DIAMONDS AND RUBIES

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Do you refuse to tell me any more?" Lord Heatherbloom asked.

"No, no," she exclaimed; "I will tell you what I can! I have always had rather more money than my allowance, because now and again I have found a note on my writing table, which I had thought you had put there, Lord Heatherbloom, because it was always when you had noticed I had no money."

"Yes, yes—that is quite true!" said the Earl. "I have often left a ten-pound note there when I thought you needed it, because I did not care to be always hearing you say 'Thank you.'"

"That was how I understood it," responded Floss. "Well, last week I found there two hundred pounds—four fifty-pound notes."

Nothing was said for a few moments. Lord Heatherbloom looked from Floss to his wife. Then Floss went on timidly—

"I was surprised—startled; but some remarks had been made about my dress the day before—Lady Heatherbloom had said I had not dinner-dresses enough, and George looked at what I was wearing. When I thought it over, I concluded that you, in your generosity, had given me this money that George might not be ashamed of me. I have been very busy trying to spend it so that he and you might be pleased."

"I have put no money on your table for months," remarked Lord Heatherbloom, in a hard voice; "and I have never put more than a ten-pound note; so this explanation will not serve."

Floss stood bewildered; then, after a moment, an idea struck her; and she said, in a hesitating, half-frightened tone—

"Then perhaps—— Was it Lady Heatherbloom?"

"Was it you, Cordelia?" questioned the Earl, turning to the Countess.

Lady Heatherbloom burst out laughing in a wild sort of way.

"I?" she said. "When have I ever had fifty pounds to spare since I was married?"

This was an answer which the Earl understood; Lady Heatherbloom had always considered that she had too little money to spend. Certainly, when he gave a second thought to it, it was the most unlikely thing in the world that Lady Heatherbloom would secretly give away any money, especially to Floss, who was kept supplied by himself.

Lady Heatherbloom stepped forward, cleared a space on a couch among a cloud-like mass of dress materials and sat down. She put her lace handkerchief to her lips for a moment; when she took it away, her mouth seemed to have grown hard and rigid.

"This is absurd!" she said to Lord Heatherbloom. "The story she tells has no sense in it. If you have not scattered fifty-pound notes about this room, where then have they come from?"

Floss looked in amazement from one to the other; she began to tremble. Lord Heatherbloom saw this, and addressed her abruptly. As he spoke he drew out his pocket-book, and, taking something from it, held it towards her.

"Do you recognize this?" he said. "It is a very little thing—a rose from your dress; but it betrayed you; I see you recognize it. This is one of the roses George gave you on the evening of that day when the Heatherbloom diamonds were stolen. This rose was found in the safe from which the diamonds had been taken."

"Who found it there?" cried Floss.

"I did," answered Lord Heatherbloom.

"I lost it," said Floss; "but I did not know where."

"When you knew——" He deliberately put the rose back into its place of safety. Something in the tone of his voice roused Floss.

"Why do you keep it like that?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? How has it betrayed me? How——"

"Hush—hush!" said Lord Heatherbloom. "Cannot you see why I sent the police away, why I refused to go on with the investigation? I wanted no scandal; I do not want it now. Do not raise your voice. The servants need know nothing—no one but ourselves shall know—except George."

Floss stood quite still, looking fixedly at him as he spoke. When he had ceased, she said, in a low trembling voice—

"You cannot—cannot mean—that you think I took the diamonds?"

"What else can I think? You cannot deny it."

"But I do absolutely! It is false—utterly false! Even were I a hardened thief, instead of the child of your cousin, with the blood of your family in my veins, how could I steal from my best friend, from my benefactor?"

"If it were not to take those diamonds away, why did you leave the house at four in the morning, when they were stolen?"

"Leave the house at four in the morning?" repeated Floss. "I never did so!"

"You did—on that night. At daybreak you slipped out of the house, wrapped in your long gray cloak; you returned about an hour later. Why did you do this?"

"I did not do it."

"That is untrue," said Lord Heatherbloom; "you were seen."

Floss turned a white terrified face towards him.

"I was seen!" she repeated dazily.

"Now," continued Lord Heatherbloom, "all I ask of you is that you will tell us how to recover the diamonds. I will not expose you in doing so; you need not tell me now; you can write it. I am sure, when you come to think of it, that you will see I am acting mercifully, and that you owe it to me to confess all and enable me to recover the jewels."

Floss had sunk down upon a chair; she sat now and gazed at him like one stupefied, making no reply. Something in this gave touched Lord Heatherbloom; he added more gently—

"Do not be frightened—you shall suffer as little as possible for your wicked folly. No one shall know it—but George, and I will tell him myself."

He opened the door as he spoke. Floss sprang up and rushed after him.

"You will tell George? You cannot, you dare not! No, no, you shall not!"

"I shall," said the Earl; "because I must."

Floss staggered back and looked despairingly at Lady Heatherbloom.

"Oh, you are cruel to me!" she cried. "I cannot bear it——"

At this moment a knock at the front door sounded through the house. It was a characteristic knock—one that they all knew.

"There is George!" exclaimed Floss. "Oh, let me go to him!"

Lord Heatherbloom shut the door and placed himself in front of it.

"No," he said, "you can never see George again—that is impossible!"

In spite of all her shyness, there was a tremendous excitability in Floss's nature; she threw herself upon her knees at Lord [illegible]'s feet: she poured out a [illegible] incoherent sentences; she clung to him and would not let him go. Her eyes were dry, yet she sobbed passionately; it was impossible to speak to her, for her own sobbing entreaties drowned all other sounds.

Lady Heatherbloom rose, sprang to the door, opened it with a quick, violent action—for Lord Heatherbloom was still leaning against it—and escaped from the room.

A moment later, and he too was gone. How he had got free from Floss's clinging hands he could not have told himself, for he did not know; but he could not bear the sight of her white face or the sound of her agonized voice. He flung her off, hardly knowing that he did it; and, shutting the door behind him, fastened a bolt which was on the outside.

Then he stood still for a little while and listened—there was no sound; an awful silence, as it seemed to him, reigned in the room which he had just left. With a shudder, he roused himself and walked away down the corridor. He had to pass Lady Heatherbloom's rooms. He eyed the door of her dressing-room as if there were something hateful about it.

Away from Floss's lovely face and sweet eyes, he did not feel himself so arrant a coward; he looked very gloomy indeed, but also very determined when he went down the stairs to the morning-room, where he knew George was waiting.

George was not alone; Lady Heatherbloom was there, sitting in a low chair and holding her lace handkerchief to her lips.

"Come with me into the study," said Lord Heatherbloom. "I have something to say to you, George."

Wondering but obedient, George followed his brother into his sanctum. When they had entered, Lord Heatherbloom shut and locked the door.

"Now," he said, "I have to perform the most difficult task that ever fell to my lot. I have to destroy your faith in a woman who seems so perfect that any man might be forgiven for believing in her, in spite of all evidence."

"Whom do you mean?" said George quickly.

"Your heart is given to one woman; I don't wonder——"

"Are you talking of Floss?" interrupted George.

"Yes, I am talking of Floss."

"Then say what you have to say quickly, Heatherbloom—I can see it is unpleasant; remember, I have very little patience."

Instead of responding to this appeal, Lord Heatherbloom went to his accustomed chair, sat down in it, and relapsed into silence. George bore this as best he might for a few minutes; then he burst forth—

"I say, Heatherbloom, have a little pity on a man! The truth can't be so bad as what I'm trying to imagine all this while."

Lord Heatherbloom looked round. George noticed how worn his face seemed to have grown all of a sudden.

"I hesitate to tell you the truth," he said, "because it is so bad that I feel you will not believe it."

"Out with it in two words," cried George, "and give me a chance to deny it."

"You know, as does the rest of the world, that the Heatherbloom diamonds have been stolen."

"Yes, I know that," answered George impatiently.

"I stopped the investigation and sent the police out of the house because proof began to pile upon proof, and all pointed to one person as having taken those diamonds—and that person is Floss."

George started, then recovered himself by an effort.

"Oh, you are talking ridiculous nonsense!" he said. "The idea of Floss stealing anything! She might have got tired of me, and been pleased by the attentions of some better-looking person—that I do live in dread of, because she is so lovely—yet I believe her heart is as true as her face is beautiful; but steal anything? Why, you might be talking of one of the housemaids!"

"No," rejoined Lord Heatherbloom, "none of them would have the courage to touch those diamonds unless they were thieves of a very superior sort. The prize and the danger would both be too great. Floss, I have no doubt, was tempted by the thought that some day or other those diamonds might belong to her or her children. That would, to an ignorant mind, make the theft seem less; and I know she has been growing ashamed of her poverty lately; she might delude herself into fancying she was only borrowing of the future."

He concluded with a heavy sigh. George began to walk up and down the room; and he continued to do this unceasingly until the end of the conversation.

"Now," he said, as his brother had said to Lady Heatherbloom not long ago, "instead of theories, give me the facts, or what you think are the facts."

Thus adjured, Lord Heatherbloom repeated all the evidence against Floss that had come to his knowledge. Last of all, he told his brother of Mrs. Riddell's account of what had occurred on the night when the diamonds were stolen.

George listened to the whole story, and when it was finished, cried out impatiently—

"My Floss creeping out of a house at four in the morning with stolen jewels hidden under her cloak? Why, the thing is absurd on the face of it! Let me speak to Floss for two minutes, and it will be all cleared up."

"You mean by that that she will deny her guilt, and you will believe her, just because she is Floss. That will do no one any good."

"Never mind—I must see her!" declared George, moving towards the door impatiently.

"George!" said Lord Heatherbloom. "Something so very serious was in the tone in which that word was uttered that George stopped and looked back. "You cannot have an interview with Floss. I shall not allow her to see any one again in this house but the maid that waits on her. As soon as possible, I shall take her into the country and arrange for her to remain in some quiet place where she shall be well cared for."

"You can't prevent my seeing her," cried George hotly—"she is my promised wife."

"That engagement must be considered at an end," said Lord Heatherbloom; "you can see for yourself that it must be so."

"Great Heaven," cried George, "how little you know me! Do you think I will give up Floss? Do you think anything you have said has shaken my faith in her? I say there is some frightful mistake; and, in spite of all appearances against her, I am ready to swear to Floss's innocence."

"Yes," said Lord Heatherbloom, "that is what I expected of you. It is what I should say myself if I were Floss's lover. I can understand that, loving her as you do, it must seem impossible to believe in her guilt and all the hideous deceit that must have accompanied it. I am more sorry for you than any words can express; but as her guardian I must do my duty and refuse to sanction the engagement. Come, George, take the inevitable quietly. You cannot marry her unless the impossible should occur—unless she should be absolutely cleared of this. It is far better, then, not to see her again. I admire your honest heart, George. I wish to Heaven it was not wasted on a mere face."

"Heatherbloom," said George, in a forced voice, very unlike his own, "don't talk like that; it makes me feel as if I could strike you!"

Lord Heatherbloom came to him and put his hand on his arm.

"No, George," he said, "don't let it cause any ill-feeling between us. Heaven knows how well I have loved that child myself! Have I not proved it—have I not treated her like my own daughter? Come show a little common-sense, and remember this before you judge me too hardly. I see my duty, and I must do it."

"I see mine also," answered George, "and I also must do it. Mine is to be true to the girl I love, and I mean to be."

"Be it so," said his brother. "As I said before, I admire you for it. Nevertheless, you cannot see Floss again whilst she is under this roof. When you are cool, you will see that I am right in making this decision."

George looked his brother in the face for one moment; what he saw there did not encourage him to speak any further. He turned away, took up his hat, and left the room. A moment later, and the front door slammed; he had left the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The State of Russia.

Everybody must have been struck by the silence of late observed respecting Russia. Newspapers which for years had constantly given information as to the state of the country, the persecution of the Jews, the nihilist plots, and financial and industrial questions, all at once became silent, and neither the telegraph agencies nor the press have been saying anything of late on Russian events. If the *Nord* (which, however, is not published in Russia), did not, from time to time, furnish semi-official notes showing Russia to be now hostile, now disagreeable toward a particular power, one might fancy Russia to be more deeply plunged than ever in the famous retirement maintained by her during the fifteen years after the Crimean war.

Yet nothing is changed in Russia. Despotism is more violent and resolute than ever, and the press is more than ever subject to the arbitrary will of the authorities, editors being daily accustomed to receive invitations to avoid discussing specified questions. Nihilism, however, has not been disarmed, but continues to exist, with the aggravating circumstance that the army, formerly exempt from contagion, has been contaminated. The last few nihilist trials have shown among the prisoners men belonging to the army, and these not of the lowest rank. Among the last batch sentenced to transportation for affiliation to nihilism was a lieutenant colonel. Count Tolstoi, formerly minister of education, and now of the interior, who enjoys exceptional influence with the emperor, is chiefly engaged in the discovery and prosecution of nihilists; but as fast as one society is broken up another is formed, and nihilist elements seem really inexhaustible.

Count Tolstoi, moreover, while the great detector of the nihilists, is also their especial victim. He is daily inundated with anonymous letters from all parts of the capital, and even of the provinces, announcing sometimes that a mine has been laid under his office, and sometimes that he has been condemned to death, and that the sentence will be executed the first time he crosses the threshold. He is kept in such suspense that he rarely goes out; he is absent even from cabinet councils, and, when imperatively bound to attend, is the subject of special precautions by the secret police. It is notorious, in St. Petersburg, that every time he is bold enough to stir out a supplementary expense of 500 roubles is incurred. When a famous medium lately visited St. Petersburg, the count asked the academy of sciences to get up a seance; but one of the members told him, "Why, for the 500 roubles which your going to the academy would cost, the medium would hold a seance under your own roof."

While nihilism has thus extended its sphere of action to the army, and is more dangerous than ever, the persecution of the Jews is as fierce as it was a few years ago, when the European press boiled over with indignation. The only difference is that the great bankers, especially the Germans, who had then an interest in sounding the alarm and deterring capital from investment in Russia, now seem to have realized sufficient profits to warrant a change of tactics. The very men who then incited or subsidized the press to denounce the ill-treatment of the Russian Jews are now inclined to subsidize it into silence, so that European confidence in Russian finances may not be impaired. Financially, the situation of Russia is not more brilliant. The revenue is collected with greater difficulty than heretofore, and the crops, even when abundant, are less profitable than formerly. American wheat subjects the Russian to a severe competition, and Odessa now scarcely sends cargoes to Marseilles.

A Chinese Miner's Luck.

Years ago John Manuel left home and family in England and came to Iowa Hill to seek his fortune. Every year he added to his pile, and when his oldest boy was grown he came to share his labors. One snowy day a mighty cave from the North Star banks crushed out the lad's life, and the father followed him to the grave.

The next son came from England, and they both worked in this same mine till the father yielded up his life under another avalanche of earth and stone. It was known that he had money buried somewhere, but though they dug and searched, no one could find a clue to its hiding place. In a couple of months the second son was sacrificed in the same manner and on almost the same spot where his father and brother had been killed, and the mother and family in England were bereaved indeed.

The search for the money was given up in despair, and the ill fated men and their story were all but forgotten, when this week a couple of Chinamen, who speak good English, told that last summer a Chinaman, working on the night shaft in the old Jamison diggings, saw a large box come down with a cave. On examination he found that it contained $7,000 and a sparkling ring. This was doubtless Manuel's money, for he was known to have taken a diamond ring for a debt of $150. It had been hidden under the old Ladd house, owned by the late Mr. Carder, in which house Manuel lived at the time of the accident. The crafty heathen told but one person, a fellow heathen, swearing him to secrecy till he should have departed in safety. The finder is now in the Flowery Kingdom, where he has probably become a nabob or mandarin by this time.

FOR THE FARMER.

Pruning.

The old adage or rule, says *Our Country Home*, that "the best time to prune is when the saw is sharp" is shown by the light of modern science and practice to be an unsafe one to follow. The knife or saw should never be used upon a fruit or ornamental tree unless there are very urgent reasons for doing so, for, no matter how small the cut may be, it undoubtedly shortens the life of the tree and weakens it. There are three conditions under which it is advisable to prune: First, to give the tree a good form; second, to increase growth; third, to check growth. Under the first may be included the removal of dead branches, which is more easily done when the foliage is upon the tree; but, while old trees often take on such irregular forms from surrounding influences that we decide to prune or improve them, if a tree has proper care, from the small seedling, and has full exposure on all sides there will be found little real need for cutting away any large branches. (2). Pruning to increase growth must be done while the tree is dormant. At this time if a part of the buds are removed and the roots remain uninjured these buds remaining will start with increased vigor. Unless, however, there is at this time supplied an increased amount of plant food, this increased growth will be almost wholly at the expense of the food already stored up in the plant, and in the end no permanent good will result. (3) Pruning to check growth is sometimes necessary when plants that naturally grow to a large size are kept in a dwarfed condition for hedges, screens, etc. In this case pruning should be done when the plant is in foliage. We may give it as a rule that unless it is desirable to check the growth of a plant or tree it should never be pruned during summer.

Tobacco for Pigs.

Last spring there appeared in a Washington periodical a letter from Gen. Clingman, of North Carolina, on the curative properties of tobacco, which attracted considerable attention and has since brought out numerous corroborative statements and incidents. Among these is a statement from Dr. W. S. D. Johnson, of Lewis county, Mo. (described by Congressman Hatch as "an experienced and eminent physician, and a large and successful stock-raiser and farmer"), who says: In 1871 I came to this place, bringing with me 118 head of hogs. Hog cholera made its appearance among them, and they commenced dying, and in the course of six or seven weeks I lost ninety-six head. At this time I killed four on one day and made post mortem examinations very carefully and found that these animals were dying from the ravages of other animals—animals within. I made an infusion of tobacco and gave it to my hogs in buttermilk, and they stopped dying and I have not lost a hog since by cholera. When I suspect the disease, I give tobacco infusion.

Cross-breeding.

It has always been taught that pure-bred cattle, sheep, swine, horses and poultry are the best. However meritorious pure-breds may be, crosses, as a rule, pay best for ordinary practical purposes. Half-breeds, that is, the first cross between pure-bred sires and pure or improved dams are now quite generally credited with being the best, at least for fattening purposes, both as regards early maturity and quality. If out-crossing is continued all distinctive characteristics are soon lost, and by the reversion nondescript and undesirable animals will be produced; and by in-crossing the qualities of the original blood will be destroyed, and soon the offspring will be scarcely different from pure-breeds.

Take sheep, for instance, and suppose a Southdown ram to be crossed on Merino ewes. The first cross will be half and half of each of the foundation strains of blood. If these half bloods are bred again to Southdown rams, and especially to their own sire, the offspring will be 75 per cent. Southdown blood, and in a few more generations of similar-in-breeding in a certain line of Southdown sires the sheep would be practically Southdowns. So too in swine, cattle, and poultry by in-breeding in a certain line of sires the offspring will be practically the same as the sire in blood. Cross-breeding for practical fattening purposes gives the best results in first crosses. But by good management no harm will result in breeding from the grade female and a pure-bred male.

A Portable Sheep Shed.

A farm journal thus describes a portable sheep shed: It consists of six pieces, and may be taken apart and set up with only a few minutes' work. The sides are nailed together with three studs, and the cover is in two sections and made of matched pine, with a top board over the crack where the top sections go together.

A scantling goes across the front to support the roof. This scantling is notched at the ends to hold up at the top, the bottom being held in place by a peg driven into the ground. The roof is kept in place by hooks and staples, and so is the back side. The hooks are fastened to the posts and the staples are in the roof. The rear ends of the sides are kept in place by the same means. The roof projects over in front for two feet.

The sides may be the length of a board; the front is five feet high, and the rear four feet. There is a great deal of comfort in such a shed for the sheep, as well as a saving in the manure. It is a safe retreat to escape from the gad-fly, which is such a pest to sheep during the summer months, and which they try to avoid by huddling together with their noses to the ground.

Trade and Centralization in Germany.

The whole of the Fatherland is deeply imbued with Protectionist ideas, and Free Trade has most distinctly lost ground. At the same time the Government is constantly enlarging its functions. First, there is the huge army; then the whole of the legal machinery, to an extent undreamed of in England, including the local magistracy, is in the hands of the Government. The Post Office and telegraphs and the conveyance of parcels appertain to the Government. The canals and the forests are directed by the State. The clergy, the schoolmasters, the mayors of towns, are either appointed by the Government or their appointment is subject to its veto. And now all, or nearly all, the railways have been acquired by the State. The traveller now finds a wonderful system of correspondence (anschlusse) which is in every way convenient, but he will lose all patience at the easy way in which things are taken. The express trains jog along at a comfortably easy pace, the stations have gardens and superior restaurants, and are situated a charming drive away from the town; the officials are polite and well educated, and your fellow-travellers are affable and good-natured. The fares, too, are most moderate. What reasonable man could expect more?

THREE FAMOUS ROOMS.

A Pencil Sketch of Three of the Most Beautiful Apartments in Europe.

The great chimney-piece in the "Salle des Mariages" in the town-hall at Antwerp, stands unrivaled as a piece of Renaissance sculpture. It rises from the floor to the ceiling in three tiers, the center panel representing "The Marriage of Cana," and the three compartments above containing "The Raising of the Serpent," "The Crucifixion," and "Abraham's Sacrifice," separated by caryatides. This chimney-piece originally belonged to the Monks of Tongerloo, whose abbey was one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Flanders, until the French invaders in 1789 despoiled it of its art treasures, and stole the masterpieces of Van Eyck, Vandyck, and Rubens, as well as the famous library.

"The Salle de la Reine Blanche," the Hall de Cluny, Paris, contains a fine chimney-piece in the later Renaissance style. On the mantel shelf stands an oblong panel, with a bas-relief representing the infant Christ blessing the world, akmirably carved in wood, by a French sculptor. The sculptured medallions, Mars and Diana, on both sides of the mantel-piece, are attributed to Jean Goujon, and are of marvellous execution. The tall ewer on the pedestal in front is one of the celebrated pair which are considered the master-piece of Francois Briot, the Benvenuto Cellini of France. Many other remarkable relics of ancient art are exhibited in this saloon, which preserved its name from the days when the widow of Lous XII. inhabited the Hotel de Cluny, clad in white mourning robes, as was customary with the Queen of France.

The late Hans Makart's atelier is divided into three compartments. The original studio, in which he worked for several years, now serves as an entrance hall. It is in connection with the spacious painting saloon, which Makart has built from his own plans. Opposite the entrance to the large atelier an ornamental staircase leads to the third room, which the artist furnished with artistically refined comfort for private use. The walls are covered with paintings on which Makart was engaged when death overtook him. Furniture of the choicest kind, carving in marble and wood, marble busts, rare china and pottery, and a multitude of smaller articles of virtu stand about in picturesque disorder; bronze candelabras and quaint lamps are suspended from the ceiling; gobelins tapestry, Indian embroideries and hangings fall in graceful folds from elaborate cornices and other points of vantage. Persian carpets cover the floor, and last, but not least, the dried palm fronts, grasses and reeds, a decoration which was a specialty of the great master, attract the eye of the visitor. No other artist understood better than Makart how to produce decorative effects, as every one of his paintings testifies. The study is to be preserved as a national memorial to the great artist.—*London Queen.*

Working-Class Holidays.

The subject of holidays for the working classes, or rather of days on which labor ceases, is not only of considerable interest, but bears in several ways on the labor question. In France, Sundays or *fete*-days cause a *chomage*, or cessation of labor, amounting during the year to 100 days. In Russia there are 24 holidays in addition to Sunday, making in all 76 non-working days. In Greece the number of church festivals kept as strict holidays is so great as to leave only 265 working days in the year, added to which there are 195 fast-days, on which, however, work is carried on. The working classes of Austria have 76 whole holidays—in the provinces they are still more numerous. In Brussels, including St Monday, the average of working days is estimated at 236, although the official holidays are not more than 65. The Swiss working classes have in addition to the religious festivals, to put up with a number of drill and field days until they are twenty-eight, and in some cantons thirty-four, years of age.

Something About Earthquakes.

In the current number of *Science* fresh interest is given to the subject of earthquakes, which have lately caused alarm in both hemispheres, by a statement of the number of noticeable shocks in this country during the twelve years from 1872 to 1883, inclusive. No less than 364 earthquakes are recorded as occurring in Canada and the United States, not including Alaska, within the above period. Of these the Pacific slope had 151, the Atlantic coast 147, and the Mississippi valley 66. Thus it appears that an earthquake occurs about once in every twelve days somewhere in the United States and Canada, and about once a month on the Atlantic coast. These are exclusive of the lighter tremors which do not make an impression on observers, but which would be recorded by a properly constructed seismometer, an instrument designed to detect the slightest shocks.

Saving Stair Carpets.

The home minister of Hungary must be desperately anxious to save the carpets on the stair-cases of official residences, for he lately issued an order prescribing that, in future, only officials from the rank of ministerial councilor upward are to be allowed to step on the carpets which cover the staircases, while minor functionaries are enjoined to mount and descend on the uncarpeted portion of the stairs.—[London Truth.

"Is this country being cultured too much?" asks the New York *Graphic*. Doesn't look so out this way—not when a homely woman is permitted to lie in the mud until she can pick herself up.

Windsor Great Park, the property of Queen Victoria, contains 14,000 acres, from which the total receipts last year from sales of produce, rentals, and venison fees were about $25,000, while the expenses during the same time were $125,000. In the royal parks in London there are 70,000 acres, but as these are used by the public to a large extent, they cannot be termed exclusive crown lands. The Queen also owns over five hundred houses in the metropolis, upon which she collects annual rentals.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course by using PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we should specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

According to Mr. J. Harrington Douty, of the Asylum of Worcester, England, an imperfect supply of oxygen, or simply breathing a vitiated atmosphere, may suffice to produce the mental disorder known as melancholia.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of inter. fect circulation of the Blood. Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters promotes the circulation keeps the bowels regular and induces good health. Large bottles at 50c.

How Women Differ from Men.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but their is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "*Favorite Prescription.*" They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

"A scientist named Mivert will soon issue a work on the cat," says the "New Haven Register." We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakspeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.

Human Calves.

An exchange says:—"Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sundy School examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhap's it's a flee."

* * * The worst pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in one month. Pamphlet two (3c.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo N. Y.

If you don't like puns skip this one. A fellow said to us: "You say it was two hours before midnight that you waited for the young lady?" "Yes." "Then you're like Sara Bernhardt." "Why?" "Because attenuated."

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops should be used in almost every family in Canada; it is one of the best and most cough remedies known. In large bottles at 50 cents.

The Spanish earthquake must have shaken off the Malaga grapes.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

We never saw but one lung pad that we would have, and that was the one Bernhardt wore in the third act of Camille. It was made of diamonds, and reached from her neck clear across the level plain to where her corsets hook at the top, and must have cost thousands of dollars. And yet she seemed to be catching cold every minute.

It is not Disputed

That NERVILINE the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the old fashioned preparations are just as good, but any sufferer can satisfy himself by expending ten cents on a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline, that nothing sold can equal it for internal, local or external pains. Always speedy in effect, prompt and certain in every case. H. S. Webber, Orangeville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nerviline as a remedy for toothache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nerviline. Try it to-day.

An Illinois editor has been suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from poverty's yawning abyss and placed among the proud and opulent nabobs of the land. A deceased aunt left him one of the best laying pullets in the State.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

There is an elderly gentleman now living in this city who never gave a note, paid a note, or sang a note in his life, yet he has more music in him than any half-dozen choristers.—[New York Commercial Advertiser. He must be a Jew harp.

By looking at the quotations of the Virginia tobacco markets it will be found that the highest price paid for 'fillers'—which is the tobacco which forms the body of the plug—very closely corresponds with the invoiced price of tobacco leaf imported into Ontario. As over four-fifths of all the leaf imported into the Province is for "Myrtle Navy" stock, this fact is official proof of the claim that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the finest Virginia leaf.

Fond Papa (who is also a circuit judge)—It strikes me, Florence, that that young gentleman calls a good many times a week. My court doesn't sit anywhere near as often as yours does. Florence (blushingly)—Oh, well, papa, I am engaged, you know, and that entitles us to a court of special sessions.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

We are told that Sara Bernhardt stirs salad oil in her custards at dinner. We have spent considerable time in an endeavor to construct something readable about "The stir-ile dessert of Sahara," but a press of other work forces us to give it up.

Statistics show that clergymen live only two years longer than the wicked lawyers. Seems to be something wrong about it that.

Yes, you can get something to stop that cough. "Pectoria" will do it no time. Try Pectoria. Hoover fail. The great 25 cent Cough and Cold Cure.

A.F 212

SALESMEN—GOOD PAY TO MEN WHO WILL work. CHAS. BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Lakeport, Ont.

ANY PERSON AFFLICTED WITH CHRONIC RHEUMATISM will hear of something greatly to their advantage by sending their address upon a post card to the RHEUMATIC RELIEF CO., Collingwood, Ont.

THOS. GALLOWAY & CO., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas Ont. FREE. Send stamp for copy. W. A. HOATH & CO., Toronto Canada.

$75 TO $300 AND EXPENSES A MONTH GUARANTEED to AGENTS everywhere. Circulars FREE. Send stamp for copy. W. A. HOATH & CO., Toronto Canada.

TELEGRAPHY: Railway and Commercial Telegraphy taught by expert instructors. Address with stamp, D. MINDON TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 32 KING E, Toronto. JAS THORNE Mgr.

FOR SALE—TIMBER, COAL AND IRON ORE lands; stock, fruit and truck farms, orange groves, ranches in all Southern States. Address W. R. STUART 62 Carondelet st., New Orleans, Louisiana.

FREE by return mail. Full description of Moody's new Tailor system of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR FIRST-CLASS Ontario Farm or City property, 640 acres land in South District, "the Garden of Southern Manitoba," of which there has been broken and backset this season 220 acres, which is all ready to sow the seed on in the spring. The first crop should more than pay the price for land. Terms liberal, address Box 163, London Ont.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 348 Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co
100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Beare & Steel Sofa, Chair & Bed Springs

R. W. PRITTIE.
Real Estate Agent.
Commissioner, Valuator, Trustee, & Financial Agent. Room C. Arcade, Yonge St., Toronto. Money to Loan. Estates managed. Properties Exchanged.

FREE A book of 160 pages on Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N. J. Send stamps for post'g. LOVE

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FOR PLEASANT SEWING
—USE ONLY—
Clapperton's Spool Cotton!
Warranted FULL Length, and to run smooth on any sewing machine. See that CLAPPERTON'S name is on the label. For sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

RUPTURE—EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS with a Spiral Spring the best ever invented. Took ten years to perfect. Cures every child, 8 out of 10 adults. Holds the worst Hernia, during hardest work, or money refunded. 25 years practical experience. Circulars free. Address THE EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS Co., 23 Adelaide St. East Toronto, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
PORTLAND.
Brooklyn, Jan. 1 | Ontario, Jan. 8
Toronto, Jan. 15 | Dominion, Jan. 22
Montreal, Jan. 29
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVIS TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Gourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co. Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston Montreal.

Compound Oxygen.
H. LINDSAY, GROCER, 60 KING STREET west, Toronto, writes:—Have suffered for years with Dyspepsia; felt great distress after eating; dared not eat bread or potatoes; thought there was no help for me; that I must suffer while I lived; was induced to try "Compound Oxygen" at 75 King street West; at the end of three weeks could eat any food I wished, and