in the dead of the night. None knew whither he went, and few cared to discover. He had so contrived as to convey away the whole of his wealth, and if the possession of gold, each coin of which is branded with meanness and dishonor. can bring happiness, the usurer may be a happy man. But let him not hug himself in the security of his hiding place, the bloodhounds of the law are on his track. His departure revealed the secrets of his past life. The gambling house in Columbia street, and all the nefarious practices which had been permitted in that haunt of vice, were brought to the light of day. A warrant was issued for the lawyer's apprehension, and his pursuers do not yet despair of dragging him

Heaven help him, should he ever be so rash as to return to New Orleans! Once in the hands of his infuriated fellowcitizens, Silas Craig would have to endure the Lynch law.

We have little more to say, Those of whom we have written, live to receive the reward of their own actions. Cora is a happy wife in our own dear native land-happy in the society of the father she loves, secure in the devotion of her proud English husband.

Camillia and Paul are the stars of a Parisian circle. Rich, accomplished and handsome, the young Spaniard and his wife are admired and caressed by all who know them, but they have no friends whom they admire with the same affection as Armand and Pauline Tremlay.

THE END.

Railway Philanthropy. Exasperated Lady, in railroad train-I don't see why car windows are made so tight that no woman can raise them. Philanthropic brakeman, reluctantly raising it-I s'pose it's to keep the gents

behind from catchin' cold, mum .- Puck,

Tun cheap hog wash dished up by the World Herald today for the alliance before long, my dear Miss Lesile," said people, calling them honest reformers, most penitent swain to conduct her on a etc., and trying between the lines to disbridal tour through Europe. Mr. Leslie, courage a contest against Boyd's election is ecough to make the average farmer "I shall," replied Gerald; "thanks to the Young Mr. Hitchcock has falled meat may be dried away. Lean beef trunks he is thought to take sure a headthe providential return of my dear friend and partner here, I shall be rich so much in love with the farmers that he ground in a machine, salted to taste, ish delight in breaking. No mortal man enough to establish myself on British will be reafter wear pumpkin sends in his made into cakes, and broiled just enough can endure the strain of lifting hundreds ground, leaving to him the cares of the whiskers, an an amblem of the subject the doctor has forbidden vagetables. A year after year, and no marial man

THEY WERE NEWLY MARRIED.

Consequently They Were So Bust's En-

gaged They Passed Their Static-A. There was an amusing and instructive scene the other day in an uptown train on the Sixth avenue elevated. At Park place a handsome young couple, evidently very much in love, got on one of the middle cars, and settling down in a cross sent they proceeded without delay to become absorbed in one another, not paying the slightest heed to any one else in the car, All the passengers watched them with good natured interest, even the small boy in the corner, who had

been deeply absorbed in the delights of a

tuppenny dreadful. Station after station flow by, all unhappy to a to Lake Pontchartrain; and heeded as far as the lovemakers were in three that they were to leave Louis- concerned and the stalwart Adonis' arm concerned, and the stalwart Adonis' arm had just settled comfortably about the waist of his demure companion when she suddenly gave a little feminine shrick and made a frantic break for the door. Everybody was startled, no one more than the young man, who instinctively attempted to hold her back. But she only jerked herself away, and the onlookers could see that the expression of undying love on her features had given way to a look of the most pronounced vexation as she turned on her companion with the remark:

"Now, I knew you'd do it. And I was so anxious to be on time. Don't make matters worse by sitting there, but let us get off before we are carried any fur-

ther." "But this isn't our station," expostulated the young man in astonishment. "I know it isn't. We are far beyond d. We should have gotten off at Fifty-

ninth." "Well, we haven't reached there yet." "Of course we have, stupid! Come on before the train starts up again or I'll go alone. Don't you see this is Eighty

"Nonsense," exclaimed the Adonis getting excited in his turn.

"It isn't nonsense! Don't you see there, 'Eighty-first' in big white letters?" There it was, sure enough; but even as everyone looked, and the young man started hastily to gather up some bundles that were on the seat beside him, the train started, and a change came over the expression of the bride-for a bride she certainly was. From a vexalious flush, the color on her face changed to a dark crimson blush of embarrass ment, which grew deeper as the unfeel ing wretch by her side burst into a loud augh, in which all the passengers joined

The bride didn't say another word, but simply made her way hurriedly into the forward car, followed closely by her sturdy companion, who was trying in vain to look serious. The little woman had been fooled by the mirror between the seats, which reflecting the station sign from the platform, had turned the figures around, making 81 out of 18 .-New York Star.

A Brave Little Beauty.

Mayor Cushing's little 5-year-old taughter Blanche fell from a hammock and broke her shoulder. After the fall she ran into the house, her lips clenched tightly, and calmly told her mother that she had hurt herself. Although not a tear was visible, yet the deathly pallor which had spread over her face told the mother that her little one was hurt.

"Now, mamma, don't you cry. I will stand the pain. It won't last so very long," said the little one. Hastily examining his child, Mr. Cushing found that the shoulder blade was

broken. Surgeons were immediately

brought, and the fracture, which proved to be a serious one, was quickly set. At no time during the fearfully painful operation did the little one utter so much & a moan. She simply elenched her dainty little fists, bit her lips, and without a tear bore it all in a manner which the attending physician afterward

-Omaha Bee.

remarked they had never seen equaled.

About Whipping a Horse. It is rarely ever proper to strike a metdesome horse. Occasionally a fault is clearly foolish, and no fear associated with it in the creature's mind, such as nipping his mate, or reaching round the head to see if you are about ready, or backing when you have no room, and must be obeyed with a bound then a gentle reminder with the whi; is well enough. On rare occasions authority may be maintained by enforcing fear. Yet if you terrorize the creature he will nate you. It seems hard for a horse or a dog to forget an injury. They never forgive in the sense that men do. This fact is often lost sight of by thoughtless people in their intercourse with dumb mimals.-New York Weekly.

Why the Groom as the Elder. in the friendsnips formed between oovs and girls during the school age. the boy is usually a year or so older than the girl, girls of from 10 to 15 being as a rule a trifle brighter than boys of the same age, and having more inclination and time to study, and consequently being put into classes with boys about a rear older than themselves. About the age of 15 or 16 the average girl begins to mature socially at a rapid gait, and at 18 she is the equal-generally more than the equal—of a man of 21.—New York Ledger.

Apparent Size of the Sun or Moon. of the sun or moon seen with the naked about sixteen years ago. They have eve? Most people estimate it at from eight stations in all. There are five offiabout three inches in diameter to the cers, twelve trainers and twenty-four size of a soup plate. An investigator servants connected with the pigeon sersays that at a distance of ten feet a vice. It is their duty to look after the silver quarter dollar would conceal the carrier pigeons, and see that they are allisk of the sun or moon, as would a ways in perfect health and condition backshot about a quarter of an inch in and ready for use at any moment. hameter if held at arm's length.—New bushel of grain is allowed to each bird. -New York Evening Sun.

ralids that is cooked very little, in order litting magnine. He says the barrage that none of the nourishment in the smaster wears out almost as the the to heat, is excellent for invalids to whom of large, unwisidy trunks ady after day, person in health may suit his taste. out to be expected to stand it.

The Author of Lorna Doone.

R. D. Blackmore lives in great rotirement at his pretty villa residence, Shortwood," close to Teddington station, which latter place, by the way, is an innovation not at all to the taste of the veteran novelist, who built his home before the station existed, and now regrets its proximity. Mr. Blackmore's sobby is his garden. In front there is a rimly kept lawn, surrounded by flour ing beds where rhodedendrons, pictes, roses of every bue and old fashion d country flowers vie with each other in abundance. Behind is the fraitful celerd, his great pride, where straw berries, curranta, atone fruits, pears and olas are to be found in such about tout much of it is sold in the fruit mur-

It has always been Mr. Elackmore' custom to work a few hours dally in it arden, and this seems to be his favorite recreation. Mr. Blackmore is now ever 10 years of age, and a widower. His two scor reside with him. In figure he is rather short and thick set, with white mir and whishers; his face is strongly ned, and the blue eyes and bushy eye brows are very characteristic. He reminds one somewhat of "Uncle Corny" in his latest work, "Kit Kitty," the here of which, strangely enough, is a market ardener living at one of the river villages a little higner up than Teddington. -Toronto Mail.

Senutors and Flowers.

Senator Teller has one of the prettiest gardens in the northwest. And oh! what stories the roses could tell there! The senator's favorite relaxation all summer is to pay diligent attention to his flower beds.

Constituents, caucus managers and other gentlemen who want to whisper title suggestions in the senator's ent find him every evening armed with a hose sprinkler going around among the flowers, and as they talk they follow him around from bush to bush. They might not get all they want, but the sentier has pleasure and relaxation from his garden work, and boasts the profitiest kept lawn and flower beds in his neighborhood.

Senator Evarts has a nice garden, but he does not deserve any special mention for it. It is Mrs. Evarts' particular care and pride to spend her mornings weed g the beds, and when the senator and terself sit down for their after dinner alk they get a great deal of pleasure from viewing the bright blossoms all ground the windows.—Washington Let

"Money Goes." The old saying that "money goe." was illustrated recently. A customer tendered a \$20 bill. The tradesman had it changed by a neighbor, who, being in a hurry, gave a pocket piece of \$10 ir gold of the issue of 1861, which he prized highly and did not want to part with He went to the tradesman as soon as he had given the valued coin, and the latter went out and hunted up the custo mer to whom he had given it. He had bought some cigars at a neighboring

store and had given the gold piece in

payment. Upon going to the cigar store it was found that the proprietor had transferred the coin to a saloon keeper near by, and at that place it was found that the saloon keeper had used it in liquidating his brewery bill. The next day a neighbor went to the brewery and found that the cashier of that institution had just parted with the coveted piece of money to a dissatisfied employe. The individual was at last located and the coin recovered.-Chicago Times.

American Razors in Demand.

The best razors no longer come from Sheffield, and even Englishmen are alive to the fact. The best customers for razors are of English and Scotch descent, as very few Germans or Irishmen act as their own barbers. Formerly nothing without a genuine or fraudulent Sheffield trade mark cut into the blade would be looked at by an ex-subject of Queen Victoria, but now American goods are generally preferred, and some eastern makes are very popular. The greatest run the last two years has been on a razor with a distinctly military name, and although I have sold a great many of the kind I don't know where they are made. But the fact is immaterial, for no purchaser ever finds fault with anything connected with one in any respect save price, and even that is not serious ly objected to.-Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Brief Wedding.

A certain Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney at law. clerk of the town council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And do you want him?" The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Ering me a load of wood for it-one-third pine, balance oak,"-Atlanta Constitution.

Homing Pigeons in Russia. The Russians established pigeon ata What is the apparent size of the disk tions in various parts of their territory

Physicians always order beef for in- A baggage smasher calls for a baggage

FOR DYSPEPSIA. Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a longtime and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sursaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$3. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness busbecome a stranger to our household. I. believe it to be the best medicine on earth." -P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Scienter st.,

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

nates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilia, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."-C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

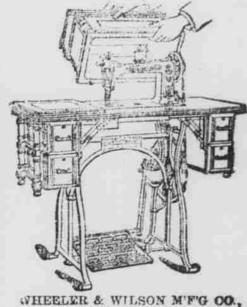
PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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185 and 18. Wabash I ve.. Chicago Dealer Wanted.



It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down: let's have an experience meeting. How's

the wife?"

"Oh's she's so-so, same as usual,—always wanting something I can't afford."

"Well, we all want something more than we've got. Don't you?"

"Yes: but I guess 'want will be my master." I stand to keep down expenses; and now Lill says. "Yes: but I guess' want will be my master." I started to keep down expenses; and now Lil says. I'm 'mean,' and she's tired of saving and newer having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"

"I think she is; and we are economical, too, have to be. My wife can make a little go further than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always sunprising me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I sak how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret!' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition: she would have her Magazine. I do she was right! I wouldn't do without it my for double the subscription price. We read ether, from the title-page to the last word: ories keep our hearts young; the synopsis ortant events and scientific matters keeps ted so that I can talk understandingly of oing on; my wife is always trying some

ted so that I can talk understandingly of oing on; my wife is always trying some from the household department; she her dresses and those for the children, is all her patterns for nothing, with the county by doing just as directed in the

and is all her patterns for nothing, with the Maga; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But I can't teil you half!"
"What wonderful Magazine is it?"
"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"
"What! Why that's what Lil wanted so had, and I told her it was an extravagance."
"Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as soon as you can. I'll take your 'sub,' right here, on my wife's account: she's bound to have a chima tea-set in time for our tin wedding next month. My gold watch was the premium I got for gettling up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium List for clubs,—the biggest thing out! If you don't see in it what you want, you've only to write to the publisher and tell him what you want, whether it is a tack-hammer or a new carriage, and he will make special terms for you, either for a club, or for part cash. Better subscribe right off and surprise
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