

POETRY.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the driver said,
As the coach went off in a whirl
(And the coachman bowed his handsome head);
"Be good to yourself, my girl!"

And many a fond good-bye I've heard
From many an aching heart;
And many a friendly farewell word,
When strangers come to part.

And I've heard a thousand merry quips,
And many a jesting joke,
And many a fervent prayer from lips
That all a trouble's sake.

And many a bit of good advice
In smooth proverbial phrase;
And many a wish-of-little-prize
For health and happy days;

But, musing how the human soul
(What'er the fate may will)
Still measures by its self-control
Its greatest good or ill.

Of benedictions, I protest,
'Mid many a shining pearl,
I like the merry coachman's best:
"Be good to yourself, my girl!"

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTE.

CHAPTER XII.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

The result then, of six more such months as this would be to reduce the third-rate house to despair.

"Oh!" said Danglars, becoming very pale, "how you are running on!"

"Let us imagine seven such months," continued Monte-Cristo, in the same tone.

"Tell me, have you ever thought that seven times 1,700,000 francs make nearly twelve millions? No, you have not; well, you are right, for if you indulged in such reflections, you would never risk your pecuniary, which is to the speculator what the skin is to the civilized man."

"Oh, that depends upon circumstances. I know an Italian prince, rich as a gold mine, one of the noblest families in Tuscany, who, when his sons married according to his wish, gave them millions; and when they married against his consent, merely allowed them thirty crowns a month."

"The marriage of the Italian prince, according to his father's views, he will, perhaps, give him one, two or three millions. For example, supposing it were the daughter of a banker, he might take an interest in the house of the father-in-law of his son; then, if he disliked his choice, the major takes the key, double-locks his coffer, and Master Andrea would be obliged to live like the son of a Parisian, by shuffling cards or rattling dice."

"Ah! that will find out his son's Bavarian or Peruvian princess; he will want a crown and an immense fortune."

"No; these grand lords on the other side of the Alps frequently marry into plain families; like Jupiter, they like to cross the race. But do you wish to marry off Andrea, my dear M. Danglars, that you are asking so many questions?"

"Faith!" said Danglars, "it would not be a bad speculation, I fancy, and you know I am a speculator."

"You are not thinking of Madeleine Danglars, I hope; you would not like poor Andrea to have his throat cut by Albert?"

"Albeit!" repeated Danglars, shrugging his shoulders; "ah, yes; he would care very little about it, I think."

"But he is betrothed to your daughter, I believe?"

"Certainly, M. de Morcerf and I have talked about this marriage, but Madame de Morcerf and Albert."

"You do not mean to say that it would not be a good match?"

"Indeed, I imagine that Madeleine Danglars is as good as M. de Morcerf."

"Madeleine Danglars' fortune will be great, no doubt, especially if the Count de Morcerf should not make any more mistakes."

"Oh! I do not mean her fortune only; but tell me, why did you not invite M. de Morcerf and Albert to your dinner?"

"I did so, but he excused himself on account of Madame de Morcerf being obliged to go to Dieppe for the benefit of her sea air."

"Yes, yes," said Danglars, laughing, "it would be a great deal of good."

"Why so?"

"Because it is the air she always breathes in her youth." Monte-Cristo took no notice of this ill-natured remark.

"But still, if Albert is not so rich as Madeleine Danglars," said the count, "you must allow her to have a fine name?"

"So he has; but I like mine as well."

"Certainly; your name is popular, and does honor to the title they intended to adorn you with; but you are too intelligent not to know, that according to a prejudice, too firmly rooted to be exterminated, a nobility which dates back five centuries is worth more than one that can only reckon twenty years."

"Sixty thousand francs per month." "Sixty thousand francs per year. I thought I was right in believing that Cavalanti to be a stingy fellow. How can a young man live upon 5000 francs per month?"

"But you understand that if the young man should want a few thousands more..."

"Do not advance it; the father will never repay it; you do not know these ultramontane millionaires; they are regular misers. And by whom were they recommended to you?"

"Oh, by the house of Penzi, one of the best in Florence."

"I do not mean to say you will lose, but, nevertheless, mind you hold to the terms of the agreement."

"Would you not trust the Cavalanti?" "I oh, I would advance six millions on his signature. I was only speaking in reference to the second-rate fortunes we were mentioning just now."

"And with all this how plain he is! I should never have taken him for anything more than a mere major."

"And you would have flattered him, for certainly, as you say, he has no manners. The first time I saw him he appeared to me like an old lieutenant who had grown mouldy beneath his epaulettes. But all the Italians are the same; they are like old Jews when they are not glittering in Oriental splendor."

"The young man is better," said Danglars.

"Do you think so?" "I am sure of it."

"And you have heard his fortune mentioned?" "Nothing else was talked of; only some said he was worth millions, and others that he did not possess a farthing."

"And what is your opinion?" "I ought not to influence you, because it is only my personal impression."

"Well, and it is that..." "My opinion is, that all these old pedantisms, these ancient conditions, for the Cavalanti have commanded armies and governed provinces, my opinion, I say, is that they have buried their millions in corners, the secret of which they have only transmitted to their eldest sons, who have done the same from generation to generation, and the proof of this is seen in the yellow and dry appearance, like the florins of the republic, which, from being constantly gazed upon, have become reflected in them."

"Certainly," said Danglars, "and this is further supported by the fact of their not possessing an inch of land."

"Very little, at least; I know of none which Cavalanti possesses excepting his palace in Luca."

"Ah! he has a palace?" said Danglars, laughing; "come that is something."

"Yes; and more than that, he lets it to the minister of finances—'hile he lives in a plain house. Oh! as I told you before, I think the good man very close!"

"Come, you do not flatter him."

"I scarcely know him; I think I have seen him three times in my life; all I know relating to him is through Bussoni and myself; he was telling him this morning that, tired of letting his property lie dormant in Italy, which is a dead nation, he wishes to find a method, either in France or England, of multiplying his millions; but remember, that though I place great confidence in Bussoni, I am not responsible for this."

"Never mind; accept my thanks for the client you have sent me; it is a fine name to inscribe on my lists, and my cashier was quite proud of it when I explained to him who the Cavalanti was. By the way this is merely a simple question, when this kind of people marry their sons, do they give them any fortune?"

"Oh, that depends upon circumstances. I know an Italian prince, rich as a gold mine, one of the noblest families in Tuscany, who, when his sons married according to his wish, gave them millions; and when they married against his consent, merely allowed them thirty crowns a month."

"The marriage of the Italian prince, according to his father's views, he will, perhaps, give him one, two or three millions. For example, supposing it were the daughter of a banker, he might take an interest in the house of the father-in-law of his son; then, if he disliked his choice, the major takes the key, double-locks his coffer, and Master Andrea would be obliged to live like the son of a Parisian, by shuffling cards or rattling dice."

"Ah! that will find out his son's Bavarian or Peruvian princess; he will want a crown and an immense fortune."

"No; these grand lords on the other side of the Alps frequently marry into plain families; like Jupiter, they like to cross the race. But do you wish to marry off Andrea, my dear M. Danglars, that you are asking so many questions?"

"Faith!" said Danglars, "it would not be a bad speculation, I fancy, and you know I am a speculator."

"You are not thinking of Madeleine Danglars, I hope; you would not like poor Andrea to have his throat cut by Albert?"

"Albeit!" repeated Danglars, shrugging his shoulders; "ah, yes; he would care very little about it, I think."

"But he is betrothed to your daughter, I believe?"

"Certainly, M. de Morcerf and I have talked about this marriage, but Madame de Morcerf and Albert."

"You do not mean to say that it would not be a good match?"

"Indeed, I imagine that Madeleine Danglars is as good as M. de Morcerf."

"Madeleine Danglars' fortune will be great, no doubt, especially if the Count de Morcerf should not make any more mistakes."

"Oh! I do not mean her fortune only; but tell me, why did you not invite M. de Morcerf and Albert to your dinner?"

"I did so, but he excused himself on account of Madame de Morcerf being obliged to go to Dieppe for the benefit of her sea air."

"Yes, yes," said Danglars, laughing, "it would be a great deal of good."

"Why so?"

"Because it is the air she always breathes in her youth." Monte-Cristo took no notice of this ill-natured remark.

"But still, if Albert is not so rich as Madeleine Danglars," said the count, "you must allow her to have a fine name?"

"So he has; but I like mine as well."

"Certainly; your name is popular, and does honor to the title they intended to adorn you with; but you are too intelligent not to know, that according to a prejudice, too firmly rooted to be exterminated, a nobility which dates back five centuries is worth more than one that can only reckon twenty years."

"Sixty thousand francs per month." "Sixty thousand francs per year. I thought I was right in believing that Cavalanti to be a stingy fellow. How can a young man live upon 5000 francs per month?"

"But you understand that if the young man should want a few thousands more..."

"Do not advance it; the father will never repay it; you do not know these ultramontane millionaires; they are regular misers. And by whom were they recommended to you?"

"Oh, by the house of Penzi, one of the best in Florence."

"I do not mean to say you will lose, but, nevertheless, mind you hold to the terms of the agreement."

"Would you not trust the Cavalanti?" "I oh, I would advance six millions on his signature. I was only speaking in reference to the second-rate fortunes we were mentioning just now."

"And with all this how plain he is! I should never have taken him for anything more than a mere major."

"And you would have flattered him, for certainly, as you say, he has no manners. The first time I saw him he appeared to me like an old lieutenant who had grown mouldy beneath his epaulettes. But all the Italians are the same; they are like old Jews when they are not glittering in Oriental splendor."

"The young man is better," said Danglars.

"Do you think so?" "I am sure of it."

"And you have heard his fortune mentioned?" "Nothing else was talked of; only some said he was worth millions, and others that he did not possess a farthing."

"I acknowledged I would have given anything to find it out."

"It would be very easy if you much wished it?" "How so?"

"Probably you have some correspondence in Greece?" "At Janina."

"Well, write to your correspondent in Janina, and ask him what part was played by a Frenchman named Fernand Mondego in the catastrophe of Ali Pasha?"

"You are right," exclaimed Danglars, rising quickly, "I will write to-day."

"And you should hear of anything very scandalous?" "I will communicate it to you."

"You will oblige me?" Danglars rushed out of the room and made but one leap into his coat.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROCTOR ROYAL'S OFFICE.

Let us leave the banker driving his horses at the fastest speed, and follow Madame Danglars in her morning excursion.

We have said that, at half-past twelve o'clock, Madame Danglars had ordered her horses, and had left home in the carriage. She was very plainly dressed, as would be the case with a woman of taste walking in the morning. At the Rue Guesneph she called a fiacre, and directed him to drive to the Rue de Harlay. As soon as she was seated in the coach, she drew from her pocket a very thick black veil, which she tried on, having straw bonnet, and saw with pleasure, in a little pocket mirror, that her white complexion and brilliant eyes were alone visible. The fiacre crossed the Pont-Neuf and entered the Rue de Harlay by the Place Dauphine; the driver was paid as the door opened, and stepping lightly up the stairs, Madame Danglars soon reached the hall des Pas-Perdus.

There was a great deal going on that morning, and many business-like persons at the Palais; business-like persons pay very little attention to women, and Madame Danglars crossed the hall without exciting any more attention than any other lady client calling upon her lawyer.

There was a great press of people in M. de Villefort's antechamber; but Madame Danglars had no occasion even to pronounce her name; the instant she appeared the doorkeeper rose, came to her, and asked her whether she was not the person with whom the proctor had made an appointment, and on her affirmative answer being given, he conducted her by a private passage to M. de Villefort's office.

The magistrate was seated in an arm-chair, writing, with his back towards the door; he heard it open, and the doorkeeper pronounced the words, "Walk in, madame," and then re-rose it, without moving; but no sooner had the man's feet touched the floor, than he started up, drew the bolts, closed the curtains, and examined every corner of the room. Then when he had assured himself that he could neither be seen nor heard, and was consequently relieved of doubt, he said, "Thank, madame, that you are so punctual; and he offered a chair to Madame Danglars, which she accepted, for her heart beat so violently that she felt nearly suffocated.

"It is a long time, madame," said the proctor royal, describing a half circle with his chair, "that I have not seen you, and I am glad to place himself exactly opposite to Madame Danglars, "it is a long time since I had the pleasure of speaking alone with you; and I regret that we have only now met to enter upon a painful conversation."

"Nevertheless, sir, you see I have arranged myself to place myself exactly in your room, and I am glad to see that your heart beat so violently that she felt nearly suffocated."

"It is true, then," he said, rather addressing his thoughts aloud than uttering his words, "it is true, then, that our actions leave their traces—some sad, others bright—on our paths! It is in them, true that every step in our lives resembles the course of an insect on the sand—it leaves its track! Alas! to many the path is traced by tears."

"Sir," said Madame Danglars, "you can feel for my emotion, can you not? Spare me, then I beseech you. When I look at this room, where so many guilty creatures have departed trembling and ashamed—when I look at that chair before which I sit at trembling and ashamed, oh! it requires all my reason to convince me that I am not a very guilty woman and you a menacing judge."

Villefort dropped his head, and sighed. "And I," he said, "I feel that my place is not in the judge's seat, but on the prisoner's bench."

"In my case, sir, you will allow," replied Madame Danglars, "that, even if the fault were alone mine, I last night received a severe punishment for it."

"Poor thing!" said Villefort, pressing her hand, "it was too severe for your strength, for you were twice overwhelmed and yet..."

"Well?"

"Well, I must tell you. Collect all your courage, for you have not yet heard all!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Danglars, alarmed, "what is there more to hear?"

"You only look back to the past; and it is indeed, bad enough. Well, picture to yourself a future more gloomy still—certainly frightful, perhaps sanguinary!"

The baroness knew how calm Villefort usually was, and his present excited appearance frightened her so much that she opened her mouth to scream, but the sound died in her throat. "How has this terrible past been recalled?" cried Villefort; "how is it that it has escaped from the depths of the tomb, and the recesses of our hearts, where it was buried to visit us now, like a phantom, whitening our cheeks and flushing our brows with shame?"

"Alas!" said Hermine, "doubtless it is chance! I have not a fatal chance recalled all this? Was it not by chance the count of Monte-Cristo bought this house? Was it not by chance he caused the earth to be dug? Is it not by chance that the unfortunate child was disinterred under the trees—that poor innocent offspring of mine, which I never even kissed, but for whom I wept many many tears? Ah, my heart chafes to the count when he mentioned the dear spot found beneath the flowers."

"Well, no madame!—this is the terrible news I have to tell you," said Villefort, in a hollow voice, "no, nothing was found beneath the flowers; there was no child."

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES RHEUMATISM-NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Backache.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: TORONTO, Ont.

QUEER ELECTION WAGERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13.—I bet on Harrison and Reed," the legend in red and blue, chalked on a large placard which decorated the front of a hand organ, attracted quite a crowd on Vine street yesterday afternoon. The stylishly-dressed man... turned the crank was William Nelson, who agreed that if Harrison lost he would play a hand organ on the streets of this city for six hours, and on inauguration day go to Washington and play in front of the reviewing stand as the parade goes by. In addition he also bet half his month's salary in advance and all his ready money a little over \$50. John Leithead, a foreman of engine company 19, Germantown, will sit as a target until William Bennett, hoseman, throws four dozen eggs at him. Mr. Leithead will occupy a seat on the water plug in front of the company's building, and Mr. Bennett will do the throwing from a distance of thirty feet. The leading Democratic politicians of the ward have been invited to witness the performance.

"What can you mean?" asked Madame Danglars, shuddering. "I mean that M. de Monte-Cristo, digging underneath these trees, found neither skeleton or chest, because neither of them were there!"

"Then you did not bury the poor child there, sir? Why did you deceive me? Where did you place it? Tell me—where?" "There." "But listen to me—listen—and you will pity one who has for twenty years alone bore the heavy burden of grief I am about to reveal, without casting the least portion upon you."

"Oh, you frighten me! But speak; I will listen."

"You recollect that sad night, when you were half-expecting on that bed in the red damask room, while I, scarcely less agitated than you, awaited your delivery. The child was born, was given to me—without movement, without breath, without voice, we thought it dead," he repeated; "I placed it in the chest, which was to take the place of a coffin; I descended to the garden, I dug a hole, and then flung it down in haste. Scarcely had I covered it with mold, when the arm of a Corsican was stretched towards me; I saw a shadow rise, and at the same time a flash of light. I felt pain; I wished to cry out, but an icy shiver ran through my veins and stifled my voice; I fell lifeless, and fancied myself killed. Never shall I forget your sublime courage, when, having returned to consciousness, I dragged myself to the foot of the stairs, where, expiring yourself, you came to meet me. We were obliged to keep silent upon the dreadful catastrophe. You had the fortitude to regain the house, assisted by the nurse, and I was the pretext for my wound. Though we scarcely expected it, our secret remained in our own keeping alone. I was taken to Versailles; for three months I struggled with death; at last, as I seemed to cling to life, I was ordered south. Four men carried me from Paris to Chalons, walking six leagues a day; Madame de Villefort followed the litter in her carriage. At Chalons I was put upon the Soane, thence I passed on to the Rhone, whence I descended, merely to the current, to Arles; at Arles I was again placed on my litter, and continued my journey to Marseilles. My recovery lasted six months. I never heard you mentioned, and I did not dare enquire for you. When I returned to Paris, I learned, that widow of M. de Nargonne, who had married M. Danglars."

"What has been the subject of my thoughts ever since consciousness had returned to me? Always the same—always the child's corpse, which, every night in my dreams, rising from the earth, with a menacing look and gesture, I drew immediately on my return to Paris; the house had not been inhabited since we left it, but it had just been let for nine years. I found the tenant. I pretended that I disliked the idea of a house belonging to my wife's father and mother passing into the hands of strangers. I offered to pay them for yielding up the lease; they demanded 6000 francs. I would have given 10,000—I would have given 20,000. I had the money with me; I made the tenant sign the cancelling bill, and when I had obtained what I so much wanted, I galloped to Antwerp. No one had entered the house since I had left it. It was five o'clock in the afternoon; I ascended into the red room, and waited for night. At length, one by one, all the noises in the neighboring country came to the current, to Arles; at Arles I was again placed on my litter, and continued my journey to Marseilles. My recovery lasted six months. I never heard you mentioned, and I did not dare enquire for you. When I returned to Paris, I learned, that widow of M. de Nargonne, who had married M. Danglars."

"When from over-work, possibly by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion."

Sponge Cake—Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it is as hard as wood. Yes, my dear; Ah! the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, my dear."

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that new telephone is completed to New York, I want to talk through it just for fun; mayn't I? Mr. Howson—Heaven, no, Martha! I hear they may charge by the word. Do you want to bankrupt me?"

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mrs. Howson—Dearie, when that