Rocherour began his article on Dufaure thus: "M. Dafaure has die I, age I 83. Buffon never said that croci-tiles were wont to live so long.

THE Earl of Roseberry, at his rent audit, remitted fifteen per cent. on the half year's rents due at Lady Day from the tenants on his estates at Montmore. Two drawings, signed "Alix"-" Moun-

tain Gloom" and "Sandringham in Winter" -on exhibition in London, are the work of the Princess of Wales. THE order of the Seraphim, the "blue

ribbon" of Sweden, was conferred upon Madame Lind-Goldschmidt by the King of Sweden during his visit to London. It is claimed by Lord James Butler that the Barony of Arklow, just bestowed upon

Prince Leopold, belongs by hereditary descent to his brother, the Marquis of Ormonde. THE British Medical Journal publishes some hospital reports by "Miss Clarke, M.

D." These are the first papers of the kind

ever printed in an English medical newspaper of prominence. THE fiancee of Lady Evelyn Campbell manages a large establishment in the south of England for training boys for the colonies, and has also invented a musical instrument, a combination of organ and harmonium, call-

THE bath-room of the Marquise Visconti is hardly likely to have its rival. The lava walls and floors are hung and covered with tapestry, the windows are of stained glass, while the bath is a work of art in silver, the water being spouted in by a silver dolphin, one eye supplying the hot and the other the cold water.

ed the Folian organ.

LORD Kimberley has turned land reformer, and is in favour of the abolition of all laws impeding the free distribution of landed property. He can easily take a leading position in such a reform, for he is the owner of 11,000 acres, which yield a rental of £25,000, or \$125,000, per annum.

SIR Percy Shelly, one of the great theatrical amateurs, has built a little theatre at his own expense on the Thames embankment, partly for the love of dramatic art, and partly, doubtless, from that insane love of publicity which has become a disease in highclass society in England.

THE Duke of Hamilton has built a new steam yacht, the Thistle, which has just been launched at Port Glasgow. She is 600 tons. and is sumptuously fitted up. The saloons By the Author of "MARRIED IN BLACK" and cabins are eight feet high, and the drawing-room is being furnished with Hungarian rosewood and tapestry.

AT an inauguratory ceremony in London lately the Prince of Wales was down on the programme for a speech, and the Bishop of London for a prayer, and both chose the same moment for beginning. This led to an awkward deadlock for a few seconds, at which the Princess could not help smiling; but ultimately the Bishop gave way, and found his opportunity a little later.

The Duchesse de Fitz-James resembles the eccentric Queen Christina, of the Vasa line agriculture is an absorbing occupation with her; and she has successfully engaged in combating the phylloxera in the south of France, by grafting shoots of French vines on American seedlings, French vines having worn-out constitutions, owing to long cultivation, she argues.

A QUIET SMILE.

THE influence of a good man is good : tha of a bad man over another is bully .-Picayune.

Bernhard's future tomb, we learn from the New York Commercial, will be adorned with Sara phims.

natural death. - Boston Post. AMERICAN horses will never make as much money abroad as American donkeys have

spent there.

THE Yankee Statesman says that when an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land, then look out for fishing smacks. A MAN may be the architect of his own

fortunes; but if he is not able to build his plan is not worth much to him. LITTLE Johnny—toy pistol—bib! boom

-doctor-lock-jaw-under the willows pistol carefully laid aside for the next. GOLD ore and a deposit in the savings bank

BILLY the Kid was not the son of Wil cloud. liam the goat. Indeed, no one ever knew

The New York Commercial devotes a share of its space to "A Hospital for Lame

Jokes." It is well supported by private contributions. OH, why does the small boy utter the midnight groan? Hush, keep quiet. Bring the

mixture. "Tis the cherry's tone. - New Ha-

comes and never goes.' ways take their opera-glasses when they

sail on North Shore excursions is that they are going to sea. - Boston Globe. THE season of the huckleberry is at hand. and the ruby lips of the maiden take on a

charcoal hue, and kissing in the dark is apt to be "given away" in the light. THE giraffe is a very timid animal. His

neck is so long that when his heart comes Bulwer, in his gray tweed and shooting cap. her ears like the sound of bells. All about into his mouth it takes him half a day to She came up with him, she cried out again her were the quiet trees, the dusky shrubs get it back where it belongs. - Peck's Sun.

either side of the bicycle and ride to health arms. and glory. And its editor is a deacon at that.

ALTHOUGH we are not trouble as the ancients were in making bricks without straw. still a straw is a great aid to a fellow desiring to put a brick in his hat .- Boston

This notice is found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith shop: "Notis-De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and in his strong clasp. "Who told you? How senger. It was Jack himself. dem what de firm owe will settle wid did you find it out?'

THE boast is made that a Boston girl is so sensibly attired that she can at a high speed run two blocks after a horse car without pleaded in an agony. awkwardness or getting red in the face. The conductor watches her run and enjoys it so heard.

well that he forgets to stop the car until she is safely aboard. A GERMAN astronomer says the comet's tail is 4,000,000 miles long; a Russian astronomer says is is 5 000,000; a French astronomer adds half a million to that; an

English astronomer calls it 8,000,000, and Prof. Swift says it is 5,000,000. None of them know to a dead certainty. ver give for a cent ! Why, yuster get twice she said hurriedly, trying to lift herself out not to be frightened. I wanted to go down have eaten nothing since yesterday mornthat many." Vendor-"Yes, but all the of his arms, forgetting the inference Bulwer with him to Drumnabreeze first; but he ing."

Small boy-" Then give me a cent's worth him. of ice-cream ; them isn't failed.

two women kiss each other, and this is the ing down into the girl's face with eyes which result : " It is simply envy which criticises | were passionate in the starlight. "You can ladies for kissing one another. The double never say you do not care for me, Greta, have been absolutely riddled with shot." barrelled sweetness is not lost, and while, per- after to night." haps, it is not placed where it will do the But Greta was listening for other sounds questions. most good it is something worth coveting besides the sound of his voice. and admiring.

Senelon Salls Gazette.

VOL. IX.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

NO. 25.

To My Dog "Blanco."

BY J. G. HOLLAND. My dear, dumb friend, low lying there, A willing vassal at my feet, Glad partner of my home and fare,

My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes, Where love and loyal homage shine, And wonder where the difference lies

Between your soul and mine. For all of good that I have found Within myself or by man kind Hath royally informed and crowned Your gentle heart and mind.

I can see the whole broad earth around For that one heart which, leal and true. Bears friendship without end or bound, And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars; Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride, Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars, Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,

Asgentle as a lamb with me. But with your brothers bold: More playful than a frolic boy. More watchful than a sentinel,

By day and night your constant joy To guard and please me well. I clasp your head upon my breast-The while you whine and lick my hand-

And thus our friendship is confessed. And thus we understand ! Ah, Blanco! did I worship God

Or follow where my Master trod With your humility, Did I sit fondly at His feet,

As you, dear Blanco, sitat mine. And watch Him with a love as sweet. My life would grow divine! -Midsummer Scribner.

"Nobody Asked You, Sir," She Said.

"AZALEA; OR, LOVE THE WINNER, "THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE," "AT HER HANDS," "IN HONOUR BOUND," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

Greta slept in a quaint little room under ittle room with a tiny dormer-window look- go. ing out over the thatch. The first thing she saw, on going to her room this evening, after she had lighted the candle and put it down on the narrow dressing-table, was a small piece of paper folded once, not over-clean, and addressed to herself. It had evidently eyes. been placed conspicuously on the table, so as to attract her attention the moment she should come into the room.

Puzzled, but never dreaming of its consequence, she opened it, touching the soiled paper delicately with her finger-tips. It contained merely the following lines, with-

out date or signature-"If you care for the man beyond at Drumnabreeze, don't let him leave Kincora this night, or you'll never see him again alive. This is from one who does it for your sake, Miss Greta, at the risk of her life.

One hurried glance, which scarcely took in the full mearing of the note, another quick, but more comprehensive, reading, and then the girl, crushing the morsel of paper in her WHEN a man expires in Washington from hand, ran out into the narrow passage, raving delirium tremens, they say he died a through the door left ajar for Jack, who had not vet come in, and so out into the darkness

"Too late!" she said to herself as she sped down between the close laurels, her heart beating quickly. "I shall never overtake utes ago! But now it is too late!"

She thought she should certainly meet Jack before she reached the gate, and send him after Bulwer. She called out as she dare to injure him! She ran down to the the starlight-"Darling, do you love me so ran; but her voice seemed hoarse and entrance into the lane, dashing the hot blindstrange; she could not raise it above a faint ing tears from her eyes, her ears all the time tion so badly, so painfully, that she put up strangled cry of "Jack, Jack!" There was tingling for the terrible sound she dreaded no answer, no sound but the sound of her to hear startling the dead silence of the there was nobody there to see. She must own flying feet. It was so dark here between | night. are very much the same, inasmuch as they the high laurel hedges that she could not are both money in accrued state.—Lowell see twenty yards ahead of her, though her brother, leisurely returning from his her—before he would dare to call her "darlthe night was a starlit one, without a farmyard, smoking his pipe.

She ran very fast, though she felt as if whose son he was, and now they will care some dead weight were dragging her back, claimed. her ears and eyes strained to catch the carried on the shoulder. Genius used to be was shut, but not padlocked. Jack must to-night!" the girl cried breathlessly. "Oh, still be in front of her with Mr. Bulwer, unless he had gone round to the farmyard again.

> intending to lock the gate as he came back. She dashed open the low iron gate and ran out into the road. It was bright starlight ried past her into the road. here, so light that she could see a long distance down the straight white glimmering an erect black figure in the starlight. But | twenty minutes.

with a choked despairing, gasping cry. far in their shadow, the ivied walls, the old THE Cincinnati Gazette openly and badly and then she would have fallen forward if he familiar objects, unfamiliar in this semi-obadvises the female sex to hang a limb on had not turned round and caught her in his scurity, looming vast and strange against the

> What is the matter?' they are waiting for you? very much surprised.

"People to kill you. Oh, don't stop road, in the gloomy shadow of those fatal For Heaven's sake come woods. talking here!

"I don't know-I cannot tell. I will tell claimed, seizing his hand you if you come back with me. Oh, why

"Greta, you must tell me what you

"I don't know. You must promise not to of proving that Bulwer's supposition was of a book at Drumnabreeze." betray her if I tell you what I think." "I will not betray her," he promised the head of them."

"I think it was the woman whose child I pulled out of the water that day-you re- eyes.

"And you have done this for me ?" he said, The New York Herald has been watching keeping his arms obstinately round her, look-

don't stand here any longer-let us run !" Phenixes, if we had not come up just in the "Run!" he answered, smiling a little. | nick of time."

'Indeed I am not going to run!' for yourself! Have you no mother, no sis- dently been an adventure after his own

"I care for you," he replied, clasping her more closely to him ; but Greta pushed him |

"Come," she said, seizing his hand-" oh ome, come!" "I will see you safely to your own gate,"

very sure of that." "You will go on to Drumnabreeze-nowto-night?" "Certainly, I shall go on."

wait to murder you?"

afraid. "But they may be waiting for you nearer | man.". Drumnabreeze to night!" the girl said, her thought I heard two or three." would do anything for me. I ask you to do this now-do not go to-night to Drumna-

"Would you make a coward of me, "What does it matter about themabout anything-if only they don't get hold

breeze !"

"I never thought you would advocate surender. Greta ! She had been drawing him with her to

wards Kincora while she spoke, and he had yielded to the touch of her hand. "I am wasting time," he said, putting his hand over hers as it held his arm. "If we don't catch the rascals to-night, it will be al up with me in reality-they will know that I am on my guard. I will leave you inside the low caves at one end of the cottage, a your own gate, and then you must let me

Her hand dropped from his sleeve. She turned away mutely and covered her face. "Darling, do you love me so much?" he said passionately; and, stooping, he kissed whiskey, and then telling her to go to bed her ruffled hair and hands that hid her

"Will you stay at Kincora?" she said then, making one last despairing appeal to him, but he shook his head inexorably "I cannot do it, Greta-do not ask me.

breaks my heart to refuse you, darling; but, if I did what you want me to do, both you and I would be sorry for it afterwards. I should be much more likely to lose my life if the room at last, standing by the dressing-I shirked from duty now. His blue eyes flashed with an odd light in

the darkness, and there was a ring in his voice which the girl had never heard in it ing knowledge forced itself into her mind before. They had reached the gate of that she loved Lord Evremond's agent bet-Kincora by this time; he pushed her inside ter than she loved any one else in the it gently, and turned away, closing it after world. "Run home," he said, "and don't be

frightened. And, if you see you brother, tell him to come on after me, by-and-by." She leant her head against the gate in a passion of crying; but she offered no further felt that it was too late to hide the knowresistance. She heard his steps pass rapidly down the road, and she did not raise her head to look after him. But, after one wild most of all from him. But, even as she him now. If I had only seen this ten min- despairing gust of weeping, she straightened thought this, she remembered words that herself and pulled the gate open again. She had almost been forgotten in the terror and must find Jack and send him after him-Jack was a magistrate; they would never

A moment later, she came full tilt against

"Oh, Jack, go after him! Call up the how much she cared about him when he For thirty-five years after the water-pail slightest sound, to see the faintest outline of Ryans or somebody, and go after him, for had never asked her to care about him at was invented it had no handle, but was a figure. She reached the avenue gate. It Heaven's sake! They are going to kill him all! Jack, won't you save him? I couldn't stop him-and now it may be too late; he may be beaten-he may be dead !"

"Bulwer!" Jack Power said, and he hur

How long her brother was away Greta road. She thought she could distinguish a never knew. She spent the time clasping dark figure at the farthest point of sight; the top rung of the gate closely in her two but if she did, it must have turned the cor- hands, her cars strained to catch the slight-THE following is the way an editor would ner round the old elm-tree, for, while she est sound, her whole heart and soul concenput it: "Men may come and men may go," looked, it disappeared. She ran down the trating themselves into one prayer for the but "Heaven defend us from the man who road, she came to the old tree, standing out man whose life hung in the balance, her wild darkly from the hedge; she looked ahead | wide-open eyes raised to the quiet night-sky Jones thinks the reason why people al. again. A man certainly appeared, walking with its myriads of stars. She was a brave on before her down the middle of the road, | girl ; but she never forgot the anguish of those

was it a friend or a fee? She did not stop to Once, scarcely louder than the beating of think. Running after him, she tried to cry her own heart, she fancied she heard the out; but her voice was gone. Straining | sound of firing-two or three shots following ever nerve, she made one more desparate each other in rapid succession-but she could effort. The distance lessened between her- not be sure. And once she fancied she heard self and the man striding on unconsciously | shouting ; but it might have only been the ahead of her; she could identify him-it was blood tingling through her veins-it rang in quiet sky. Her hair and dress were damp "Greta!" he exclaimed, thunderstruck. with dew, her hands were cold, clasping the cold iron; but she only thought of one thing, "You!" she gasped, panting. "Come back | the man who had thrust her from him-yet the touch of whose lips on her hair still "Whom?" he asked; but he did not seem thrilled her with passionate pain-lying stark and stiff in the middle of that lonely

The sound of quick footsteps fell upon her "My poor child, you have half-killed ears at last-some one running; she flung yourself," he said, holding her very tenderly open the gate and ran out to meet the mes-

will you lose all this precious time?" she for him, poor fellow, for all we can tell. But him.

he is alive yet. " Have they shot him?"

Pranur stand. Small boy: "Is them all member? I don't know but I think it was," "He begged me to come up and tell you you must be half starved, Jack, if you rice, tapioca, and sago. Distaste for these is fruit crops is failed this year, and peanuts might draw from the confession, forgetting would not hear of that. One of the Ryans "Oh, they gave me supper! The Phonixes skimmed milk is used. Abundance of new and peaches is uncommon slow a comin in." everything but her agonised anxiety for ran for the doctor, and the other two carried there have not said milk should be employed, and more milk, or him home between them." "Is he much hurt?"

Greta shivered; but she asked no more wer himself does this morning!"

"It was well you thought of the Ryans-"Are you coming back?" she exclaimed I knocked them up as I ran past their cabin, friend?"

piteously, clasping his arm with her light and they were after me in two minutes. They brown fingers. "Every minute is precious; gave us great help in collaring the rascals- nothing more to hear." they may come on up here when they find | the two policemen could never have succeedyou have been delayed. Oh, for pity's sake, ed in capturing six desperate rascals like the Gretchen, he owes his life to you."

There was no sign of trepidation about "Is there nobody you care for !" the girl Jack Power's boyish face, no shake in his in Jack's good graces, however he had man- into a conspiracy to scare him to death. degree. cried passionately, "if you do not care hearty young voice. The affair had evi- aged to do it.

"I never met such a plucky fellow as that Bulwer is, in my life," he went on, drawing his sister with him towards the house; but still full of the night's work. "He made the policemen walk a hundred paces behind him; and, the moment the man fired at him from he answered in the same tone in which he behind the hedge, he dashed in through the had spoken throughout; "but I am not blackthorns-you know there is not much of going to show the white feather, you may be a fence there, opposite to the Drumnabreeze gates-and collared him, He was badly wounded, and he knew it; but he never stopped to think of himself. He dragged half a dozen more of the scoundrels, such a but aside from that I have noticed no serious the rascal out into the road just as I came valuable clue as that! My dear Greta, do effects." "Though you know they are lying in up with the police. The rest of the gang you know that you have done us a great deal rushed out to rescue their comrade; but we "I shall pass the police-barrack at Gor- nabbed them to a man. It was a hand-toteen, and take a couple of the men on with hand scuffle at the last, and hot work while Greta said steadily, "unless you had first his liver. Last fall my brother got in the screens made of fragrant khas grass, which me, just to help me to secure the ruffians it lasted; but nobody got hurt but Bulwer : found out the person who wrote it." if they molest me. You need not be and even he did not go down till it was all over. Then I thought he was a dead thing to do if we had the paper."

than the police-barrack! Do not go to "Were there no other shots fired? I

voice shaking, though she tried hard to .. The Phenixes fired through the hedge steady it. "I never asked you to do any- before they ran out; but nobody was hit. thing before, though you often said you The whole thing was over in less than thirty seconds, and when it was all over the police came up from Cappagh-or rather from patrolling on the road-and helped our men to handcuff the gang."

"Will he die?" Greta-asked, when e paused at last to recover his breath, tightening the little cold fingers over his arm. "Jack, do you think he will die?"

"I hope not, Gretchen; he had recovered his senses before I left him. What I am afraid of is the loss of blood. But he is a splendid fellow; and, if they have killed him, they shall swing for it, every man of them, as sure as my name is Jack Power !"

The assurance did not comfort Jack

Power's sister. She walked back to the cottage as if in a dream from which she could not awaken, a troubled, horrible dream. She remembered all the events of this night afterwards as one remembers events in a dream. She remembered Jack's going into the dining-room and drinking a glass of and not fret herself any more about what could not be helped, and that perhaps Bulwer might be all right in the morning. And then she remembered his leaving the cottage to go back to Drumnabreeze, promising to let her know very early in the morning how things went on. All this she remembered in a kind of dazed unsympathetic way. But, when she found herself back in her own littable as she had stood by it an hour ago reading the paper which had perhaps saved Bulwer's life, the new bitter-sweet despair-

But did he care for her? He had seemed to care for her; he had looked at her as h had not looked at Laurie or at Mimi Grant. It might be that she had not given all and received nothing; but, even if it were so, she ledge that she loved him from herself. She would hide it from the rest of the worldexcitement of the last half-hour-words that he had spoken, holding her in his arms in much ?" Her cheeks burned at the recollecher hands and hid the lovely damask which

have betrayed herself horribly before a man would venture to say such words as those to ing," to clasp her to him, to kiss her hair ! combed low on the forehead, on the firm red "Why, Gretchen! What on earth are you hated herself for her folly! And what a fool he .must have thought her to show

Now that the terror and excitement of the moment were over, she saw her own actions in what was perhaps an exaggerated light. And she resented his behaviour as well. What had she said to him, what had she done, that he should, after all, have dared to say to her what he did? It was only natural that a woman should try to hold back a man from danger; no woman would allow a man, if he were an utter shranger to her, to go out and be assassinated from behind a hedge if she could help it. If it had been Joe Reeves or Tom Grant she would have tried to hold him back all the same. This thought consoled her a little; but the thought that perhaps he would have forgotten it all by the

morning consoled her still more. But then the thought of his danger came back with a sickening dread, a dull anguish of apprehension. She might never see him again, to remember or forget; even now he and come with me, I'll point out its where ence of a sorrel cow with an inadequate tail | there is nothing to do but to put your helm might be dying-he might be dead! And, if he were dead, would she not treasure up the memory of that kiss, of that whispered "darling" which troubled her now so much? She felt that she would treasure them up,

even if he had only been amusing himself all through those golden harvest-days. All night long she lay broad awake, longing for the time when there should be a stir in the house, a pretext for getting up, a chance of any news from Drumnabreeze. And she made one resolution: nobody should guess her secret. Neither jealous Laurie nor even Jack should have the slightest shadow of a pretext for supposing that she cared for Lord Everemond's agent one with more than he cared for her.

CHAPTER VII.

"They have shot at him-a charge of a cat, you know; but the doctor says he will rightly dealt with by the gastric juice.

to restore Greta's equanimity. "But where is he-why did you leave "I am so glad !" she said, sitting down at these conditions. him?" Greta gasped, with great wide-open the table and pouring out Jack's coffee with Milk is insufficiently used in making hands which scarce trembled. "I am sure simple puddings of such farinaceous foods as

"What more?" Greta asked. "There is "But there is a great deal more to hear.

"To me?" Greta asked. "Yes-he told me all about it last night."

"Greta, have you got that piece of paper? It was a paper or letter of some kind you liver is about the most worthless organ in Nero, but never finished, is likely to be .-

with his cup. "You have got it, I hope?" "No, I have not got it." "Not got it, child! Do you mean to say

that you have thrown it away?" "I have burnt it," Greta said camly. "But it was of the greatest importance!

"It could have been of no use to you,

marked quietly. "If you can't do without a dead man, but in four weeks he was able it, I am sorry for you. But I should never to play base ball, and has never had even a have dreamt of giving it up." "You destroyed it on purpose?" Jack ejaculated, staring at her. Greta nodded. Jack's expression changed

from annovance to admiration as he looked at her, till at last he began to laugh, "You are a plucky girl, Gretchen, and a driving a mowing machine he fell to the true Power; we never betrayed a friend, And I can tell you, if you care to hear it, that Bulwer would be a dead man this day a council of seven doctors decided that he but for you; and the Drumnabreeze murders | must die within two hours. He is now a

He laid down his knife and fork again to put his arm around her neck and kiss her, boy-fashion. Then he returned to his break- with a buzz-saw and his liver flung upon a systems of drainage and ventilation, with

on the doings of the past night. "The police-sergeant was with Balwer when I left him, taking down his depositions. There will be a fine stir in the country when all this gets wind; it will read like a story," he said with keen enjoyment of the to swear; he does not perspire as much; he idea. "Only we won't let your name appear in it, Gretchen-just vet.'

" I hope not," Greta said fervently, while her cheeks grew red. "It will come out, though, sooner or later," Jack laughed; "and then they will make a in which the accident occurred has been forheroine of you. Gretchen, Bulwer told me | warded to substantiate the assertions, and the to tell you that he knew he had to thank you

"Not me," said Greta gravely. "Well you, under Providence," Jack "Poor fellow-didn't he long to come up here with me this morning! But the doctor has consigned him to a sofa for the next four or five days to come. I have promised to go down to him in the afternoon for an hour or two if I can. Don't forget the books," Jack added, as he rose from the table. "Jim McCormack will run down with them; I'll tell him to be about the yard." Just as Jack walked out, Joe Reeves came

up to the door.

"This is a nice business!" he said excitedy. "I've just heard all about it from the police. And I hear you were in the thick of it, Jack! Lucky for you!" "Yes," Jack admitted, with a grin of satisfaction; "I certainly was that. And wouldn't have missed it for a 'monkey.'" "I believe you," the other said regretful-

ly. "But tell me all about it. Donald's account of it is so sketchy : I wouldn't wait to hear him out. Jack, nothing loath, told him all the particulars, while Greta stood on the threshhold listening, her head against the doorpost, her hands behind her back, the early moreing sunshine full on her round pale cheeks, on her great dark eyes, on the sleek hair

mouth and the pretty rounded chin. so suddenly?" Reeves asked at last, when Jack paused to recover his breath as well as to light his pipe. "I suppose he has no

night to do it all along. "I'll tell you what Bulwer thinks. had been examining that old plan of the house again, and, at the end of the passage near the door into the first of those vaults we examined, he saw a circle marked 'wellhole.' This surprised him, as he had never known of the existence of any well in the basement story, and of course had not seen it in merely glaneing down the passage, which had seemed to him a mere cul-de-sac. When Phenix came up with turf for the fire that evening, he asked him, quite carelessly, if the well in the basement-story had water in it. Phenix looked up in that scowling way of his and said he knew nothing of any well; all the water they used was carried in

from the pump in the yard.' "'But there is a well all the same,' Bulwer said; 'and, if you will carry that candle we were called from our bed by the pres-

abouts to you. "Phenix took the candle and went on before him, down to the lower regions.

How Milk Should be Taken.

Again, milk is food that should not

taken in copious draughts like beer, or other fluids, which differ from it chemically. we consider the use of milk in infancy, physiological ingestion, that is, of it, find that the sucking babe imbibes little by little the natural food provided for it. Each small mouthful is secured by effort, and Jack returned to Kincora in time for break- slowly presented to the gastric mucous surfast the next morning. His cheerful face, face for the primal digestive stages. It is "Oh, Jack, what has happened ?" she ex- even as he came up to the door, prepared thus regularly and gradually reduced to Greta for good news. She left the window curd, and the stomach is not oppressed with "I don't know yet-they may have done and went quietly out into the hall to meet a lump of half-coagulated milk. The same principle should be regarded in the case of "He is going on very well," he said, with- the adult. Milk should be slowly taken out waiting for her to speak. " As weak as | mouthfuls, at short intervals, and thus it is "I will tell you -if you come back with buckshot over the hedge. But we have had be all right in a few days if he takes care of milk be taken after other food, it is almost the satisfaction of nabbing half a dozen of himself. And if you send him a few books sure to burden the stomach, and to cause "You must tell me now," he said in the the rascals and sending them off to the course of the day, Greta, it would be discomfort and prolonged indigestion, and gaol. And we have also had the satisfaction a great boon to him. There's not a vestige this, for the obvious reason that there is insufficient digestive agency to dispose of it. right-old Nick Phenix and his sons were at This prosaic view of the situtaion did much And, the better the quality of the milk, the more severe the discomfort will be under

> engendered very often, I believe, because the milk is stinted in making them, or poor, anything to them yet, nor they to us, though cream, should be added when they are tak-

The "Liver." Detroit Free Press. Bulwer seemed to have reinstated himself about that organ, or else they have entered tends to increase between isotherms of low "Yes," the girl answered, busying herself won't have 'em at all if they can help received a concession from the Greek it. Our correspondent at Lansing Government to carry out the project.

writes: "Please let the President know through our columns that in 1872 a boy fired a big agate marble through my liver from a toy cannon. I stuffed up the hole with an old hat and after the third day I could attend to "It might have led to the apprehension of blunted my taste for New Orleans molasses,

"That was why I burnt it," the girl re- over 200 feet. The doctors pronounced him ly cool. headache since. I inclose you the stone which knocked his liver out as a proof of my

Our correspondent at St. Joseph writes : "In June last year I had a coloured man named John Baker in my employ. While ground and was badly cut up. Among other wounds he had his liver cut slick in two, and would probably be continued ad infinitum. well, healthy man, chewing the strongest debility. The men, he says, who first enam awfully proud of my little sister kind of plug tobacco, and drinking whiskey ticed women and children into an industrial Gretchen, and you ought to be proud of your- which kills ordinary men stone dead at thirty-six rods."

he knows an Indian who was ripped open can be counterbalanced by the most perfect fast of brown bread and coffee and fried beam forty feet away. The doctors sewed the highest personal cleanliness superbacon, and to his still unexhausted comments him up in such a hurry that the last organ added. was forgotten, but the red man has suffered no inconvenience whatever. On the contrary, he has never been in such spirits. He can drink twice as much whiskey without getting tangled; it is much easier for him is cured of the habit of snoring; his coat fits better in the back; dried apples have improved in taste, and he would not have the old thing back again under any circumstances. The entire sash, door and blind shop medical fraternity are invited to call and have their doubts removed

Hygienic Value of Mirth.

But, aside from all this, mirth has an hy gienic value that can hardly be overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it. Joy has been called the sunshine of the heart, yet the same sun that calls forth the flowers of a plane is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor. And, as sure as a succession of uniform corps will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man. Body and mind require an occasional change of employment, or else a liberal supply of fertilizing recreations, and this requirement is a metic of our political economists.

To the creatures of the wilderness affliction comes generally in the form of impending danger-famine or persistent persecudiffications of the vital process seem to opering Nature sees her purpose defeated, and short, it consists in living as far as possible the vital energy flags, the sap of life runs to a natural life. seed. On the same principle an existence of joyless drudgery seems to drain the springs of health, even at an age when they can draw upon the largest inner resources; hope, of consolation, but the heart can not be deceived, and with its sinking pulse the lack of recreation: not the means of life, but its object, civilization has defrauded them forget the misery of ennui. Their pallor is the sallow hue of a cellar plant; they would be healthier if they were happier. I would Science Monthly for August.

The Comet

Yesterday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock

in the grounds of our winter palace. She had eaten a row of tuberoses and some mignonette to sweeten her breath, "'Do you know, Bulwer said, as they and was just smelling of the statue of Eli passed the door of the vault leading to Perkins which stands on the west side of our the built-up wall, 'I fancy the rats that boulevard, when we came up behind her invest the house must all come out of this with a bed slat and smote her on the snoot. While merrily romping with her over the velvety lawn, our attention was suddenly called to a large \$250 comet, nor'west by

nor', and about three feet above the horizon. with its tail over the dashboard. When first seen it was in perhelion with the dome of the court-house, but while we watched either the court-house changed the position or we did, and the space became

> Some are of the opinion that this comet is the one that appeared about twenty-five years ago, but our own idea is that it is a new one that has never been used. It has a nucleus that shines with

more clearly defined

nebulous light. It also carries with it a syperbola and a parabola, in a common A well known astronomer claims that this s a comet which, according to the books, was not due yet for 1,500 years. There must be some mistake, however, unless it lost something when it was here 500 years ago, and has returned to see if it cannot find it.

Still its running time may have been changed

in order to stir up competition with other We had not time to fully investigate the wonderful celestial phenomenon as people began to pass where we were taking observations, and, noticing our simple costume, called the attention of other people to us, and, in a short time, a large and demonstrative audience had gathered near us, THE Irishman's proverbial aversion to and conclufied the early morning session.

THE blindness of the little Earl of Arundel of course they know everything, and I dare en. In Scottish households this matter is and Surrey, heir of the dukedom of Norfolk, "I cannot tell-nobody can tell till the say will be implicated as well as the rest. well understood, and a distinct pudding- is now beyond a doubt. There has been a

exterior defect is visible.

SPARKS OF SCIENCE.

A memorial tablet has just been placed on No. 35 St. Martin's Street, London, by the Council of the Society of Arts. Sir Isaac

Newton lived there for some time. The Engineer says that an increase in the quantity of the fulminating charge has been recommenced as a means of avoid-

ing any necessity for throwing dynamite car-

A LARGE clothing establishment in Paris is employing with success a number of magnoelectric machines for the transmission of power from the basement to the top of the

It is said the presence of large masses of dry coal dust in the Albion Mine, Nova Scotia, had much to do with the disastrous ex-

plosion of the 12th of November, 1880, and the succeeding days. Dr. Bliss and his contemporaries who have From an examination of the figures showbeen trying to make the President believe ing the distribution of population and the that if the bullet struck his liver he will temperature of the regions settled in this have a close shave of it know very little country, it appears that the population

Right here in our State of Michigan one can THE canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, collect a cart-load of affidavits that a man's begun by the Romans under the Emperor the human body, and down in Indiana they cut by the French, Gen. Turr having lately

In a recent work on the nests and eggs of birds Dr. W. Von Reichenan states that the ornamental plumage, crests, etc., of the male bird are due to an excess of energy, while the vitality of the females is exhaust-Jack exclaimed, dropping his knife and fork. business as well as ever. The injury rather ed by the production of eggs and the task of incubation.

THE discomfort of travelling in India in hot weather is decreased on the line of the Our correspondent at Mackinaw sends down great Indian Peninsular Company by an ingenious device: The windows in every "The President need not be alarmed about first-class railway carriage are provided with way of a blast at Lake Superior mine and a are kept constantly damp by mechanism "But that would have been a very simple stone weighing a pound was driven clear connected with the wheels. By this through him, carrying portions of his liver | means the air is kept sweet and comparative.

W. C. Bagnall, of Stafford, England, has fitted together for actual use. It has a 3inch cylinder and 131 inch wheel, and its maximum width is only 31 inches. It is of three-horse power and 18-inch gauge. It is to be used on some road in South America. Locomotives by the same builder, of the same type, but a little larger, are employed

in South Africa, Java and India. An English scientist considers worry and career, and they who have in later times devised the scheme of competitive examination, Our correspondent at Grand Haven says have done more to enfeeble the British than

THE Joel electric lamp, which has gone into practical use to some extent in London, is a modification of the Werdermann. A pencil of carbon rests upon a knob of copper, and is thus in practical, though not absolute, contact with it. As the positive current flows from the carbon to the copper the end of the carbon is heated to incandescence, and at the same time a minute globular ard is formed at the junction of the carbon and the copper. It is said that this lamp yields a light of 715 candles per horse-

Prof. Frederick Kick, of Prague, calls attention to an interesting report of gutta percha. It is well known that it becomes plastic in water of 60° to 70° degrees, and can then be used for making the finest imprints. It is less generally known, however, that soft gutta percha is elastic when exposed to shocks, and is capable of bearing, without alteration of form, blows of a hammer or being thrown against a wall. This peculiar property, which other plastic bodies, too, appear to possess in a degree, is due to air inclosed in them, which Professor Kick has proved by direct experi-

Dr. F. A. Atkinson believes that gout may be prevented in this way, and the prevention of this troublesome and often dangerous disease far more easy than its cure. His method of arresting a tendency to gout consists in: (1) Limiting the quantity of nitrofactor whose omission often foils the arith- genous food; (2) taking regularly a certain amount of out-of-door exercise in order to help the proper tissue changes being carried out; (3) avoidance of late hours and every thing which is likely to unduly excite or detion; and under such circumstances the mo. | press the nervous system ; (4) keeping up the action of the skin by warm clothing and ate against its long continuance; well-wish- the occasional use of Turkish baths-in

A yacht is a man's home. He need never be in a hurry. Like Jefferson in "Rip Van too often baffled, at last withdraws her aid; Winkle," he lives about in spots. He may idea; and perhaps they had fixed upon last the tongue may be attuned to canting hymns leave a good deal to his skipper, but he is al ways master; he owns the craft which others steer, and never a humor can come into strength of life ebbs away. Nine-tenths of his head which he may not indulge without our city children are literally starving for having anybody to argue with him. It is a fine thing to be lord of the sea in this fashion. A captain of a big ship is a great man, of; they feel a want which bread can only but he is a sort of a slave, also. His busiaggravate, for only hunger helps them to ness is to make haste, and obstacles vex his soul. The patent log he tows astern typifies the condition of his mind. A head sea is an affliction, and most of the wonders of the undertake to cure a sickly child with fun deep are great nuisances to him. He wants and rye-bread sooner than with tidbits and to sight nothing. He objects to excitement tedium. - Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular and adventures. All that he prays for is fine weather and so many nautical miles a day. These are the penalties of having a destination. 'The bliss of vachting lies' in the having to go nowhere in particular, and one port being very nearly as good as another. If you can't weather a point, then

up and come back again.

A Woman's Age. Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years of age when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers, and that so bold that they must have seen Eve's register written upon the lilies of Paradise. Now, women, who have nine times out of ten more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow them; women inheriting the privilege from their first-parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing; and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting with Mother Eve their seventeenth as their first real birthday. And they are right. For it deducts from your women of five-and-forty all that she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-andtwenty. And indeed it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day

Proper who have flattered themselves that lightning never strikes twice in the same place may see the ruins of a barn near Council Bluffs which has been burned by lightning six times in ten years. It was rebuilt five times, and the owner then concluded that Providence wanted the site for some special

A LADY guest at one of the Atlantic City hotels foolishly concealed a bracelet in the sand for safe-keeping while bathing. When she came out she couldn't find the place where she buried it.

which disturbed our scientific researches frogs-Patrick, to his recently-arrived couse in : "And, Jemmy, d'ye moind the little things that rise up in the wather an' hollet chugg? Sure the devil himself wouldn'face two o' thim."

Among the dainty and refreshing of the doctor sees him. I think he fainted from The woman looks as white as a sheet; but plate, like a small soup-plate, is used for long suspense, for in early babyhood blind- diaphanous summer fabrics, because of its loss of blood-his arm and shoulder seem to the man is only surly. And how do you feel, this course. The dry messes commonly ness cannot be gauged with certainty, espe- beauty, its inexpensiveness, and the suit-Gretchen? You look nearly as pale as Bul- served as milky puddings in England are ex- cially when, as in the present case, there is a ableness for midsummer wear, tinted batiste actly fitted to create disgust for what should slight sensibility to light. The Duke and is not the least noteworthy. This material "I am all right," Greta answered steadily, be a most excellent and delicious part of a Duchess of Norfolk, however, have not given is texture, while of a much finer and more "Don't you want to hear more about your wholesome dinner for both children and up all hope for their child, in whose eyes no desirable quality, somewhat resembles the handsomer grades of cheese-cloth.