

"My dear Mr. Arago, what a splendid

Mrs. Hee Lee, wife of the leading merchant of Chinatown,died Wedndesday afternoon. She belonged to the upper ten among her people, and was laid out in a high-toned style yesterday. She is said to have been a is inconsolable. The Transcript reporter, ing that the old man was not as cheerful as usual, and that a cloud had actiled over his

heap nice gal. Me no know what to do. Tradee welly bad ; me no estchem money

guilty of wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is acked for them, and one, at least, we know of.—Hop Bitters. The writer has had comain to use