A Sad Career.

The divorced wife of a **bonanza millionaire** recently came to a **mournful death** in Paris, **taking chloral**, which unsettled her mind and demoralized her whole physical system. She had been weakly and ailing and felt her need of something to drown her sorrows and brace her up. Had she taken Brown's Iron Bitters she would have been invigorated and she could have fought her sorrows off, and enjoyed healthy life. This valuable medicine cures general debility, tones the nerves, strengthens the muscles and aids digestion.

Japanese government officials are to be required shortly to wear European costumes in office hours.

Blowing Up Hell Gate

has been a laborious and costly work, but far more painfully the **obstruction** in any important channel means disaster. Obstructions in the organs of the human body bring inevitable disaster. They must be cleared away or physical wreck will follow. Keep the liver in order, and the pure blood coursing through the body, invigorating health, strength and life; let it become disordered and the channels are clogged with impurities, which result in dire ease and death. No other medicine equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for acting upon the liver and purifying the blood.

Lake Ontario sturgeon, when properly worked over, make splendid "smoked halibut."

"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man."

says the illustrious Pope. If he had included woman in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not more poetical. Dr. R. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their hearts, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex, such as leucorrhœa, prolapsus and other displacements, ulceration, "internal fever," bloating, tendency to internal cancer, and other ailments. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Kentucky promises users of the seed a big crop of tobacco this year.

We guarantee the speedy, painless and permanent cure without knife, caustic or salve, of the largest piles or tumors. Pamphlet and references sent for two 3c. stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The old Brandt House property on Broad way, New York, will equal at $1,000 per foot front. It was not wanted as a postoffice site.

The organ grinder who passes around blistered for pennies after his day's work is a human not beggar. S. S. S. is a Vegetable Judge.

Cremation is very out-lawy in Italy. Two crematories are established here, all the business they can attend to and furnace in building.

The poet Gray thought that "on a hill" is the ground of Dunbar's celebrated elegiac because he was probably of modern history. Have about as much sense.

A mad dance in New York cut off the "switch-ends" of his own hair because they bothered him while in plain "Hamlet." He was sweet, but it cost him a line of $10.

English and American women are too fond of Parisian journals to some display of enterprise. When Hagan's Magnolia Balm over 32 reports for back issues are sent to the front of the house.

Kin Yamel, called here Miss Mary King for sake of euphony, has just taken the degree of M. D. at New York, being the first Chinese woman who has attained that honor in this country.

A New Orleans paper refers editorially to the wonderful restoration to health of Mr. F. Tosey, druggist, 225 Canal street, that city, who some time ago was prostrated by an excruciating attack of sciatica. After each day suffering his wife applied S. Jacobs Oil, which cured him promptly and entirely.

The sea is probably nowhere more free than five miles deep, and the tallest mountain is not quite six miles high.

When you visit or pass through New York city, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage, and $3 Carriage Hire, and lodge at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Elegant rooms elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards. Family Rooms, $3 per day. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A colored imitator of D. L. Moody is studying Georgia.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH."

Current effectiveness adorns a remedy for catarrh, cures cold in the head, and a catarrh powder. Sure Death to Catarrh.

There are over 3,000 clerks at the White House.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION

children, weak, ailing, puny, pale, should use Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Parisian belles now carry pistols.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Relief in 20 minutes. Sold by druggists. Kidney and Urinary Complaint, cured by Buchu-Paiba.

An average of one picture per day is added to the Berlin Royal Gallery.

For all diseases of the kidney, and liver, physicians prescribe *Hunt's Remedy*.

Wild beasts and poisonous snakes in India make way with between 20,000 and 22,000 human beings every year.

The medicine that can watch and root out every ill of the liver is Dr. Hunt's Remedy.

Guns on divers English vessels-of-war after will be discharged by electricity.

Hunt's Remedy cures billious headache, costiveness, and dyspepsia, and purifies the blood.

RED STAR

TRADE MARK

COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Purchase a bottle to-day from your druggist, get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark

QUALITY PURITY STRENGTH

On Every Bottle

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Nervous Complaints.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to women, and all who have lost vitality.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other iron medicines do.

It strengthens and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sole only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LOVES INFINITE.

HERBERT MOSGROVE.

From sounds of music, scenes of mirth,
We wandered 'neath the drooping trees—
All silent she and silent I—
And silent all save am'rous breeze
That floated far from rhythmic seas.

The night was soft and still'd and sweet,
And naught that holy hour could break;
The air was fragrant as the rose
Through foliage green, fell o'er the lake
The loved enchantment the moon can make.

Lo, by the dreamful water's edge
We stroll'd in all love's mad delight,
And trobbing hearts found as were there
Where silent lilies velled their white
And spotless bos'ms to the light.

In barque most quaint we glided o'er
The sleeping silver of the stream,
And far "beam beyond the shadows glow—
Until with souls in fire a gleam.
We sought each oth'r—the world a dream.

* * * * * * *

The barque rose gently, moved at will,
And Purity bent her head in love
And found in Love's triumphant thrill
No darkness that it might efface,
No guile, no tainted thought, nor trace,
O Love! Can meaner beings know!

Ah, nay; for thou wouldst seem less dear,
Thy spotless soul would seem less lovely
To let earth's jostled herd but hear
Thy melody or know that thou wert near.

* * * * * * *

Her head more glorious than the night—
Her face more radiant than day
And beating heart, were close to mine—
O that our barque would drift away
And on, and life were thus for aye!

AN INKISNED KISS.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

With jingling coins above her waist,
And hair low down in circlets twain,
She came—a dainty little maid
In gown of satin stiff brocade
And eyes of deepest amethyst.

Ah, me! Skills to resist
The charm of beauty in the list
Of slaves to siren so arrayed
With jingling coins.

I said I never could exist
Unless I stepped forth with and kissed
Her lips, for she was a lovely maiden,
But when I tried, she deftly laid
Upon my car a little list
With jingling coins.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS

CHAPTER IV.

THE VEILED LADY.

Rudiga seated herself, and looked around the apartment. Whether from taste or from the superstitious ideas of the people, her lodgings were fitted up in grotesque, even repulsive manner.

Skulls grinned from the walls, stuffed reptiles, owls, and birds looked down with their sightless eyes from all sides. The shelves, around were filled with large books, strange looking apparatus, bottles, and mysterious objects, of which the use could not even be guessed by the uninitiated.

The apartment was lighted by a lurid flame, which, itself being invisible, cast a demoniac glare on the massive furniture and on the queer belongings. Two large iron safes or casket-stood on stands, each by the side of a pillar of the room, and were chained. These were reputed to contain vast sums of money, and to the uninitiated appeared to be fastened by solid blocks of iron to have no door or opening whatever. But the mysterious mistress of this place could, with a simple touch of her finger, cause the invisible windows to fly open, revealing the treasures concealed within.

The Woman in Red glanced bitterly around.

"And they call me sorceress," she muttered to herself, "because, by my skill and deep designing, I know so much of the private history of most influential families in Italy, and can tell them of the past, and form shrewd ideas of the future. And yet, all-powerful as they think me, my heart is desolate. I have discovered my daughter, my long lost Naomi; I am powerless to reclaim her; nay, despite her gentleness, she shrinks from me with aversion—from *me*, her mother, and clings to that prating cocomb who dared to insult me. Oh, Naomi, Naomi! why have I found you, only to see without the power to clasp you in my arms, to call you mine—Hark! a knock! Some one comes to consult the fortune-teller."

It was indeed a continued rapping at the outer door which had disturbed her. She arose, and, touching a spring on one of the pillars, the door flew open.

A lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, entered, and stood before her. The sorceress had recasted herself, and gazed fixedly at the new comer.

"What would you with me, lady," she asked, "your fortune told? or would fear of your past life?"

Rudiga's penetrating voice discerned, attached to a gold chain, a jeweled watch, engraved on the back with the arms of the Count Donati. One glance was enough, and she knew her visitor.

"No, no," she thought; "the Countess Constanza Donati—the woman who robbed me of my child. What wants she—money? She shall have it; but only at my price."

"I want not to have my fortune told. I am not so credulous as the weak multitude."

"What want you then, with me, Countess Constanza Donati?"

"Ah! how knew you my name?"

"By the same art which you despise. I know not only your name, but your object in visiting me—in one word, *money*."

"This woman's knowledge is marvelous! Is it possible that there is indeed something in the art, and that she can read both the past and the future?"

"And supposing such were my object?" she asked aloud.

"Money! That would depend on what you offered me in return, Countess. I have money—a vast treasure. See!"

She touched a spring, and instantly the iron door of one of the safes flew open, revealing a great number of caskets, bags, and iron-bound boxes.

"Approach, and view them," she said.

The Countess did so; and as Rudiga threw them open, her astonished gaze rested on piles of gold and heaps of flashing jewelry.

"This casket contains one million ducats in gold and silver, and the value of two millions more in gems. See, there is yet another; that contains an equal treasure."

The Countess peered her hands, and gazed with astonishment at such vast wealth.

"Ah! then you can aid me. I require what is to you but a small sum."

"I know," interrupted the Woman in Red; "you require one hundred and fifty thousand ducats."

"Great heavens!" said the Countess, aghast with horror; "how know you this? How can you tell my inmost thoughts?"

"By that art you despise," said the other solemnly. "And now I will tell you for what purpose you require the money. Your husband, the Count Donati, writes that unless such a sum can be procured immediately, he is utterly ruined."

"Ah! you know all,"s cried the Countess in terror. "This is truly dreadful."

"I know all that you know—and more. Listen while I tell you. Not only will the Count be utterly ruined if he do not receive the money, but he will be disgraced, dishonored, and his liberty—probably his life also—pay the forfeit—pay the forfeit."

"Oh, heaven!" cried the Countess, "can it indeed be so?"

"It is so.

"You can aid me," she cried imploringly; "You can save me. Do so; and I shall be forever grateful."

"Grateful!" said the sorceress, scornfully; "will gratitude give me back my gold?"

"I will pay you liberally for the loan when I return it."

"When you return it! That may be never."

"I have my jewels with me, and my daughter's.

"Your *daughter's*, Countess Donati? You said your daughter, I think?"

The piercing eyes of the sorceress were on her face, as though to read her inmost soul.

The Countess quailed before her, unable to meet that fiery, searching glance.

"I have my jewels," she said, in humbler tones; for now she was thoroughly terrified at the deep knowledge this woman possessed of her affairs.

"They will not suffice."

"They are worth more than a hundred thousand ducats."

"That may be; but they are not worth a hundred and fifty thousand, and a *loan* is to you useless."

"True, too true," sighed the Countess. "What can I do? Woman, have you no pity? You know all, and yet refuse to aid me.

"Pity, Countess Constanza Donati? Is it you who talk to me of pity? Have you pity on the *mother whom you have robbed of her child?*

"I robbed a mother of her child!" gasped the Countess, turning deadly pale. "What mean you? I understand you not."

"You understand me well, Countess Donati. Your daughter is your daughter, whom you call Francesca.

"My daughter! what of her! What of my dear Francesca?"

"This your daughter—is—NOT YOUR DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTESS IMPRISONED.

The Countess in an effort recovered her self-possession, and, strength pale as death and trembling, arose.

"It is false, audacious impostor. How dare you utter a slight on the honor of our noble family. How dare you, vile sorceress, thus insult me? I will have you dragged through the main street, and hung."

"Will you?" Indeed, you forget that it is I, not you, Countess Donati, who command here.

"Would you dare attempt to detain me by force?"

"Would I dare? Ha, ha, ha! assuredly I would, my proud lady, if you had best listen to me quietly."

The Countess glanced around the room. Thoroughly terrified, she pondered of escape; for the door by which she entered had again closed behind her, and she could not discern either lock or handle.

She gazed despairingly around the room, but saw no chance of escape. Then she again turned to Rudiga and said

"Mysterious woman! I know not the secret of your power over Judge. I have this day told no secrets which I thought hidden deep in my own breast. Listen! I will tell you more, if you do not already know it.

"The stars never lie," said Rudiga solemnly. "Speak on; I can test the truth of what you say by the sleepless sentinels of night."

"More than sixteen years ago a violent shock brought my brain fever; and while thus living delirious my infant daughter died. Slowly I regained my consciousness and reason. My first cry was for my child. The physicians saw that should I learn the dreadful truth that my infant daughter was dead, it would also cause my death. My husband procured a female child of the same age as mine, and one morning I awoke and found Francesca nestling in my bosom. For years my kind husband kept the secret; and it was not until the child was six years of age that he revealed it to me. Dead! But the then tender vine had wound herself so closely round my heart, that had she, indeed, been my daughter, it would not have bleed her more."

"And you thought not, relish woman, of the poor mother's anguish from whom she had stolen her."

"I knew nothing on the subject."

"Then know now that the child that you call Francesca was stolen from her cradle during the absence of the poor fond mother, and that the nurse, who would have revealed the name of the abductor, was murdered shortly dead, ere the words could pass her lips."

"Alas! I knew it not."

"Are you prepared to make restitution?"

"Restitution?"

"Yes."

"What can I do?" answered the Countess evading the question. "Good woman, I have told you all. About this money this hundred and fifty thousand ducats will you lend it to me?"

"On conditions."

"What cond tions?"

"That you give up the girl you falsely call your daughter."

"To whom?"

"To her mother."

"I know her not."

"I will find her. An-wer, will you give up the girl?"

"Never!" shrieked the Countess.

"You shall be compelled to do so; the law will compel you.

"I will deny it. You have no proof nowitness."

"Woman, will you give up the girl whom you have stolen?"

"Never, never, never!"

"Then, by Heaven, you shall never leave this room alive," said the sorceress, now wound up to a pitch of fury."

The Countess ran frantically to the door. In vain: it was bolted and barred, nor could she discover where the fastenings were. The windows were far above her reach, and she was soon convinced that for the present she was safely caged.

Rudiga regarded her in silence, knowing how vain her attempts to escape would prove.

So soon as the imprisoned lady was satisfied that all her efforts must prove vain she desisted, and turned with the intention of beseeching the Woman in Red to release her.

But, to her dismay, the Jewess had vanished, and she was alone—immured in the dismal old house of the sorceress."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PALACE DONATI.

In one of the sumptuous saloons of the Palace Donati, a fair young girl wandered restlessly up and down, ever and anon casting anxious glances out of the large, open window which looked into the courtyard. A sweet, pale faced, fair-haired girl of some eighteen or nineteen summers, the look of anxiety and grief on her features made her yet more interesting. Dressed in palebline satin, her luxuriant light hair flowing loosely over her white shoulders, she looked like a pale and delicate lily—a being too fragile for earth.

"My mother, my dear mother! where can she be?" the young girl murmured. "She went out in the morning, saying she would be back very soon. It wants now but an hour of midnight, surely nothing can have happened." Her manner when she left was strange, and there was a wild light in her eye which alarmed me. This morning she received a letter from the Count, my father. I fear it contained bad news, for, from the moment of reading she has been oppressed with a heavy grief. God grant no harm has befallen her!"

Thus musing the young girl touched a small silver bell, and a waiting-maid quickly appeared.

"Nion! I am alarmed about the Countess; my mother; where can she be? Did she go out in the carriage?"

"No, signorina; her lady-ship went out on foot, and dismissed all the coachmen of the servants to accompany her. She said she would not be more than an hour at the outside."

"That will do, Nion. Leave me; I would be alone."

Francesca went out on the balcony, and leaning her form on the balcony gazed anxiously and sadly out on the great gate of the court yard, through which the carriage should pass.

She remained thus for half an hour, silent and motionless as a fair statue, when again the girl Nion appeared.

"Signorina, there is a man below who desires speech of you; he is a strange-looking man, wearing a sword, and will not go away again. I dare not his appearance.

"His name.

"Hector Fiaramonte, he says."

"I never heard the name. I know him not. What can he want with me?"

"Shall I dismiss him, Signorina?"

"Yes. I will not see a stranger."

The girl was about departing, but she called her back.

"Stay; I will see him."

The servant looked wonderingly at her young lady, at a loss to account for her sudden change of mind.

"Perhaps he has news of the Countess my mother. Send him up."

The girl followed the short space ushered in Hector Fiaramonte, soldier of fortune, as he chose to style himself, of which the reader "Already acquainted.

The fair young girl regarded him curiously, half in wonder, half in fear. And, indeed there was cause for fear in a delicately-nurtured young lady to look askance on the reckless brave he appeared.

"Well, sir," she faltered, "who would you with me?"

He looked round at the girl Nion who remained in the room, as if doubtful not thinking it safe to leave her young lady alone with so questionable a character.

"What I have to say, I would say alone."

"Nion, leave us."

"Signorina, consider; this person this gentleman is a stranger, urged the girl.

"No matter," said Francesca, decisively. "I will hear what he has to say."

"Nion then withdrew, and Hector looking around the room, approached the young lady with a mysterious air.

"Speak, sir. Have you news of my mother?"

"If concerns her, yourself and another."

"Another? Who?"

"Count Claudio."

A deep blush suffused the girl's face as she heard the name.

"Ha! What of the Count?"

"I will tell you anon; but first I wish to know your mind."

"Proceed," said Francesca, agitated by a strange emotion.

"Well, then, lady, first of yourself. You are in danger."

"In danger! How?"

"You have an enemy."

"An enemy! I, who have never injured any one?"

"Yes, an enemy; and yet not an enemy."

"You speak in riddles, sir; I understand you not.

"I have this day been sent to convey you off by force."

A flush of indignation and anger mounted to the girl's cheeks at these words.

"Carry me off by force! Who dare attempt such a deed. Not—not—"

She hesitated and he completed the sentence for her.

"Not Count Claudio, you would say lady. No, it is not Count Claudio. Who then is it? Deal no longer in riddles."

"Rudiga, the Jewess, the Woman in Red. She says that the Countess Donati is her child, and that she will sell her to you to your real mother. Moreover, she offered me money to abduct you, and swore that the Count Claudio shall never wed you. She is to be feared, for she has the power of gold."

"What knows she of Count Claudio. What says she against him?

and why is she thus vindictive? The woman must be mad."

"There is method in her madness, lady. Trust me, she is to be feared a terrible woman.

"What is your motive in coming to me with this strange tale?"

"Lady, I may be a bad man, a violent man, but I am a man of honor. Here he laid his hand on his heart and struck an attitude. "But my worst enemy can never say that Hector Fiaramonte is an ungrateful man. Count Claudio once did me a service, and my sword, my life, is always at his service."

Francesca looked with surprise on the singular looking bravo, who, despite of his rough exterior, was conciated so generous sentiment.

"What are you, sir.

"A soldier of fortune, whose sword is at the command of any who can pay, and at the service of Count Claudio or yourself free of all reward."

Francesca was about to speak again, when a third person appeared on the scene.

"I have been an accidental listener to a conversation, my man, and having heard so much—I must hear more.

"And with these words the young Count Claudio himself stepped forward and stood before the bravo and the girl.

"Claudio," cried Francesca, running up to him, "I am so glad you have come. I am in a terrible state. My mother has gone out, I know not whither, and now this good man comes and fills my soul with dread by his dark speeches."

"This must be unraveled. Passing by, I saw a light in the saloon, and knowing thereby that you had not retired to rest, I entered, and, unnoticed by the servant, made my way here. The sound of voices attracted my attention and the mention of my own name caused me to pause on the threshhold and listen. I heard the latter part of what passed, and now," turning to Hector, "you please speak plainly, for I will not suffer this young lady to be alarmed with idle tales. Come, sir, speak."

Count Claudio addressed him in haughty tones, as was his wont; for there was not a more fiery and hot-blooded young noble in Italy.

"Have patience, most noble Count; your lady-love shall not anger me, for you once did me a service—a great service—and Hector Fiaramonte is no ingrate."

"You said something of that when I saw you before to-day, and you told me the extravagant tale about the Count Donati."

"The Count Donati—my father!" cried Francesca. "What of him?"

"I will tell you another time, lady," said Claudio, hastily, for the subject of the supposed utter ruin of her father was a delicate one.

"What I told you of the Count Donati was true as a gospel. Ere to-morrow's sun goes down, my words will have been proved."

"Confound this fellow," muttered Claudio to himself; "she is evidently dent. Can it be that there are grounds for what he avers? What reason can I have for believing any thing in question, him. Now, sir, speak plainly, and say what you have to say.

"Lady, I fear to say it is said in few words. I have already told this lady that she is in great danger; that one which is to be decided purposes to carry her off by force, and that the single power of gold will succeed if not guarded against.

"Who is this terrible person?"

"Rudiga, the sorceress and money-lender—the Jewess, or Woman in Red."

"The Woman in Red! Power of gold! Why, she barely earns a livelihood by telling fools their fortunes."

"Believe it not Count Claudio; the Jewess is enormously rich. I have told me and some friends of mine five thousand ducats to carry off this lady."

"And you refused?"

"Hector Fiaramonte is a man of honor; you did me a service, and are interested in this lady. Boundless wealth shall no tempt me to betray you, nor shall the direst torture. Hector Fiaramonte is one who never forgives an injury or forgets a benefit.

"On my soul," said Count Claudio "I believe you are an honest fellow. Here is my hand."

The bravo took it.

"Now you speak like Count Claudio my word is yours."

At this moment a small clock chimed the midnight hour.

"Oh, Claudio, its midnight, where can my mother be."

"The Countess Donati was seen some hours ago in the vicinity of the house of Rudiga the Jewess."

"Ha! at woman again. Can it be that she has sought her out?" This fellow says she is wealthy, perhaps if there is truth in his tale, the countess has gone to purchase a sum of money. Something may have befallen her. Francesca, dearest I will leave you for a few days, and will return ere I find our mother. Adieu!"

"Count, may I accompany you? The streets of Venice are infested by villanous characters by night."

"Yes my good fellow. I believe you do honest and a strong arm and good sword are not to be despised."

Claudio kissed Francesca's hand. Hector Fiaramonte made a deep obeisance, and then the two left away, leaving the young girl again alone.

"A strange forboding of evil is on my soul," she murmured. "Why strange models of this man have filled me with alarm. The Woman in Red—is that I not the daughter of the countess Donati? Can it be true?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Manage a Bad Man.

San Francisco News Letter.

Nothing on earth fetches a man like a good dinner and well-cooked food and dressing. The husband who can look forward to such a state of things every day of his life will never tire of his home, and his wife who shall give him comfort will have but little difficulty in managing him according to her will. The ugly irritable animal, ready to snarl in spite of all allurements, but they are selfish enough to remain where they are the best treated, and by taking pains and trouble to cater to the tastes of married life, the year-that follow will as a rule find the husband and wife good friends. It is no use to argue with anything particularly, don't insist upon your opinion, if the women are persistent, and ask, "Why may I not? Why don't you do as I ask you?" and tell them that you will consider your time, and make an extra good dinner of his favorite dishes, put a bow on the color he likes most, wear the most sweet flower that you have. You will get it sure, even if you have to wait. Also, when you want him to do a particular thing, tell him you know will be for his good, for heaven's sake do not say "Don't." Rather drop a hint, that you are sure would be a good thing to do. Act him interested and then let the subject drop. I venture to say that in a short time that man will do everything as you wish, he will never permit you to think that he had treaded the least on your common sense.

Quiet Times "On the Road."

Four of the "knights of the grip-sack" met in a certain town on the Mississippi river recently, and concluded to finish the trip up the river together. Three of them were in the same line of business, and naturally enough a spirit of friendly rivalry existed as to who should sell the largest amount of goods during the trip. The boys went in for a good time generally, and, particular to the craft, but as "man proposes, etc.," the last town was reached without either having sold a "bill." Going up the river, they were accosted by the advent of an "old-timer," whose service on the road covers some thirty years, and who knew each other by the name of Colonel. One evening all were standing in a hotel office, chatting on different subjects, when one of the party, whom we will call Frank, thinking it a good opportunity to get a joke on the Colonel, turned the conversation to the subject of business, and propounded the question, "How many goods have been sold since we met?" The replies varied slightly, ranging from eighteen to twenty-five car-loads each, as a result of strenuous efforts. The Colonel, who had been an attentive listener, drew a step nearer, and with a most commiserating smile, said: "Well, boys, business is dull! I'm sorry for you. Now I have been out to call on my trade this afternoon, and while I have not attempted to sell anything, merely taking what has been "pigeon-holed" for me, I have sold thirty car-loads."

"What's your line, sir?" asked the wonder-stricken boys.

"Watch movements," was the reply.

It is needless to say that the shout of laughter that went up was far from pleasant music to the ears of the propounder of the question.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

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New York Correspondence America's Herald.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria" goes to Florida.

Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.

Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Eno.

Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor!

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day, but I never read anything equal to the "arcasm" herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in fact the author intimates as much on page 31.

"Malaria" as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover their ignorance of the diseases which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for many diseases as they do not cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he is overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Pickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cram, sleeplessness irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business or pleasure. Then follows alarming attacks of rheumatism which fill about his body regardless of all human laws.

It is muscular, in his back. Articular, in his joints. Inflammatory, my how he fears I will fly to his heart! Now comes the "Doctor" Book. The doctor sends him three, of course, to get well at this one time, he does not realize that he has been "taken in."

That would hurt his business.

Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He blames the cold! Or, it is pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; pain in side, and back, has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; mustrets, up strength and demands to know what is "ailing him!"

"Great he ven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of your fate."

He dismissed his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

Another day, a Brooklyn known Wall Street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how general bright sidesas is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable. I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when physicians said it was impossible. The case seems to me to be more wonderful one!" This gentleman further represented his nicemen in a foreign country. He have appointed and supplied it is a Medicine not a Barroom Drink. It differs as widely as the Pole from the Equator from the thousand-and-one Mixtures of vile whisky and chemicals. Hopps & Malt Bitters is recommended by Physicians, "Sinfers not Curses as long the Hops Family Medicine ever complained. Any Woman or Child takes it.

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