The Easton Star.

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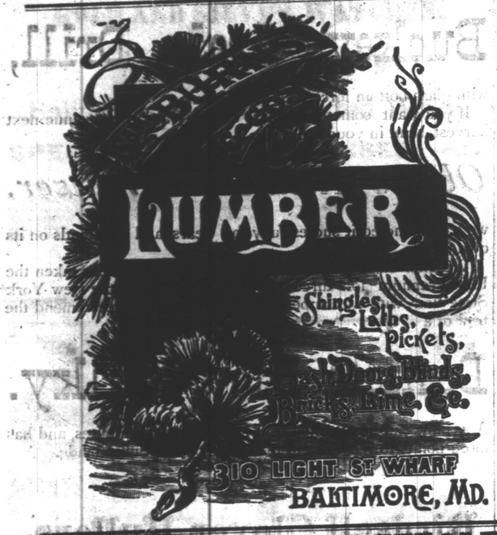

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IF YOUTH BUT KNEW.

If youth but knew his golden prime
Of joy, and pass not
To seize the hours as they fleet the flower,
And bear the fruit away!

But buds may blow and leaves may fall,
Its dreams and lovers—life is sweet;
And Youth of time is prodigal,
Nor heeds his flying feet.

Ah! catch the sunshine in a net
And gather in the morning's dew!
Sorrows were fewer to forget,
"Sweetheart—if Youth but knew!"

—London World.

A FORTUNE TOLD.

ON a certain day in August, in the year 1816, a ragged and odd-looking gipsy, of seventy, mounted upon a lean and raw-boned donkey, rode up to the door of the official residence of the Captain-General of Granada, and, dismounting, said, with the utmost coolness, that he wished to see that illustrious personage.

It is hardly necessary to remark that this desire successively aroused resistance on the part of the sentinel on duty, laughter amongst the orderlies, and doubt and hesitation amongst the aides-de-camp, before it came to the knowledge of his Excellency Senor Don Eugenio Porto-carrero, Count del Montijo, and at that epoch Captain-General of the ancient Kingdom of Granada. But as the said Captain-General was a very good-tempered individual, and had already taken some notice of the gipsy, whose name was Heredia, and who had acquired a certain notoriety by his jocular ways, his smart sayings, and his clever tricks, he gave orders for the visitor to be admitted.

The latter entered the study of his Excellency, taking one step backward for every two he made forward, as was his custom when matters looked ticklish, and, falling upon his knees, he exclaimed: "Blessed be the Holy Virgin, and blessed by your worship, the master of us all."

"Get up; drop your flattery, and tell me what you want, answered the Count, drily.

Heredia also became serious, and said, with some pertness, "Well, senor, I have come for the thousand reales."

"What thousand reales?"

"Those which you offered some time back by proclamation to whoever would bring you the description of Parron."

"What! Have you his description, then?"

"Yes. I have sought him out, I have seen him, and can describe him, and I ask for the reward."

"Are you sure that you have seen him?" exclaimed the Captain-General, whose interest in the matter began to overcome his doubts.

The gipsy burst out laughing, and replied: "Your worship thinks that, like so many more, I am trying to deceive you. But may God never forgive me if I am lying. I saw Parron yesterday."

"But do you understand the importance of what you are saying? Do you know that for three years we have been hunting for this monster, this bloody-minded bandit, whom no one knows, and no one has ever been able to catch sight of and escape his clutches? Do you know that he robs wayfarers daily at various points in the mountains, and then kills them, because, as he says, the dead can tell no tales, and that this is the only way of keeping out of the hands of justice? Do you know, in short, that to meet Parron is to find yourself face-to-face with death?"

The gipsy burst out laughing again, and said: "And does not your worship know that what a gipsy cannot do no one on earth can. Can anyone tell whose eyes, laughter or ear tears are real? Do you know any fox so full of wrinkles as we are? I repeat that I have not only seen Parron, but have spoken to him."

"Speak!"

"On the Tozar road."

"Prove it to me."

"Listen, your worship. Yesterday week I and my donkey fell into the hands of some thieves. They bound me very tightly, and led me by some infernally rugged defiles to a plateau where they had their camp. A cruel suspicion haunted me. Are they Parron's men? I kept asking myself every minute. If so, there is no way of getting out of it; they will kill me, for that devil has made up his mind that any eye that lights on his face shall see very few things more. I was occupied with these reflections when a richly dressed man stepped up to me, and, touching me on the shoulder and smiling pleasantly, said to me:

"'Gossip, I am Parron.'

"To hear this and to fall flat were one and the same thing to me. The bandit burst out laughing. I got up on my knees, and exclaimed, in every tone of voice, I could think of in turn:

"'Blessed be your soul, King of Mankind! How was it that I did not recognize you by the princely bearing God has endowed you with! What would not a mother do to bear such children! Let me humbly embrace you, my son. May I die in an evil hour if you have not been lucky in coming across a gipsy to tell your fortune and kiss your royal hand. I am one of your own sort. Shall I teach you how to swop dead donkies for live ones? Do you want to sell your old horses as colts? Would you like me to teach a mule French?'

The Count del Montijo could not help laughing. Then he asked: "What did Parron say to all this? What did he do?"

"The same as your worship—laugh."

"And yourself?"

"I, Senor? I laughed too, but the tears were running down my cheeks as big as oranges."

"Go on."

"Well, he then held out his hand to me and said: 'Gossip, you are the only clever fellow that ever fell into my power. All the others have the abominable habit of saddening me by weeping, complaining, and indulging in other vexatious tricks that get my temper up. You alone have made me laugh, and if it were not for those tears——'"

"'But, Senor, they are tears of joy.'

"'I will believe it. Devil knows it is the first time I have laughed for seven or eight years. It is true that neither have I wept. But let us make haste. Here, boys.'

"As Parron spoke I was surrounded by a number of levelled guns in the twinkling of an eye. Jesus shield me!' I began to cry.

"'Stop,' said Parron. 'Not just yet. I only called you to know what you took from this man?'

"'A donkey.'

"'And in money?'

"'Three duros and seven reales.'

"'All right. Leave us.' All drew back. 'Now tell me my fortune,' said the robber, holding out his hand to me.

"I took it, meditated a moment, recognized that the only thing to do was to speak according to facts, and said with the truth of my soul, 'Parron, sooner or later, whether you take my life or spare it, you will die on the scaffold.'

"'I know that,' answered the bandit, quietly. 'But tell me when.'

"I began to hesitate. This man, I thought will spare my life; to-morrow I shall be in Granada and will describe him: the next day he will be caught. Then the trial will begin.

'You wish to know when,' I answered, aloud. 'Well it will be during next month.'

"Parron shuddered, and so did I, knowing that my pride in my skill as a fortune-teller might, as to say, have cut my own throat.

"'Harkee, gipsy,' [illegible] 'You will remain in my power. If Parron next month I am not executed, I will [illegible] you as surely as they hanged my father. But if I die within the time, you shall be free.'

"'Many thanks,' I said to myself. 'He will forgive me after death.' And I began to repent having given him such a short limit of time.

"'Matters being so arranged, I was taken to a cave where I was shut up and Parron mounted his mare and rode off."

'Ah! I understand,' exclaimed the Count del Montijo; "Parron is dead, and you have been set free, and this is how you are able to give his description."

"Quite [illegible] Senor, Parron lives and now stands at the blackest part of my tale. A week went by without the captain coming to see me. From what I heard he had not reappeared in that spot since the evening on which I told him his fortune, a circumstance that was not at all unconscious, as I was informed by one of his guardians.

"'You must know,' he said taking care the captain should not hear him, 'that the captain visits fast from time to time, and does not quite look till it quite suits him. The fact is, that we do not know what he does during his lengthy absences.'

"'Enough, gipsy,' said the Count, 'I am satisfied. Your description is correct, and as a return for having told the fortune of all the band, prophesying to them that they would not be executed, but would enjoy a calm old age, I had you them over to take me out of the way of an evening and fasten me to a tree, for in my prison I was almost stifled by the heat. But there were always a couple of sentinels beside me.

"'One evening, about six o'clock, the members of the band who had gone on scouting duty that day, in accordance with the orders of Parron, returned to the camp, bringing with them a poor harvester of about forty or fifty, whose lamentations pierced one's very heart.

"'Give me back my twenty duros!' he cried. 'Ah! if you only knew with what toil I earned them. Reaping the whole summer under the blazing sun. A whole summer away from home, my wife and my children. That is how I scraped together, by a thousand toils and privations, the sum to keep me alive during the winter. And now when I am almost home, eager to embrace them, and to pay the debts that must have incurred in order to get food during my absence, must I lose this money which is to me a valuable treasure? Pity, Senores. Give me back my twenty duros. Give me them back for the sake of the blessed Virgin.'

"'A laugh was the only reply to the poor father's appeals. I leant trembling with horror against the tree to which I was bound, for we gipsies have families too.

"'Do not be a fool,' said one of the bandits, at last, to the harvester. 'You are wrong to think so much about your money when there are matters of more moment for you to occupy yourself with.'

"'What do you mean?' said the harvester, not understanding that there could be any worse mishap than for his children to be robbed of their bread.

"'You are in the power of Parron.'

"'Parron. I do not know him. I have never heard of him. I come from a long way off. I live at Alicante, and I have been harvesting at Seville.'

"'Then, my friend, Parron means death. All who fall into our power must die. So make your will in two minutes, and recommend your soul to God in two more. Get ready. You have four minutes.'

"'I will make use of them. Listen to me.

"'Well.'

"'I have six children and an unhappy widow—I will say, as I am about to die. I read in your eyes that you are worse than wild beasts. Yes, worse; for wild beasts do not prey upon their own kind. Ah! forgive me, I do not know what I am saying. Gentlemen, is any of you a father? Is there not a father amongst you? Do you know what it is for six children to pass a winter without bread? Do you know what it is for a mother to see her little ones dying before her eyes of cold and hunger? Senores, I do not plead for my life, but for their sake. What is life to me? A series of toils and privations. But I must live for my children. Oh! my children, my children.' And the poor father threw himself upon the ground, lifting towards the robbers a face of agony. He looked like one of the saints whom King Nero threw to the tigers.

"The bandits felt something stir within their breasts; then they looked at one another, recognizing that they were all thinking of the same thing, one of them ventured to say——"

"What did he say?" asked the Captain-General, deeply moved by this story.

"He said, 'Gentlemen, what we are going to do will never be known by Parron.'

"'Never, never,' muttered the rest.

"'Be off, my poor fellow,' said one who was almost in tears. I, too, made signs to the harvester to get away at once. The poor wretch got up slowly.

"'[illegible] they all said, turning their backs on him. The harvester held out his hand mechanically. 'Is not your life enough?' cried one. 'Go, go; do not stretch our patience.' The poor father walked away weeping, and at length disappeared.

"'Half an hour elapsed, spent by the robbers in swearing to one another not to say anything to their captain about having spared a man's life, when suddenly Parron made his appearance with the harvester behind him on the crupper of his saddle. The robbers drew back, terrified.

"'Parron alighted rapidly, unslung his double-barrelled gun, and, levelling it at his comrades, said: 'Fools, wretches, I do not know why I do not kill you all. Quick. Give this man the twenty duros you robbed him of.'

"'The thieves produced the twenty duros and gave them to the harvester, who threw himself at the feet of the individual who thus dominated even the bandits and who was so good-hearted. Parron said to him, 'Go in peace; without your information I should never have found them. You see that you obtrusted me without cause. I have kept my promise. You have your twenty duros. So go.'

"'The harvester embraced him several times and went away full of joy. But he had not taken fifty paces before his benefactor again called to him. The poor man hastened to turn back.

"'What are your commands?' he asked, wishing to be of service to him who had restored happiness to his family.

"'Do you know Parron?' said that personage.

"'I do not.'

"'You are mistaken,' replied the robber; 'I am Parron.'

"The harvester stood aghast. Parron raised his gun and fired both barrels at him and the man fell to the ground. 'Be accursed' were the only words the bandit captain uttered.

"'In the midst of the terror that almost blinded me I felt the tree to which I was fastened quiver slightly and my bonds slacken. One of the bullets, after wounding the harvester, had struck the rope binding me to the tree and had severed it. I concealed the fact that I was free and awaited a chance of escaping.

"'Meanwhile Parron said to his men, pointing to the harvester, 'Now you can plunder him. You are fools, rascals. The idea of letting this man loose to howl as he did all along the highways. If, instead of myself who met him and asked what was the matter, it had been the Miguelites, he would have described you and one camp as he did to me, and we should be all in prison by this time. You see the effects of robbing without killing. That will do for the present; so bury the body lest it should stink us out.'

"Whilst the robbers were digging the grave, Parron sat down to eat with his back towards me. I worked by degrees away from the tree and plunged into the nearest ravine. It was night by this time. Covered by the darkness I stole away as quietly as possible, and by the light of the stars caught sight of my donkey, which was quietly feeding, tied to a tree. I mounted it and did not stop till I reached here. So, Senor, give me the thousand reales and I will give you the description of Parron who still has my three duros and a half."

The gipsy gave a description of the robber, received the offered reward, and left the Captain-General's residence.

It remains to be seen whether or not Heredia had really predicted Parron's fate when he told his fortune.

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT after the scene just described and at nine o'clock in the morning a number of idlers were gathered in the Calle de San Juan de Dios and the Calle San Felipe to view a moving or two companies of Miguelites who were to start at half-past nine in search of Parron, whose hiding place, together with the description and that of his band of evil-doers had been verified by the Count del Montijo.

The interest and excitement of the on-lookers were intense when the Miguelites gravely took leave of their families and friends before marching on so important an enterprise, such dread and Parron managed to inspire throughout the ancient Kingdom of Granada.

"It is time to fall in," said a Miguelite to one of his comrades, "and I do not see Corporal Lopez."

"That is strange, for he is always the first when it is a question of going in search of Parron, which he hates with all his five senses."

"Do you not know, then, what has happened?" said a third joining in the conversation.

"Hallo! Here's our new comrade. How do you [illegible] our expedition?"

"Very well, indeed," replied the new-comer, a pale individual with a distinguished bearing with which his common soldier's uniform scarcely harmonized.

"You were saying——?" remarked the first speaker.

"Ah! yes: that Corporal Lopez is dead," observed the other.

"Impossible! Manuel. I saw Lopez this morning as I see you now."

"Manuel, for such was the pale Miguelite's name, answered coldly, "Half an hour ago he was killed by Parron."

"By Parron! When?"

"Here in Granada. His body was found in the Cuesta del Perro." All remained silent, and Manuel began to whistle the air of a patriotic song.

"That makes eleven Miguelites in six days," said a sergeant. "Parron must be bent upon exterminating us. But how can he be in Granada? Are we not going to seek him in the Sierra de Lojo?"

Manuel, left off whistling, and said, with his wonted indifference: "An old woman who witnessed the crime mentioned that after he had killed Lopez, he said if he went to seek him we should have the pleasure of meeting him."

"Comrade, you are wonderfully cool had to speak of Parron so contemptously."

"Is Parron more than mortal?" asked Manuel haughtily.

"Fall in," exclaimed many voices at the juncture. The two companions fell in, and the roll-call began.

At that moment the gipsy Heredia happened to pass by and halted, like everyone else, to look at the soldiers. It was noticed that Manuel, the new Miguelite, shuddered a little, and drew back as though to hide behind his companions. At the same time Heredia fixed his eyes on him, and, with a yell and a bound as if a viper had bitten him, began to run in the direction of the Calle de San Jerónimo. Manuel raised his carbine and took aim at the gipsy, but another Miguelite struck up the weapon in time, and the shot went off in the air.

"He is mad." "Manuel has gone mad." "One of the Miguelites has gone out of his mind, exclaimed the many spectators of the scene. And officers, sergeants, and peasants at once surrounded the man who strove to fight his way through, and who, after being restrained by mere force, was overwhelmed with questions, recriminations, and sarcastic remarks, which, however, could draw no kind of reply from him.

Meanwhile Heredia had been stopped by some passers-by, who, seeing him running away after a shot had been fired, imagined him to be an escaped criminal.

"Take me to the Captain-General," said the gipsy. "I must speak to the Count del Montijo."

"The Count del Montijo, indeed!" replied his captors. "Here are the Miguelites, and they will settle what is to be done with you."

"Very well," replied Heredia. "But take care that Parron does not kill me."

"Parron! What are you talking about?"

"Come on, and you will see."

So saying the gipsy let himself be led before the leader of the Miguelites; and, then, pointing to Manuel said, "Major that is Parron, and I am the gipsy who gave his description to the Count del Montijo a fortnight ago."

"Parron! This prisoner Parron? A Miguelite Parron!" cried several of those around.

"There can be no doubt of it," said the Major, after reading the description furnished to him by the Captain-General. "We must have been blind. But who could have dreamt of looking for the bandit chief amongst the Miguelites sent out to capture him?"

"So it's all over with me?" exclaimed Parron gazing at the gipsy with a look of a wounded lion. That is the only man whose life I ever spared. I deserve what has befallen me."

The ensuing week Parron was executed, and thus the gipsy's prophecy was literally fulfilled.

LINES A MILE LONG.

Fishing For Cod and Halibut—Setting "Trawl's"—Drying and Salting.

FOR halibut, haddock and the toothsome cod, the Banks, hundreds of miles out to sea are sought by the vessels of from ninety to twice that many tons burden, which spend there as many months as are necessary to secure a load, or "fare," as it is technically called. The system of angling pursued by these "pot hunters" would scarcely obtain the approval of sport. Lines a mile or so in length, with hooks attached at six feet intervals, are anchored in the shallows over the Banks with buoys of wood or cork to mark them. These "trawls"—for so they are designated—are set at night and in the morning, every hook freshly baited with a scrap of fish, and twice in twenty-four hours they are hauled up over hand by men in dories, who detach victims as are caught and renew the lunch offered to the scary rounders of the ocean.

As fast as they are taken the cod or halibut are dried in the sun and salted down in the vessels' holds, whence the former are shovelled out many weeks later, in the leathery condition one buys them in at the corner grocery. The latter are delivered at the "T" wharf, and subsequently smoked. The fresh halibut and cod one buys in the market are caught near shore by smacks which make two trips a week to the less distant grounds. In this way are taken nearly all the haddock, which are sold unsalted for the most part, owing comparatively to the small number found.

Halibut is by far the most profitable game for the fishermen. A fair-sized one at five cents a pound is worth several dollars, and it is not unusual to find them weighing three hundredweight apiece. Such big fellows, at $10 or $15 each, soon make up a satisfactory cargo. But, as have been said, the "rig" for catching them is more expensive. Lines as big as your little finger are required to hold them, and other tackle of proportionate strength and size.

A simple cod rig costs $25 per man for each of the dozen or so of stout sailor boys who make up the crew of a first-class sea-going fishing boat. The arrangement usually made is that the skipper who employs the men pays all the expenses of a voyage for the sum he receives for his cargo. "One-fifth of what remains goes in "the boat," or, in other words, as the captain's share. The balance is divided equally among the crew, each of whom is thus made a partner in the venture—an arrangement well calculated to stimulate activity in the pursuit of edibles that swim. And this is where the swiftness of the vessel is useful in chasing the schools and in making trips out and home again as short as may be.

A great pest of the deep sea fishermen is the groundshark, that now and then is caught as big as a dory—say twelve feet long—and its liver will fill twelve buckets, at $1.50 a bucket, for oil. Even the cheeks and tongues of the cod which, in old times were thrown away, are now turned into money. Many people like to eat them fried, and one dealer told the writer that he himself had sold $30,000 worth of them in the last years. The entrails of all the fish are disposed of for fertilizing purposes.

The Finest Dinner Table.

THE following details of a dinner which was given the other day, by a New York lady may be read with interest by people who want to know the latest thing in the way of American extravagance.

The dinner tables, were arranged about a miniature lake, in which palms, lilies and ferns appeared to be growing, while tropical trees rose from the banks amid miniature parterres of flowers. Small electric lights with vari-colored globes, were arranged about the lake, and electricity was introduced under the water of the improvised lake, and caused to dance about in imitation of vari-colored fish. There was a fountain in the centre of the lake, and a colored glass ball lighted by electricity, spurted up and down a jet of crystal water. There was no cloth on the table, and each of the twenty courses served at the dinner was placed before the guests on a natural palm leaf. The wall and room decorations—some of which came from Florida and South America—generally were of smilax, ferns ivy and palm, mandarin banana, orange and other trees. Hanging among them were hundreds of very small electric lights.

The decorations of each plate cost thirty dollars, the favors sixty, and the menus were painted to order at ten dollars apiece. The truffles came from France, and the strawberries cost seven dollars and five cents per bunch of five berries. Roman punch was served in oranges hanging on the natural trees, the pulp of the fruit having been delicately removed, so that the guests picked the oranges from the branches.—[London Court Journal.

THE QUIET STREAM.

SEVEN miles I drove to find a stream,
That leaped its rocks among;
But found only one that made
A little trilling song.

O'er pebbly shallows soft it ran,
And in its quiet breast
The fresh born beeches leaves of May
Were mirrored and at rest.

Among its little island stones
The water birds were gay,
And all the trees along the banks
Bent down to see it play.

And I remember her whose life,
So many years ago
Beside my restless heart was wont
In quietude to flow.

Her voice was even, and her soul
Reflected love and where
She moved in grace, the hearts of all
Bent down to look at her.

O happy hour in which I thought
Of one so sweet and wise!
And blessed be the stream that made
Her memory arise.

—Stopford Brooke.

SHADY CITY GARDENS.

Ornamental Leaved Plants Better Than Those Cultivated For Flowers.

THE question, "What flowers will grow in the shade?" is put to me every spring by scores of city people whose little garden, which they wish to devote to flowers, is so walled up by neighboring houses that the rays of the sun never touch it. But few plants will develop their flowers there, and none will do it so well as if it were lighted up by sunshine a part of the day. Fuchsias, pansies, forget-me-nots, violets, lobelias, lily of the valley, hollyhocks, pafoxes, and other herbaceous plants whose native habitat is a shady wood, will do best, but even these languish if denied all direct sunlight.

The best effect in such situations is produced by ornamental leaved plants, the beauty of which is not dependent upon their flowers. Among these may be ranked the gold and silver variegated leaved geraniums, achyranthes, alternanthéras, begonias, caladiums, centaureas, coleuses, etc., which, if planted so as to bring the various shades in contrast, produce a pleasing effect, which continues during the entire summer months and is not surpassed by any display of flowers. The cultivators of flowers in rooms should understand the necessity of sunlight to plants that are to flower, and endeavor to get these as close as possible to the window having an eastern or southern aspect.

The higher the temperature the more plants suffer from want of light. Many plants might remain dormant in a temperature of forty degrees—in a cellar, for example—away from direct light, for months without material injury; while if the cellar contained a furnace keeping a temperature of seventy degrees they would all die; such would particularly be the case with plants of a half hardy nature, such as monthly roses, carnations, fuchsias, geraniums, etc. In our greenhouse culture of flowers, direct sunlight is an all important consideration, and a spell of sunless weather in midwinter is often a loss to us of hundreds of pounds by preventing the development of flowers. Hence we use every means at command to dispose the plants to secure the greatest amount of light.

The debilitating effects of want of direct light on plants are well illustrated by taking a vigorous plant in full foliage and flower, that has been growing in the direct light of our greenhouse benches, and placing it under the bench. If the temperature is high—say seventy degrees—in forty-eight hours the sickly signs showing the want of light will be apparent to an experienced eye; in a week its condition would be such as to indicate sickness to the most common observer, and in a month it would most likely be dead.—[Horticultural Times.

Centenarians Not Always Abstainers.

THE records of centenarians prove that many do well as total abstainers, but that many also do well who take a moderate quantity of alcohol in some form or other, and for the feeble type of constitution which is never destined to such length of days a certain moderate amount of alcoholic stimulant is, perhaps one of the greatest blessings they enjoy. Of centenarians who certainly were not abstainers the following instances may be mentioned: Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, died in his 110th year in 1785, with every faculty except his hearing unimpaired. He imputed his green old age to a sober, studious life, regular exercise, and a good conscience, as well as a pint of the best sherry at each meal, except in very cold weather, when he allowed himself a third more. Mackin the sutor, who lived 107 years 2 months and 10 days, up to 40 lived, his biographer states, very irregularly, drank hard, sat up late at night, and took violent exercise. Subsequent to that period he proceeded by rule. He drank tea, porter, wine, punch, and ate fish, flesh, fowl, &c., till he was 70, but he never drank to excess. His usual quantity was seven or eight glasses of wine. If ever he was prevailed upon to drink more, he always took Anderson's Scotch pills going to bed at night. This (he said) kept his head from aching next morning. He was always moderate at his meals, never abstemious. At 70 he gave up tea, because it disagreed with him, and took milk (always boiled) instead; he also had bread boiled in his milk, which he sweetened with brown sugar till it was almost a syrup. He was a great lover of eggs, custards, and jellies. His drink with his meals for the last 40 years of his life was white wine and water made very sweet. Mr. Lionel Tollemache quotes two instances of drunkards who lived over a century: Philip Laroque, who "went to bed intoxicated at least two nights every week till he was 100 years old," and Thomas Whittington, who lived to 107, and "was a habitual drunkard." He never took any other liquids, as liquids, into his stomach than ardent spirits—London gin, of which compound, until within a fortnight of his death, he took from a pint to a pint and a half daily." In the supplement to the Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, 1885 (page 36,) it is stated, "The morality of men who are directly concerned in the liquor traffic is appalling. Of the innkeepers and publicans it is 52 per cent, above the present mortality of all males." It is highest of all in "inn and hotel servants."—[The Nineteenth Century.

A New Idea in House Building.

FEW men know how a house should be built. With all the so-called modern improvements there is one great lack in all new structures as well as in the old. The architects are a dull lot or they would have long ago discovered this long-felt need. An additional room is wanted. This room should be denoted to the returns of madam's shopping and be known as the "bargain room." It should be the largest apartment in the house and be well provided with drawers, shelves and closets. It is a great error to suppose that the ladies can use everything that they buy at a bargain. With a suitable place for storage they would buy a great deal more than they do and not a bargain in the whole city would escape. As it is, the thousands of the cheapest articles in dry goods are left unsold. Madam wants them, but where is she to put them? Besides a room such as the one here suggested would be a delightful resort for all lady acquaintances who would like to meet and compare their latest bargains. Let the architects look into this.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Russian Book Collectors.

IT will be news to half the world that the Russian nobles are sedulous collectors of books and manuscripts. Prince Woronzoff, for instance, has a library of 12,000 volumes in St. Petersburg, and possesses another equally large at Alupka. The Princess Lanoy's library contains nearly 13,000 books, most of which were collected by her father, Bibikoff. In Slavonic literature it is especially rich, and it contains about 600 works in various languages on ammismatics. The late Minister of Justice, Count Panin, had a library of 11,000 volumes, which was remarkable for an encyclopedic series of works relating to the legislation of the different European States. He had also considerable libraries in the Crimea and at Marsino, near Moscow. The library of Count Scheremetjeff, the foundations of which were laid by the conqueror of Livonia, contains 25,000 volumes, many incunabula, and a perfect treasury of ecclesiastical music. The present owner has himself increased his great literary heritage by the addition of nearly 12,000 volumes. He has been a diligent collector of books bearing upon Russian and Slavonic history and topography.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Paine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, Stomach and Bowel Complaints are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

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