The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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...NENT PEOPLE.

LORD BEACONSFIELD never wore any but patent-leather shoes and boots.

THE Bishop of Sydney lately married a third wife, whom he had baptized in her infancy.

THE Austrian Crown Prince, heedless of the proverbial ill luck of marriage in May, will be married on the 10th.

A SPECIAL delegation to St. Petersburg to attend the crowning of Alexander III., with a cardinal at its head, is to be sent by the Pope.

THE Empress of Austria recently sent to a reporter a dressing-case embossed in silver, as a mark of her pleasure at his account of some of her exploits in the field.

WE may thank the Princess of Wales for the becoming style of high collars and ruffs, as some one has said that the face loses in charm for every inch of neck displayed.

The Marquis Tseng, Chinese Minister to France, carries his sleeping arrangements with him wherever he goes, being forbidden by etiquette and custom from sleeping on beds used by outer barbarians.

TEN Years ago Louis of Bavaria was handsome enough to answer for a model of a young god; tall and graceful, with brown hair curling on his forehead, with dark blue eyes full of fire and poetry. He is still thought to be the handsomest King in Europe.

ON one occasion, when Mr. Cyrus Field was crossing the Atlantic, and asked that a certain sermon might be read on Sunday by his brother who was along, Captain —— refused permission, remarking, "I'll have you to understand, sir, that on board this ship *I* represent the Church of England, d——d if I don't."

SILESIA sent to Prince William and his bride a necklace of very large diamonds of the purest water. The casket containing them was made from an oak in the palace garden at Dolzig, where the Princess was born, and the inner drawers from the wood of a table on which the new-born babe was first put into her swaddling-clothes.

A PEASANT named Kominaroff, who prevented the first attempt to murder the Czar, and who was afterward enriched and enobled has become melancholy mad, and finds his only pleasure watching his successor lighting the lamps at one of the railway stations, where he usually passes his days, sometimes assisting his old comrades in their work.

THE Duke of Aosta's trip to the wedding at Berlin, as representative of his brother, the King of Italy, cost him the modest sum of one hundred thousand dollars; he having been furnished in advance with a table of fees to be given to each servant at Berlin, down to the porter of the castle, whose share was a pin worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

THE American Florence Nightingale, Miss Clara Barton, is a plain, sweet-faced elderly lady, who dresses in rich but quiet taste, and wears at her throat an enamelled pin bearing the scarlet device of the Society of the Geneva Cross, of which order she was an active member during the Franco-Prussian war. As the adviser of the Grand Duchess Marie of Baden, she did much toward establishing the system of hospitals instituted by that princess.

THE first love of Alexander III. of Russia was a beautiful maid of honor, the Princess Metcherska, daughter of a noble poet. The royal lover said he would marry nobody else, and they were called "Beauty and the Beast;" but the cruel parents sent the Grand Duke to St. Petersburg with his regiment, and married the Princess to Prince Paul Demidoff, she believing that her sweetheart had forgotten her, and dying within a year at Vienna.

THE Marquis of Westminister left an estate with an income of more than a million a year, ten thousand pounds going to each of his daughters, and the remainder to his son, now the Duke of Westminster. Old leases falling in, and renewed at an advanue of more than a hundred per cent., have doubled this vast rent-roll. One of the sisters married in Cannes, in the South of France, an accomplished physician, who wished to settle in London; but with the English contempt for physicians in general, and the Duke of Westminster in particular, the Duke gave his sister another ten thousand pounds to keep her husband out of England—a circumstance throwing light on Miss Thackeray's little story of "Fina's Aunt," lately published in the Bazar.

WAIFS.

AT dinner parties in Japan it is common to have five courses of soups.

NEW, and truly sincere, form of invitation: "Mr. and Mrs.—— request favor of your presents at the wedding of their daughter."

A FASHION correspondent speaks of "a novel night robe." It is called "novel," we suppose, because there is so much tale about it.

A LADY who owns an amicable husband was asked how she had ever brought him to such perfection, whereupon she sweetly answered that she did it chiefly with a croquet mallet.

THE Oneida community at Niagara Falls is going to build a spoon factory. There is so much "spooning" by bridal couples at Niagara Falls, that such a fact may be necessary there.

THE Bayadere poke bonnet is in favor. Pronounced "Buy-a-dear poke bonnet." When spoken with proper effect the old man rarely fails to come down with the cash.

A Scotch minister once said no woman could bear pain as well as man. This is not so. Where the man who can stand having his waist squeezed so he can hardly breathe for three hours of an evening and not murmur.

Help in Winnipeg.

Domestic help is so scarce in Winnipeg that the girls there are making all sorts of demands—$15 a month, championship of the family, and the use of the piano. In answer to an advertisement, one of them wrote as follows:

"I understand housework pretty well, except to wash and iron. I get the hiest wages going, and stays a long time in a plase; if you want me to go please state the waiges and how many of a family you have, and if you let the hirep girl eat with the family, etc., etc. Let me know the full particulars."

This is almost equal to the remark of an applicant for a place in a family in this city, where she was offered three dollars a week, assisted by two house servants and a woman to do the washing: "You must think pretty cheap of a woman that would take them terms."

BORN IN A CARAVAN.—At the close of last February died James Bishop, aged 83, from injuries received from burning, caused by an accident in his own caravan, which had been occupied by him without intermission for the last 35 years. He is supposed to have been the oldest showman in England, having started, at the age of 20, as a bandsman to an exhibition of giants, dwarfs, and fat girls. He then became a prrtner with Atkinson and Gillman, proprietors of a menagerie that rivalled that of Wombwell. He was afterward proprietor of a performing seal, a Punch and Judy, and a fine art exhibition. I make a note of James Bishop to place on record the circumstances that, during the time he and his wife lived in their caravan, she gave birth to 18 sons and 2 daughters, all of whom were reared in the caravan, and were educated by their father in the three R's and brought up to various trades or to the musical profession. One of his daughters became the mother of Miss Selina Young, "the Female Blondin," who walked on a tight-rope across the Thames. The second daughter married a showman named Worthehock, and was mother to 24 children, all of whom were born and reared in a caravan.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE fool buyeth an umbrella, but the prudent man knoweth a trick worth two of that.

LITTLE ONES.

A DINNER-HORN—a pint of claret.

A GRASS-WIDOW is anything but green.

MANY a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing more than a big bore.

WHEN it comes to descending a ladder, the bravest of us generally back down.

DON'T judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

THE man who never furnished any chips to help keep it warm calls this a cold world.

WOMAN was the first side speculation on record. The dividends have been enormous.

INDIANS never drink to drown sorrow. When they can get anything to drink they have no sorrow to drown.

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the honest answer, "there's millions in it."

A DOORKEEPER at the theatre would make a good fortune-teller if he could tell the future as well as he can the passed.

LATEST argument against tobacco—The most powerful engines do not last more than thirty years because they're always smoking.

A MAN who lost his money in stock exchange speculations denied that he was either a "bull" or a "bear." He insisted that he was simply an ass.

DISGUSTED man says: "Why don't hotels find some substitute for the everlasting beefsteak for breakfast?" Bless you, lots of 'em do. Cowhide is the favorite substitute.

AT a government office—(Bells ringing furiously). Hall porter (chuckling to messenger): "Let 'em ring, Robinson, let 'em ring; they like it. They ain't allowed to ring no bells at home."

A PLUMBER stole $700 from a house in which he was working the other day. It was a great streak of luck for the house-owner, as the plumber didn't dare to come back for his pay.

AND some people say it is injurious. She—You smoke an awful lot don't you? He—Ya-as, awful lot. She—And have you ever found it to do anything to your brain—you know? He—Nevah.

"NEVER milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

"SHON," said a Dutchman, "you may say vot you please 'bout pad neighbors; I have had the vorst neighbors as never vas. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit der ears split, and todder day two of dem come home missing."

"SETH," said Mrs. Spicer, "I wish you would go and see to the furnace; that Kate is putting in coal as if she was firing a locomotive." And when Spicer remarked that the girl was perhaps a railway-cinder-Kate, Mrs. S. grew warmer than ever.

PROFESSOR (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few)—"You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you can say." Student (puzzled)—"What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

"HI! where did you get them trousers?' asked an Irishman of a man who happened' to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

CONVERSATION between two mason's assistants (anglice, hod-carriers): Patrick—"Phat's the news from Oireland, Mike?" Michael—"Worrus and worrus! The dirthy blaguards are giving us ivery thing we axes for!" Both—"Bad cess to the loikes av 'em, the thaving oppressors!"

A LITTLE girl once took a letter from her mother to an old lady friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and a faithful little messenger." "Thank you, ma-am; and I shall tell her too that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to."

CARVING isn't fun. A young man was invited to carve a turkey at dinner, recently, and before the knife was finally taken from him he had upset a glass of water, wrenched his shoulder, shot the bird across the table into a lady's lap, and nearly jabbed a man's eye out, and it wasn't a tough bird either.

A NEWSBOY went into a cigar store on Galveston avenue and asked for a five-cent cigar, upon receiving which he bit off the end and lit it, throwing down a lead nickel. "Look here! it ain't good," said the tobacconist, examining the nickel. "I know it, but I'll smoke it, anyhow," responded the newsboy.

"But, my dear fellah," said the newly-arrived Englishman to the Galveston hack-driver who had called him "colonel"—but, my dear fellah, I don't belong to the army, yer know." "That don't make any difference; here in Galveston we call almost every loafer and deadbeat colonel or major. Have a kerridge, general?"

A LITTLE thing in Sunday school was asked by her teacher if she always said her prayers night and morning. "No, miss, I don't." "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking the good Father to take care of you and watch over you till the morning?" "No, miss, I ain't, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

WHAT is that on the table? That is cake. What are those things looking at it? Those things are children. Do children like cake? No, children do not like cake. Does cake like children? Yes, cake likes children. Where have the children gone? The children have gone up-stairs. Where has the cake gone? The cake has gone with the children.

THE professional witness is a peculiarity of almost every court, and Galveston contains several old dead beats who are very formidable in the witness-box. Yesterday a policeman met one of these chronic witnesses rather under the influence of beer, and during the conversation the policeman said: "Look here. You have been a witness hundreds of times. Tell me confidentially, are you sure you ever swore truthfully in a single instance?" "I think sho," responded the other, steadying himself. "How often did you swear to the truth?" "Only wunce or twice, when I wash under influence of liquor; but yer shoe, I washn't responshible (hic.) Liquor ish great cursh. I am a prohibishist, sho help me Moses!"

Let Us All Sleep.

A new car seat has been invented by which it is claimed an everyday passenger car can be converted into a sleeping car. Each seat has a double cushion, which makes it more desirable for day travel. For making up the berths the box below is unfolded and supported by movable iron rods to form the bottom of the lower berth. The curtains for each berth are separate and distinct, and the occupant of either the upper or the lower berth can sit upright. Every person occupying a seat will be entitled to sleeping accomodations, and for a comparatively nominal sum can have a whole berth to himself. It is stated that Mr. Jay Gould intends putting them in all the coaches of his lines, from the first-class passenger to the emigrant train, making a difference only in their upholstering and finish.

AN instance of coolness and bravery in a boy is reported in a letter from Wakkerstroom, in South Africa. The garrison made a raid for the purpose of capturing some cattle, but were compelled to retreat into camp. While falling back, a youngster about 15 years old was thrown from his horse, which ran off and left him. Finding he could not escape from the Boers, who were in close pursuit, he lay down behind some stones on the slope of the hill. A few minutes afterward, four of the enemy came galloping up, when the boy let fly, knocking one out of his saddle. The three men who were with him, thinking, in all probability, they were running into an ambuscade, wheeled and bolted for their lives. The boy then crept on his hands and feet to the top of the hill, took to his heels, and escaped.

The Sister Months.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten:
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own;
The crocus can not often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown:
The earliest violets always miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of spring:
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.

And May-flowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

They are two sisters, side by side
Sharing the changes of the weather,
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—
So far apart, so close together!

April and May one moment meet,—
But farewell sighs their greetings smother:
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
How May and April love each other.

Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE MIDST OF PERIL.

By the Author of "HIDDEN QUICKSANDS," "A RELENTLESS FOE," "MAGGIE O'CONNER'S FORTUNES," &c.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"The threats," he said, "were made to save O'Rourke; but, now that he is sentenced and as good as dead, they will not annoy us again."

There was a good deal of gloom hanging over the family the next day; it was Dan O'Rourke's death-day, and there are few who would not be affected at, even involuntarily, causing a man to suffer the last penalty of the law.

They were all glad when Tim O'Brien came in to dinner, and cheered them by his even unusually boisterous spirits. So wild at times did his glee appear during the meal, that Glorvina more than once looked at him with a fear that he had been drinking.

After dinner however, when he joined them in the drawing-room, his exuberant gaiety seemed to have deserted him. He sat quiet, answering occasionally at random, and sometimes appearing to be listening, Glorvina thought.

The girls had seated themselves at work at a small table near the fire; the children were playing on the hearthrug with a puzzle their father had brought them. Mr. Coghlan proposed a game of whist with his wife, Tim, and the tutor. The card-table was drawn forward, and they had just taken their seats at it, when there was the report of a gun and a crash of glass; for a shot, striking the pier-glass, had shivered it.

There was a loud cry from the startled women. The tutor, springing up, rushed to the window and instantly closed and barred the shutters.

Happily no one was hurt, though, had not Mr. Coghlan happened at that moment to have bent forward over the table, the shot must have gone through his head. The family looked at each other in stunned alarm. Then little Norah burst into a violent fit of crying, and Eva clasped her arms round her father's neck. The tutor turned back and approached Glorvina.

"Take them all to the north rooms, Miss Desmond," he said, "and secure yourselves; I will ring the alarm;" and he snatched up a candle from the table and left the room.

Mrs. Coghlan rang the bell violently. The servants, already alarmed by the report of the gun, thronged in, looking pale and scared, while Glorvina whispered a few brief sentences to her guardian.

"An admirable thought!" he answered. "We will go at once."

"Where—what?" asked O'Brien eagerly.

"Into hiding," said his host drily. "Be so good as to take care of my wife, and lead her up-stairs."

"But surely," exclaimed Tim, "we men will not hide! Let the ladies do so by all means; but we must try a few shots with the rebels.

"My good fellow," replied Coghlan, "I neither wish to kill nor be killed. A man's blood is a heavy weight on the soul. Lead Mrs. Coghlan to the north rooms. Murphy, are all the doors and windows secured?"

"Yes, sorr," replied the trembling servant. "Mr. Surridge sees them all fastened himself at dusk every night."

"Yet the shutters of that window"—pointing to it—"are not closed."

"But, sorr, I fastened them with my own hands," declared the man.

"Oh, never mind, don't dispute about it!" cried Glorvina impatiently. "Make haste up-stairs."

The tutor had hurried to the bell tower, which was opposite to the bachelors' turret. The rope from it hung in an empty room opening upon the south corridor, where the family slept; but it was hooked up out of Teddy's reach, lest in a fit of mischief he should alarm the neighbourhood.

The tutor uncoiled it and pulled it with all his strength; there came only a faint sound as from a feeble stroke. Surprised, he renewed his effort with greater force. The rope yielded to his hand this time, and came clattering to his feet. Greatly surprised and dismayed, he held the fallen end to the candle, and perceived that it had been cut through, except one strand, which was frayed and torn by the recent pull. The strand left had sufficed to support the rope until a strong pull brought it down. They were betrayed! No call for help could be given. The tutor, with a sigh of discouragement gathered up the rope.

Meanwhile, Mr. Coghlan, arrived at the head of the stairs, paused.

"I wonder we don't hear the bell," he said. "Perhaps Surridge can't find the rope; I will go after him. Glory, dear, take them to your hiding-place"—waving his hand towards his family.

Glorvina, with a lingering glance, obeyed. Her guardian turned away, and they hurried into the first of the north rooms.

"Well secured, I see," said Tim; and, taking the bar of the first door in his hand, he was about to put it in the staples; but Glorvina caught his arm.

"Not till they—not till my guardian comes!" she exclaimed.

"But listen to the noise below, at the front door," remonstrated Tim. "We dare not wait. It might peril the whole family."

"At all risks it must be left," she ordered sternly; "yet no; take the others on to the last room and secure them. I will wait here and admit my guardian and Mr. Surridge."

"I will not leave you, Glorvina!" he exclaimed. "Do you not know that I would die for you? They shall walk over my dead body before they reach you."

"But I am in no danger yet," she said.

"Are you not? Listen, then!"

And Glorvina did in fact hear the sound of heavy blows at several places on both doors and shutters.

"Oh, hasten, dearest auntie!" she cried in agony. "Go to the last room and fasten yourself in at once!"

"Not without my husband"—"Not without papa," cried both the other ladies.

Glorvina sighed helplessly. Why did not the alarm ring? Why did they not come? Ah, soon the Whiteboys would intercept them between the north and south corridors! Her nerves were strung to a pitch of tension which made it an effort to resist screaming, when, just as a crash announced that the hall door was forced, Mr. Coghlan and Mr. Surridge came. She dragged her guardian in with one hand, the other extended to the tutor. They were in and the bar was up, just as rough voices and a yell of rage rose from the hall.

"Let us proceed without delay," said the clergyman in his calm quiet tones, "and fasten every door after us."

And thus in silence and haste they bolted, barred, and barricaded the doors one after another, till the last chamber was reached.

Then Murphy placed the candles on the table, and Mrs. Coghlan sank into a chair.

"But, uncle," exclaimed Glorvina, "why did you not ring the alarm to call the soldiers?"

"The rope was cut, my darling," he answered—"severed all but a strand, which the first pull separated. Some traitor's work! Look, Surridge has it on his arm, I suppose to keep for evidence on a future day—if we ever see one," he added.

For the noises from below, of shouts, yells, and blows on doors, reached them even there. Then the tutor drew Mr. Coghlan aside.

"We are safe here," he said in a low tone, "only till these men batter in the doors. It will take them some time; but they may use fire; and ultimately they must succeed, for they are many and have stout arms and axes. Some one must descend from this window and run to the barracks."

"But the height above the ground is awful through the moat being there; and they will have sentinels outside, you may be sure."

"No matter; it must be risked. It is the only chance to save the ladies and children. That is why I brought the rope. It will be nearly the length. We can add some torn strips of tapestry to it and tie it to the bed-post."

"It does seem in truth our only chance," replied Coghlan; and, turning back to his family, he announced the tutor's plan and its necessity. "Unfortunately I am lame," he added, "or I would undertake the enterprise myself; but one of us must go. Murphy, I fear you are too old, my faithful fellow"—as the old man stepped forward to offer his services, though with a pale face.

The footman shrank back trembling as his master chanced to glance at him.

"They would cut us to pieces," said the man, with chattering teeth.

"I never thought of you," exclaimed the Squire contemptuously; "there are gentlemen present! Tim O'Brien, I ask you for this service without hesitation, because you will do it for her you love."

But Tim O'Brien stood as pale as death and as silent. Glorvina, by a sudden impulse, came to his side.

"You have said you would die for me," she murmured. "Do this for me!"

He went to the window and looked down; then turned away with a shudder.

"I cannot see the bottom distinctly in this obscurity," he said; "yet—yes, there is something white at the bottom of the wall." And he turned away sullenly.

"I had hoped," broke forth the soft diffident voice of the tutor, "that you would do me the honour of asking me, Mr. Coghlan. Will you permit me to go, since no one better can be found?"

"My dear fellow," said the Squire, pressing his hand, "rather say how can I thank you for the offer."

"We must be quick," declared the tutor; and he tore down some of the old tapestry; "the ladies can help us with this, if any one has scissors."

Glorvina was by his side in a moment.

"Here is a pair," she said. "Oh, forgive me that I did not estimate you rightly till now!"

He answered her by a happy smile. What cared he for Whiteboys or high walls if he pleased her?

The rope was ready, the heavy bedstead pulled to the window, the rope fastened securely to it; and it was time, for now the ruffians had tracked them to their shelter, and were already assailing the first door with awful yells and execrations.

The tutor stepped upon the window-sill.

"Pull up the rope when you feel it free," he said. "And adieu!"

Then, with that gentle smile they knew so well, he seized the rope and swung himself off.

Glorvina breathed deeply; then, looking up, she saw Tim, with an evil look on his face, approach the post to which the rope was attached, and which now creaked as it was drawn by the descent of the tutor. She sprang forward in a moment and laid her hand on the knot. He marked the gesture and turned away, angry and discomfited.

Mr. Coghlan had been helping the men to steady the rope, leaning out of the window to do so better.

"He is down!" he exclaimed, after that intense and anxious pause. "The rope flies loose! But, hark! An imprecation—a blow! Good Heaven, he has come down upon a Whiteboy!"

There was a wild passionate cry in the room, and the next moment Glorvina fell into Tim O'Brien's arms, which caught her as she staggered.

"Put her on the bed, O'Brien," said Coghlan in a broken voice. "No wonder she is horror-stricken. The poor brave fellow! Well, he has done his best, and we must do ours! Eva, Lily"—turning to his weeping wife and daughter—"see to Glory. But, perhaps, it will be better for her if she never wakes!"

CHAPTER XI.

It was as they had guessed. The tutor had come down upon the head of a Whiteboy, whose garb revealed him even in the darkness of a thick misty night. Happily for Surridge, the blow knocked the man down; but he sprang instantly to his feet, and, with an imprecation and a shout, rushed at the breathless clergyman. But the tutor parried with great dexterity a blow from a knife, though in doing so he had his left arm cut open from the top to the bottom, and in return levelled his assailant by a well-planted blow which fell—accidentally—between his eyes and stunned him. Then, fearful that the man's shout would in an instant bring his fellows, the tutor fled with his greatest speed towards the meadows. He was right; he was still in sight when those who had heard their sentinel's cry came to the spot, and the fellow, reviving, pointed to the fugitive.

"He fell on my head," he gasped, "and then knocked me down!"

"Pursue him!" cried the voice of Captain Rock himself—"pursue him if you love your lives, or he will bring the soldiers on us!"

Then, sure that the fugitive should be caught, he turned back to the house.

"We have no time to lose," he muttered. "I would smoke them out, only the fire would be seen by the soldiers and betray us."

Three of the Whiteboys, all swift of foot, had started in pursuit of the flying tutor. He had had the start by three or four minutes, but he did not know the path so well as they did, and, besides, he was bleeding fearfully from his wound. He began to feel faint and exhausted, and could already hear their approaching footsteps. Happily for him the night was cloudy and misty. Just as he felt that the race was nearly over, something dark seemed to obstruct his path. He came right up against it, and found it was a huge pig-sty. And now the steps were nearer and the voices audible

"I will not be butchered," he murmured, leaping over the fence of the sty with the last effort of his strength, and creeping into it. A monstrous sow and her little ones, disturbed by his entrance, grunted and moved in their sleep. The tutor crept under her huge side, pulled the straw litter over him, and fainted.

Meanwhile the pursuers, keeping the straight path, which was well known to them, passed the sty without a thought of the shelter it afforded their destined victim, and paused only when the barracks loomed in sight.

"He has got there!" gasped the foremost one.

"And the sodgers will be upon us in no time!" cried another. "Hark! What's that sound?"

And, turning, they all three fled back at their best speed.

"There is the farm," said one; "can he have gone in there?"

"Pooh! Nancy wouldn't harbour him, and the dog would have given notice if he had got into the yard."

As he spoke, a lattice near them opened, and a girl's head appeared.

"What is it, buoys?" asked a low voice.

"We are afther the heretic parson, Kathleen. He's gone to rouse the sodgers, and has got away from us. Is he in the yard, think ye?"

"The dog wouldn't let him in," she replied.

"Oh, but the dog knows him! Here, come and open the gate; we'd best look for him!"

"Ay," she said, "I'll be out in a minute."

And she soon appeared and let them in, hushing the great mastiff that guarded the farm. They searched cowhouse and loft; but there was no sign of human being. The girl let them out and walked a little way with them down the lane. As they passed the pig-sties one of them said—

"Can he be in there?"

"Faith, no, Terence," replied the girl. "The ould sow would soon let ye know if he was."

"Good night then, mavourneen," said the man. "He's reached the barracks, and we must be off at once and get away."

"Good night," returned the girl; and, as they ran off at full speed, she muttered, "And it's glad I am ye never found him. Ye shouldn't have harmed him though, if ye had."

As the girl passed the sty on her way back, a deep groan startled her.

"Holy Virgin save us!" she cried, crossing herself. "What's that?"

And then, with a sudden suspicion, she hastened into the house, got a lantern, and went back to the sty, stirring up the great sow, who, moving and lying on the tutor's wounded arm, had brought back his senses by the pain. Underneath her on the straw lay the pale and bleeding man. He opened his eyes, recognised her, and murmured—

"Kathleen, save me!"

"And it's save ye I will, poor darlint!" said the warm-hearted drudge; and, crawling into the sty, she soon discovered the wounded arm, tore her petticoat in strips, and bound it up deftly. "Now," she said, "crawl out if you can;" and, with her assistance, he did so. But was very weak. "Sit ye still on the straw," she said kindly, "and I'll bring ye a drop of whiskey. That'll soon set ye up; and I'll hide ye till daylight."

She placed him on a heap of straw, and, scarcely listening to his feeble thanks, hurried off to the house, never thinking that he could move alone, or she would not have left him. But she was scarcely out of sight when, with a mighty effort, he raised himself and went staggering on to the barracks.

The whiskey had to be taken from a cupboard, the key of which was, happily, lost, and Kathleen was some time finding it. When she returned with the glass of the "craythur," as she called it, her patient was gone. No idea of the truth occurred to her.

"The buoys have returned and found him!" she sighed. "Poor sowl; it's sorry Kathleen is for you!" And, with a heavy heart, the girl went back to the house.

Thus unmolested, the tutor—to whom even the girl would now have been a formidable foe—staggered on to the barrack gate and gave the alarm. His message was barely told before he fell again insensible at the sentry's feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Telegraph Monopoly.

London Punch.

The telegraph monopoly, popularly known as the Post-office, is proving, if any proof were needed, that no Government can be trusted. Tory, Conservative, Liberal, or Radical, all are alike when the law gives them, or leads them to believe that it has given them, unlimited powers as traders. The so-called post-office having made a bad and improvident bargain with the Telegraph Companies, is determined to burk invention and earn an evil reputation as the Champion of everlasting stagnation. The impertinent inventors of the telephone have been made aware of this in a court of law, and are now made even more bitterly aware of it in their subsequent negotiations with the Government.

In the first place, they are told they must be taxed, and this is a communication they can hardly be astonished at. Nearly every living thing in this country is taxed except vermin—the child in the cradle, the dying man in his bed. The only thing practically exempt is the corpse in its coffin. However sluggish the Government may be, the tax gatherer is superhumanly active. A Government that once taxed the light of heaven can see no injustice in taxing a telephone wire. In the second place, the impertinent inventors are told that their *radius* must be limited.

Because the Government wasted ten millions of public money in 1866, the Telephone Company may carry their wires to Stoke-Pogis and no further. The cock-a-doodle-do policy in one department of Government necessitated a money-grabbing policy in another. If this Government, that Government, or any Government had bought the water companies, half of the kingdom would have been dying of thirst; and if they had bought the stage-coach interest, railways would never have been built, or if built, would have been allowed no further than Hampstead or Camberwell.

Burned by Molten Steel.

Pall Mall Gazette.

While about 30 men were engaged yesterday at the Don Works, Sheffield, in propelling an iron tram waggon, containing molten steel, some gratings gave way, which caused the ladle to tip, and about 25 hundred-weight of the molten metal splashed out. The shop was instantly ignited up with a huge flame, followed by a cloud of steam and dust which effectually hid the men from each other. As it cleared away, two men were seen running away with their clothes in flames. Those who were uninjured ran after them, and succeeded in putting out the flames by wrapping their own clothes round them. The men were then horrified to find that a laborer named George Lewis was standing inside of the molten metal on the ground, surrounded by fire, with his clothes in flames and his flesh burning from his back, limbs, and face. When the metal had cooled a little, two workmen succeeded in rescuing him, but he was so terribly injured that he died soon after being released.

The Official Statement of the Czar's Assination—The Two Bombs.

The act of accusation drawn up by the Procureur Mouravieffis directed against Nicholas Ivanoff Reesakoff, 19 workman; Nicholas Andrew Ivanoff Sheliaboff, 30, peasant; Sophia Loofa Peroffskaya, 27, gentlewoman; Gabriel Timothy Michaeloff, 21, peasant, and Hesse Miroff Helfmann, 26, *ouvriere*. After briefly stating the nature of the crime of which the prisoners are accused, namely, the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II., the act goes on to relate the circumstances in which it took place, as verified by official inquiry. As this is the first exact account of an event which excited such deep and universal feeling, it will be as well to summarize it, at the risk of repeating what has been said already.

Shortly after two o'clock on March 1-13 the Emperor left the Michael Palace in his carriage, accompanied by the usual escort, and, passing down Engineer street, turned to the right, along the bank of the Catherine Canal. Behind, in a sledge, came Col. Dvorjitsky, police master, and behind him again Capt. Koch and Major Koolibiakin. The carriage had gone only fifty fathoms from the corner of Engineer street, when, a quarter past two o'clock precisely, a terrible explosion took place beneath the carriage. Jumping from his sledge, and seeing that by the canal railings some soldiers were holding a man, Dvorjitsky rushed to the Imperial carriage, opened the door, and informed his Majesty, who stepped out unhurt, that the assassin was caught. By order of the Emperor the witness accompanied him to the spot where the man Reesakoff was held amid a gathering crowd of people. Lieut. Rudikoff, not recognizing the Emperor at once, exclaimed: "How is his Majesty?" to which the Emperor, standing ten paces from Reesakoff, and glancing around, said: "Thank God, I am unhurt—but see!" pointing to a wounded Cossack lying near the carriage; and then to a boy crying with pain. Reesakoff, hearing the words of the Emporer, said: "Is it thanks to God yet?" Meantime, Dvorjitsky took from the soldiers a revolver and knife found in the prisoner's pockets. The Emperor stepping up to Reesakoff, asked if he indeed had fired, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, demanded his name and occupation. The prisoner answered: "Glazoff, workman."

As the Emperor turned and stepped a few paces towards the spot where the explosion took place, keeping to the railings of the canal, a second explosion occurred behind him close to his feet. For a few seconds a cloud of smoke, powdered snow, fragments of cloth, &c., hid everything from sight, but when it cleared off a fearful picture presented itself. The Emperor leaned with his back against the buttress of the canal, holding on to the railings with both hands, without cloak or cap, covered with blood and breathing with difficulty. His bared legs were shattered, blood poured from them, the flesh hung in pieces, and there was blood on his face. On the ground were the bloody fragments of his military cloak. Dvorjitsky, also wounded, raised himself from the ground as the Emperor said, scarcely audible, "Help!" and ran up, together with several others. Some one gave a handkerchief. The Emperor put it to his face, saying, with a faint voice, "It is cold—cold." Then those around him took up the sufferer, who was already losing consciousness, and, assisted by Grand Duke Michael, who came dashing up, laid him on the sledge of Col. Dvorjitsky, Lieutenant Count Hendrikoff placing his own forage cap on the Emperor's head. The Grand Duke Michael, leaning over his brother asked him if he could hear. The Emperor replied quietly, "I hear." To further questions how he felt he only answered, "Quicker—to the palace," and then, as if in answer to the proposal of Staff Capt. Franks to carry him into the nearest house to procure help, the Emperor said, "Take me to the palace—there to—die." These words were the last words of the dying monarch heard by the witnesses. The sledge was chosen because the carriage was seriously damaged. Major Koolibiakin sat with the Emperor in it, and with the help of two Cossacks of the escort, conveyed him to the Winter Palace.

The Emperor died at 3:35. Of his personal following, nine were wounded, more or less seriously, of whom one has since died; and of the police and others eleven were wounded, two, including the boy before mentioned, succumbing within a few hours.

Beaconsfield.

Beaconsfield occupied himself during a part of his illness with correcting his last speech, delivered in the house of lords on the vote of condolence on the occasion of the czar's assassination. "I will not go down to posterity," said he, "talking bad grammar." *The Times* relates one or two other sayings of the distinguished earl during his last illness, one of which corrects a popular misapprehension. Lord Barrington asked him one day where he was born. "I was born in the Adelphi," he replied, "and I may say in a library. My father was not rich when he married. He took a suite of apartments in the Adelphi, and, as he possessed a large collection of books, all the rooms were covered with them, including that in which I was born." Another remark of his was the following characteristic one: "I had rather live, but I am not afraid of death. I have suffered so much that were I a Nihilist I should confess everything." This was a humorous allusion to them is taken but prevalent idea that the nihilists were subjected to torture after arrest. Lord Rowton is left by Lord Beaconsfield sole trustee of all his private papers, with full powers to do what he thinks right with them. Several times in the course of his illness Lord Beaconsfield referred to certain memoranda which he had, but these have not yet been found. He was very anxious about the completion of his portrait by Millias. His great political opponents, Bright and Gladstone, had been painted by Millias, and he thought it was no vanity that he, too, ought to go down to posterity on the canvas of the great portrait painter of the day.

Married People Would be Happier.

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered that the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silks and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses.

"When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us: so please say yes-ter-day.

THE present Czar is the first since Peter the Great who has not married a German wife.

Precautions Against Assassination.

There is, so far as we can see, no possible method of preventing a repetition of such as crime short of locking up the sovereign in a well-guarded prison. The bowling has permanently beaten the batting. Modern science has applied itself to the work of destruction, and there is no longer any possibility of protecting a life for which a resolute enemy is willing to give his own. The use of the knife can be prevented, for it presupposes contact; and what with guards, rapid driving, and incessant watchfulness, contact between a sovereign and an enemy can be rendered nearly, if not quite, impossible. The sovereign can be armed, too, and can make as good a fight for his life against the dagger as any other soldier. Even the use of the rifle can be prevented, partly by armor, partly by mailed carriages, and partly by the constant interposition of attendants between the sovereign and any point from which he could be threatened. It used to be said of Napoleon, as he drove up the Champs Elysees, that it was impossible to "cover" him with a stick, and that was very nearly, though not literally, true. No man along the line could have drawn a pistol without some Corsican seeing him. The movements of guards distract the marksman, who, though he does not care whether he kills the innocent or not, does exceedingly care not to miss his aim. But neither these precautions, nor any other, are of avail against one or two men throwing in succession bombs powerful enough to blow up a carriage or shatter a crowd. There are always points at which a cavalcade really enters a pass, or approaches some foreseen angle, and assassins stationed at the side have only, as it were, to pitch a cricket-ball tolerably straight, to change the succession to a throne. If the murderer knows how to measure distance, the speed of the carriage is useless, the iron plates give way, the guards are destroyed like him they guard, and the sovereign is slain as he would be slain if a shell reached him in the midst of armies. Of course, if by any chance he leaves the carriage, the chances are increased by his immobility. The only conditions required are that the assassins shall be careless of escape, that they shall have bombs, and that they shall just have nerve enough at the moment to pitch straight; and none of these conditions can be absolutely prevented. True courage is hardly required, only a kind of resignation, very common in some races, especially among women. Few of the assassins of recent days have cared to escape. Hodel made no effort, nor did Solovieff, nor, till her acquittal, Vera Sassulitsch, nor is there any method of shaking their nerve. They risk always one of the most horrible of fates,—lynching by an excited mob, which breaks their bones. Horrible punishments, even if modern feeling would allow them, would not do it, for you could not go beyond breaking on the wheel or burning alive, both of which have been tried, the one in France, the other in the Southern States of America, and both have failed. The modern fanatical assassin is always ready to commit suicide, and on a man raised or lowered to the suicide temper, threats of inflicting torture have no effect. He will only kill himself, and so baffle inquiry into his motives and resources. Nor is it possible to confine the use of explosives to known persons. Laws to that effect only drive the criminals to learn chemistry for themselves—that is, invest them with a new power of keeping their own secrets. Any student of chemistry can make gun-cotton or nitro-glycerine, and powder is an article which must be manufactured, and, if manufactured, can be stolen. Granted a few resolute conspirators, with one man of education among them, and some little command of money, and no conceivable laws, or rules of Police, or detective arrangements, can prevent their making and carrying and throwing bombs, which are as dangerous to the victims as host