

What shall I do? I have nothing to wrap around me, and shall have to stay here, oh dear! It is so uncomfortable! The face turned to mine was the face of a spoiled child.

Now I had a fine English rug, which I had used at night, for you know every thing at sea is so horribly damp. It had been a great comfort to me, and I knew that I should miss it. But what of that? I could see the woman I loved suffer. So I got it, I tucked her all up in it, and she smiled and repaid me for the sacrifice.

"Oh, how nice!" she said, as she put her hands under the rug. It seems to me Mr. Remington, that you have every thing in such a comfortable way. I never heard of such a comfortable thing in my life. I am so glad that I came under your care.

I was so love-stricken that I did not reflect upon her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that I could see her all the while. I was so glad that she should be made comfortable.

Every day I had it upon my lips to tell her of my love. Each day I would go to her. She would put her little soft hand on my arm in the most comforting way, and I would look at her, and she would smile and look at me, and I would feel that I was loved.

I pressed the little hand close to my heart, and after a moment said, "I will come to see you when you are in New York, won't you?"

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"Oh, Mr. Remington, I had no opportunity of returning your jewelry, and so I packed them with my things. But you are coming, you know, and I will give them to you."

"Certainly," I said. "There is no time for us to change them now. Wear them until I see you again."

I had fully made up my mind that I would now wait until I had seen her own home before I opened my heart to her, or rather before I asked her to marry me. She already knew my heart.

The widow was straining her eyes, and suddenly leaving me and going further forward I saw her throw a look at me. How I longed to catch it!

I looked with jealous eyes to see who would take it up and answer it. For a moment among the crowd was a great big man—six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning the kisses.

I watched him come on board, and what did the big idiot do but catch her up in his arms—my sweet one, whom, though I loved, I had never dared to touch—my kiss her over and over again! I could have knocked him down.

Her husband! And I thought she was a widow, and had made her home in a room, and a decent unpleasant one it was, too. I believe he thanked me, and she praised, and he thanked me again, and then they argued me to come to see them, and she said, "Don't forget Saturday."

What was this but the end? Why had I come home? I could hear them talking, though too miserable to listen. They came nearer, and the same soft voice that I loved so dearly said, "Mr. Remington, I have been thinking about you, telling how good and kind you have been, and how much I love you. I should have had you not always looked out for my comfort. I have come to thank you, and my husband wants to thank you, too."

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WASHINGTON LETTER. (From our Regular Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, March 26, 1879. Up to the moment of the Democratic House caucus, the contest between Mr. Randall and his young southern competitor seemed to be a neck and neck race. Such are the illusions of political canvases. As soon as the members met in political caucus, and voting commenced it was seen that the Pennsylvania was far ahead of the Kentucky. During the last week the general interest in the contest has kept Washington in a state of excitement, and every evening the south wing of the Capitol was crowded with a dense throng of spectators, and of those who had come from a distance, and of the class well known in Washington as office seekers. The disappointment and anger of 90 per cent of the class this morning is unexpressed except in bad language. Anticipating a charge from outsiders Mr. Cuyler, chairman of the caucus, gave directions to the large corps of doorkeeps to surround the entrance, and guard the stairways leading to the House. Visitors were permitted to enter the lower floor as they pleased, but their progress up stairs was stopped at every turn by guards, who said they had orders to pass nobody except members.

Dr. Helmbold had a few years ago was famed throughout the whole civilized world as probably the shrewdest business man in the line of pharmacy. He has produced a number of his name will also recall to the minds of many the splendid establishments at Saratoga, Newport, Long Beach, Baltimore, and many other Eastern cities, of which he was owner.

The splendid parade in which the Doctor's six beautiful quines of the sweetest and simplest in the whole country formed the most prominent attraction on the occasion of the celebration of the peace jubilee in New York City between Germany and the United States in 1871. It will also be brought to recollection, owing to the brilliant history which Dr. Helmbold has made for himself, his untiring, broken down old man, but such is not the case. He is as vigorous, as active, and as quick witted as ever.

One can not be long in conversation with the Doctor until it is found that he is wonderfully versatile in all lines of thought, and very fluent in expression. A short biographical sketch of the Doctor seems just in the back of the Doctor's Contemner and Dry Skin.

He was born in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1831, and educated at the Central High School of the same city. He afterwards graduated at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and on the occasion of his graduation at that institution wrote a thesis on "Extracts of Beech and Sarsaparilla," which drugs he afterwards brought into such prominence.

In 1848 he learned the business of pharmacy with George W. Carpenter, and started up in that line for himself in 1852, on the northeast corner of Broad and Brown streets, Philadelphia, where he carried on the business with such wonderful success that he was soon compelled to remove to a larger building, No. 330 Chestnut street. From that time he has met with every encouragement, and before he had attained the age of thirty-five he had himself proprietor of three of the largest and most handsome drug stores in America, and before he reached forty he had handled about \$400,000.

The Doctor attributes his almost incredible success to a liberal use of Dr. Helmbold's Buchu, and for advertisements.

His name appeared in 4,000 journals in connection with extensive advertisements, which comprised those of the United States, South America, the West India Islands, Canada, and the Old World. By the kind treatment which he has received at the hands of the press of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other kindred cities throughout the Union, his confidence over the entire country will soon be restored.

ready picking, crops were precarious, and the farmer found himself from the very beginning unable to meet the interest in full. The mortgagee remained patient under partial payments for four years, the last of which was comparatively favorable and promised better things for the future. The crops, however, had no sooner been gathered than these bankers, leading the van of transient creditors, left on the whole yield. This measure forced a foreclosure of the mortgage with the usual results. A well-meaning, industrious farmer, with no fault of his own save an ear too open to persuasion, finds himself in the midst of a life stripped to the skin and turned out to begin again. Yet all this is done under forms of law to which no man can object. A sentiment of a legal conscience can drink his glass, wipe his lips, say amen, and go on to the next case—Sunday Afternoon.

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Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Conch, Blisters, Sore Throat, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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