

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 8.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

THE GOLD THAT WEARS.

We parted one eve at the garden gate. When the dew was on the heather. And I promised my love to come back to her ere the pleasant autumn weather...

COMPOUND

She cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair. And I kissed her lips of cherry. And gave her a ring of the old-time gold. With a stone like the mountain berry...

FLUID EXTRACT

The wealth of my love is all I have to give you, she said in turning. The gold that wears like the radiant stars in your blue vaults burning!

BUCHU.

Fa's love for me is for many years. And the blue sea rolls between us. Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress. And made fresh vows to Venus...

PHARMACEUTICAL.

Now comes the time, And we live and love together.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world. Rheumatism, Spermatorrhoea, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Aches and Pains, General Debility, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Epilepsy, Head Troubles, Paralysis, Spinal Diseases, Sciatica, Deafness, Decline, Lumbago, Catarrhs, Nervous Complaints, Female Complaints, &c.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach,

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, etc. It cures indigestion, flatulency, and all the ailments of the stomach and bowels.

PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. Patients may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

- 1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office.
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. How long have you been in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion or color of hair and eyes?
8. Have you any stopping or erect stools?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.
Competent Physicians attend to correspondence. All letters should be addressed to Dispensary, 1217 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Alice May.

"Never saw so many vases in my life before!" observed Harry Elmer, staring around at the shelves. "Did not know it was possible to make 'em into so many different shapes."

"And, in truth, the exclamation was not altogether uncalled for. Great Pompeian vases of red clay stood in rows on the floor—high-shouldered Etruscan vases, with slender necks and picturesque twisted handles, were arrayed on shelves—several Greek outlined vases crowded the windows, and dragon-shaped jars crowded one another in every nook and corner. And our hero, looking confusedly around, with his hands in his pockets, began almost to feel as if he were changing into pottery himself."

"I want pictures on that," said he. "Birds, flowers, beetles, or something?" The shopman shook his head at this. "We only keep plain ware," said he. "But I can give you the address of a young person who paints them to order."

"All right," said Harry Elmer. "Give me the vases." And in less than five minutes he was in search of the place designated on his card. "Oh, yes," the baker's wife on the first floor answered cheerily. "The young woman who painted vases did live there. She rented the third story back room, and worked very hard, poor thing. If the gentleman would walk up stairs, and knock at the first door on the left, at the top of the second flight of stairs, it would be all right."

"And Harry Elmer stumbled up the dark stairway. "Come in!" And with a final stammer, our hero found himself in a little room where the sunshine streamed through ivy and wax plants, and a table in the middle was heaped with half-decorated china, tubes of color, sheaves of brushes, and portfolios of sketches. Of course it was the modest little atelier of an unpretending artist—once could have pronounced that at a glance. And, working away at a sketch of a scarlet-winged bird, as if her very life depended on it, sat a slender young girl, with a scarf falling away from her shoulders, and a veil of flaxen hair drooping over her face.

"She laid down her hair brush at this apparition of the stranger. "Who are you?" "I beg your pardon," stammered Harry, with an unaccountable sensation of embarrassment. "but—are you the young woman that paints vases?"

"Of course I am!" said the golden-haired little artist. "Don't you see me painting one now?" "I want these decorated," said Harry. "Can I get them done here?" "Of course you can," said the girl, surveying them critically. "A nice shape—pretty ware! Suitable for blue birds, or roses, I should think."

"And what shall you charge?" "Five dollars each," said Harry. "Isn't that a good deal?" said Harry. "Not for a piece of artistic work," said the girl. "Of course if you don't like the price you can go elsewhere."

"You are very independent for an artist," said Harry, smiling in spite of himself. "Why shouldn't an artist be as independent as anyone else?" said the young girl. "Well," said Harry, "I'll leave them, and I'll call for them in a week."

"Very well," said the young lady. "They shall be ready." So our hero took his departure, with the deep, blue eyes of the young artist haunting him as he went. "It must be a hard way of earning one's living," said he to himself. "And artists are always poor. I suppose there's a mother at home, and perhaps a rheumatic old father, and a swarm of helpless little brothers and sisters. After all I don't know as five dollars a vase is too much to pay—and she is very pretty!" At the end of a week he called for his vases. They were ready and packed, but the golden-haired girl was not there. "Where's the artist?" demanded Harry, considerably disappointed.

"She ain't here to-day," said a lad, who was drumming with his fingers on the window. "I'm tending to the business."

"Dear Harry, it's so lucky that you came up here just now," said his sister radiantly. She was sitting at her window, and Harry Elmer sat opposite her, sunburned, handsome and stalwart. "Didn't know what else to do," jawed Harry. "Everybody was out of town, and there wasn't a soul to speak to."

"Miss Mayne is to be here next week," interrupted Mary Elmer, breathlessly. "And who is Miss Mayne?"

"Don't you know? The heiress—the beauty—the girl who owns half of a town."

"I don't see how that concerns me," said Harry. "Oh, Harry! why shouldn't you be the one to marry her?" Harry Elmer made no answer, but he thought of the golden-haired young artist, with the sea blue eyes and the skin like velvet.

"I wonder what has become of her!" pondered he. And all Harry's chatter about the heiress "who owned half a town" was thrown away on his inattentive ears. But, early the next morning when he waded out to smoke his cigar on the shore of the lovely lake, when the mists were just beginning to be tinted with rose and gold, he perceived a light figure whose floating white robes seemed almost a part of the rolling vapors—a girl with both hands full of roses.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "It's the artist!"

"And at the same time she recognized him with a smile. "I don't know your name," said she; "but I believe you are the gentleman who wanted the vases painted."

"My name is Elmer," said he, advancing with a glad face. "And yours?" "That call me May," said the girl, with equal frankness. "Isn't it strange that we should chance to meet here, Miss May?" said Elmer, holding the slim little hand longer than was absolutely necessary.

"Things do happen strangely in this world," said she, laughing. "Take care, you will make me drop my roses."

"I suppose you're getting studies, sketches, and things for your painting?" hazarded Harry.

"And so they wandered off into the woods, where the level rays of the sunrise were lighting up the leafy awns with kaleidoscopic glitter and the birds were warbling joyously.

"She'll be here at the hall to-night," said Miss Elmer, with the St. Michaels. "Do you mean—?" "I mean the heiress, of course."

"Oh, hang the heiress!" exclaimed Harry Elmer, impatiently. "Look here, I've something to tell you; I'm engaged to be married."

"To Miss May, the sweetest little angel you ever saw."

"Well, no—not in a money point of view, but I love her."

"Harry, are you mad!" shrieked Miss Elmer. "Not in the least."

Winter in Ottawa.

Lord Lorne has been having a skating and tobogganing party at Ottawa. First, there was the ice, in splendid condition, which was a small basin covered by a bank of snow in the upper part, while cleverly arranged on a framework, at the end there gleamed out in gigantic letters of light the words "Happy New Year." On the margin of this frozen lake there had sprung up a real backwoods shanty, with timbers squared on two sides so as to fit closely, and showing the roughest rough bark of trees on the outside. The inside was warmly wainscoted and comfortably appointed, it being intended for the use of skaters. Nothing prettier can be imagined that the night of the skaters as they went through evolutions of the most complicated nature under the soft, warm light of the lanterns and the sharp, cheerful ring of their own skates. Quadrilles and figure-cutting were the order of the night, and if there were one skater less another in which a pretty costume and graceful shape can be shown to advantage, it is the last, where, as the centre of a circle of admiring and jealous eyes, a young lady can twirl round in a regular blanket red, very much the fashion, and dainty coquetish little "toques" of red and blue, or still more charming caps of seal-skin set off the hair in the twinkling of an eye.

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Fishing for sharks.

At the head of the harbor, seven miles east of the town of Nantucket, is a place called Wauwinnet composed of two rude structures, which were always used for the purpose of serving. Several steam and sail yachts ply between Nantucket and Wauwinnet, making two round trips each day. The fare is 20 cents each way, and the trip is a charming one. At Wauwinnet only a bank of sand and an eighth of a mile wide separates the main eastern shore of the island. Here we find a party of sturdy fishermen, who take us on a shallop, expedition. We embark in "shoals" and are carried out to larger whale boats anchored a short distance from shore. Sail is then hoisted, and having reached half or three-quarters of a mile from shore, the shallop is dropped, and we begin. Large fish hooks are set long connected by a yard of chain to lines as thick as your little finger and baited with a dozen small perch are thrown into the water, which is then anchored at a fathom deep. The bait rests on the bottom and the fisherman holds his line suitably taut to enable him to feel a bite. He does not have to wait long. A violent tugging tells him that he has hooked a fish. The fisherman jumps ashore, and the united efforts of two or three are required to draw the animal's nose to the gunwale of the boat. Then while some hold him there others begin to fish him, which, if not well protected with fishskin, is a still dangerous proceeding. Blow after blow on the nose is kept up until the animal is completely stunned, his tail meanwhile keeping up a regular thumping, which, if not well protected with fishskin, is a still dangerous proceeding. Blow after blow on the nose is kept up until the animal is completely stunned, his tail meanwhile keeping up a regular thumping, which, if not well protected with fishskin, is a still dangerous proceeding.

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That Awful Cow.

There probably isn't a woman in North America who isn't afraid of cows, and isn't a cow in North America which would harm one hair of any woman's head if it had the least chance in the world and no other job to do. Recently a stray cow, perhaps from the country for a taste of baled hay found a gate open and entered a yard on Second street, Detroit. The woman who owned the cow saw it and called for the dog. The dog didn't come and the cow didn't scare. The woman shook a pillow at the cow and pe-e-e-e-porally ordered her off the premises, but the bovine creature, with her eyes and let her thought run ahead to fly time. As the cow didn't go, and as the woman couldn't go till the dog did, stern measures were resorted to. A tin pan was held out of the window and the cow's head was thrown at her. She was fooled into believing that Fourth of July had come. Then the woman went to the back yard to throw clubs over the fence. The cow received the first club and then she was thrown away as she had got home from a long visit to Europe. The woman next appeared at a side window and called to the cow to "get out." A dog might have "got" to the cow didn't. Then the woman threw a rag at the cow and called for the dog. The dog didn't come and the cow didn't scare. The woman shook a pillow at the cow and pe-e-e-porally ordered her off the premises, but the bovine creature, with her eyes and let her thought run ahead to fly time. As the cow didn't go, and as the woman couldn't go till the dog did, stern measures were resorted to. A tin pan was held out of the window and the cow's head was thrown at her. She was fooled into believing that Fourth of July had come. Then the woman went to the back yard to throw clubs over the fence. The cow received the first club and then she was thrown away as she had got home from a long visit to Europe. The woman next appeared at a side window and called to the cow to "get out." 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