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Headache, Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, or in the region of the chest, or in the back of the neck. Loss of appetite, general prostration, sometimes accompanied by a chill. Nervousness, irritability, and a disposition to be peevish. A fullness of the stomach, sometimes accompanied by a fullness of the head. A feeling of heat in the face, and a disposition to be flushed. A feeling of fullness in the stomach, and a disposition to be full. A feeling of heat in the face, and a disposition to be flushed. A feeling of fullness in the stomach, and a disposition to be full.

A Fortunate Blunder.

“What’s that you say, Hayden?” Bolton Bank broke? It can’t be possible!”

And Frederick Wells, who had been reclining in one chair, with his feet resting on the back of another, the very picture of indolent enjoyment, sprang to his feet, tipping over his chair, and sending the cigar he was smoking to the further end of the room.

“Yes, it is; it is here in the paper, as you can see for yourself. But what is it to you? Did you have anything invested there?”

“No, but Miss Neal had; how amounts to about the same thing?”

An air of intense chagrin overspread his handsome though rather effeminate features, as he read the paragraph to which his companion pointed.

“I don’t mind it, he muttered. ‘It’s always my luck to have my dish topped just when its full! Though I must say, if it’s got to come, that I’m glad it happened the month before our marriage.’”

Charles Hayden, a young man whose features, though less regularly formed, were expressive of far more manliness and goodness of heart, gazed at the speaker with an air of undisguised astonishment.

“Whip so, Wells? You certainly did not seek the hand of Miss Neal simply for her money?”

“Well, no; I can’t say that. She is a most lovely and charming woman; and it really cuts me to the heart to give her up. But then I’m too poor to afford such a luxury. And Miss Neal can no longer afford to marry a poor man. So we’re about even.”

“And have you no thought for the pain that your desertion will inflict upon the heart you have won?” said Hayden in a tone of suppressed indignation.

“Softly, my dear fellow,” said Wells, who had resumed his former comfortable position, and was sipping himself with a fresh cigar. “I hardly think it will be any such desperate affair to Miss Neal as you suppose. Indeed, I’ve thought several times of late, that had it not been for her foolishly high idea of the binding nature of such a promise, she would have broken the engagement herself.”

“And knowing this, you would have held her to its fulfillment?”

“Not being sufficiently interested to refuse the gift of fifty thousand dollars, I rather think I should!”

“You are not worthy of a true-hearted woman like Ellen Neal?” was the indignant response.

“Then so much the better for her that I should leave her to be appropriated by some one that is—you, for instance. It strikes me that you used to be somewhat interested in that quarter; now is the time, old fellow, for you to go and win!”

Charles Hayden scarcely heard the covert sneer in these words, so much was he engrossed by the new born hope that had sprung up in his heart, and which made its pulses beat so quickly and strongly.

“So you are to be married next month my dear?” said Mr. Thornly to his ward, Ellen Neal.

“Yes, I believe so,” was the rather indifferent reply.

Mr. Thornly studied his ward’s face for a moment with his keen eyes.

“I don’t believe you care two straws for Frederick Wells.”

“Oh, not so bad as that, guardian,” said Ellen, with a faint smile; “though I have sometimes feared that I don’t give him the affection that he deserves. He seems to be very strongly attached to me.”

“Hump! my opinion of Frederick Wells is, that he is too much in love with his own handsome face to be very much attached to any woman.”

“You are too severe. Anyway, I have promised, and cannot break my word!”

“Oh, no, certainly not; far better break your heart!”

“I don’t believe I’ve got any,” was the laughing rejoinder. “If I have, I have never been able to discover it.—Never fear for me, guardian: I dare say I shall be as happy with Frederick as with any one.”

Yet in spite of these lightly spoken words, there rose up before her mental vision one with whom she knew she could be far happier. But even if she had been free to choose, how did she know he would choose her? True she had sometimes fancied—but what right had she to indulge in such fancies?

When Mr. Thornly recalled his office he found Frederick Wells waiting to see him; who said with an air of constraint,

A True Wife's Devotion.

A Story of Calcutta Bay.

I wonder how many of the hundreds who look out at the lake every day and see the crib-tower rising against a blue or gray sky, as the case may be, know of a scene that took place there nearly three years ago?

At the time of which I speak the crib-keeper was a Finn named Kalstrom, a gigantic man and heavy in proportion to his size. He was known about the wharves as “Big Charlie,” and his claim to distinction was that he had, as he said, “commanded a bark of a thousand tons,” in which he had sailed the North Seas, and in which, Viking like, he had carried off his wife, a bright-eyed Irish girl, from Drogheda, one of the east ports of Ireland. She was a small woman, with gray eyes and long black lashes. She had strongly marked eyebrows and a mass of waving black hair that crept in little curls around her temples and the nape of her neck. She had the piquant nose of her race and a generous mouth filled with strong white teeth. It was in March, and the day was one of those soft, treacherous ones that lure untary flowers to their destruction, and saw pneumonia and bronchitis broadcast. The sun shone warmly, and the great lake seemed to dream of springtime.

The crib-larder was like Mother Hubbard’s cupboard, and Kalstrom took his small boat and rowed ashore. In the few hours he spent among the shops and in taking a glass of beer with his friends, the wind changed, and when he reached the shore with his stores, he found the lake churned up to the fury peculiar to inland seas.

He was worried, but had such confidence in his little Irish girl, as he called her, that he spent the night very quietly the next day found the storm as wild as ever, and he spent the hours of daylight striding up and down the shore, for by this time he knew the few provisions had gone out, and that his wife was actually suffering for food. Twice he launched his boat, and twice it swamped.

At dark the light gleamed out from the crib-tower, but to Kalstrom’s eye it had a baleful glare, and morning found him determined “to go or to die.”

“To go or to die,” as he swore with some round Scandinavian oaths. Fortunately the wind was more quiet, and after hard work he came under the lee of the crib walls. His wife had spied him, and she cast him a noosed rope from the top story of the crib; for the waves rolled so high that all the storm-doors and shutters were battened down and the white caps spit at the lantern as they drove before the wind.

He caught the rope, and passed up his bundle of supplies. She dropped it a second time; and just as he got it under his arms, a great wave swamped the boat, leaving him clinging to the wall, blinded and bruised, and depending on the little woman up aloft for his life.

She began hauling on the rope, and had drawn him as high as the sill-frame—her thrusting fingers and toes into whatever crevices offered. As he reached his right hand up, the wind came round the corner with a yell and tore him loose, dropping him into the lake; but the faithful Irish girl paid out the line as fast as she could and he found himself with a chance for life still in his reach.

Up he came, hand over hand, and as he entered the window he saw her fall, and in the dim light he noticed a strange discoloration of her face, a black stain on the bright rag carpet, and the fact that her dress was torn to rags in front.

Well, to make a long story short, when he picked her up he found the wedding-finger of her left hand entirely gone, and the tendon ripped out up to the elbow. It had been caught between the rope and the stone casing when he fell, and his great weight playing against the wedding-ring had done the mischief. But, as she said, “it weren’t a time for fainting, Miss.” And she hauled him up with the right hand and those strong white teeth.

The rugging of the hemp had cut her mouth cruelly, and she had ground her knees against the wall so desperately that the thick stuff-gown that she wore was frayed through and through.

That night the wind shrieked and roared till the lake went mad with the noise, and the waves threw their spray among the pigeons under the eye of the lantern-roof, and the injured woman moaned through the house for the relief that could not come. Kalstrom signalled and signalled for help, and four days after the accident a boat got out, and

Rich Widows.

Says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle: I wonder if a good many of the titled snobs who visit America are not drawn here by the rich widows. I believe more would come if they knew the number of enormously rich women at present unprotected in New York. There is Mrs. Stewart, worth anywhere from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000; Mrs. Stevens, worth \$2,000,000; the widow of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, Mrs. Hicks-Lord and a half dozen others. In Philadelphia are the widow of Thomas A. Scott, who is worth at least \$10,000,000; Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, worth fully as much; the widows of the two projects of the Baldwin Locomotive works, who are estimated to be worth about \$3,000,000 apiece; Mrs. Boris, worth about the same amount; and the widow of the late George Fales, whose superb art collection was sold in New York at auction, and the widow of Henry Halle are worth more than \$3,000,000 apiece. Any of these ladies is wealthy enough to buy the most prominent of foreign potentates. A matrimonial agency, such as that at Indianapolis, could make a great deal of money by negotiating their marriages.

GLAD HE MADE THE RULE.—Uncle Ben,” said old Bob, “she’s dat ten dollars what yer lent me above a year ago.”

“Bredder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de course what yer-self is now taking. Fore de Lawd I neber spected ter get dat money ag’n, an’ I’d um thought dat I had gin de money ter yer.”

“Ef dat’s de case, Uncle Ben, I’ll jes’ put it back later my pocket. I always make it a rule neber to disappoint a man.”—Atlanta Constitution.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

In Dr. Talmage’s sermon on the death of Peter Cooper he tells us as follows how to settle the long conflict between capital and labor:

“Peter Cooper’s life warns us that the best way to settle the quarrels between labor and capital is Peter Cooper’s way. There are two ways in which the quarrel can be settled. One is by the violent subjugation of the laboring classes. The other is the Martyrdom of rich people. This is fast getting to be an age of dynamite. Dynamite in the Kremlin, dynamite in the Parliament dynamite in Ireland, dynamite in Germany, dynamite in Russia, dynamite in America. The remedy for all this is Peter Cooperism. There was no dynamite under Cooper Institute. Nobody thought of putting dynamite under Peter Cooper’s heels. Nobody carried him his carriage. When opulent men of all lands shall stretch out to the laboring classes and suffering classes a generous hand like that of Peter Cooper, it will terminate the age of dynamite. May the spirit of Peter Cooper come down upon our bank stock, upon government securities, upon railroad companies upon the business and of America.”

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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Positively restores the hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness. Known.

This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as CARHARODON RONDPELLIUS. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by Buddhist Priest about the year 1419. Its cure were so numerous and many so severely incapacitated, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has retarded among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.00 per bottle.

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