season at Daly's theatre. LOUISE POMEROY, who has been meeting with unprecedented success in Australia, if reports are to be believed, proposes soon to return to America.

MR, AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE will depart from London for this country on July 23. They will bring with them three new plays for their next American season.

MISS MARY ANDERSON will add two new plays to her repertoire next season-"Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Daughter of Roland," The second of these is an adaptation of M. de Bornier's drama, "La Fille de Roland." Both-selections are excellent.

Mr. Joseffy, it is understood, has com-pleted a work on which he has been engaged to some time a tragedy, called "The White Pilgrim," and for some time past, his first piano concerto, printed for the first time in their present with orchestra, and will produce it during the coming season. He is passing the summer at Darien, Conn., studying a number of compositions which he will add to his already extensive repertoire.

CLARA LOUISE & ELLOGG, says a New York letter, will sail from Europe for home the latter part of this month, and after spending the summer is mostly and after spending Miscall me not! for men have marred my the summer in resting, she will start out And in the earth-born grossness of their once more in the United States as a prima donna. Her success abroad has been great, Have coldly modelled me of their own clay. and she returns with the knowledge that she is appreciated in the Old World as well as Miscall me not! Ye know not what I am. the New. Who will be her manager next But ye shall see me face to face, and know. season is yet a secret, but it is understood that her terms will be higher than ever.

THERE is no doubt now that Adelina Patti will leave on October 22 for America, where she intends giving at least forty concerts. She takes a barytone and a tenor with her. A young lady, Miss Hohenschild, is engaged as contralto, and Mdle. Castellane as violin solo. The price I smooth, in passing, with an angel-wing; of seats for the concerts—Mme Adelina And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal of seats for the concerts-Mme Adelina will not appear on the stage in the United States -- is \$20 for the first rows. But even Belie me not! the plagues that walk on Earth, these will not go all to the trade; half of The wasting pain, the sudden agony, them will be reserved to be sold at austion Famine, and War, and Pestilence, and all

actors of America than their assumed names Instantly melting into perfect peace. may indicate. George Clarke's real name is As at His word whose Master-spirit I am, O'Neil; Frank Mayo's is Maguire; James A. Herne's is Ahearn; Robert E. Graham's When I withdraw the veil which hides my face. is Magee; John Thompson's is McGlory; So melt I, with a look, the iron bonds Of the soul's jailer, hard Mortality. Gently—so gently—like a tired child. is Glassery; Horace Vinton's is Fargy; Will I enfold thee; but thou canst not look Upon my face, and stay. In the busy haunts liams' was Flaherty; Frank Little's is Kerrigan; Tony Hart's is Cannon; John E. Unseen, undreamed of, I am often by. Ince's is Mulcahy; Ernest Linden's is Han- Divided from the giant in his strength nigan, and John T. Raymond's was O'Brien, until he lately had it legally changed.

PIOUS SMILES.

THE Old Testament will not be revised for three years yet. People will have to break the ten commandments as they are for the

A MAN lately confined in a Scotch jail for cattle-stealing managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and being captured on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer: "I might have escaped, but I had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday."

A REVEREND gentleman in Aberdeenshire, having been summoned before his presbytery for tippling, one of his elders, the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. "Weel, John," said a member of the reverend court, "did you ever see the accused the worse of drink ?" "Weel, I wat no," answered John, "I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't." "But did you ever see him drunk?" "That's what I'll never see," replied the elder; "for lang before he's half-slokened I'm aye blind fou.

A clerical gentleman, formerly settled in the far north of Scotland, had occasion to speak to the ferryman over a somewhat years.' dangerous bit of sea of his habits in respect of a too free use of whiskey. In the course of their talk, he said : "But, Donald, do you not think, now, that you would be better without it altogether, especially as you have to be out so often when the sea is so rough?" "Well, I dinna ken; but, Mr. M., will you no' be sometimes taking a dram yoursel'?" "Oh, yes," said the minister: "I do occasionally. But, Donald, I have been thinking Greta! seriously about this dram-drinking, and I'll tell you what I will do. If you will promise to give it up altogether, I will." "Ay weel," sure; but if I would give you a promise, I would have been drowned but for you." am feared that I wadna be able to keep it : and, you see, it micht be a long while afore | drowned. I wad be seein' you, and I wad be sorry to think that you wadna be gettin' your dram while I was takin' mine.'

An Electrical Speech-Recorder.

A curious piece of apparatus, not likely to be of practical use, but showing considerable Grant. ingenuity, has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentilli, of Liepsic, for the purpose of giving the incident, dwelling as little as possible than a hundred years ago." an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers coming into the room in time to hear the a series of electric contracts, and thereby brief recital; "do you know that you did a sundry combinations of signs on a moving most desperate thing? I have heard of ever hand of paper, similar to those of the Morse so many people being overtaken by the tide alphabet. The transmitting portion of the in that very place. alphabet is based on a careful study of the motion of lips and tongue in speaking with an object held between the teeth. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece in her blue eyes. to be taken between the teeth, whereupon | "I suppose he did. At all events they the mouth-levers come into position. The saw me floundering ashore. nasal puff in sounding m and n affects a special delicate organ. There are eight electro-magnets in the receiver, each ot which, when actuated by a current, causes a line to be formed on the paper. It is mentioned by M. Guerout (who describes the apparatus in La Lumiere Electrique) that the letters g and shore to Drumnabreeze!" k, d and f, b and p, f, v, and w, which are produced by movements very slightly differ. you really going to look for mushrooms, toent, are represented by the same signs. Thus morrow, Fanny? For, if you are, I shall get of these letters the alphabet comprises only up early and come too.' o. t. b. and f. Further, c, z, and x are represented by ts and gs. The apparatus will, perhaps, be shown at the forthcoming Exhibition in Paris.

Hr: "Would you like to attend the opera, birdie, this evening ?" She : "Well, I should gently twitter.'

save with a tuning fork.

twenty dollars more than he lost. A NAUGHTY man who had the contribution

box "shoved under his nose" just after an appeal to strive to enter in at the straight gate, said he supposed they wanted to make sure of the gate money.

good sermon," said Rev. Mr. Gushwell, each other at the back of the Glebe. it generally happens that I have a very In one corner of the field a group of girls and there, or the smoke of a steamer. Looksmall congregation to listen to it." "What were filling baskets with mushrooms as fast ing landward, the village appeared far off at a memory you have !" exclaimed Fogg, in as they could gather them. Higher up, on the other end of the cove, the line of cliffs tones of astonishment; "how long ago was the pathway, Greta Power stood talking to stretching brokenly from the village to a it that you prepared that sermon, did you young Bulwer, a basket filled with mush- sharp bluff, which shut out all view towards eaves.

cautious in pharmacy. Even I once made a ed look into the girl's dark face. aroo, an' I was called upon by John McFik- laughing. was courtin' a strappin' young widow that "Lord Evremond might call it robbery if portions at the same time, an' losh sake, call them-fungi!-off his premises." medicines; so puir John, rubbing Mrs Kittle- name, I think."

. young men o' the village."

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FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

NO. 23.

"THE MONOLOGUE OF DEATH."

Miscall me not ! Men have miscalled me Have given harsh names and harsher thoughts Reviled and evilly entreated me.

thoughts Then fear to look on that themselves ha

I take all sorrows from the sorrowful, And teach the joyful what it is to joy : I gather in my land-locked harbor's clasp The shattered vessels of a vexed world: And even the tiniest ripple upon Life, Is, to my sublime calm, as tropic storm, When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain only, own the anodyne to still The face, distorted with Life's latest pang. The hidden glory of the eyes, to give A new and nobler beauty to the rest. them will be reserved to be sold at auction. The terrors that have darkened round my name IRISHMEN are more numerous among the These are the plagues of life—they are not min-

But by the thickness of this misty veil.

The troubled waters slept on Galilee.

Tender, I am, not cruel; when I take The shape most hard to human eyes, and pluc The little baby-blossom, yet unblown. 'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem, And, leaping o'er the perilous years of growth, Unswept of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong. Clothe it at once with rich maturity. Tis I that gives a soul to Memory; The mantle of a kind forgetfulness; I sanctify the good for evermore. Miscall me not! my generous fulness lends Home to the homeless; to the friendless, friends; To the starved babe, the mother's tender breast Vealth to the poor, and to the restless- Rest. -Herman C. Merivale in the Spectator

"Nobody Asked You, Sir," She Said.

By the Author of "MARRIED IN BLACK "AZALEA; OR, LOVE THE WINNER, "THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE," "AT HER HANDS," "IN HONOUR BOUND," &c.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED.

"It is a gloomy old den; isn't it?" Bulwer asked, following her look. "Yes," the girl said. "There are gloomy associations attached to it. Three men have

"And yet you came!" "I came because no one else would come.

and because I wanted to put a stop to it. If you are going into the Glebe, Miss Power, I kitchen to get some hot water." think I will say good-bye to you here."

"So you have turned into a heroine, "How ?" Greta inquired, looking up from cellar-stairs." her shirt-making.

"Why, by what you did yesterday, to be

was the only one that poor widow Phenix that it was a ghost." had left. Joe says they could all have kiss-

ed the ground under your feet yesterday." Greta gave them a very slight sketch of

upon her own achievement. "My dear Greta," Fanny Reeves said

"I could not stand by and see the child drowned," returned Greta calmly. "And did Mr. Bulwer see the whole pro-

ceeding?" Laurie asked, a shadow of jealousy

"How do you like him, Greta?" "Like him! I don't like him. He is too fond of having his own way!" "How do you know? You had not much

opportunity of discovering that trait in his character while you walked up from the "Yet I discovered it," said Greta. "Are

CHAPTER III.

Long slanting shadows-the light coming low from the east. A strange stillness on the road where the crows hopped about undisturbed—the first faint curl of smoke from hands. I have discovered as much since a cottage chimney here and there; here and there a labourer crossing the fields to his A certain musical critic is so full of music work, or a woman milking, her shadow and gate leading into a paddock behind the Glebe, that he finds it impossible to eat his meals the cow's shadow stretching far across the and walked on down to the shore. The path level pasture land; the milk frothing into the led in a very zig-zag fashion down the face It pays to advertise. A Yorkville man pail and the soft breathing of the patient of the cliff; but in five minutes he had reachadvertised for a lost pocket-book, and when animal the only sounds which disturbed the ed the ridge of pebbles washed up to the it was returned to him it contained over serene stillness, the fair fresh sunny quiet of foot of the precipice, with its coating of halfthe early morning.

The sheep-park at Drumnabreeze was a shells huge field surrounded by a narrow belt of fir Down here under the cliffs the heat was plantation. A track which could hardly be already intense, for it had been an unusually called a path led obliquely across it from a late summer; and now, in the beginning of stile leading into a lane on Kincora, to a September, the weather was warmer than it gate leading into the back avenue at Drum- had been in June. Looking seaward, there "When I have prepared a remarkably nabreeze. These two properties adjoined was nothing but the sands and the blue line

"You call it robbing?"

to have some when we go home." "I am afraid I should make a bad hand of it," Bulwer laughed; "besides, I am not going back to the house for ever so long. I

am going down to the shore." "To gather cockles?" "No-not to gather cockles. Gathering edibles of any description is not one of my

weaknesses. I am going down to the shore to look at the cliffs. "The cliffs don't look particularly well at this hour of the morning. "But I particularly wish to see them at

this hour of the morning." "But is this the way you always go to the cliffs? I should call it rather a roundabout way, seeing that the cliffs are in front of Drumnabreeze House and the sheep-park be-"You are very quick," he said, laughing.

What then do you suppose took me up here at this unearthly hour?" "Perhaps you knew we should be here, Greta said, with careless audacity. "Well, yes, I did." "Not really?" the girl asked, opening her

great calm brown eyes at him. "I did. I heard Miss Reeves say so yesterkay." "Laurie?" Greta inquired, with a glance

at a blue speck far away in the field, yet not

so far away as it was five minutes ago. "No: her sister." Fanny of all malice prepense. "I suppose you will tell me I had no busi-

"Did you come to catch us in the act of picking and stealing?" "No. I came-He stopped short. Why he stopped he hardly knew. Whether it was something in

sentence was never finished. "I am glad I came, whatever brought me, he said a moment later, "that is, if you are not vexed with me for coming. "Vexed!" cried Greta. "It is nothing to

the girl's face or in his own heart which

me. How could it vex me?" "I hope you are none the worse for your adventure," he ventured, looking down into the unconscious face. 'The boy you saved is all right. The caretaker at Drumnabreeze is a relative of his-an uncle or something. I don't much fancy any of the Phenixes have come across. Do you?" "They have a bad name," said Greta.

"For quarrelsomeness, or what?" "For taking what does not belong to them. That boy's father has been in gaol twenty times for stealing; and there is an old Nick ous smuggler in his day.

"I suppose there is no smuggling carried

"Why do you ask?"

ghosts myself," she added carelessly; "but | then the summer sun and the winter snow, "I know it." Bulwer said, a shadow cross- something or other does haunt the cellars the heat and frost, the night dews and the "Yes?" Bulwer said, with some curiosity. "Mrs. Forster saw it herself. One night

her baby was ill, and she went down to the "What did she see?" "A ghost, or a white figure of some sort.

It went on before her down the kitchen passage, and disappeared at the head of the

But Mrs. Forster told Mrs. Reeves all about on his handsome dark boyish face. "I think he probably would have been it herself, and I am sure she would not say what was not true.

"No. I don't think it was a ghost." Greta allowed, mollified: "but it is odd that sev-"Tell us all about it, Greta," said Mimi eral people have seen the same thing. They not taken long ago," Bulwer answered, say it is the ghost of a very wicked old Lady frowning. "The thought of so much blood-Evremond who lived at Drumnabreeze more shed, when a little determination might

Bulwer shrugged his shoulders, but he did not dare to laugh.

"I did not know there were ever any very wicked Evremonds," he said. "Well, there were; but I must go and gather mushrooms now. Good morning."

"Won't you allow me to walk across the field to wish the other ladies good morning?' She could not very well refuse to let him walk across the fields with her. So they trod the soft turf together, the morning sunshine full on their faces.

A few minutes later Greta had said "goodbye" to the rest of the party, passing through the gate leading into Kincora. Bulwer remained a few minutes talking to Laurie "Miss Power does not seem to have suffered from her immersion in the water," he

said, looking after her. "Not she! Greta is as hardy as a flint. "She is very courageous. She ought to have taken the Drumnabreeze agency," Bulwer said, smiling. "Only I think she is a little too honest to escape a bullet."

"Honest?" Laurie repeated, opening her "Yes. The only one of Lord Evremond" agents who died in his bed was a dishonest old rascal who played into our enemies

came to Drumnabreeze.' He wished the girls good-bye at the little dried seaweed, dead star-fish and broken

of the sea, with a white or a gray sail here the right. In the face of the cliff there were

or the sea. of the best of these if you like, and you can and, after one glance, Mr. Bulwer turned on a high-bred woman who has been a great the Danes.

roast them for your breakfast. We all mean his heel and walked out again, and into the beauty in her day, long after that beauty is

the first one, and the roof sloped down on had seen a good deal of the world. every side to within a few inches of the If the elder Miss Power was afraid that which shut out all view to the right.

This seemed to be more than a mere con- contentment, she having some old-world cavity in the face of the cliff; but, from the ideas as to how the earlier hours of the day ware, silks, laces and diamonds from England nature of its formation, it was not so easy to ought to be spent. But, if she got rid of packed in bales of hops. Laces and dia-explore as the other two. It ran obliquely him in good time on this particular morning, monds have also been brought into this into the land, turning away from the light she was fated to enjoy a good deal of his country tightly packed in the centre of iron at almost an acute angle. Following the company during the days which followed, tubing. bend of it, Bulwer could not for a moment the warm lovely September days; for young see where he was going. But, as his eyes Bulwer lingered at Kincora, flirting a little smuggled ?" grew accustomed to the obscurity, he could with Laurie Reeves, whom he often found distinguish the rocky walls, the low unequal there, looking at Greta, smoking with Jack that occupies less space than they do. They roof, the little springs trickling from ledge under the thatched eaves, or sauntering can easily be concealed in talse shoe soles to ledge, the tiny grottoes filled with stones with him about the farm. And old Miss and heels and wigs. Notice of the sailing of and shells along the sides. He was obliged to stretch out his hands as he walked to prevent his coming full tilt against some rocky buttress, or perhaps the original wall of the buttress, or perhaps the original wall of the stones and wigs. Notice of the saming of smugglers from the other side is often resuch intimacy with an "ineligible," still welcomed him in her graceful stately fashion, only hoping that foolish Laurie Reeves riving here. The professional, as a rule, has most seemed as if the passage grew more mity, knowing that while she lived she must to the state room, and while they are to all spacious as it grew more dark. But, just as make herself charming to every man who appearance effusively showing their gladness he thought it would be wiser to turn back came in her way, and lazily confident that, at meeting each other again, one is passing while there was a glimmer of daylight, he if he were in a position to marry her him- laces or diamonds to the other. It is as Major when his wife had finished. "That touched a solid wall of rock, which seemed self, she would come to him the moment he often while surrounded by a crowd. "Oh!" said Greta, mentally acquitting to close up effectually this whole upper end held out his hand-knowing too that Bulof the cave. He struck a match; but the wer was at least a match for her, mischievfeeble glimmer was only enough to confirm ous little coquette that she undoubtedly this supposition-it fell on nothing but the was. face of the scarped rock, solid, frowning, and One evening, late in September, Bulwer impenetrable. With a short exclamation, brought Jack back with him to dinner at because they can call tears to their aid at Bulwer turned round and made his way back Drumnabreeze. Jack was generally so tired will, and tears, as perhaps you know, are a into fresh air and daylight, with a baffled at the end of the day that dining was an mighty powerful argument with men, and,

ed entrance. "At high tide the cavern must spend that evening at Drumnabreeze. night when the coast is clear."

CHAPTER IV.

September air, full of the sweet smell of newly-shorn stubble, of ripe grain, of sunthe great stretch of upland corn field over Kincora—a boyish looking young fellow in an old brown shooting-coat, with a sunburnt Phenix down at Cappagh who was a notori- group of reapers and binders, talking to Lord Evremond's agent

Far away across the big sloping pastures to the right, running round the mountain, "I suppose not, since the Coastguardsmen appeared the blue line of the sea; nearer lay the dense Drumnabreeze woods, nearer still "I don't think old Grant is much good. | the shadowy lanes about Kincora, the old He says his men keep a sharp look out all house itself appearing, among its ruddy along the coast here! But I fancy there horse-chestnuts, a quarter of a mile away. "Have you seen any ghosts at Drumna- which had been allowed to fall into ruin "all standing." It was ten years since Fitzgerald Power had moved his household goods "I am sure I don't know. Because I want from Kincora, lest Kincora should involve been murdered there within the last five to know, I suppose. I don't believe in them and him in one common ruin. Since

morning mists, had found free ingress from attic to basement; the walls had settled dewn, the staircase had fallen through. making access to the upper floors impossible: the windows were shattered, the hall door awry, the hall doorsteps disjointed as if upheaved by an earthquake. Jack Power was not looking at Kincora

now, nor was he thinking, as he sometimes did think, of Laurie Reeve's mocking voice Bulwer laughed. Greta looked offended. and laughing light-blue eyes. He was lis-"Oh," she said hotly, "one can laugh at tening to Lord Evremond's agent, his hands replied Donald : "it is very kind of you, I'm sure," Laurie said. "Joe says the child these things out here in the broad daylight! behind his back, and a comprehensive look

> "I dare say you are right," he said at last. "It never struck me before; but ["You'll be the most popular person in the | "I am not doubting the lady's veracity for should not be surprised if you had hit upon country now. There is such a clan of Phe- a moment," Bulwer assured her, with a their real motive—it was always a puzzle to nixes at Cappagh, and the boy you saved smile; "but I cannot bring myself to believe me why they shot poor O'Connor, who was was the only one that poor widow Phenix that it was a ghost." "It will always be a subject of keen remorse to me that the steps I am taking were have prevented it, is horrible to me. It has

made me hate Drumnabreeze.' "Lord Evremond knew so little-only what the papers told him-we knew so little ourselves," Jack Power said. "We did all we could at the time-my father exerted himself very much. But you know that to look for the author of an agrarian murder in Ireland is like looking for a needle in a bun-

dle of hay." "These were not agrarian outrages." "Well, we thought they were-everybody in the country thought they were.' Bulwer shrugged his shoulders, looking

down at the dark stretch of the Drumna-"Here is your sister," he said suddenly 'I shall say good-bye to you now, Power, or rather good morning. If anything new

turns up, you will see me again in the course of the day. "Greta is coming to order me in to breakfast:" and Jack smiled. "Come in and have some breakfast with us, Bulwer. You said the other day you had never tasted stir-

Greta came up to them while Lord Evremond's agent hesitated—Greta, bare-headed, in her brown holland gown, a couple of scarlet field-poppies under her dusky round chin. her dark hair sleekly combed over her forehead, almost tnto her grave Egyptian eyes: A glance into the same eyes decided the question of breakfast at Kincora, if Bulwer had ever seriously hesitated; and together they crossed the stubble-field to the gate in-

The lane, after two or three turnings, debouched in front of a wooden gate. This led into a grass plot before a long, low thatched cottage-a cottage with mud walls

them he looked now, and not at the village Nor did Jack Power make any remark about poses; with a soil and herbage which are were first developed out of some wild grass-

a thing of the past. Bulwer admired her This was lower and darker, and half-filled almost as much as the silent girl beside her; with fresh wet seaweed spangled with shells. | and he made himself very pleasant to every-But it was obviously of still smaller size than | body, with the air and manner of a man who

last cavern, nearest to the projecting bluff en. Jack carried him away with him the

abomination to him; but to-day Bulwer in- for that matter, also with women; because "I will come again with a lantern of some sisted on his walking back with him, saying they are full of blandishments and taking stayed the bold words on his tongue, the kind," he said, looking back at the low arch- that he had a reason for wishing him to little ways, which, particularly if they are

Bulwer's own shooting, washed down by point. had ever smoked before.

aforesaid tobacco.

wake in the village.

of the chimney again.

"Are you game?" said Bulwer. "Need you ask?"

"All right," Bulwer said, without looking finally caved in. Power goes. And, remember, I shall expect a few years ago. As I presume you know, numbers of those who, in spite of an occayou back before breakfast hour to-morrow." | cedar is quite largely imported from Cuba. | sional draught of water offered by charitable closed the door after her. They heard a by the smugglers, which they sawed, or had the dusty road not to rise for hours. The man's heavy step following hers across the sawed, into boards, leaving, however, one question is naturally asked-What does all hall, evidently lightened as much as possible end of the logs uncut, so that the plank this mean? The answer is: It is intended out of respect to his surroundings; and then | would open like the leaves of a book. Part to perpetuate the remembrance of a frightful they both went out at the hall door and clos- of the interior planks were carefully removed, epidemic of St. Vitus's Dance, which carried ed it behind them with a muffled slam.

signing my own death-warrant. And, if

He gave them a good twenty minutes, and ten more on to that, and then he rose from his chair and Jack Power rose also.

"Nine o'clock," Bulwer said, looking at his watch, "and it is high water to-night at ten minutes to nine.' "Well?"-and Power looked at him. "Come along," Lord Evremond's agent laughed, putting up his watch. "You take that candle in your hand and follow me, and, remember, whatever you do, don't talk. A

sneeze might prove fatal to us-don't forget He spoke jestingly, but there was more than jesting in his voice, and in the grave nod with which young Power answered him. And then they opened the door and walked out into the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Irish Butter. one of Mr. Power's herds, but which had of the countries of Northern Europe. That enter upon a period when we are absolutely his surroundings; he was Power of Kincora, not easily equalled; with a breed of cows es-these are all discoveries with which in

Diamonds Hid in Dutch Cheese-Customs Inspectors Who Yield to Woman's Wiles.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS.

"There is no end to the means smugglers ground. Bulwer saw nothing to detain him Jack's guest would dawdle about Kincora employ in their business," one of the oldest here, and very soon left it for the third and all the morning, she was agreeably mistak- custom house inspectors said. "I have known them to bring diamonds from Holmoment breakfast was over, to her great land nicely packed in the centre of the celebrated cheese of that country, and silver-"What goods can be most easily

"Laces and diamonds. There is nothing "Who are the best smugglers?"

"Women as a general thing. Why? Be-

cause the manner in which they clothe themselves enables them to conceal many will kindly give me just a drop more coffee, things from the most argus-eyed searcher; pretty, a fellow with any kind of a soft be filled with water, the high water-mark on They dined in a small room called the heart can't resist. Now, just you take a the face of the cliff being several feet higher study, Bulwer never having had the strength handsome woman, handsomely dressed, with than the mouth of the cave. I will get Jack of mind, as he himself confessed, to face the fascinating conversational powers and man-Power or Joe Reeves to come with me, and dreary expanse of the dining-room alone. ners. By jove! if she doesn't get the best we'll explore this subterranean passage some The house was badly furnished, in an ugly, of a male inspector I'll give it up. She'll first old-fashioned style; but this room was com- deny she has any contraband goods, and fortably carpeted and filled with comfort- play sweet on him. If he proves obdurate, able old-fashioned furniture; and to-night a and, for example, insists on examining her good wood fire burned on the hearth. Phe- trunks, she'll begin to cry, assert her innonix, the caretaker, seldom came up-stairs; cenoe of anything at all underhand, and tell but his wife waited upou them, a quiet sub- him how distressing it is for a lady to be burnt leaves and grasses. Jack Power dued-looking woman who seemed to avoid subjected to such an indignity. What does giving a direct look or a direct answer when- he do? If he is hard-hearted and insenever she could possibly help it. Her at- sible to the charms of women, he will protendance was below criticism; but the din- ceed with his examination of her luggage, ner was not badly cooked, and consisted of and hand her over to a female searcher. If straw hat on his dark head. Just now he a boiled ham and a plump pair of grouse of he is susceptible, the fair one will gain her

whiskey-and-water, and wound up by a "Cigar smugglers are troublesome. A pipeful of better tobacco than Jack Power great deal of ingenuity was displayed ten civilised world a spectacle has been attractyears ago by some professionals I manaed to ing the curiosity of thousands which leads us "Do you know why I particularly wanted catch. One day what purported to be a back to the depths of the Middle Ages, alyou to spend this evening with me?" Bulwer dead body was removed from one of the though it is repeated year by year. I am asked, when they were sitting in great arm- Havana steamers. It was stated that the speaking of the village of Echternach and its chairs at either side of the fire, smoking the dead man's relatives were Americans, and, far-famed dancing procession. From 15,000 desiring to have him buried here, had gone to 20,000 pilgrims-I could not obtain more "No," Jack answered, removing his eyes to much expense in having the body brought accurate information about the numberscould be many a cargo run without their Even from this distance it had the inexpressby one of two men who had the body in territory, but close to the Grand Duchy of "Because Phenix and his wife are going to charge. I have a splendid memory for faces, Luxembourg. The inhabitants of different and I recognized one of the two-or thought | villages-men and women apart-collect be-"And you were afraid to stay here by I did-as a man I had caught smuggling hind their clergymen, and a band of musicigars about five years ago. At any rate, cians is placed in the front. As the clock "Well, no, that was not the reason," Bul- my suspicions were aroused. I came to the strikes five on Tuesday morning in Whitwer laughed. "In fact, I hope you will be-lieve me when I tell you that that reason that body. When an undertaker's wagon wooden pulpit, and thence addresses the never entered into my head. But, this be- containing the body drove away from the multitude, then already swollen to an ining the first time I have succeeded in getting wharf I jumped into a cab and followed it, credible extent by sight-seers, who come by the coast clear down-stairs, I wanted to ex- directing the driver to keep it in sight, but special trains and every imaginable vehicle plore the regions, and discover if possible to drive past it when it came a final stop. to be present at the performances. The where the Drumnabreeze ghost lives when The cabman had done such work for me be. community which happens to be nearest the fore, and knew just what was wanted of road stands forth, preceded by their priest, Jack Power nodded, his eyes on the back him. The wagon pulled up at a house in who, however, does not dance. Two men or Greenwich street. The body was taken into two women hop away first two steps in adthe house, and I drove down to the custom- vence, and then one backwards, the band house. Accompanied by two inspectors, I playing a most monotonous tune. "Abra-"Well, at nine o'clock we will descend to returned to the house within two hours. ham had seven sons, seven sons; seven sons the basement story, and, after we have gra- We first represented ourselves as health of. had Abraham," are the words to this tertified our curiosity, we will come back here, I ficers, who had heard there was a man in rible melody, which each successive set, as and you shall brew a tumbler of real Irish the house who had died in Havana of yellow they join the procession, take up with inpunch. I wish very much to know exactly fever. They said it was untrue; that he had creasing vigor. Hour after hour passes away died of heart disease, and refused to allow before the last people have started on their Jack laughed, but grew grave again as the 'us to examine the body. Then I told the miles of way to the tot of the Church of St. door opened and Mrs. Phenix put in her two smugglers that we were government Willebrod, whence they go up fifty steps officials, showing my badge, and I believed round and round the altar, and finally de-"If you please, sir, we're going out now." the coffin was packed full of cigars. They seend the fifty steps. Nothing can exceed

round. "I will bolt the door when Mr. | "Another ingenious ruse was discovered dancers, old and young. Great are the The woman murmured something and Small-sized logs of this wood were procured bystanders, sink down on the grass or on leaving a hollow space. This space was filled off hundreds of victims in the neighborhood "We will give them twenty minutes to with the finest brands of cigars, packed in referred to some time during the fifteenth get clear of the place," Bulwer said when boxes, and the logs then carefully tied to- century; to offer up prayers and vows to the steps had died away on the mossy gravel gether, giving them the appearance usual the patron saint; to recognise a miraculous to cigar-box lumbersawed into planks. The cessation of the epidemic, and it is a fulfil-"I don't want them to think that I sus- nature of this cedar would not have been ment of vows then made that, in gratitude, pect anything—that would be as good as discovered had it not been that while being there should be yearly dances performed removed from the vessel here one of the logs two hops backward and one forward, as they saw a glimmer of light in any of the was thrown heavily on the pier and its con- closely resembling the visitation from windows down-sta they might fancy I tents dislodged. If I remember correctly which Heaven had delivered them as rhythm was poking round their own particular pre- there were fifty packages. Since then in- and good taste would allow. During the mises, than which nothing is farther from spectors have always carefully examined French occupation in 1793 the procession Cuban cedar imported in such a shape.'

The Early Beligion. The Dake of Argyll, in the Contemporary Review

We have found in the most ancient

indications of religious thought are higher,

until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the Divine Being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Prof. Max Muller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back 5,000 years. Prof. Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1,500 years B. C. But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date The butters of Ireland, as seen at the lead- of any other very ancient literature, such as and deeply-sunken windows, a cottage which ing shows, will not suffer by comparison, all the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian had been originally a cabin, occupied by things considered, with those of England, or papyri, when we go beyond these dates we been altered to accommodate "the family" on there is a larger proportion of inferior butter | without any historical evidence whatever, not its exodus from Kincora House. Some of made in Ireland than in any other country only as to the history of religion, but as to said a father to his son last Sunday. "Oh, the windows had been enlarged, a room or which reckons to be a dairying country at the history and condition of mankind. We do I'm reading 'Daniel in the Lions' Den. two had been added, the interior had for the all is probably true, but it is equally true not know even approximately the time dur. Father goes over and picks up the book and most part been ceiled and boarded; but the that some of the best butter in the world is | ing which he has existed. We do not know | finds it is a dime novel called 'Pete Jones in cottage still retained many of the character- made there. It is merely a question of care the place or the surroundings of his birth. Africa." "Why," says he, "this a dime istics of its first estate, though the low mud and cleanliness. At any rate a collection of We do not know the steps by which his novel." "No, pa, that's only the 'revised walls were covered with fuchsias and japon- Irish butter shows more body, substance, knowledge "grew from more to more." All of 'Daniel in the Lions' Den. ica, and neat flower-beds ran the whole and general quality than we have found to we can see with certainty is that the earliest "I CAN'T think that all sinners will be length of it under the deep over-shadowing be the case in other countries. At the same inventions of mankind are the most wonder- lost," said Mrs. Nimbletung. "There's my time we must admit that they are less skill- ful that the race has ever made. The first husband, now. He's a bad man - a very bad There was no apology in Greta's face as fully made and less neatly finished off and beginnings of human speech must have had man; but I trust he will be saved at last. I "You must rise very early in this part of some caves, not remarkable ones, and pro- she passed before the two young men and presented than, for instance, the butters of their origin in powers of the highest order. believe he has suffered his due share in this tor to his apprentice, "ye mannaye be awfu" the country," he was saying, with an amus- bably altogether submerged at high water; led the way into the cottage, no conscious- Denmark or of Finland. Possessing an in- The first use of fire and the discovery of the life." "Amen!" shouted Nimbletung from the but it was these caves apparently which had ness of anything needing apology, though herent superior quality, they lose the advan- methods by which it can be kindled; the do- back seat. Mrs. N. gave him such a look, but terrible mistake. I was attending Mrs. "One must rise very early when one wants brought Mr. Bulwer down to the shore at the proudest of all the pr Kittlebody wha' was sair fashed wi' tickdol- to rob one's neighbours," Greta answered, this early hour of the morning; for it was at of Kincora was not more proud than size. one of the finest climates for dairying purther have by Lohn McFik. laughing.

The 5-year-old Betty attended Sunday-Crossing the mound of water-washed peb- and it mattered very little whether he re- excellent in many respects, and still improv- ingenuity and in importance no subsequent had a fine public-house : an' I mixed up baith he saw us carrying baskets of what shall I bles, out of view of the village, he walked ceived his guest in a castle or a cabin. Nor ing; and with milk preeminently suited to discoveries may compare. They are all unat last into the largest of the caves and found did it seem to be of much consequence to butter-making-more so, perhaps, than the nown to history-all lost in the light of an portions at the same more so, perhaps, than the nown to history—all lost in the light of an maun! I happened to gie them ilk ither's "He would scarcely call it by so harsh a himself in a rather spacious cavern, floored Mr. Bulwer, to judge from his enjoyment of milk of any other country in the world—the effulgent dawn. In speculating, therefore, with the same round clean-looking pebbles, a breakfast of which the promised stir-about Irish people are provided with the first re- on the origin of these things, we must make medicines; so puir John, rubbing Mrs. Attuehody's preparation for her tickdolarce on the
tap of his head, declares he's had a bee in
his bonnet ever since; and Mrs. Kittleboby,
his bonnet ever sin rubbin her jaw and the last the stitution that he has now, or that there was having lain there during a terrible storm.

They never taste so good as when you an uncouth crypt. The morning light came honours with the graceful courtesy which intelligent thought, and the pride in work a time when these faculties had not yet ris
They never taste so good as when you an uncouth crypt. The morning light came honours with the graceful courtesy which intelligent thought, and the pride in work a time when these faculties had not yet ris
He had no covering and was kicking lustily. for John's taid power at the roast them yourself. I will give you a few sufficiently into it to show its entire extent; sometimes, indeed almost always, remains to which are conspicuous among the Dutch and en to the level of humanity, and when his How he got there is a mystery. Rained mental constitution was essentially inferior. down, perhaps. The Springfield Republican.

HOW TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR.

Improved Appliances for Procuring Steaks in the Arctic Regions.

From the San Francisco Chepniele. "I do so pity those men the Rodgers, remarked Mrs. Max, passing the Major the honey, which he always insisted on having with his rice cakes.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Major, who was a trifle cynical that morning, having burned his mouth with coffee. "Yes, indeed, my dear, the life of an Arctic explorer must be hard. They are so isolated from the world. Just imagine, if you can, the horror of living for three years out of the dust and wind and fog and rain of our glorious climate; of not meeting all that time the man at your club who thinks the oftener a story is told the better it is : of being without the consolation afforded you by the busted stock operator who knows you are glad of an opportunity to lend him a twenty; of being where millinery and Japanese decoration stores do not daily entrap one's wife : of being-

"Why, Major, how you do talk! I was only thinking of the horrid things the Rodgers's crew will have to do to get their bear steaks. "How's that ?" asked the Major, instant-

interested over the subject of steaks, which he holds of much greater importance than the Irish land troubles. "What I know about it," resumed Mrs. Max, "I read in a fashion paper, and it

ought to be true." "It certainly ought to be, Mrs. Max, if only on account of its old age. "Well, the article said," continued Mrs. Max, pretending to ignore the Major's slur on her favorite reading, "that Arctic ex-

plorers, when they want to kill a polar bear, plant a big knife in the ice with the blade sticking up. They daub the blade with blood, and the bear comes along and licks it cave; but, though he went on for a good would not make a fool of him, or of herself. a confederate, who is ready to jump aboard doesn't feel the cut, but, tasting his own while, nothing rose to bar his progress; it al- As for Jack, he watched Laurie with equani- at the first opportunity. The two meet, go blood, continues to lick the knife until his tongue is all fraved, and he bleeds to death. Isn't it dreadful ?"

story was first published, but in the last twenty years an improvement has been made, which I will tell you about, if you with cold milk, this time. The way the thing is done now is as follows: When Capt. Berry of the Rodgers wants a polar bear for dinner, he gives a midshipman a copper bed spring and a chunk of fat pork. The midshipman compresses the spring perfectly flat, wraps the pork around it tight, and holds it so until it freezes solid. Then the frozen pork, stuffed with the bed spring, is thrown out to the nearest iceberg, where it is promptly swallowed by a polar bear. When the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the pork it releases the spring, which flies out, and the bear soon dies from a pain in his

"Major," said Mrs. Max, with much warmth, "I don't believe that story is true." "No, my dear, and you won't, until, in a few years, you see it some fashion paper, and then you will swear by it."

A Dancing Procession.

A corresponding of a contemporary writing recently says :- Not far from these places of rendezvous for all nations of the was forbidden, but the easy-going Dutch Government of Luxembourg have allowed it to be revived. To judge from what could be seen this year of the drunkenness and debauchery in the numberless public-houses frequented by the pilgrims after their long fasting and exertions, I am inclined to think cords of the Aryan language proof that the it would have better to have continued the

simpler, and purer as we go back in time, Travelling costumes are made very short. A young lady in New York has appropriately named her dog Penny because it was

> MR. EDMUND AUDRAN, the composer of Olivette," is said to be a short stout man, with small, pokey eyes, a turn-up nose, fiery red hair, a hair-lip, and a carbuncle on his

LEADVILLE deacon-No, we wouldn't put stick in the Sunday School lemonade : keep it for yourself. And don't start a dogfight to amuse the children. Just get the dogs around and leave it to the boys to rub their ears and set 'em to chawing each other.

"Well, Charley, what are you reading?"

school lately as an observer, and during the rather long prayer kept her head reverently bowed in imitation of the example of her older companions. During the singing of the following hymn she turned to her companion, and with gravity whispered :