POETRY.

DREAMS.

In dreams I walk in pleasant ways,
  By limpid streams in sunny dells,
  Where peace abides and beauty dwells,
And splendors glow through happy days.

I dream of friends whose faith is fast,
  I dream of love that cannot fail,
  Of joys that never tire nor pale,
Of hopes that beckon till the last.

In dreams I hear the songs of birds,
  I see the shores of happy lands,
  I feel the clasp of loving hands,
I catch the drift of tender words.

They are but dreams, and I alas,
  Awake to weep my vanished bliss,
  Awake to feel the truth of this—
That dreams can never come to pass.

I sometimes wish I ne'er had dreamed
  About the things I longed for so,
  For then my heart might never know
How dear their sweet fulfillment seemed.

Still let me dream, for often times
  The path is drear, the day is bleak,
  My soul so sad, my heart so weak,
I fain would hear the happy chimes,

The happy chimes that fancy rings
  Across the dreary moors of life;
  I fain would see amid my strife
The peaceful visions fancy brings.

—*Eva Donaldson in Boston Courier.*

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

The lady looked at Traverse Rocke with astonishment and incredulity.

"Boy," she said, "do you know what you are promising—what would your mother or your promised wife say to such a proposition?"

"Ah! you do not know my dear mother nor my Clara, no, nor even me. I tell you the truth when I say that your coming among us would make happy.

"I do! I do, Doctor Rocke! I see that life has not deprived you of a generous, youthful, enthusiasm," said the lady, with the tears welling up into her glorious black eyes.

After a little, with a smile, she held out her hand to him, saying:

"Young friend, if you should succeed in freeing me from this prison, and establishing my sanity before a court of justice, I and my daughter will come into the immediate possession of one of the largest estates of your native Virginia! Sit down, Doctor Rocke, while I tell you my true story, and much, very much more of it than I have ever confided to any human being!"

"Lady, I am very impatient to hear your history, but I am your physician, and must first consider your health. You have been sufficiently excited for one day; it is late; take your tea and retire early to bed. To-morrow morning, after I have visited the wards and you have taken your breakfast, I will come, and you shall tell me the story of your life"

"I will do whatever you think best," said the lady.

That same night Traverse wrote to his friend Herbert Greyson in Mexico, and to his mother and Clara, describing his interesting patient, though as yet he could tell but little of her, not even in fact her real name.

CHAPTER LVIII.

END OF THE LADY'S STORY.

Of the present naught is bright,
  But in the coming years I see
A brilliant and a cheerful light,
  Which burns before thee constantly.

At the appointed hour the next morning, Traverse Rocke repaired to the cell of his mysterious patient.

He was pleased to find her up and dressed with more than usual care and taste, and looking, upon the whole, much better in health and spirits than upon the preceding day.

She was seated by the same window at which Traverse had first seen her, and she now beckoned the young doctor to come and take a seat near her.

"My story is almost as melo-dramatic as a modern romance, Dr. Rocke," she said.

Traverse bowed gravely and waited.

"My father was a French patriot, who suffered death in the cause of liberty, when I, his only child, was but fourteen years of age. My mother, broken-hearted by his loss, followed him within a few months. I was left an orphan and penniless, for our estate was confiscated."

A former servant of my father, who held an humble situation of porter, gave me a temporary home. Among the lodgers of the house a young Virginian gentleman of fortune travelling for pleasure and improvement, whose name was Mr. Eugene Le Noir.

"Le Noir!" cried Traverse with a violent start.

"Yes! what is the matter?"

"It is a familiar Virginian name, Madam that is all; pray go on."

"Mr. Le Noir was as good and kind as he was wise and cultivated. He pitied me, and after many consultations with father and mother Cliquot, he assumed the position of guardian to me, and placed me at one of the best schools in Paris. I clung to him with the affection of a father or an elder brother, and I knew that he loved me with the tender, protecting affection that he would have given a younger sister, had he posessed one.

"When I had been to school some months, he came to me one day scarcely able to to conceal his woe! He told me that his father was ill and that he should have to sail in the first packet from Havre, and in fact that he had then come to take leave of me. I was wild with grief. I knew nothing of the world; I regarded this noble gentleman, who was as much my superior in years as in everything else, as a father, guardian or elder brother, so in an agony of grief, I threw myself into his arms, sobbing and weeping bitterly, and imploring him not to break my heart by leaving me!

"I must go, my child, duty calls me.'

"Then take me with you"—I cried, between my sobs and tears.

He drew me back to his bosom and whispered:

"There is but one way in which I can take you with me, my chaild. Will you be my wife, little Capitolie?"

"Capitola!" cried Traverse, with another great start.

"Yes; why? what is the matter now?"

"Why; it is such an odd name, that is all. Pray proceed, Madam."

"We were married the same day, and sailed the third morning thereafter from Havre for the United States. where we arrived, alas! only to find the noble gentleman, my Eugene's father, laid in his grave. After Mr. Le Noir's natural grief was over, we settled down peaceably to our country life at the Hidden House——"

"The Hidden House!" again exclaimed Traverse Rocke.

"Yes; that is another odd name, isn't it? I was very happy! But one day, in the midst of my exultant joy, my husband was murdered by some unknown hand in his own woods, in open day. I cannot talk of this!" cried the widow, breaking down, overwhelmed with the rush of terrible recollections.

Traverse poured out a glass of water, and handed it to her.

She drank it, made an effort at self-control, and resumed:

"Thus, scarcely sixteen years of age, I was a widow, helpless, penniless, and entirely dependent upon my brother-in-law, Colonel Gabriel La Noir; for by the terms of their father's will, if Eugene died without issue, the whole property descended to his younger brother, Gabriel. To speak the truth, Colonel Le Noir was exceedingly kind to me after my awful bereavement, until a circumstance was discovered that changed all our relations. It was two months after my husband's death, that I discovered, with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow, that Heaven had certainly destined me to be a mother. I had kept my cherished secret to myself as long as it was possible, but it could not indeed be long concealed from the household. I believe that my brother-in-law was the first to suspect it. He called me into his study one day, and I obeyed like a child. And there he rudely questioned me upon the subject of my sacred mother mystery. He learned the truth, more from my silence than from my replies, for I could not answer him."

"Oh, Dr. Rocke, I could not tell you the avalanche of abuse, insult, and invective that he hurled upon my defenceless head.

"Alas, I was a child, a widow, and a foreigner, all in one. I did not know your land, or your laws, or your people. I was not hopeful or confident, I had suffered so cruelly, and I was overwhelmed by his abuse."

"I knew that I had been a faithful wife, but when Gabriel Le Noir accused me with such bitter earnestness I was overwhelmed by mortification, terror, and despair."

"He told me at last that, to save the memory of his dead brother he would hide my dishonor; and he ordered me to seclude myself from the sight of all persons.

"Well, I secluded myself as he commanded. For four months I never left the attic to which he had ordered me to retreat. At the end of that time I became the mother of twins—a boy and a girl. The boy only opened his eyes on the world to close them again directly. The girl was living and healthy. The old nurse who attended me had an honest and compassionate face; I persuaded her to secrete and save the living child, and to present the dead babe to Colonel Le Noir as the only one; for the suspicions that had never been awakened for myself were alarmed for my child.

"The old woman pitied me and did as I desired. She took the dead child to Colonel Le Noir, who carried it off, and afterwards buried it as the sole heir of his elder brother. The old woman carried off my living child and my wedding ring, concealed under her ample shawl. Anxiety for the fate of my child caused me to do what nothing else on earth would have tempted me to do—to creep about the halls and passages on tiptoe and under cover of the night, and listen at key-holes."

"I learned by this means that my poor old nurse had paid with her liberty for her kindness to me. She had been abducted and forced from her native country together with a child found in her possession, which they evidently suspected and I knew to be mine."

Here Mrs. Le Noir paused in thought for a few moments and then resumed.

"It is the memory of a long, dreary and hopeless imprisonment, my recollection of my residence in that house! In the same matter in which I gained all my information, I learned that it was reported in the neighborhood that I had gone mad with grief for the loss of my husband, and that I was an inmate of a mad-house in the north! It was altogether false I never left the Hidden House in all those years until beyond all conception. I was forbidden to go out or to appear at a window! I had the whole attic, containing some eight or ten rooms, to rove over, but I was forbidden to descend. An ill-looking woman, called Dorcas Night, between whom and the elder Le Noir there seemed to have been some sinful bond, was engaged ostensibly as my attendant; but really as my jailer. Nevertheless when the sense of confinement grew intolerable I sometimes eluded her vigilance and wandered about the house at night."

"As the years passed I had, even in my confined state, gathered knowledge in one way and another; and so, in the end I learned how gross a deception and how great a wrong had been practised upon me. One night they had a guest, Colonel Eglen, of the army. My door was left unlocked. So, long after Colonel Eglen had retired to rest, and when all the household were buried in repose I left my attic and crept down to the chamber of the guest, with no other purpose than to make known my wrongs and appeal to his compassion. I entered his chamber, approached his bed to speak to him, when this hero of a hundred fields started up in a panic, and at the sight of the pale woman who drew his curtains in the dead of the night, he shrieked, violently rang his bell, and fainted prone away!"

"It remained for me to retreat as fast as possible to my room, to avoid the Le Noirs, who were hurrying with headlong speed to the guest chamber. They knew, of course, that I was the ghost, although they affected to treat their visitors story as a dream. After that my confinement was so strict that for years I had no opportunity of leaving my attic. At last the strict espionage was relaxed. Sometimes my door would be left unlocked. Upon one such occassion, in creeping about in the dark, I learned by over-hearing a conversation between Le Noir and his housekeeper, that my long lost daughter, Capitola, had been found and was living at Hurricane Hall! This was enough to comfort me for years. About three years ago, the surveillance over me was so modified that I was left again to roam about the upper rooms of the house at will, until I learned that they had a new inmate, young Clara Day, a ward of Le Noir! Oh, how I longed to warn that child to fly! But I could not! alas, again I was restricted to my own room, lest I should be seen by her! But again, upon one occasion, old Dorcas forgot to lock my door at night. I stole forth from my room and learned that a young girl, caught out in the storm, was to stay all night at the Hidden House. Young girls were not plentiful in that neighborhood, I knew! Besides, some secret instinct told me that this was my daughter. I knew that she would sleep in the chamber under mine, because that was the only habitable guest-room in the whole house. In the dead of night I left my room and went below and entered the chamber of the young girl. I went first to the toilet-table to see if among her little girlish ornaments, I could find any clue to her identity. I found it in a plain, gold ring—the same that I had entrusted to the old nurse. Some impulse caused me to slip the ring upon my finger. Then I went to the bed and threw aside the curtains to gaze upon the sleeper. My girl! my own girl! with what strange sensations I first looked upon her face! Her eyes were open and fixed upon mine in a panic of terror. I stooped to press my lips to hers and she closed her eyes in mortal fear. I carried nothing but terror with me! I withdrew from the room and went back, sobbing, to my chamber. My poor girl, next morning, unconsciously, betrayed her mother. It had nearly cost me my life.

"When the Le Noirs came home, the first night of their arrival they entered my room, seized me in my bed, and dragged me shrieking from it!"

"They soon stopped both my shrieks and my breath at once! I lost consciousness for a time, and when I awoke I found myself in a close carriage, rattling over a mountain-road, through the night. Late the next morning we reached an uninhabited country-house, where I was again imprisoned, in charge of an old dumb woman, whom Le Noir called Mrs. Raven. This I afterwards understood to be Willow Heights, the property of the orphan heiress, Clara Day. And here, also, for the term of my stay, the presence of the unknown inmate got the house the reputation of being haunted. The old dumb woman was a shade kinder to me than Dorcas Knight had been; but I did not stay in her charge very long. One night the Le Noirs came in hot haste. The young heiress had been delivered from their charge by a decree of the Orphan's Court, and they had to give up her house. I was drugged and hurried away. Some narcotic sedative must have been insinuated into my food, for I was in a state of semi-insensibility and mild delirium during the whole course of a long journey by land and sea, which passed to me like a dream, and at the end of which I found myself here. I have been here two years, occasionally giving way to outbursts of wild despair, that the doctor calls frenzy.

"Your coming, and your words, young friend, have stirred within my heart the desire to be free, to mingle again on equal terms with my fellow-beings, and, above all, to find and embrace my child. Young friend. my story is told."

"Madam," said Traverse, after a thoughtful pause, "our fates have been more nearly connected than you could have imagined. Those Le Noirs have been my enemies as they are yours. That young orphan heiress, who appealed from their cruelty to the Orphan's Court, was my own betrothed. Willow Heights was her patrimony, and is now her quiet home, where she lives with my mother, and where in their name I invite you to come. And take this comfort also; your enemy no longer lives; months ago I left him ill with a mortal wound. This morning the papers announce his death. There remains, therefore, but little for me to do, but to take legal measures to free you from this place, and restore you to your home. Within an hour I shall set out for New Orleans, for the purpose of taking the initiatory steps. Until my return thence, dear lady," said Traverse, respectfully taking her hand—"Farewell, and be of good cheer!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT LAST.

For two years! Oh, it can not be that I have lived that long without him! Two years since he held me in his arms and kissed me so tenderly, so lovingly, so despairingly! Oh, love, come back to me!"

So the girl moaned as she sat on a rock, looking out to the sea that was as restless as her own soul. Her hands were clasped rigidly, her face was pale, and slow tears dripped over it. A sound of footsteps caused her to hastily wipe them away.

"Barbara, I never saw such a girl as you are to sneak off and moan. Don't you get lonely sometimes?" cried a brisk voice, as the footsteps paused near her.

"No, Sis; I can't say that I ever get lonely. I am a thinker, you know, and thinkers have much company, and varied," Barbara answered, as she slowly got up.

Sis glanced at her keenly.

"Ah-h!" was her only reply.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired Barbara, with her gentle smile, that moved her lips only and never lightened the gloom of her long-fringed violet eyes.

"I want to leave this desolate place. Think how the honeysuckles, dogwood, and yellow jesmine must be blooming down in the woods at home! I think you have painted every bit of this dreary seacoast; now let us go to green fields and pastures new."

"You tire quickly, Sis."

"No, I do not; but I am young—seventeen—and you are old—twenty-two—and take no delight in my desires. We are alone in the world. You say you will never marry. Surely you do not wish that fate for me."

"No, Sir, I do not, for I think you are cut out for a wife, while I am as evidently grooved into old-maidenism. You are thoughtful, but merry; kind, generous, affectionate, and trusting. On the contrary, I am cold, proud, selfish, and indifferent."

"You do yourself injustice, Barbara," Sis denied, quickly, as they stumbled over stones on their way to their boarding house. "Do you know, I have often thought that if you could love—of course such a thing is not probable—that it would be with a great deal of devotion."

Barbara glanced aside, but there came into her eyes a look of the deepest anguish.

"How little she knows!" she thought. Then aloud: "No, it is hardly probably that I shall ever love any one but—you. And when you marry, if you should have children I will be a very devoted relative to them; of that you may be sure, as it is neither improbable nor impossible."

"Sometimes I think you must have lived more that twenty-two years, Barbara, you seem always to be so calm, self-possessed, and self-rehant. Now, at twenty-two I expect to be as frolicsome as I am now."

"I hope you may, dear. It is not always years that age one."

The girls had now reached their boarding-house, and as they entered their separate rooms, Sis inquired:

"When shall we return home?"

"To-morrow. So you may do your packing to-day."

"I am glad," and the door closed after her girlish form.

Barbara went to a window and stood there for some moments with listless head and hands.

"How can I live the many years that must be allotted to me yet? Ay, Sis, truly do I love with such devotion that it has killed all joy within me, and made me old before my time."

The next day they were en route for their Florida home, and Barbara had time to paint many pretty Easter-cards before Easter came from the lovely flora that steeped her southern home in languid odours and intozicating prefume.

Five years beiore when Barbara Lester was the age of her young sister, she had met a man who seemed to her the ideal of all that was good and gracious in mankind.

The years went by till three had gone, and she was twenty. But although she had lovers and admirers in numbers, felt coldly toward them all.

Mr. Vest still taught in the college where she had been under him her last year in school. Although he was a young man, every one seemed to feel that he was not a marrying man. He was not dependent on his salary for a livelihood, having property beside, so that clearly it was not poverty that made him a celibate.

"I want employment," he explained, "and teaching is congental to me."

He was kind and attentive to young ladies, and deferential and thoughtful toward the old, but no girl could flatter herself that he had ever shown any tenderness toward her than a chivalrous man shows to all women.

When Barbara was twenty he was twenty-eight. On his birthday the college girls insisted on a picnic. It was indulgently granted, and a place near the beautiful river selected.

"All went marry as a marriage-bell," with the usual conglomeration of edibles, and the usual screams of fright from the girls as bright-hued lizards or small snakes wriggled from under their feet.

Barbara Lester was sitting alone in a boat busily sketching, when a sudden jerk caused her to glance up.

Het boat had left its moorings, and the oars were on the bank.

Just then Mr. Vest became visible on the shore. He saw her peril at once; but, as he would have waded into the water to seize the floating rope, an ugly head with gleaming teeth rose before him.

It was an alligator.

Barbara clasped her hands entreatingly.

"Oh, go back?" she implored.

"Do not become frightened, and try to keep your boat steady!" he shouted in return, rapidly retreating.

She knew if her boat did not upset he would come to her rescue with another.

A few bubbles showed that the alligator had sunk, but Barbara could not guess how near he might be to her, or how many others kept him company.

There was nothing for her to do but keep quiet and dlift.

Slowly, slowly she drifted, little eddies catching her boat here and there. But she was not afraid.

After awhile a boat shot out from the shore below her. It contained Mr. Vest and her father. It drew near, and she was taken into their boat. Mr. Lester leaned over to secure the frail craft; there was a lurch, and he was struggling in the water. Two black bodies gleamed above the waves a moment, then the water was reddened with blood.

Barbara slipped down inertly at Mr. Vest's feet. She had fainted.

"Better so!" he muttered, as he rowed swiftly toward the bank, where tender hands received Barbara. Everybody had witnessed the awful tragedy that orphaned Barbara and Sis Lester that day, for their mother had been dead for years.

In spite of loving care, Barbara was seized with a fever that threatened her reason. Mr. Vest was the only one that could control her. At last she was convalescent. One day her friend and teacher came to her.

"Barbara, I am going away. Is there anything I can do for you or Sis before I go?" He seemed excited.

She turned her eyes on him mournfully,

"Why do you leave us?"

"It is necessary," he answered, tersely.

"Will you come back?"

"It would be dishonour," he said, agitatedly. Then he seized her frail body in his arms and kissed he lips, face and hair. "I go because I love you! I go because it maddens me to be near you, knowing we can never be more to each other than now?"

"Why? oh why?" she feebly moaned.

He wispered.

She fell back in the chair.

"Love, forgive me! Love—" His voice choked.

She smiled faintly.

"Go, and my love take with you?"

When Barbara Lester was able to go about again among her friends in her old way, there had been a new professor installed in Mr. Vest's place which he had so suddenly resigned, creating a nine-days' wonder.

Mr. Lester's affairs had been duly settled, and it was found that there was a goodly income for the two ophans.

Barbara had become grave beyond her years, and was a sufficient protector for her merry, light-hearted sister. When the latter was not at school they travelled, and so the two years had passed.

If Mr. Vest were living he gave no sign.

"Better so," he had told himself when he left Barbara that day. "She must in time forget me, and she will marry some day."

How little he knew the girl's nature if he believed this.

The days, weeks, months and years passed, but she mourned for him as bitterly, she longed for him as madly as she had in those early days when she knew pitiless fate parted them for all time.

Five more years had gone by.

Sis Lester was married and the mother of two bright and winsome faries.

"She is a delightful sister and makes a devoted aunt. I can't help thinking she would make a delightful wife," Sis observed confidentially to her husband.

"It is not yet too late. The right man has never come along, and she has had the good sense to see it." He sagely replied.

Sis looked wise.

"Carol, sometimes I think she may have loved before I was old enough to notice such things."

"Nonsense. A young girl's love fades as quickly as her ribbons."

"But some of them are very fast dyes, indeed!" Sis retorted, saucily.

"Yes, I quite remember how fond you were of fast colours!"

Whereupon he deservedly got his ears boxed.

"How slowly life passes! Eight years since we parted, and yet it seems an awful eternity! Oh, love, shall we meet on the other side! Will our souls recognize each other there, or will they be disseminated into other bodies, and thus lose their individuality. It seems to me, beloved, that I knew you in another life—that I have known you in this—and that we must belong to each other in time to come!"

Barbara Lester stood on a knoll gazing afar off with her mysterious eyes as was her wont when alone.

Her hands were loosely clasped behind her back, her head was slightly thrown back, and she was a conspicuous figure to to the man who was toiling wearily along the road below her.

She had no suspicion any one was near her till a slender figure stood before her and quietly said:

"Is it Barbara?"

She looked at him.

"Beloved!" she said, and gave herself into his entreating arms.

"Barbara! is it possible you are going to marry Mr. Vest because you love him?"

"Yea, verily," and now the smile leaped into Barbara's eyes, and her face seemed transfigured.

"How strange," ejaculated Sis.

"To you, perhaps, and to others, but not to him or me," Barbara answered.

Sis wondered.

They were married a few days after his abrupt appearance.

He had told her at their first meeting by the roadside that his insane wife was dead, and he was now free to marry this woman who had loved him so devotedly since the time he had whispered:

"I am married, but my wife is a maniac."

WISDOM ABOUT MEN.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Man, like the fire, is apt to torment woman by going out at night.

A good many are unable to prove that the world owes them a living.

A lucky man—A man wno marries a widow whose first husband was mean to her.

The poorer a man is the more apt he is to refuse the pennies you give him in change.

AMERICA AS A NAVAL POWER.

The advent of the Americans on the high seas as the first naval power in the world is as certain as the rising of the sun, but hitherto the development of the navy of the United States has been slow. The Secretary of the Navy at Washington is, however, moving in the matter, and his latest report recommends the building of two fleets of battleships, eight for the Pacific and twelve for the Atlantic; twenty coast defense ships and five first class torpedo boats. This is, of course, only a fency programme. But it has substance enough in it to give stimulus to the hope that before long an Anglo-American flag may be unfurled which will represent the combined navel forces of the English speaking world.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A FAMILY TRAIT.

First Stranger—Yes, I believe firmly in the influence of heredity. Take my own case, for instance. All my ancestors for generations have been men of letters or have been connected with literature in some way.

Second Stranger—And you follow in their footsteps?

First Stranger—Yes, I am a book agent.

BOTH SUFFERED FROM DELAY.

"My business is suffering from delayed mails," remarked Gazzam.

"Delayed males are very annoying," assented his wife severely. "I waited for one last night till about 1 o'clock."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The true humorist never smiles—that is, unless somebody else pays for it.

The oldest inhabited town in the world is said to be Damascus.

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

The whiskey manufacturer gets a good deal of abuse, but he just takes it all in and keeps still.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYLES 194 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Patience and wisdom are exceedingly rare qualities, but most men in their secret hearts really think that they possess them.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Young Setfast—Had a weal adventure the other day, Miss Sharpleigh. Went fishing and a gweat bwute of a farm dog made me stay with him thwee hours. Miss Sharp leigh—Poor old doggie.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

A man drinks to drown his sorrow, but the sorrow always comes out on top.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

A new contrivance has been applied to watches called an "appointment reminder." A small dial is set into the watch's face, upon which one can set the hands at any hour required.

FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked,"—J. M. MAIN M. D., New York. Put up in 50c. and $1 size.

Courting is not unlike a game of poker in that a young man sometimes gets a flush on the go in.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

The Wellesley girls are said to want a college cry. Very natural; there is nothing a woman enjoys more than a good cry.

A sponge eight feet in circumference is on exhibition in a store in New York.

Confusion arises occasionally when a year like 1900 is discussed, as to whether or not it is a leap year. This is the rule: Everyyear of which the number is divisible by four without a remainder is a leap year, excepting the centesimal years, which are leap years only when so divisible after suppressing the two zeroes. Therefore, 1600 was a leap year, sixteen being divisible by four without a remaind; and so 2000 will be a leap year. But 1700 and 1800 were common years, and so will 1900 be, because seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen are not divisible by four without a remainder.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., New York.

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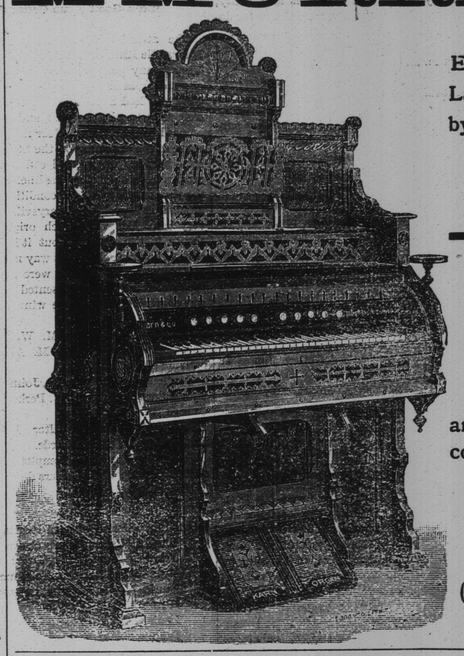

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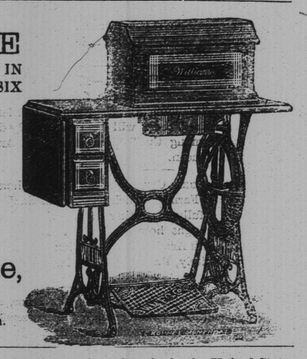

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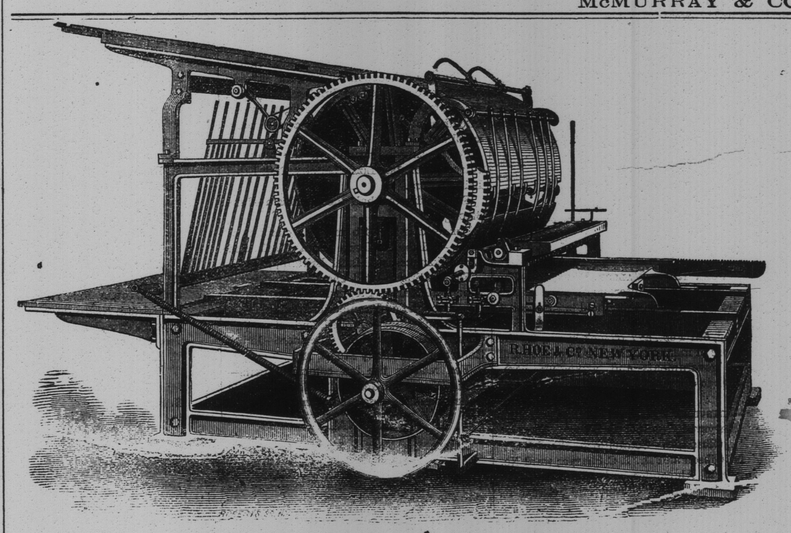

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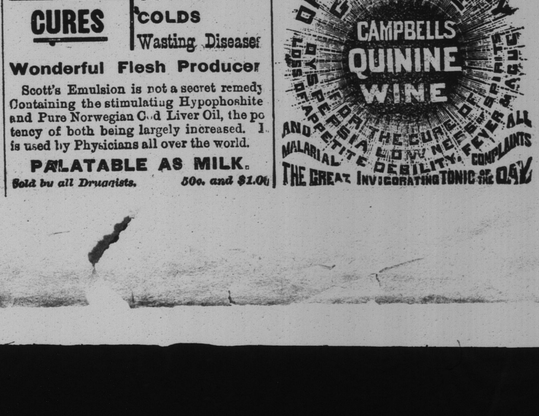

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