CITY AND VICINITY. | HAPPY VACATION DAYS. | SACKETS HARBOR. | JASON HIGGINS TRIAL. | WATER FOR CARTHAGE. | FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

THE DUCHESS' DILEMMA.

The Argosy.

The Duke and Duchess of Syke were great potentates in their own land—looked upon as royal personages by the smaller people who surrounded them. The duke's property was of great extent and value, and the duchess had also inherited a large fortune from her brother. Thus they were enabled to keep up a very large establishment and live in a very stately fashion.

The duke was extremely handsome and dignified, and truth to tell, exceedingly dull. He had very few opinions of his own; but was always ready to adopt those of his really clever wife; and she, wisely, did her best to prevent his appearing the nonentity which he was by constantly quoting him as an authority. "The duke says,"—or, "The duke is of the opinion,"—or "The duke"—being phrases that frequently fell from her lips.

The duchess, besides being clever, was a wonderfully handsome woman, nearly as tall as her husband, with a queenly presence, and features that, though somewhat severely classical, were wonderfully beautiful. She always wore handsome clothes—rich velvets, satins and brocades, priceless lace and magnificent jewels—knowing that they became her right well. She was terribly proud, and never ceased to deplore the state of modern society.

The only child of this couple, the Marquis of Eliot, was, alas, a sad disappointment to his parents. He was small, insignificant looking, and anything but clever. As a child he had been terribly delicate, and in consequence he had never been able to go to school, but had a tutor and masters at home. The one advantage in this arrangement being as his mother said: "He would not make undesirable acquaintances; both Eton and Harrow are becoming terribly mixed. The great aim of vulgar, pushing people is to send their sons to one of these schools, so as to effect an introduction to the boys of a class superior to their own."

Perhaps owing to his never having been to school, and his delicacy having kept him much in the background, Lord Eliot was extremely shy and awkward; he seldom spoke and made no friends. As he grew up, the duchess was in despair about him—he showed absolutely no taste for any particular line—he was neither politician, scholar nor sportsman, and disliked society. In fact, he was merely a deadly dull young man.

As soon as his "coming-of age" festivities were over, the duchess began to look out for a wife for her son. It was important he should marry. The Duke's next brother's eldest son was fast and extravagant, and had married a vapid little lady whose conduct scandalized her husband's family terribly; and the thought that she should ever be Duchess of Syke was intolerable. So many eligible young ladies, whose birth and breeding were such as to make them suitable and desirable for so high a position, were invited with their parents to visit the duke and duchess, in hopes that Lord Eliot would fancy one of them. That any well-brought up girl should think of refusing so great an alliance never entered the duchess's head. Alas! one after another came and went—Lord Eliot made no sign—he avoided the sirens, one and all, and, if forced to be in their company, hardly spoke. For two years this had gone on; the duchess had frequently said: You ought to marry, Eliot;" and he always replied meekly: "Yes, mamma, by-and-by," still no progress did he make to the desired end.

The winter of 188— was very severe. The marquis caught a chill, and for some weeks his health caused great anxiety. Then the doctors said he must spend the spring in a warmer climate. Nice was chosen, and, as his parents were unable to leave home at that time, the duchess settled that her nephew, Lord George Chatfield, a younger son of her brother, the Marquis of Danecourt, should accompany his cousin.

Lord George was rather a favorite of his aunt's. He was an astute young gentleman, knew how to play upon her weak points, and had early found out, as the very liberal allowance he received from his father could easily be spent before the next year's installment was due, an occasional "tip" from the duchess, who was generous to those she liked, was by no means unwelcome. So he had, with a good grace, endured the dullness of Craigholm Castle, Panshere Park, the Wilderness and various other abodes of the duke's and the society of his still duller cousin, many a time and oft, knowing that when his visit drew to a close a check for a really substantial sum would find its way into his not unwilling hand.

He really was of a kindly nature, and, though himself a good shot and fearless rider, did not openly show that he despised Lord Eliot and considered him a "poor creature" because he could do neither. Consequently, his cousin had more liking for George than for any of the other relations, who never concealed their contempt for a "wretched weakling who has no manliness about him," as they were wont to think and say.

A visit to Nice at that time suited Lord George admirably. He knew that all expenses would be paid with a liberal hand, and at the moment he was specially hard up, "very much in Short street," as he expressed it. So a temporary absence from home and too importunate duns, in a bright and cheery place like Nice, and within reach of Monte Carlo, was not all a bad prospect. The preparations were soon made, rooms in the best hotel taken, and, accompanied by courier, valets and a whole paraphernalia of traveling comforts provided by the duchess, the cousins left England and fog for bright skies, clear air and all the other delights of the sunny South of France.

Lord Eliot wrote home regularly. His letters were like himself—not very interesting. "I feel stronger, and George and I have been on several long drives. The weather is charming—so nice to go out without being nipped into by an east wind. Hope you are both well." This was the sum and substance of all his letters, and his parents, knowing their son, did not expect more.

After two months at Nice, Lord Eliot wrote that, feeling much better, his cousin had persuaded him to dine at the table d'hote. "George thinks it will be more cheerful than in our private apartment," he exclaimed. Altogether, the Nice trip seemed to be a success.

The duke and duchess were spending the spring months at Panshere Park. The post arrived at breakfast time, and one morning early in April the duchess found a pile of letters beside her plate.

"One from Eliot," she said, taking it up and opening it, and, as usual, began to read it aloud:

"My Dear Mamma—You have always urged me to marry, so I am sure you will be glad to hear of my engagement. I trust you will like Maud—she is very pretty, and says her waist is only seventeen inches. Your affectionate son, Eliot."

"Engaged!" exclaimed both parents.

"Who can it be—why does he not write more fully? Maud? It must be one of the Fullerton girls. I know they are at Nice, and they are the only people he has mentioned in his letter." And the duchess hurriedly went to the library and returned with a large peerage, which she opened and turned to the entry. "Glanmere, Duke of," and hastily glanced down the long list of children. "Yes, it must be," and she read out: "Lady Maud Geraldine Flora, the third daughter." I knew Alice Glanmere brought out a girl this year, and she was thought very pretty; they are all charming, well-bred and accomplished; nothing could be better. We must write to the dear boy at once."

"No doubt, my love, you are right. So clever of you to guess it, for Eliot's letter is very vague."

"Ah! here's a letter from Jane Cromlie from Nice—perhaps this will tell us something—she knows the Glanmeres so well," and the duchess hastily opened another letter in a thin foreign envelop and read aloud:

"Dearest Katharine: I do not wish to be officious and disagreeable, but I do think it right you should know that Eliot is making himself very conspicuous here with a family called Jobson. ('Good gracious!' interpolated the duchess, 'what a dreadful name. Dear Maud will soon stop that.') They are staying at his hotel, which is doubtless how he met them, and for the last fortnight, wherever they go, Eliot is in attendance. They are as vulgar as their name. The mother is quite too impossible; the daughters pretty in a flashy, underbred style, and ridiculously over-dressed—noisy, fast and altogether terrible. Alice Glanmere, who stayed at the same hotel, was horrified to see Eliot in such company. She and her charming girls have now gone to Florence. She tried to persuade your son to go with them, but he was so infatuated with Miss Maud Jobson"—

The duchess' voice, as she read, had become more and more agitated. When she came to the name she positively screamed.

"Miss Maud Jobson! Oh, Frederick, this is too terrible! How can we stop this horrible thing? Miss Maud Jobson—how can Eliot be such a fool—to think we should allow it?"

"But, my dear, I thought you told me Eliot was engaged to Lady Maud Fullerton?" The duke, having got one idea in his head, had not yet grasped the second.

"So I thought—so I hoped—but this letter throws a new light," and the frantic lady sank into a chair, with her son's letter in one hand and Lady Jane Cromlie's in the other.

"We must go to Nice, at once—telegraph—do something. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Is there no letter from George?" asked the duke.

"I never looked. Yes, here is one," and the duchess hastily opened and read the following:

"My Dear Aunt: Eliot tells me he has written to inform you of his engagement. I really do not know what to say about it—I was as much surprised as you no doubt are. Fact is, I felt a little low myself, and went away for a few days' change." N. B.—He did not think it necessary to explain that the "lowness" was chiefly in a financial point of view, and that he had gone to Monte Carlo and enjoyed a very successful week there. "And when I returned Eliot informed me that he was engaged to Miss Maud Jobson. I was not aware he even knew these people, who, though staying at the hotel, we had never spoken to before I left. I begged of him to write and consult you and my uncle before anything was settled, but he answered that, although he should, of course, write to you, everything was settled, but I do trust you will not think I am to blame in the matter. Believe me, your affectionate nephew,

GEORGE CHATFIELD."

"It must be stopped! Let us telegraph to Eliot to come home at once. It can not be allowed. Jobson! 'She says her waist is only seventeen inches.'" The duchess groaned as she read the words.

Telegrams were at once dispatched to Lord Eliot and his cousin, urging immediate return; and the duke and duchess left Panshere for [illegible], having telegraphed their intention to him.

The days before the travelers could arrive were terribly long to the anxious parents, but at length a telegram came from Dover:

"Shall be in town by lunch time.
"GEORGE CHATFIELD."

"Why does not Eliot telegraph himself?" they wondered; but when at 1 o'clock Lord George alone entered the room where his uncle and aunt sat anxiously expectant, they both exclaimed breathlessly:

"Oh, George, where is he! Has he not come home?"

"Yes; he has come home, but so have the Jobsons, and they have persuaded him to go with them straight to Brighton, where they live."

"To Brighton!—we must follow at once. Oh, George, how could you allow him to suppose for one moment that we should consent to this? How did he ever meet these people?"

"Well, it appears that Miss Maud Jobson has a much cherished poodle, and one day at Nice the animal was nearly run over by a passing fiacre. Eliot happened to be standing near and seized the creature from under the advancing wheels just in time to save its life. Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, full of effusive gratitude, and no doubt, knowing who the rescuer was, made no end of fuss over the courage, promptitude, etc., that had saved their pet, and having thus made the acquaintance, continued to follow it up by every means in their power. 'Darling Boo-boo's brave rescuer' must accompany them for drives, walks, to the play, etc. They had their places put next him at the table d'hote—and Eliot, never having been regarded as a hero before,"—and Lord George smiled deprecatingly at his aunt, who made a gesture of disgust and impatience—"took kindly to the homage. In fact, when I returned to Nice, he informed me of his engagement. Of course, I wrote to you at once, and believe Eliot did so also."

There was nothing for it but pursuit to Brighton. And there that evening the duke and duchess had a long, and on one side, stormy interview with their son and heir. They argued, entreated and even threatened—it was no use—Lord Eliot, like most weak people, was terribly obstinate. He had made up his mind to marry Miss Jobson, and opposition only made him more determined.

"We must now try the other side," moaned the duchess, as her son left the room. "Surely they can be bought off."

Next day the duchess of Skye drove up to the door of No. 250 Marine Parade. "Such a good house," she sighed. "No lack of money, I fear, which will make it so much more difficult to buy them off." Mrs. Jobson was at home, and the house inside bore many evidences of wealth. It was gaudy, ostentatious, vulgar—much gilding, huge mirrors, brightly colored, new. The duchess groaned in spirit as she recognized the difficulties before her.

The drawing-room was vacant when the duchess was ushered in, and she had time to glance around. Furniture covered in blue satin, gilt legs and backs, masses of draperies in most inappropriate places, tables covered with photograph frames—no books, no work, no flowers—everything tasteless and showy. After a few minutes' waiting, the door opened, and the owner of all this appeared, and well matched her surroundings. A large, stout woman, very much made up, with masses of false yellow hair, dressed in the most ultra-fashionable style—a bright green dress, elaborately made and trimmed heavily with gold embroidery, innumerable diamond brooches, bangles, rings—one glittering mass.

"My dear duchess, how kind of you to come so soon; Maud will be in directly." And, smiling effusively, Mrs. Jobson advanced with outstretched hand. But her heart somewhat failed her as the duchess, ignoring the hand, merely bowed stiffly.

"Madame," she began, "I have called to see you on what, I fear, will be an unpleasant business for both."

"Unpleasant," gasped Mrs. Jobson, paling beneath her rouge. "Has anything happened to the marquis?"

"Not that I am aware of. But I have come to tell you this foolish entanglement can no longer go on. The duke absolutely refuses his consent"—

"The marquis is of age; he has promised to marry my daughter; he is not going to get out of it now," interrupted Mrs. Jobson.

"Lord Eliot is entirely dependent on the duke, he has absolutely nothing to marry on."

"But he will be the duke of Skye some day, and Maud will be duchess." And Mrs Jobson faced her antagonist triumphantly. "And here she is," as the door opened, and a tall, showy-looking girl a younger edition of the mother, entered the room.

"I should prefer that this interview be between you and me alone," said the duchess coldly, completely ignoring her daughter-in law elect.

"Oh! ma—if I am not wanted, I'd better go," and Miss Maud, tossing her head disdainfully, flounced out of the room.

"I am empowered by the duke to—to"—the duchess faltered as she glanced at the prosperous, over-dressed woman before her, and her task seemed at each moment more and more difficult—"to—to offer—any—compensation"—

Mrs. Jobson's face grew crimson beneath the paint and pearl powder; she fairly screamed with rage:

"Do you come here to insult us? to offer to bribe us to give up our daughter's future for money?"

The poor duchess was sorely embarrassed: she knew not what to say or do; how persuade these people to see reason. "Do pray consider before you encourage your daughter to take a step which could only lead to misery. Lord Eliot's family would never receive her; they would have nothing to live on; in short, it would be a wretched business."

"You can't prevent her being Marchioness of Eliot now, and Duchess of Skye hereafter? Mr. Jobson will not allow his daughter to starve, whatever you may do by your son!"

The duchess felt fight was her only resource.

"It is useless our prolonging this interview," she said. "I will wish you good morning." And, with a stately bow, she left the room, feeling that nothing had been gained by her most unpleasant mission. In deep dejection she returned to the hotel to give an account of her discomfiture to the duke.

"Well, ma, is the old cat gone?" And Miss Maud Jobson thrust her head in at the door of the drawing-room, where her mother was walking up and down in a state of boiling indignation.

"To insult us by offering money! How dare she! You shall marry him!"

"No, ma; I've come to tell you that I shan't."

"Maud"—Mrs. Jobson sank back into a chair, almost speechless.

"I never liked him. He's a namby-pamby nincompoop, and what's the use of being a marchioness with no money and a family that won't recognize me? No, I'm not going to marry him, and there's an end to it!"

"Maud, you've been listening at the door."

"Of course I have. It was my business you were discussing. I'd a perfect right to listen."

Mrs. Jobson stormed and raged and fumed. To think that her daughter, for whom she had so successfully schemed, should turn traitor and behave so scandalously.

"Do you think you will pick up a greater catch, may I ask? Dukes are not as plentiful as blackberries. What will your father say?"

"I've told pa and he says: 'All right.' He doesn't want me to marry a man I loathe and despise."

"You were willing to marry him at Nice."

"Well, it did seem rather fine, but I've thought better of it"—

"You've been meeting that wretched Alfred Robinson again," screamed Mrs. Jobson; "that's what's at the bottom of your disgraceful conduct."

"There's no disgrace about it, ma. Yes, I've seen Alf this morning and we've settled it all, and pa's willing"—

"A horrid, low fellow! A miserable pill-mixer: this to replace the marquis of Eliot"—

"Alf's a doctor, and he's worth two of the marquis; and you'd better write and tell the duchess that I've given up her son. Perhaps she'll send me a wedding present." And with this parting shot Maud left the room.

Poor Mrs. Jobson! To think that all her grand visions of future glory as the mother of the Marchioness of Eliot and prospective Duchess of Skye should so suddenly collapse. Maud's engagement had been beyond her wildest dreams—a marquis! and to think of that "obstinate, wretched, low-minded girl" (for thus Mrs. Jobson thought of her daughter now,) throwing away such a chance, to marry Alfred Robinson, a young and struggling doctor.

"Wishing me, too, to write and tell the duchess, after all her insolence to me! No, I won't. Let her find it out for herself"—

Mrs. Jobson's younger daughters, Louisa and Blanche, quite sympathized with their mother. Had the marquis happened to fancy one of them, how differently would they have behaved.

"It is too odious of Maud," they cried. "She might think of us. We had so looked forward to her taking us about—even presenting us at court—and now—oh! it is too selfish—we shall never be presented now."

This plaint of Louisa's suddenly inspired Mrs. Jobson with a bright idea. Ah! She would get something out of the broken engagement, after all.

"Girls," she exclaimed, "we shall go to court, and the Duchess of Skye shall present us!"

"Oh, ma! impossible!"

"Not at all. If Maud is determined to throw away such a splendid chance, she shall not be allowed to spoil all our prospects. I will write to the duchess and say that, on condition she presents us at the next drawing-room, Maud shall break off the engagement to her son. No need to tell her that the silly girl intends to do so in any case; and we must make Maud promise to hold her tongue till after the drawing-room; there is one in a fortnight."

"Oh, ma, what a splendid idea. She must be quiet till after that. Do—do write at once."

Maud Jobson entered con amore into her mother's plan. She, too, would like to be presented. No one in their circle of acquaintance had ever penetrated the sacred precincts of Buckingham palace. How the Joneses and Browns and Smiths would open their eyes.

"I don't mind pretending to be engaged to Eliot for so short a time, if I don't have to be bored with him too much," she said.

When the duchess received Mrs. Jobson's letter her wrath and amazement were excessive. "That I should be asked to present that woman and her daughters! such impertinence! such presumption! Good heavens, what next!"

"Well, my dear aunt," said Lord George, who was with her at the moment, "it seems to me a lesser evil than that Eliot should marry into such a family. Very unpleasant, I allow—but still"—

"What is Mr. Jobson, George—one never hears of him?"

"Something in the city, I believe—and heaps of money."

"I have always so strongly disapproved of the influx of dreadful people who have been received at court within the last few years; people who have no claim, no right to force themselves into a place that should be select, but that, alas, is so no longer. How could I explain such a presentation to all those who have known how strong I feel on the subject? No, no; I cannot submit to such degrading terms!"

"Don't write a refusal at once! I quite agree with all you say. It is impertinent, odious—but the alternative seems worse," said Lord George.

At the end of two days the duchess received a second note from Mrs. Jobson, which ran as follows:

"Dear Duchess—Not having as yet had any answer to my letter of the 10th, I write again, as time presses. The drawing-room is on the 23d, and I must ask for an answer at once. Mr. Jobson does not like long engagements, and the marquis is anxious that the wedding should take place next month, so there is no time to lose. I must at once order Maud's trousseau or our trains, and leave it to your grace to say which. Truly yours, AMANDA JOBSON."

The poor duchess! She was indeed driven into a corner. She had always been so staunch an upholder of the principles of her youth. And now that she should have to decide between the marriage of her son to Miss Maud Jobson, or the presentation by herself of this vulgar and obscure family! It was indeed a cruel dilemma.

Finally, Lord George was made the means of the negotiations. He called on Mrs. Jobson and informed her that the duchess would consent to present her (and she could then present her daughters) on condition that Mrs. Jobson would give a written promise to release Lord Eliot from his engagement as soon as the drawing-room was over.

No sooner had Lord George left the house than Mrs. and the Misses Jobson flew to their dressmaker. Mme. Frivola, where they spent many hours choosing the most magnificent dresses in which to appear before the queen. The young ladies were to have white satin and pearls, and Mrs. Jobson selected for herself a brilliant green velvet train to be trimmed with gold, and petticoat of rose-pink satin covered with many colored beads. Then shoes, gloves, fans, etc., had to be bought, bouquets ordered, an appointment made with the photographer to photograph the ladies in all their bravery; "in your largest size," said Mrs. Jobson importantly. The hairdresser had to be written to and engaged, also rooms taken at the Grosvenor Hotel. In fact, the arrangements kept the whole family in a state of pleasurable excitement for days.

Meantime the duchess was in a most unpleasant frame of mind; the worry and annoyance made her positively ill. She and the duke had now taken up their abode in London for the season, and she too had ordered her dress for the drawing-room. "Anything will do," she told her dressmaker, who stared in astonishment. Her grace was in the habit of taking much interest in her dress, and liked to exercise her individual taste considerably, but the whole business was such a humiliation to her this time that she could not bear to think of it. "Happily I have the entree," she said to herself, "so shall merely walk through, and may never see those dreadful people at all."

Some few days before the drawing-room, Mrs. Jobson, who had, by diligent study of the court circular, acquired some insight into the necessary etiquette, wrote a note to the duchess to say that the names for the presentation cards were "Mrs. James Jobson, Miss Jobson, Miss Louisa Jobson; Miss Blanche Jobson." This as a reminder.

The duchess, indeed, required no reminder; the miserable subject engrossed her thoughts. She saw little of her son; he remained in Brighton, and she could not bear the society of even her closest friends. The morning Mrs. Jobson's note arrived, the duchess wrote the customary intimation to the lord chamberlain that she meant to attend the drawing-room "and present Mrs. James Jobson." Having done this, she left the note on her table, meaning to send it in the afternoon, and ordered her carriage to drive to the park. Not very far from Skye House the carriage came to a sudden stop. The duchess looked out to see the cause, and discovered a large crowd in front of the church in that street. At that moment a lady in full bridal costume descended from a hired carriage and entered the church; as the duchess caught sight of her she started and stared in astonishment. "Surely it is—no—it is impossible. Is it Miss Maud Jobson? Can it be she? Surely Eliot is not going to steal a march on us in that way. No bridesmaids, no wedding party. O! I must see," and hastily calling to her footman to open the carriage door, the duchess alighted and entered the church. Yes! there was a wedding going on, but the tall, broad-shouldered bridegroom bore no resemblance to her son, and the bride, could it be—

The duchess listened eagerly for the names, "Alfred Robinson" and "Maud Jobson." Was it possible? might it not be some cousin with the same name? She would make sure.

As the newly wedded pair were leaving the church the duchess stepped up to the astonished bride, who started and blushed. Yes, it must be the same Maud Jobson. Oh, what a relief!

"I can't understand," she exclaimed, feeling she must have some explanation.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," cried the bride, almost in tears. "Ma will be so vexed."

"Come home with me at once," cried the duchess, too much excited to weigh her words, and only feeling she must get at the bottom of the story. And before the bride or bridegroom could speak they were handed into the duchess' brougham and whirled away to Skye House, "Home" being the order given to the astonished servants.

"Now explain," and the duchess waved her hand to Maud and her husband to be seated.

"I never wanted to marry Lord Eliot," faltered the bride, "but ma thought it would be a grand marriage, and so we were engaged. But Alf and I always cared for each other, but when we returned from Nice and I heard the marquis's family hated the thought of his marrying me, I told ma I would not marry him. But we all wanted to be presented, so ma said I must not break off my engagement till after the drawing-room. And then Alf got the promise of a good practice in India, but he must sail tomorrow, so—so we just ran away and were married. I made Frivole make a high body to my court dress, and we were going back this afternoon to tell pa and ma. They'd have kept it quiet till after the 23d; and we go tomorrow. But now—oh, dear, what will ma say?"

The duchess was so overjoyed at the new turn of affairs that she at once became both cordial and kind to the newly married pair whom she had taken such summary possession of. She gave them luncheon and then sent her carriage with them to the hotel they were staying at; and then having first torn up the note to the lord chamberlain, herself drove to Messrs. Hancock and purchased a handsome diamond bracelet, which she sent "with best wishes from the Duke and Duchess of Skye to Mrs. Alfred Robinson."

As to the Jobsons, their consternation was beyond words. A note from the duchess "declining to present Mrs. and the Misses Jobson" arrived just before Maud (who had been supposed to be spending the day in London, shopping,) and her husband appeared.

"Treacherous, underhand minx," and other compliments were showered upon the bride by her affectionate mother and sisters.

"Our trains have just come home"—
"The bouquets ordered"—
"The photographer"—
"What will the Joneses say?"
"And the Browns?"
"And the Smiths?"
"And we shall never be presented now." And Mrs. Jobson and her daughters burst into a flood of hysterical tears.

The Marquis of Eliot took his jilting very calmly. He declined to discuss the subject with his parents, who became more anxious than ever to see him "safely and suitably married."

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No. 7 PADDOCK BUILDING.
Money to Loan On Bond and Mortgage.

CRYSTALS. Heart of Barley. New, marvellous Cereal Food. Ask G[illegible] for it. Also Diabetic Flour. For circulars and free samples, write Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE —TO— VETERAN SOLDIERS.
Gen. H. H. Plaisted, ex Governor of the State of Maine, says his confidence in Brown's Sarsaparilla is based upon personal knowledge of its curative qualities in cases of malaria, and upon a long acquaintance with that eminent physician, Dr. Wm. H. Brown. There are but few soldiers who are not troubled with malaria and diseases of the liver, kidneys and blood, caused by camp life during the war.
Hon. J. P. Bass, ex Mayor of Bangor, Me., was cured of an almost hopeless case of indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, by the use of Brown's Sarsaparilla.
Chief Justice Peters, of Maine, whose family physician Dr. Brown was, stated that to his personal knowledge Dr. Brown was twenty years in perfecting his great remedy for the liver, kidneys and blood, now known as Brown's Sarsaparilla.
Dr. Brown was the family physician of ex-vice President Hannibal Hamlin, of [illegible], in a letter to the proprietors of Brown's Sarsaparilla, says "I had great confidence in Dr. Brown's medical capacity and skill."

BROWN'S Sarsaparilla
is the best. It is prepared from the formula of the late W. H. Brown, M.D., who was one of the most prominent physicians in New England, and hundreds of people pronounce it to be the greatest medical discovery in the world for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood. None genuine unless made by Ara Warren & Co., Bangor, Me.

Paint for Everybody.
The Fibrous and Waterproof Ready Mixed Paint is Used by Many of the Most Extensive Builders in this City and Northern New York. Why? Answer
No. 1. It is the most durable ready mixed paint ever manufactured.
No. 2. It spreads easier and covers more surface than any known paint.
No. 3. The great number and variety of colors exceed anything ever attempted before.
No. 4. The price is within the reach of people in moderate circumstances and those who have to use large quantities.
No. 5. Every practical painter who has used Fibrous paint acknowledges it to be the best and most satisfactory in every respect they ever used.
No. 6. Our sales exceeding five thousand gallons per season show that the people know when they can purchase a paint ready mixed that is not equaled by any other in the market.
BOON & BAKER, WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR NORTHERN NEW YORK AND RETAIL AGENTS FOR WATERTOWN.

PARADISE PARK, Henderson Bay.
THIS Beautiful Summer Resort, [illegible] management, is now open and prepared to accommodate a large number. A large Pavilion has been built adjoining the hotel for the accommodation of all guests. Watertown parties will find this the most convenient and cheapest point to reach for a day's outing. Leave Watertown at 7 a.m. for Sackets Harbor, you connect with the beautiful steamer Canestota, which lands you at the Park dock at 9.30, where you can remain until 3.30 p.m. Then return arriving in Watertown at 6.15. The regular fare for the round trip being only one dollar. Good fishing and a good boat livery always in readiness.
S. H. DICKINSON, Prop., Henderson, N.Y.
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STEAMER ISLAND WANDERER.
Commencing June 3rd, the steamer ISLAND WANDERER will make daily trips between Ogdensburg and Clayton, connecting with trains on the O. & L. C., G. T. and R. W. & O. R. R's, leaving Clayton at 6 a.m., Alexandria Bay at 7 a.m., and arriving at Ogdensburg at 10:30 a.m. Returning, leave Ogdensburg at 2 p.m., arriving at Clayton at 6:45 p.m. The Wanderer stops at all intermediate points.
j7d3m

RICH Cut Glass! FINE LINE OF ART POTTERY AND Sterling Silver. S. L. George, 2 COURT STREET.

Decorate Your Parlors —WITH— Beautiful Family Portraits.
Call and see the new specimens of photos, all sizes from a locket to a full life-size portrait, at the
T. S. Strucke
Studio in the Hubbard Block. A beautiful large photo, half life size, taken direct from life, only $5. Former price $10. A full life-size portrait, taken direct from life, only $10. Former price $20. Old pictures copied and enlarged at astonishingly low prices. Call and see us. Remember the place, HUBBARD BLOCK GALLERY, Watertown, N.Y.

To the Farmers. I will ship a car-load of calves from the Court street yards on Tuesday, July 30. L. H. [illegible]

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MASSENA SPRINGS, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y. [illegible]

H. J. BROWN.

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