Away From the Throng.

It may not be—yet it seems to me
  Away from the throng is best;
By some lonely shore where the waters roar,
  Or far in the crimson west.
For friends are few that are sure and true—
  Aye, the crowd is a mob to me;
More tame and mild is the distant wild,
  More calm is the stormiest sea.

Ah, it must be so, for the wisest know
  That man is a foe to man!
The love is small that extends to all,
  Tho' we trust it as we can
To have one friend at a long life's end,
  Is a blessing rare, I sigh.
One faithful clasp as we dying gasp—
  One glance in an honest eye!

Yet there's love in all, in great and small,
  In the fiend whom all avoid;
You may see its gleam in a demon's dream,
  And it cannot be destroyed.
In the great and least, in man and beast,
  'Tis the soul, till life shall fail;
I'm sure 'tis part of my lady's heart,
  And it wags my spaniel's tail.

But I sigh again as I say with pain,
  Away from the throng is best;
My fondest dreams are of woods and streams
  Afar in the hostile west.
There's a gleam I prize in my horse's eyes,
  And I like three dogs at most—
Aye, one dear face in my heart has place,
  But it cannot hold a host.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"It's a queer feeling," said Mrs. Latimer. "I sometimes misdoubt myself."

"Misdoubt yoarself of what?" queried Mary, sharply. "That you *are* Mrs. Latimer?"

"My word, lass, but you are a stanch 'un!" said the old lady, with a little laugh.

"There is not much good in being slack," returned the young woman. "What we've undertaken to do that we have to stick to, and we have Scripture warrant for not looking back when we've put our hand to the plough."

"Yes," said Mrs. Latimer, a little dryly. "But maybe our plough is one the Scriptures wouldn't much hold with."

"And why not?" asked Mary. "Not to do the good you do? What would become of that blessed Master Charlie but for the help he gets from his friend unbeknown—Mrs. Latimer, of Thorbergh? And, I ask, why shouldn't we as had to bear the heat and burden of the day have our reward when we have worked so hard for it?"

"Ay, we have worked hard," said Mrs. Latimer. "And it was a shame that the master never so much as left a five-pound note after you had done all that you did for him."

"I have taken my change out of him for it," said Mary, with quiet grimness. "Folk should think twice before they do unjustly and make enemies in this world. One never knows when one's sin may not find one out, and the one as we've trampled on rise up in judgment against us."

"No," said Mrs. Latimer; but she spoke with a cough, and a little uneasily; and Mary saying, "You'll be wanting your tea, Mrs. Latimer," bustled out of the room, bringing the conversation to a close.

"It'll all come to light some day," said the old lady, resuming her eternal knitting. "It was a rash thing to do; but the temptation was great, and Mary, she's that strong-headed there's no going counter to her. But she's overbold and confident, is Mary, and doesn't seem to think or fear. I'd like to know the end of it for my part, and what the sentence would be. I fancy it would be pretty heavy. But Mary says there's no chance, and I don't see any great fear myself. Still it's sure to come out, if not one day, then another, and I'd go out of it afore if I had the chance. But I don't very well see how that can be. I'm glad we have that tidy lot saved and put away there in the bedtick. No banks for me, not if I know it, with their managers and directors and trash who go off with the brass and leave the dupes to starve. A good bit of stout cloth, well sewed with waxed thread and hid among the feathers—that's my style, and it's the best, I reckon, out of the lot! And while it's there we can just make ourselves scarce if things look like Queer street, and our room would be better than our company. But it's a venturesome thing to do, and I oft wonder at myself. And really, if it were not for Master Charles, I think I'd be fit to give up any day of the year. But that bonny bairn holds me to it little as he knows what's being done for him, or who's a-doing it. Lord love him! The last time I saw him and he gave me that kiss, he took the heart out of me; and I said to myself then, "Ye bonny little lad, if ever I can do you a good turn I will," and I've stuck to my word even onto this, and I will to the end, that I will!" Here Mary brought in the tea, and Mrs. Latimer's musings came to an end.

This, then, was the annuitant whom Anthony Harford had promised Mrs. Clanricade he would see to report on her condition, which the impecunious wife of that unlucky George—the ill-stared mother of that perverse Estelle—hoped would be as full of evil circumstances as were compatible with life and prophetic of speedy death. But he would not go to see her yet, being still under the spell at Kingshouse—waiting to see how things would turn—whether he should have to live down that fever, or finally be enabled to slake it at the sometimes too satisfying, too refrigerating fount of matrimony—that sometimes grave of love, into which, however, love must needs descend. If Mrs. Latimer and Mary had known that at this present moment their landlord was at Kingshouse, dining with the residuary legatee, George Clanricarde—watching, studying Estelle, whom Charlie Osborne loved and loved Charlie—while giving his soul as a habitation for seven devils to possess because he saw just the nameless and formless shadow of that love cast athwart his own path—if they had known of all those links being now forged between them and their past—them and their future—even stout-hearted Mary would have quailed, and the vivacious black eyes of the old lady would have paled with fear. But nothing being known, nothing was foreseen. Anthony remained at Kingshouse; Mrs. Latimer drew her quarterly allowance; Charlie Osborne studied the stars from the streets of Yokohama; Estelle wrote to him long letters of constant love and gentle trust; and Mrs. Clanricarde, taught by experience, walked warily and made no mistake.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GRAND COUP.

"At Yokohama, of fever, Charles, the only son of Rev. James Osborne, late Vicar of Kingshouse." This was the announcement in the *Times* which Mrs. Clanricarde read first—Mr. Clanricarde having, taken the whole inside, telegrams, leading articles, and the money market, leaving to his wife the advertisements and the "dead and alive." This was almost the only privilege of his sex which that unlucky George dared to claim. For all the rest his wife came first, and her will ruled where his yielded.

Mrs. Clanricarde read the announcement without the quivering of a muscle or the turning of a hair. She read it, indeed, as if she had expected it, and looked over the top of the page at her daughter, speculating on her reception of the thunder-bolt which neither surprised nor shocked herself. Estelle was eating her luncheon ignorant of and not foreseeing the blow that was about to fall. No presentiment warned her now, nor had any foreshadowed her coming sorrow. The Psychical Society would have nothing of her. She had had no dream of Charlie—pale, tearful, looking at her with eyes full of a mournful farewell—no vision had passed before her, halting for a moment to fill her heart with the pain and terror of love—no voice calling her name in the dear accents so well known had sounded in her ear—no dog had howled in warning—no owl had hooted ghastly presage. Full of sorrow and pity for this illness which had struck down her beloved, she had also the buoyant belief of youth, and felt sure that he would recover. For to love, life is immortality, and the beloved cannot died.

At this moment she was not thinking of anything very definitely. She was only dumbly conscious, as always now, of Anthony Harford, and her ever-increasing difficulties himward. She knew that the net was drawing daily tighter and closer around her, and that the repelling power she had over him—almost like a mesmeric power—would one day be broken through, to her dread and danger. She was conscious that she would have at last to hear what she had so long restrained. Yet she meant to make a good fight of it, and to appeal to his generosity as she had already appealed to Caleb Stagg's. But she was more than doubtful of the result. The masterful will and hard-mouthed resoluteness of Anthony made a man of a very different mould from Caleb Stagg in his lowly humility and tender self-abnegation. Anthony would marry the woman he fancied, however reluctant she might be, supremely confident that he could distance every rival, and wipe out every other thought or affection when once he had her as his own and could woo her as he would. He was a man who owned no superior, and whose master had yet to be born. What he set his hand to do, that would he eventually accomplish—the most formidable obstacles counting no more than so many straws in his way. And a woman's love ranked with the rest. Whatever moments of depression and doubt he might have, the central thread remained unbroken—the woman he loved he would have, and the woman he had should love him.

All this Estelle felt rather than formularized. Still, she meant to make a good fight of it. And perhaps she would after all succeed. How could a man marry a girl whose love was another's, and who said frankly she could never love him, and would always hate him, if even he took her by force? He could not! To Estelle the very idea was sacrilege; and Anthony Harford, though self-willed, was not sacrilegious. Yet even if he were, and even if he should insist on this crime, there was always one door left open—she could run away. She had money, got in a mysterious manner, and really Charlie's, not hers. That did not much matter. The tie between them was so intimate, their lives were so thoroughly fused together, that no shame attached to her using his money for her own preservation from an unholy marriage. Bank-notes, crisp and clean, sent, he never knew nor could discover by whom, came two or three times a year to him. They were addressed to the Post-Office, Kingshouse, and their receipt was given in the *Times*, under the initials "C. O." When Charlie went to London the letters were forwarded to him in due course from the office. When he went abroad, he empowered Estelle to receive them, and to keep the money as a future provision for themselves. She had done so; and she had sent the acknowledgments to the paper, as she had been instructed. And now she had close on a hundred pounds, which would help her to the maintenance of her integrity if pushed to the last resource. It would be a desperate step to take; and she trembled when she thought of it, as she often did, realizing the shame and scandal and disgrace of her plight, and the blow it would be to her mother. But if needs must, she would. She would do anything rather than marry Anthony Harford, with Charlie at Yokohama, looking across the seas, trusting in her constancy, and waiting for renewed health to embark and claim her. She would feel herself guilty of a shameful crime were she to marry another while her true love and promised husband lived. Not all the vows said before the altar, not all the blessings pronounced by the priest, nor the iron links forged by the law and recognized by society, could make her feel other than an adulteress were she to yield herself to insistence—whether her mother's or Anthony Harford's. She was Charlie's, none other's; and during his life no other man should own her.

If she was thinking at all, she was thinking all this, but she was feeling rather than thinking, and quietly eating her somewhat slender luncheon—as we all must eat, poor slaves of matter as we are, let what will betide!

Still holding the paper in her hand, Mrs. Clanricarde called Estelle to come with her into the drawing-room. She had put on a mask of sorrow, and the girl saw that something was amiss. Her mind swept rapidly round the narrow circle of distant friends, but the very immensity of her fear excluded the worst for Charlie. Love deals so gently with suspicion in all its forms! When a friend hints at a fault, you do not suppose a crime; when a child falls ill, the mother does not foresee death. Were it otherwise, love would be a burden too great to be borne, and the heart would be crushed beneath its weight.

"My dear, I have bad news for you," began Mrs. Clanricarde, with great tenderness and sympathy of voice and manner.

"What is it, mother?" asked Estelle, her soft eyes opened wide and dark as the sunless night.

"You must be brave, my dear," she returned. "It will be a heavy blow to you. Poor Charlie!"

"What is it, mother?" asked Estelle again, with preternatural calmness. She seemed as if struck to stone, pale and rigid as a statue.

"Ah, poor boy! I can realize his goodness now! I am so grieved for him, and for you, my dear," said Mrs. Clanricarde, softly. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mother, what is it," repeated Estelle, with the strange sternness of great and sudden fear.

She laid her hand on her mother's arm, and unconsciously gripped it till she nearly caused her to shriek for pain.

"He is gone, dear!" said Mrs. Clanricarde—"gone to heaven, where he will never suffer more?"

"It is not true!" said Estelle, "He could not have died without coming to us. He would not!"

Her mother gave her the paper.

"Here is the announcement," she said. "I know no more than you."

Estelle looked at it. Her large eyes were opened wide, her lips were parched, her brain was all confused and as if on fire. The letters seemed to form themselves into individual and living creatures, which had each its own physiognomy; and then they were like the clanging of bells sounding in her ears—"At Yokohama, of fever, Charles, the only son of the Rev. James Osborne, late Vicar of Kingshouse." It was a kind of dirge sound, flowing out from that point where the letters turned to living creatures on the paper, showing to eyes what the bells sounded to her ears. There was not a tear, not a sob, not a sigh—only this dry, wild-eyed statuesque horror of attention, like one looking into the grave of the beloved.

Her mother spoke to her; she did not hear. She put her arm round the stiffened shoulders; she did not feel.

"Estelle! Estelle!" she said; "speak to me, dear. Estelle, *ma cherie*, speak!"

The girl looked at mother at first as if she did not know her; then she shuddered and pushed that mother from her with a movement of irrepressible horror.

"Let me go!" she said, hoarsely. "I must be alone. Let me go, mother. I cannot bear it!"

"Kiss me before you go," said Mrs. Clanricarde, who was really frightened.

"Kiss you!" said Estelle. "No; you are his murderess! I will never kiss you again!"

For the moment she was in truth and in deed absolutely mad.

"Good God! have I gone too far?" thought Mrs. Clanricarde. "Is her brain really turned

With a strange gesture, and a face that had only her features, but none of her natural expression, the girl turned from the room and went upstairs to her own, where she double-locked the door and shut herself in with her sorrow and despair. All that day she remained invisible; would not open the door nor come down stairs; would not eat; would scarcely answer when they knocked—sitting there in a kind of trance wherein her soul went down into the grave. Her mother's prayers went for nothing; she returned only short monosyllables in reply—monosyllables which would have been fierce had they not been so dry and dead. To her father her tone was somewhat softer. He was free from blood-guiltiness, and had not helped in the murder of her beloved. At last Mrs. Clanricarde, whose compassion was at all times but a rather shallow stream, tired of this dumb strife and mute rebellion, and peremptorily commanded her to open the door and see her and speak to her. And Estelle, overcome by the force of habit, did as she was told, and let her mother enter.

Mrs. Clanricarde gave a little cry when she saw her daughter. From 2 o'clock until now, 10, she had changed almost as if she had been transformed. All the tender, supple, timid grace had gone out of her face and figure. There was no shyness in her eyes, no love upon her lips, no line of yielding, of sympathy, of girlish love, of womanly softness left in her. She looked like a modern Medusa, turning to stone for her own part, and capable of turning to stone all those who looked on her. No tears were in her eyes, and none had been. Her parted lips were as dry and as pathetic as the Cenci's, but they were less loving.

"My dear child! my Estelle!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, sincerely shocked and stirred.

"What do you want with me, mother?" asked Estelle, coldly.

"Why have you kept away from me?" returned the mother. "Am I not always here to receive your sorrow and feel with you in your grief?"

"Hush!" said Estelle, lifting her hand. "Not a word of that. Your sympathy!" she added, with deadly scorn. It had in it the essence of a curse.

"I forgive you, Estelle," she said, trying to speak quietly. "Your mind is upset, and you are not yourself. You do not know what you say, my poor child, and it is the mother's part to have mercy and to forgive."

Estelle stood unmoved. All filial feeling seemed to have died in her—to be submerged in the fiery deluge of her grief for her beloved. Mrs. Clanricarde took her hand, but her daughter shook off her mother's, as if it had been some noxious thing that pained her.

"Don't touch me, mother," she said, harshly. "Leave me to myself. Why have you come to torment me?"

"Now, Estelle, this nonsense must cease," said Mrs. Clanricarde, suddenly severe in her turn. "If poor Charlie Osborne has died of fever, is that my fault? Why should you turn against me and behave yourself like a maniac as you are doing. It is asburd, and undutiful as well, and I will not allow it. So I tell you."

A strange and ominous glare came into those beautiful brown eyes, usually so soft and tender.

"Mother, if you do not leave me at once I shall go mad," she cried, in a hoarse voice that had not a trace of her natural silver, her rightful melody, upon its roughened notes. "Leave me to myself—that is the only way in which I can live. You send me mad to see and hear you."

"And you are a wicked and undutiful girl; but I forgive you, and I am always your mother, ready to receive and comfort you," said Mrs. Clanricarde, part revolted, part frightened by this outburst, as she turned and left the room, halting at the door to say, "At least promise me one thing, Estelle—do not lock the door."

"If you promise not to open it," said Estelle, in the same rough and unnatural tones, making a step forward. On which her mother left her, and the girl went back into the fiery hell of her despair.

"I wish I had never seen you!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, with true French peevishness, to unlucky George. "Everything connected with you turns ill. Here is now mademoiselle, your daughter, a stark staring lunatic, because that absurd young man has died at Yokohama. From such a father what else can be expected?"

That unlucky George smiled fatuously. Then his eyes filled up with tears. He loved Estelle with more intrinsic tenderness, more simplicity of affection, than did her mother, and he felt for her in her present trial with a faithfulness of sympathy which that mother could not compass nor even understand.

"Poor Estelle!" he said. "It is a hard trial for her."

"God sends us all trials," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with the tart religiosity of the cross-tempered. "Estelle has to submit, as we all must. I have to endure you," she added, a little below her breath.

But her husband did not hear. He was great at not hearing, as at times he was great at not seeing. And then sleep came down over the household, and only the miserable Estelle stood by the window, looking up to the starry sky, wondering in which bright point her darling's soul was placed, sure that he was looking down on her and pitying her despair.

"He, at least, is happy," she said to herself again and again for reassurance. "I am selfish to be so wretched! I should be happy, knowing that he is out of pain and sorrow. But oh! he would have been so very, very happy had he lived, with my love, as I with his. Oh, that we might have known that love—that dear sweet life together, before God had taken him to Himself!"

It was the cry of a human heart making itself heard in spite of all the comforting assurances of faith—the pitiful sob of love, stronger than death, and dearer than the eternal heaven of an unfading joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAYING OF THE GROUND.

Days passed, and Estelle was still invisible to the world outside Les Saules, and but rarely to that within. She was ill, her mother said to Anthony Harford and all other inquirers; which, indeed, was but too true, and ill as much mentally as physically.

She would see no one—not even Lady Elizabeth—and certainly not Anthony Harford. For him, indeed, she showed such shuddering repugnance that her mother was afraid to press her. The sacrifice of herself had to be made, cost her what it would. She had to be Anthony's wife, though she paid the supreme forfeit in return.

On this point Mrs. Clanricarde was inexorable. She was emphatically a modern mother with whom love counts as folly, and money is the only desirable good in marriage—who will welcome as her son-in-law a moral leper or a physical, if sufficiently well gilded—to whom a daughter's heart is merely a muscular arrangement, to be pressed down when inconveniently active, and to be ignored when only passively suffering.

During this time of the girl's first anguish of despair Anthony Harford's state was only a shade less pitiable than hers. He controlled all outward expression of feeling as rigidly as if he had been a true red-skin, and only Lady Elizabeth knew what no one else saw nor suspected. Lady Elizabeth put matters on a more truthful basis, for indeed she could not be aught but truthful, let the cost be what it might.

"Yes, she was what is meant by 'in love' with him," she said, with her gentle straightforwardness when Anthony asked her if there had been anything like a love affair—an engagement—between Miss Clanricarde and this young man, whose name at this moment filled the air—"and they were in a manner engaged—in that hopeless way where there is no money now and very little chance of any hereafterward—where the engagement is only between themselves—not known to the world nor sanctioned by her parents."

"But he is dead now," said Anthony.

"Poor dear Charlie! yes, too surely!" said Lady Elizabeth.

"And was he such a wonderful person, really now?" asked Anthony, with no unnecessary suavity—with scarcely as much as was indeed quite necessary.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "he was a dear fellow. We all liked him."

"You, too, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I, too," she said.

"But he is dead now," repeated Anthony, a little more harshly than even before. "And no woman loves the dead forever to the exclusion of the living," he added.

Lady Elizabeth did not answer. In her own mind she thought it probable that Estelle would go on loving Charlie dead as she loved him living. Once to love would be always to love with herself; and she credited her broken-hearted friend with her constancy.

"She shall forget him," continued Anthony, in a certain sense piqued by her non-response. "I will love her so that she shall not remember him, still less lament him. She shall find her happiness in my arms," he went on, more as if speaking to himself than to a listener. "She shall be so happy in my love, so well cared for, that she will not even wish to change could her wish bring back the dead."

Lady Elizabeth's face became as pale as the snow-drops in the vase beside her.

"If she married you, I know that you would be good to her," she said, in a low, level voice, without inflection or emphasis.

"If? She shall!" returned Anthony, speaking with the intensity of constrained passion. "Neither man or devil shall keep her from me! She is destined."

"Hush!" said Lady Elizabeth, blanched to her very lips. "You make me shudder."

"Why?" he asked, with all his usual gentleness, all the chivalrous tenderness which was his ordinary bearing when he spoke to her. "Why should you shudder?"

"It seems almost as if you were forcing fate—compelling your own destiny, which is always sorrow," she said.

He took both her hands. It was his favorite action with her.

"Oh, you Delight!" he said, with a smile. "Are you too, daughter of the gods as you are, superstitious like the little people whose brains are no bigger than pigmies?"

"Who can help it who cares for another's happiness?" was her ingenuous reply, made steadily and without shamefacedness.

"And you care for mine?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered. She still spoke with steadiness, direct and unashamed.

"How I wish you were my sister!" said Anthony. "Estelle my wife—you my sister—I would ask nothing more from Heaven but long life to enjoy my superb happiness!"

Something, she did not know what it was, nor could she control it, seemed to come up into Lady Elizabeth's eyes and throat. She felt choking, as if deep waters were closing over her head—as if she must cry out for help. Help for what? She could not answer. Her voice had gone; she had no power of speech left in her; but Anthony, irritable and sore on his own side.

After some further talk Mr. Harford left the Dower House, no nearer to his great desire than when he had gone there, but with a heart somewhat lightened in that vague manner of a clearer moral atmosphere, where, though things are not more definite, the clouds seem to have lifted.

During all these days of Estelle's seclusion, Anthony Harford was like a soul in pain.

At last time worked its partial cure so far that Estelle consented to re-appear in the world. Such love as Anthony Harford had already felt flamed hotter and higher when he saw her for the first time after her illness. He would not see in her state the result of grief, only the result of physical ailment; and he felt for her in consequence that very passion of tenderness which strong men feel for the woman they love, when those women are even more helpless than usual, more frail and more dependent.

"I am glad to see you again, and sorry you have been sick," he said, holding her hand in both of his.

"Thank you; I am bettor," she answered, wearily, not looking at him.

"You have been very sick, I can see that," he continued, with great tenderness.

She made no reply. She only drew away her hand, more coldly than with repugnance. A spasm crossed Anthony's face like a shadow. It was repeated in Mrs. Clanricarde's

"She will spoil everything," she thought to herself. "Was ever mother so cursed as I?"

"You should give her a change of air, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Anthony, turning to the mother.

"It is scarcely the weather for the sea," she said; "and London air is not bracing."

She did not add, "and too costly for my crippled purse," which she might have done had she been careful for the truth.

"The air at Thirtt is notoriously fine," said Anthony, hastily. "I must be back there next week. Why not come with me for a change, all three of you? I am sure it would do Miss Clanricarde good in every way."

He added these last words in the spirit of a woman's postscript—as a rider that included more than the main text.

"That would be delightful!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, eagerly. "I know that change is just what Estelle wants to set her up again."

"Then you will come?" he added. "Will you like that, Miss Clanricarde? Will you like to come to my place?" he added, speaking directly to Estelle.

"No," said Estelle, with a sudden look of fear in her eyes. "Do not go, mother! do not let us leave home!"

"It will do you good, my dear," answered her mother, suavely. "It is for your own sake."

"If for mine, then I do not wish it," persisted the girl.

"It will do you good," said Anthony.

"I do not want any good done to me," she answered, with curious sullenness—curious, that is, in the girl she used to be; common enough, alas! in these later times.

Her opposition wrought the usual effect of all opposition on Anthony. It strengthened his resolve and braced his determination.

"Your mother consents, and I hold her to her promise," he said, with sudden sternness. "If it is disagreeable to you, you make tracks home if you like. But you've got to come and see for yourself."

"Mother!" appealed Estelle.

"Don't be silly, child," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with affected banter and real displeasure. "What is there to object to in paying a visit to a beautiful country house in a superb country place. One would think you were asked to go a prison!"

"You are not very flattering to me either," said Anthony, as sternly as before.

He was not so supple as Mrs. Clanricarde, and he did not think his habitual self-command quite in place at this moment.

"I do not wish to flatter you," said Estelle, drawing herself up, and speaking with intense haughtiness.

Anthony saw the folly and humiliation of a war of words with a girl in such a mood.

"Well, no," he laughed, with a good-humor as forced as Mrs. Clanricarde's banter had been. "That would scarcely be the way. At all events we have got so far on the road; so much is settled. You and your father and mother will come with me to Thrift next week, and you will get back there all your roses, I promise you."

"So far the ground is laid," said Anthony to himself. "All now depends on myself."

(To be Continued).

R. A. GUNN, M.D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen: to soothe and heal inflammed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive meamorpeosis of tissue. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

An Effectual Guarantee.

Patient—I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I do dread to be buried alive.

Doctor (cheerfully)—Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you ain't.

A traveller says that in some districts in the Congo region the horse is a curiosity, as once wonderful and terrifying to the natives. Ha; after a New York man gets through docking, clipping and trimming his horse, the animal would be a curiosity anywhere. P.S.—So is his master.—*Burdette.*