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SHEAD

LO. U.S.A.

1880.

ER

BALM

score bearded face o'ershower as he enclasps their forms And lifts them to his bosom with strong but outle arms.

greet

loes," cried the artiess Hilds, "or how could he have the complexion of a youth of seventeen?"

replied her mother, "but he needn't have bragged of it to all the world."

Now, the fact was that Lord Fanfare kept his connection with the Methuselah pill very dark indeed; but he had a wonderful complexion, and being fond of a joke, and liking to do a stroke of

son Tootle is a weak-minded pauper!" "I'll find the brains and the beauty." said the lady, airily.

"Brains and beauty ain't much to keep house on," remarked his Lordship, oracularly.

"But your Lordship can't go on Hying for ever," said the lady, with one of her sweetest professional smiles. "You're sixty-five, you know, though you have the complexion of a boy of seventeen," she added, tartly.

from newly-gathered king cocoanuts ture, preliminary, in the nature of is manufactured by one of the friends things is temporary, and has nothing in it of the home-making. The marof the complainant; this is poured into a caldron and heated to boiling ried love is economical, deliberative point. Each of the suspected parties | and practical; the first love is neither is supposed to dip his hand into the | of those. It sees the world in a false vessel of boiling oll and is at liberty to | light, because not a full light. The sprinkle as much of the hot oil as he color of all things is no longer the brings up with his fingers on the per- | red of life's sunrise, nor is it yet the son of the complainant, who stands | yellow of sunset; it is rose color. If

close at hand. Any exclamation of | our first loves were often wedded, the pain on the part of the suspected per- | result would, without doubt, be a

mon humanity, and that goddesses are not in corsets.

I need not ask you if you remember your own first love. You could not love her now-of course not. She is possibly a dowdy of the worst sort, married to a coarse fellow that you marveled she could the herself to, and yet you see now it was all right; or she is a simple, plain, matter-of-fact wife of a matter-of-fact husband, and the farthest possible remove from

any thing ethereal. How you ever

came to see angel's wings on her is

your puzzle. But she served you ad-

mirably. A first love you must have,

or ought to have, and she was really

a very judicious angel. She did not flirt,

nor did she help you to be extravagant

in your fancies. When the speil was

off she became a good friend, and has

been such ever since. There is, how-

ever, quite a chance that your first

love has never returned your letters

and you have never returned hers,

and that you both need to think over

the warm sunriso of your life's loves,

and that it helps you in your wedded

state. Your wife is not jeslous, or

ought not to be. If she is sensible,

she will be thankful that some one

came before her to open her Jimmie's

soul and teach him the amenities of

love: she has him now all the more to

herself, and all the more of him there

is to have. She would be in a and

predicament if he had never had a

So you see that first love holds a

place wholly distinct and quite unique.

It is not love in the sense of any other

love known. It is not logical or com-

mon-sensical. It does not show per-

sons in their true light; indeed, is

gance. It is a development of imma-

turity. It is a part of human evolu-

tion. Wedded love is the wadding or

boyond the period when they can be

carried away from reason.

welding of two who have been carried

That would make an interesting his-

tory if one could read the loves of

the fifty most rounded, strongest char-

actors in history; but not the first

loves, for those would be almost the

same story retold. They rarely get

into a man's blography, or are re-

forred to in his autoblography. Ho

tries to let them drop out of sight.

He counts only those later grapplings

of his heart after one whom he desires

for a life's partner. The ancients never

told any thing of a man without giving

his love story. How delightful the

story of the patriarchs, and their wan-

derings after wives, and their wooings

of kinswomen! But we need not be-

lieve there was no romance of the

other sort in their lives. They, as

we do, hid this chapter of their lives.

It does not count in the same way as

the rest of life counts. One would

suppose. In reading of the Orient.

that love had been reduced wholly to a

matter of bargain and economy, yet

there is nowhere else so much of the

Our first loves linger with us in as-

sociation with the old school-house on

the hill. They make music with a

brooklet that tumbled down the shady

willow bank; they are remembered as

the perfume of the long-gone cin-

namon roses; they resurrect them -

solves in our somber moods to tell us

that ideals are as real as the practical,

and that our plain working life is

capable of richer phases. 1 think

there may be hints of a finer life here-

after beyond. Have you any old love

letters? Any old souvenirs of your

dream life? It was well that you once

were soft and dreamy. Do not burn

Doing His Prettiest.

Mr. Budworthy-Rather clever fel-

low, that young Dudelong, don't you

them .- St. Louis Giobe-Democrat.

think?

idville and romantic.

first love before herself.

"And he paints, ma, I know he

With keen anticipation, each anxious first to The music of his footfall-at once he's at the "He has a wonderful complexion."

Peer out into the darkness, their swalling in these Departments, all new designs and CUT FROM ATERL SOMETHING NEW.

temper from Penna of the 'Inter-State

-ELY'S

Cleanses the

Nasal Passages

Allays Pain ad

Inflammat.on.

Heals Sore Eyes

Senses of Taste

and Smell.

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1794.

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agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mai registered, 50 cts. ELY BRUS, 56 Warren St New York.

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1794.

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CONSTIPATION, TATTAN''S Effertement

ESSENTIAL OILS.

oon to cure, and it cures

Bbensburg, July 21, 1882.

1.11

laundry attached to house.

Restores the

CREAM :

For RESIDENCES, OHUBOHES, OSMETERIES, FARMS GARDENS, Gatas, Ashers, Window Guards, Trellison, And joyful cries are ringing, while kisses by the Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, BOOS MATS, Se, Wrise for Illustrated Catalogue: multed fre CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO

116 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Bardware Scu keep it. Give name of this paper

She, shunning demonstration, which oft savers Her eyes like melting jewels gives welcome



Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal

beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the halr, this prepatation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its TEl charm. Should the hair be thin, hansh. dry, or turning gray, Aver's Hair Vigor will restore the De color, bring out a

new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For kreping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to conless that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigar has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only chosed the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appear-ance."-R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

" My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I triad Ayar's Hair Vegor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for." -E. T. Schmitton, Dickson, Tenn.

I have used Aver's Hair Vigor in my ally for a number of years, and ro-d it us the best hair preparation I two of. It kneps the scalp clean, the word. It knows that preparation 1 is of all knows the scalp clean, the result and lively, and preserves the shall color. My wife has used it for the time with most satisfactory re-ting time with most satisfactory for the satisfactory re-ting time with most satisfactory for the satisfactory for the satisfactory of the satisfactory for the satisf My hair was becoming harsh and dry.

at sher using half a bottle of Ayer's fair elier using half a bottle of Ayer's fair eligner is goew black and glossy. I annot express the joy and gratitude I aet, ---Malet C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

Aver's Hair Vigor. FRITABLED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Drugglets and Perfumers.

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WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PEN Most : Delformly : Catisfactory : Cils NYROYAL, SPRARMINT, &C.

sion, storage,

Soft chides the clinging children, his wrappings SIXTS STREET, PITTSBURG, PA. inys aside Then modestly precedes him, with pardonable the great college of Business Offices, where all the branches of a complete business education are rought by Actual Business Practice. The saly To where his chair swaits him-beguilds him of

hearts abcat

his tr.p-Removes the laid of garments, sets by the bates Practice Association of America." The stin-ent leanre book kceping and business by entered grip, And ere he scarce perceives it, so deft and

dent learns hoor kneeping and binness of the gaging in business transactions. Practical Office Work and Hanking are specialities. Individual instructions from 9 a. m. to 4 r. m. and from 7 to 10 r. m. The test advantages in Shorthand and Typewriting-the highest speed in the shortest dextrous she. He suppored, gowned and sealed, a child upon each knee. Typewriting-the nights sport in the state time. Such for establique Call and see the students at work when you visit the Exposition. Visi-tors always welcome. JAMES CLANE WILLIAMS A. M.,

With merry word she leaves them, by household duties pressed; The curly heads confidingly are pillowed on his

broast; Their silken treases stroking, he, in the blaztog grate, Sees both his darlings growing to man and

maid's estate. The mystic vail is lifted that hides the future

And on his pensive vision a fair To Be apswift up the mount of Knowledge advancing

they are seen, And white-browed Honor leads them and Virtue walks between.

About the table gathered each lowly bows the While humbly and devoutly the homely grace

is said; No long-drawn invocation to tire the Throne of Grace.

Nor abject self abasement with pride writ on its face; But praise and service rendered for life and

health preserved-This plain thanksgiving over, the waiting meal is served.

8.0 8.10

No feast, however costly, by lords and ladies abared. E'er gave more gracious pleasure than this by

love prepared. The little heads are nodding, the bright eyes strive in vain To look "I am not sleepy," yet close and close

Fill sweet good-nights are tendered and mamma leads away. And drifting down the stillness, he hears a small voice say:

"Forever and forever," then halting e'er 'Dear Jesus, don't let papa go sway from us

light in all rooms. New steam 6/810. His face is calm and tranquil again she has ap-

peared, But she can note the diamonds are shining in

Their eyes have sudden meeting, no need of

other speech. She nestles close besize him, each takes the hand of each. Against his rugged shoulder she lays her

golden tresses. And both are lost in dreaming of timid, first CATCRADS.

When she a bashful maiden and he an awkwald youth-She glances shyly upward, both catch the

picasingt truth And laugh in ready chorus-but still the rich

Of a dewy summer's evening seems floating through the room.

God's blossing on the fireside, whatever lot surrounds. That to the holy music of wedlock still re-

sounds Where confidence unbounded and love communion hold,

Where children's volces mingle-let misers heard their gold. Amblitons statesmen wrangle; within this hallowed light

NATURE'S A RELIABLE BEREDY Dissension never wanders nor Greed its pleas-

> Oh! picture all the raptures beneath the stargemmed dome.

The hourst are clustered around the Night at Seltzer Aperlent -Charles Eugene Banks, in Arkansaw Tray-It is certain in its effect. It is gentle in its action It is pulateable to the taste. It can be relied

-----MARRYING A TITLE.

in to core, and is curve estimations, not by cating-, mature. Do not take lost purgatives your ves or allow your chil-in to take them, always this elegant phar-How and Why Mary Jane Briggs

Became Lady Fanfare.

Lord Fanfare was the fourteenth peer who had borne that noble title. There was nothing very remarkable about Lord Fanfare; he was an easygoing old boy. I don't think that at any period of his career he would ever have set the Thames on fire if he had

tried; but I am very, very certain of prime quality, bought in any quantity for each that he never did try. The Fanfares

business at the same time, he had allowed the omnibuses to literally bristle with his portrait, beneath which was the following ridiculous advertisement:

"I am sixty-five to-day, and yet, thanks to the Methuselah pill, my complexion is that of a boy of seventeen. - FANFARE."

You can't doubt the word of a peer of the realm, you know, and the sale of the Methuseiah pill was vastly increased.

The fact is that Lord Fanfare wores. chin tuft simply because chin-tufts were in fashion when he was a young bachelor in the guards; he went to Tattersail's simply because he'd gone to Tattersall's all his life; he was director of a music hall company because he was a large shareholder, and because he liked the little directorial suppers. and because in music hall matters he was a very knowing old boy indeed. Lord Fanfare and his friend and codirector, Mr. David Psalmanezar. were sitting in the directors' box at the International Palace of Varieties, each with a Brobdingnagian opera glass in his hand, and they were staring intently at the stage, upon which the three talented sisters, Laura, Cora and Dora Flarer, were going through

their well-known entertainment. "They're dirt cheap at a hundred a week," remarked Mr. David Psalmanozar. "Why, half the chapples in town are over head and ears in love with them, and they have to drink unlimited whiskys-and-sodas-our whiskys-and-sodas," he added, with a laugh-"to drown their sorrows; and there ain't a doubt," said Psalmanezar, who was a vulgar man, with a chuckle, "that they're stunners, and that Laura's the stunningest of the three; but I don't think I should care for her as a daughter-in-law," continued Mr. Psalmanezar.

"No. I think I should draw the line there," remarked his Lordship. "Then why on earth don't you stop it?" replied Mr. Psalmanezar.

"Stop it!" cried his Lordship, "Stop what?"

"You've always been a good pal to me, Fanfare," remarked Psalmanezar; "it's no business of mine, but they do say, Fanfare, my boy, that Spindles is going to marry her."

Now. Spindles was a nickname that had been bestowed upon young George Blewhard, commonly called Lord Tootle, as the newspapers say; his fellow chappies called him Spindles behind his back and to his face, because hts principal characteriatic was a pair of very thin, long logs. "Don't chaff," said his Lordship,

angrily.

"I'm not chaffing," replied his friend and co-director; "that's the talk here. and I believe it's a straight tip, old man.

"I'm immensely obleeged to you, I'm sure," said his Lordship. He was an old-fashioned nobleman, and he always said obleeged, for the same reason that he wore a chin tuft-not because of his natural wickedness, but because it was the fashion in his young dava

And then Lord Fanfare bounced out of the International Palace of Varieties as though he'd been a frog jumping out of a hot frying-pan.

Next morning he sent for his son. "George," he said, addressing Lord Tootie, "when I die you'll be a rich

"There's nothing like plain speak ing," said Lord Fanfare. "I like you for it," he said. "Now, what on earth do you want to marry my son

"I want to be Lady Fanfare," said Laura Flarer, simply, and she gave her lips a professional bite that made them look ruddler than the cherry.

"And if you married my son, young lady," said his Lordship, "you would, I suppose-er-quit the scenes of your early triumphe?"

"Well, I couldn't go on doing 'turns' as Lady Tootle." replied Miss Flarer, with a toss of the head.

"And have you saved much money out of your professional earnings, Miss Flarer, may I ask? enough to enable you to maintain my son in the position to which he has been aceustomed?"

And then the lady laughed, a dear, delightful, silvery, unartificial, musical music hall sort of little laugh. "There's a bill of sale on the furniture," she said, "and I owe Psalmanezar five hundred; but Tootle's a Lord, you know," added Miss Flarer, with a smile.

"No, he ain't," replied his Lordship; "he's only a courtesy Lord; he's just electroplate, my dear young lady, that's all."

"I'll marry him all the same," said the lady.

"There's no other way out of it." thought Lord Fanfara "Tootle's a pig-headed fellow, and she will marry him, and then the fat'll be in the fire. Madam," said the old nobleman, "I have other views for my son George. Would you mind naming a figure?" "It won't do, old gentleman," said Miss Flarer. "I mean to be Lady Fanfare some day or other, and it won't do. If you was to paper this room with bank notes, my Lord, it 'ud be no manner of use."

"And that's your last word. madam." asked his Lordship. "That's my last word," replied the ldest and the plumpest of the three

plump Miss Flarers. "Then here goes," said his Lordship

to himself as he pulled up his shirt collar, and then, to the lady's intense astonishment, he suddenly dropped upon his knees, he placed his hand upon his heart, and, modeling himself upon the lover of the melodramas, he began as follows, in an impassioned tone:

"Miss Flarer, you see at your feet the chief of his house, the fourteenth Lord Fanfare, who begs to place at your disposition his hand, his title and his heart. Do-not-er-blight my young lufe by a hasty refusal. You want to be Lady Fanfare. Be Lady Fanfare-be Lady Fanfare immediately. Here is a special license," he said, and he drew a large envelope from his pocket. "There is a clorgyman in my cab at the door; our nuptials can take place at once. I am, as you are aware, a wealthy man. Need I say more?" At first Miss Flarer was taken aback

aback to answer. "You will have your joke." she said. "I assure you I'm perfectly serious," said Lord Fanfare, rising to his feet. "Pray do not keep me longer in suspense, my dear young lady."

"O, Lord Fanfare," cried Miss Flarer, "I feel as if I was going to faint. You ain't laughing at me?" "Madam," replied Lord Fanfare,

son is construed into an admission of the innocence of the party is supposed to be established.

In the present case the ovidence established that the pressure on the ac- early are sure to be lacking in comcused was not merely moral; they were forced to dip their hands into the burning oil. No force seems to have been used in bringing them to the scene of the ordeal; they collected there in response to the orders of the headman, who, seated on a platform opposite the vessel of oil, appears to have acted as the presiding judge. Each of the complainants deposed to the fact that they were reluctant to submit to the ordeal, but were forcibly has woll henled.

icagged up to the caldron by the other two accused, and their hands plunged into the boiling oil. They all the bosh and nonsense to be got had sufficient self-control to abstain from calling out, except a boy of seventeen, who cried out lustily, and was thereupon pronounced the guilty one. The judge took the fact that it was a custom into account, but refused to dismiss the prisoners with a warning as suggested by their counsel. Ho fined them one hundred rupecs each. with the alternative of rigorous imprisonment for ten months .-- London Times.

-----IRISH COAST POVERTY.

How the Peasants of Bantry Bay Get a Precarlous Living.

Besides tishing up herring and bake the poor people at the head of Bantry Bay fish up sand Sand raising, as it is called, is as important an industry as catching fish. This kind of sand, known sometimes as coral sand, is used as farm manure, and costs from 8 to 9 shillings a boat load-a poor price considering the tollsome character of the work and cost of the boats required to carry it on. A sand-boat costs £35 when new and £2 a year in repair. The utmost a boat owner or partner can do in a day is to bring to shore two boat loads. The proceed have to be divided among a number of workers, while the working season lasts for a portion of the year only. In spite of their life-long labor from

morning to night, in winter and sum-A man can have only one first love; mer and in calm and in storm, these Crofter fishermen are in a state of chronic poverty. They do not live by their scrappy patches of holdings. They earn with difficulty from the sea barely enough to buy sleeping room and a foothold on the land. They even do more than that; they

partly create, with the help of the sea the very soll for which they pay rent. The deposit which they call coral sand they have used to reclaim these shores of rock and bog. They have used the seawced for the same purpose, cutting it up from the deep water with a primitive machine, which may e described as a marine scythe, and the seaweed has to be paid for, if not as a separate item, then as included in the holding. Coral sand, seaweed, the refuse of house and pig-sty, and basket loads of soil found among the bowlders, these are the ingredients out of which, after years of work, the crofter fishermen have produced the tiny green patches which dot innumerably the rocky shores and the graybrown sides of the sterile but Incomparably picturesque mountains that surround Glengraiff, the beautiful. And the dwellings of these hard-work- undertake to discipline him, to induce

vast amount of misery. Marriage guilt. If no such exclamation is made, would, indeed, be a failure. The worst of all marriages are early marrlages, and the next worst are late marriages. Those that are very mon sense. The first experiences are babyish, and the result is childish quarrela. The two contend over trifles, and, as for very late marriages, here again there is quarreling over trifles, because each one has learned to have undisputed sway over personal matters. The ideal marriage follows soon after the first love has faded and the disappointment of burst bubbles and vanished air castles If, unfortunately, the first love ends

in a speedy wedding, there is first of rid of. I do not mean that the gush of first affection, the overflow and flooding of spring tenderness, are in themselves nonsense, but they become nonsense when carried over to our work-a-day world. They have their place, but not in the family. If they get there they have to be get rid of. And the coming down from siry castles to "cottages in some vast wilderness," and from that to plain city flats, with a daily round of dreadful ; sure of faise coloring and extravaprosaic duties, is neither easy nor

often successful. The chances are that the change will come as a collapse and all affection will fall flat into disgust. The woman is likely first to come to the practical issue, and will either despise the spoony style of her partner, if he beyoung and tender, or

she will play a pettish part, as she was used to do with her mother. A woman rarely, although sometimes, takes first love in the serious way that the boy does. She is never more different from man than at this point. She is more accustomed to affection. and to its outbursts. While it is true that a girl who has loved often is unfit to be a true partner with one, yet It must be understood that a girl is always in love. Her friendships are of the same nature as love. Most girls are by nature prepared to serve as our first loves.

I venture the surmise that a girl may have several. In this way a noble girl is able to break in and tame and render marriageable half a dozen lada. I think I know one or two old maids who were peculiarly burdened in early life with lovers, but every one of them first lovers. They were sensible enough to comprehend this, and, instead of seizing on one of the susseptible youths, marrying him out of hand, and so securing an escape from old maidism, they did what was sensible and right, and are the happier for it. But they keep souvenirs of those days, and look them over with a very gentle touch. Indeed, I think those

first loves served them, and still serve,

to keep their hearts warm. The ben-

efft of first love is most largely to man;

and the injury of its dissipation less

First love affects different natures

according to their make-up. If one

be already of a sensitive, gontle and

rather soft texture, this first love is

likely to make him actually idiotic for

a time. He becomes such a simple-

ton that his friends feel that he must

be taken in hand. The wisest of them

hurtfal to woman.

ing people! They are more fit for the him to restrain his gush and show

