

THE HARRY WEEKLY NEWS: MARCH 17, 1877.

HEED THE Words of Advice.

RESPECTFULLY offered by
W. H. TUTT, M.D., for many
years a member of the American
Medical College of Georgia,
and now a member of the New
York Medical Society, and
President of the New York
Medical Association.

THIRTY years' experience in the
treatment of diseases of the
skin, and the thousand cases of
success and the complete recovery
of all the patients who have
been under my care.

TUTT'S PILLS cure all diseases that result from
diseased livers. They are not only
the best, but the most
humane, but for Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Scurvy, Constipation, Piles, Skin Diseases,
Diseases of the Heart, Kidney, Bladder,
Affections, Female Complaints, &c.,
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been under my care.

TUTT'S PILLS REQUIRE NO CHANGE OF
DIET.

TUTT'S PILLS
ARE WHOLLY VEGETABLE.

TUTT'S PILLS
NEVER GIVE OR CAUSE
ATE. 3

THE DEMAND FOR TUTT'S
PILLS is not confined to this
country, but extends to all parts
of the world.

A CLEAR HEAD, elastic limbs,
sound digestion, sound sleep,
bright eyes, and a general
sense of well-being are the
results of the use of
TUTT'S PILLS.

AS A FAMILY MEDICINE
TUTT'S PILLS ARE THE
BEST—PERFECTLY HARM-
LESS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CTS.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
18 MURRAY STREET,
NEW YORK.

DR. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT.

This unrivaled preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures that are recorded in the annals of history. Patients suffering for years from the various diseases of the lungs, after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in traveling and doctoring, have, by the use of a few bottles, entirely recovered their health.

"WON'T GO TO FLORIDA."

New York, August 19, 1874.
Dear Sirs—When in Aiken, last winter, I was so tormented by my cough and rheumatism that I could not go to Florida, and as I intended doing so, I wrote to Dr. Tutt for some friends.

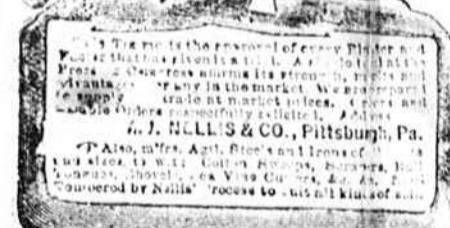
Dr. Tutt, January 11, 1874.
Dear Sirs—When in Aiken, last winter, I was so tormented by my cough and rheumatism that I could not go to Florida, and as I intended doing so, I wrote to Dr. Tutt for some friends.

This certifies that I have recommended the use of Dr. Tutt's Extract of Liver, as a valuable remedy for the past two years, and to me knowledge many patients have been cured by my patients with the most perfect results. In two cases where it was the only remedy administered it has taken the place of all other remedies.

R. H. SPARRELL,
A. W. SPRAGUE,
Druggist.

Price \$1.00. 5
VICTORY BEYOND COMPETITION.

Hollis' Patent
Cotton Flats.



For the first time—Hollis' Patent Cotton Flats. A cotton fabric made of fine cotton, woven in a unique way, so that it is soft, light, and comfortable. It is used in the manufacture of hats, caps, and other articles. It is also used in the manufacture of cotton flannel. Hollis' Patent Cotton Flats are sold at a reasonable price, and are highly recommended by Dr. Tutt.

POND'S EXTRACT
OF
LIVER.

PAINT
GLOBE
White Lead and Mixed Paint Co.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000.
These paints are mixed, ready for use, any shade or color, and sold in any quantity from One Quart to a Barrel.


DO YOUR OWN PAINTING.
There are over 1000 kinds of white lead, zinc paint, &c., & all are sold and ready for use; or our druggists will paint and varnish any article in the ordinary way.

\$25 REWARD!
We reward to the extent of adulteration found in them. Thousands of brands and sizes of the finest waxes in America are put up in these paints. Send for Testimonials of success also for samples and price lists, to the

GLOBE MIXED PAINT CO.,
OFFICE, 76 Cortlandt St., New York,
WORKS,
Cor. MORGAN & WASHINGTON STS., JERSEY CITY

Rest.

Too little rest, too little sleep,
Too many hours to sow and reap—
At last, disease and pain!
Weak grows the never-loosened band;
The strongest rope parts strand by strand
Beneath a ceaseless strain.

Let him who burns his midnight oil
In lonely and unwholesome toll,
Think, when he trims his lamp,
That thus he trims his life as well,
And hastens toward his last low cell—
Its darkness and its damp.

He who would travel far and long,
And keep a steady stride and strong,
Must rest beside the way.
A ceaseless pace at fit may win,
And he who halts at wayside inn,
At last shall win the day.

To weary feet all streams are deep,
All roads are rough, all hills are steep,
As way-worn travelers know.
One hour of rest is priceless boon
To him who toils through heat of noon,
With painful step and slow.

Then ye who hope to make your mark
Here by last night cold and dark,
And stand above the throng,
On some fair, sun-kissed height of thought,
Or do some deed no hand hath wrought,
Work, rest—and so be strong.

A Grave Mistake.

Roger Berton crushed the newspaper in his hand, and uttered an exclamation.

"Well, old fellow, what is it?" cried his friend, Ned Dawkins. "Any one left you half a million?"

For reply Roger handed the paper to him, pointing to the paragraph which had attracted his attention. It read as follows:

"MARRIED AT B.—Aug 21, by the Rev. Edward Duncan, D. D., Samuel Weston to Miss Amy Conway, second daughter of Alvin Conway, Esq."

"What? Is it possible?" exclaimed Ned. "Where is Tennyson?"

"O, my cousin, shallow-hearted! O, my Amy,

mine no more!

O, the dreary, dear moor-land, O, the barren,

baren shore!"

"Ah, it is a fit subject for jesting!" said Roger, angrily.

"A poor fellow, toiling for position and wealth, upheld through the dreary struggle by the promise of a woman he worshipped, and then when he has attained the summit of his ambition, his whole life wrecked in an instant. Friends are good sympathizers truly?"

"Pardon me, old fellow," replied Ned, "I am cynical, I know. I have been through the slough of despond, led on by a woman's bright, black eyes, and at the end I mocked Shakespeare, and exclaimed: 'There is no truth or honesty in women—all perjured all forsaken!'"

You never knew Amy Conway," replied Roger, gloomily. "She was a woman who seemed the incarnation of truth. When she raised her Madonna-like face to mine and pledged her fealty, I felt as if an angel had spoken and believed!"

"Well, we must be philosophical. Remember Mother Eve!"

"I can remember my own mother," said Roger. "No, no. Because one fair form has lied I do not condemn all womankind. I must bear my trial bravely."

When Ned Dawkins departed, he was convinced that his friend would soon recover from his betrothed deceit. Had he seen him at midnight as he passed his chamber he would not have been so easily deceived.

Roger Berton had a noble magnanimous soul; deceit and treachery were words unknown to his nature. O, the bitterness of that long and dreary night when the strong man struggled with his maddening despair. Dark thoughts arose in his brain. He understood now what desperate resolves can be formed by man in his agony; and a new born sympathy arose for those oppressed creatures, who at times shake off the trammels of tyranny, and declare that might is right.

"Dear mother, don't grieve for me," said Amy, faintly; "death is robed of all its terrors. I dread it no longer."

"You shall not die, Amy! I have sent for a physician whose skill in cases of your kind is remarkable, and he will save you. I cannot afford to lose you, dear Amy!" The mother's voice was choked in sobs.

Amy was about to reply when a knock at the door interrupted her.

"The doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, gladly. "At last."

A grave, sombre face, dark gray eyes, and rich brown hair; surely Mrs. Conway had seen these before. But this was no time for surmise. Advancing hastily, she said:

"Doctor, behold your patient! Save her life, and earn a mother's everlasting gratitude. Darling this is Dr. Berton."

The violet eyes expanded with surprise, and a faint flush tinged the soft, pale cheeks as she exclaimed—

"Roger! have you come at last?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Rose Conway. "Our old friend, Mr. Berton, transformed into the famous physician. How odd! I never thought of associating the name with you."

For a moment Dr. Berton stood mournfully contemplating the wreck of the woman he had so fondly loved.

"I must forbid your talking, Mrs. Weston," he said, "it is extremely prejudicial. Permit me to examine you."

The examination concluded, Miss Conway said:

"How is this, doctor? I am Mrs. Weston; my sister has never been married."

He turned pale and clutched at the bedpost for support.

It was all a mistake, and this was his work.

"O, Roger," moaned a week voice from the bed; "you thought me false."

"Dazed and bewildered the doctor wrote his prescriptions, and turned to leave.

"Well, Roger, said Mrs. Conway in a whisper; "can you give me hope?"

"O, yes! Thank God, I can save her."

With these words, and a merry laugh, Lilian Eliot departed.

For a long time Amy Conway sat at

the window, wrapped in the deepest thought. Her mind reverted to that glorious autumn evening when under the shade of the lordly oak she had vowed constancy to Roger Berton. O, the delicious joy of that avowal! The feeling of peace and rest as she was pressed to his heart, and learned that she was the only woman he had ever loved. And now? that fatal tear-stained paper, incongruous in its language, but fatal to her peace forever. She takes it forth and reads it again, seeking for the hundredth time to discover some hidden meaning in the maze of ambiguity:

"MISS CONWAY:—The past is dead, I make no reproaches. I know the gnawing pangs of conscience, and heart-breaker as I am, I would not change places this night with you. I am going forth to day away from friends and kindred into what must be a living grave, for when the heart is hopelessly withered, life becomes a bitter burden. If it will be any consolation hereafter, know that I forgive you; it is far more easier to forgive than to forget. I return your portrait and your letters. They have given me many happy hours, but the ashes of the past are bitter. Farewell."

Roger Berton.

"O, Roger, Roger," sobbed the unhappy woman. "If you could only hear me praying for you! If you knew the frightful desolation of my heart! If I could tell you that never have I been faithless in thought word or deed! O, heaven help me, I can not bear it!"

"We must have Dr. Lewis," said Mrs. Conway, as an hour afterward they discovered the senseless body of the beautiful girl extended on the floor. "Amy is but a shadow of her former self, and all on account of that villain, Roger Berton."

The snow was falling in minute flakes over the grand city of Montreal. The streets, trees and houses were covered with a white mantle, and foot passengers were hurrying homeward, beset with difficulties. In the snug surgery of the famous Dr. Berton, a cheery fire blazed with the cold, and the cat stretched on the hearth rug, emblematic of comfort, attested the virtue of the comfortable brazier.

"A very stormy night," said Dr. Berton, as mulling himself in his robes he prepared to set torch on his evening calls.

The lines on Dr. Berton's noble face were a little deeper, and a few gray hairs were mixed with the rich brown, but otherwise he was unchanged.

"A note for you, sir," said a servant entering.

"Ah, a new patient! Hum! heart disease. William, I will be later tonight than usual."

"Very well, sir. A good one, and no mistake," he added, as he watched the receding figure of the doctor battling with the storm.

In a sumptuous apartment of the leading hotel of Montreal on that wintry night Amy Conway lay dying. Her mother and sister sat by the bedside, and ever and anon wetted the poor sufferer's lips. The family physician in B.—bad recommended change of air and scenery, and Mrs. Conway, with her daughters, had accordingly set forth. But the journey was but half over and they were compelled to halt, for the life that they journeyed to save was fast ebbing.

"Dear mother, don't grieve for me," said Amy, faintly; "death is robed of all its terrors. I dread it no longer."

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"Do we disturb you, Roger? I wished to show you baby's new dress. Is she not charming?"

"The image of yourself, dear Amy. I can pay her no higher compliment!"

A few days after his marriage Roger Berton happened to meet his friend Ned Dawkins. He quoted to him with sarcastic delight from Tennyson:

"Love took up the glass of time,
And turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken,
Ran itself in golden sands."

"There, Ned," he said, "is the true interpretation of 'Locksley Hall,' as applied to myself."

Ned was not abashed.

"It was a lady that was the cause of all your troubles," he said—"misprint!"

Roger Berton.

"Love took up the glass of time,