

(Continued from third page.)

a terrible voice. "Could no messenger be found to bring such evil news to Clyffe Hall less like an ape than this."

Thus adjured, but by no means displaying the nimbleness of the animal to which he had been likened, Mr. Clement descended from his post of vantage.

"The poor gentleman had had paroxysms for nearly a week, sir. His unhappy malady"

"Stop!" thundered the master of the house; not another word if you value your life. "Rupert, my son, what is it?"

The change in Ralph Clyffe's tone, as he spoke the last few words, was like a summer south wind after a tornado. He addressed them to a youth of about eighteen, who had just entered the hall with a lamp in his hand; he had a dressing gown loosely cast about him, as though he had just left his couch, and his large blue eyes wandered wildly and inquiringly from his father to the strangers.

Accompanying him was another lad about a year his junior, whose appearance afforded a singular contrast to that of the former. They were both well-favored, but whereas the elder was a true young Saxon, auburn-haired and ruddy, with the silver down upon his cheek already turning to golden, the younger might have been born under an Italian sky, so dark and passionate his eyes, so bronzed his face from brow to pointed chin.

"I was waked by the knocking, father," replied the youth who was called Rupert; "and Ray said he was sure he heard voices in the hall; and so Ray and I—"

"Will go quietly to bed again," interrupted a woman's voice with quiet decision. The speaker had entered noiselessly by some door in that part of the great hall which lay in shadow, so that it was impossible to say how long she might have been there. But she now glided forward into the full light of the moon-beams—really a wonderful vision. She was a blonde, such as might well have been Rupert's mother, but that she was much too young—about eight-and-twenty at most—yet she had no likeness to the boy beyond that of complexion, while her expression was singularly different.

In Rupert's eyes there was a look of indecision, of vacillation, almost painful to contemplate; while those of the lady shone clear and steadfast as a star. Her mouth, too, was firm and resolute, although when she smiled, this did not mar its sweetness; and her voice, though somewhat incisive, was clear and musical as a struck staccato.

"Both to bed, my good lads," continued she; "these persons are not robbers, that your assistance is needed; while whatever news they bring will keep till breakfast-time."

The lads retired, although reluctantly, with their faces to their inexorable step-mother (for such she was); and not until their footsteps had died away along the vaulted stone passage, did she again break the silence.

"Cyril is dead, I conclude," said she. Ralph bowed his head, overcome with sorrowful thought; but when she drew close to him, and placed her fragile hand in his, he carried it to his lips, and kissed it tenderly. As he did so, she, with the air of one to whom sovereign favor is nothing new, inclined graciously towards the messenger.

"How did it happen? Tell me, Clement."

"For these three days past" (the husband and wife exchanged a meaning glance) "the poor gentlemen has been getting worse and worse; at last he grew very violent. Gideon visited him as usual yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Clyffe seized the opportunity of the open door to rush out, and cast himself over the well-stair-case. He was killed on the spot."

Ralph hid his face and shuddered.

"That will do," said he; "I will hear more at another time. The servants are now aroused, and will see that you want for nothing. I am sorry that I spoke to you so roughly, sir," and with a stately inclination of his head, Ralph Clyffe moved thoughtfully away.

"Why is not Gideon here?" inquired Mrs. Clyffe, her beautiful lips shutting close together, as soon as she had spoken, like a purse with a coral clasp.

"He is hurt," answered Clement, shortly. "They had a struggle for it, he and the other."

"I thought so," answered the woman quietly. "He must have been hurt, indeed, not to have come himself. It is very unfortunate."

"Well, I am sure I had rather he had come than I," answered Clement, sullenly. "Such a dreadful road we had to travel, and not much of a welcome at the end of it, from one's own sister. Why, I believe your husband thought that first that I was no more a gentleman than Cator here."

"I dare say he did," returned Mrs. Clyffe, dryly. "My husband is very peculiar."

"Peculiar!" echoed Mr. Carr. "I think so indeed. Why, his hair alone is enough to frighten one. He ought to be at the Dene himself; I'm sure he is mad enough."

"Hush!" returned the lady, imperatively. "You will have an excellent breakfast, Clement, and whatever you please to call for in Clyffe Hall is at your service; see, then, that you make yourself at home—so well, that you need not remember that you have any other home. Speak not one word about the Dene. You will find attendance yonder."

She shot one look of intelligence towards Cator, which was returned swifter than a shuttlecock, and followed her husband to his chamber.

"That's pretty treatment of a brother," ejaculated Clement, but not until she was well out of earshot. "It is to be hoped that something's coming of it all at last, for I'm sure we've had enough to put up with."

"You have had your revenge, too, Mr. Clement," observed the other, grimly.

"One has paid for it," answered Vitellius, with an ugly look; "but the indubitable is upon the wrong side still. I am longing for the day when we shall cry quits."

"The matter is in good hands," returned the keeper of lunatics; "Miss Grace as was a clever woman; and in the meantime let us punish the larder."

To be continued.

A Rome despatch says a gentleman, believed to be Herr Niemack, German Consul at Leghorn, while in the coupe on the railroad from Paris to Turin, was seriously wounded and thrown out of a window by an unknown man.

Constantinople has 45,000 Jews.

### THE HARVEST.

Reports from the Various Nations of the Earth.

#### INTERESTING TO THE FARMERS.

The volume of reports on the harvest in the different countries of the world which is brought out by M. B. Estienne every year in England is now being issued. The first portion of the volume deals with the various

CROPS IN FRANCE, reports being given from the various departments. The wheat crop is reported on from 90 departments, and in three of these it is said to be very good, in 30 good, in 28 fairly good (assez bonne), in 24 medium (mediocre), and in 10 bad. Of barley we have reports from 70 departments, 8 of which are very good, 33 good, 13 fairly good, one passable, 14 medium and one bad. Last year's figures showed this crop to be very good in 26 departments, good in 40, fairly good in 5 and medium in three. This year's crop, it will be seen, is not so good as that, but is still fairly good. Maize is not largely sown, except in the southern parts of France, and only 25 departments (as against 35 last year) report on it. The crop is a very ordinary one, being good only in seven departments, fairly good in five, medium in six, and bad in seven. Oats are reported on from 81 districts; in six they are very good, in 21 they are good, in 18 they are fairly good, in 26 they are medium, and in 10 bad. Rye is declared to be a very good crop in six departments, to be good in 19, fairly good in 17, medium in 16, bad in 5, and very bad in 2. Last year's reports showed oats to be very good in 28 departments, good in 40 departments, fairly good in 7, middling in 6, bad in 2, and very bad in 1. And rye at the same time was reported as very good in 11 departments, good in 53, fairly good in six and medium in three. From the whole of these figures it will be seen that the crops of this year are not up to those of last year, but that wheat is not much below the crop of an average year. None of the crops will be very bad, and none can be described as very good.

THE CROPS IN GREAT BRITAIN are described as—wheat 10 per cent. below average and likely to realize only about 10 million quarters; barley, 10 per cent. above average; oats, 20 per cent. below average, and the year is described as a poor one, and one in which farmers will not be likely, even though with a market bare of supplies, wheat is now making a very high price, to recoup themselves for any of their losses of the past five years, even where they do not add to them.

IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the crops are spoken of as all round good, wheat and barley being both above the average. Rye is very much, and oats slightly, under average. The reports from Italy all agree in describing the crops of a medium character, and much below the abundance of 1880. The markets, too, are calm and prices feeble. Of wheat the quality promises to be good, but under the ordinary weight. Oats are good in quantity and quality, although the grain is not so plump as last year. But little barley is grown, but where it is, it is this year of bad color, and lacking in weight. Rye is good and abundant, and will be the crop of the year. From the Turkish provinces on the Danube comes the statement that this year's wheat harvest will be of a medium character and the qualities of the grain various. Rye will be good and abundant. Barley is yielding a good crop for quantity, both color and weight are bad. Oats here will be very much above the average. All the

REPORTS FROM RUSSIA, and especially those from Odessa, speak of the barley crop as the best crop of the year, doubling that of last year in quantity, but as a rule the grain is not so plump and weighty, nor the color so good, as might be wished. Rye is an abundant crop, and wheat is also good. Throughout Germany the winter and spring sowings are in marked contrast—the former yielding good crops and the latter very defective ones. All crops are very late this year also. Oats are a very good crop, but barley is thin on the ground and the grain is not heavy. None of the crops are an average. In the Prussian States the reports on the crops are by numbers, 100 being taken as representing an average crop: Wheat, 80; rye, 77; barley, 89; oats, 89; peas and smaller crops, 83; and potatoes, 95. These figures are also as near as possible an average of the crops of the whole of Germany.

SWITZERLAND, right up to the time of harvest, was suffering from an extreme heat and drought that did considerable damage to the wheat, which is a very poor crop this year in consequence. The quality of the grain is, however, very fine. Both oats and barley are good in quantity and quality; but of the latter there is but a small area planted. Rye is a poor crop for grain, but straw is long and good. Belgian reports state that the summer and ripening time was marked by strong rains and a low temperature, the effect of which has been to make the wheat far below an average. Barley is a good crop both for quantity and quality, and rye is good for quality but under average in quantity. Oats vary in quality, and will be under average in quantity. All crops are reported as bad from Spain, barley being the best. The area under rye is decreasing gradually, and this year it is much smaller than last. Wheat is a very poor crop, both for quality and quantity. From Holland all the cereals are reported in good condition. Up to the end of May the weather was unfavorable and all crops suffered somewhat, but the more favorable weather since has had the effect of bringing the produce up to quite an average. Wheat is quite an average, not only in the yield per acre, but also in the acreage sown and the quality and weight of the grain.

All the reports from THE UNITED STATES go to show that in all the States the yield will be under an average. In quality, however, wheat is better than last year, while oats and barley are both fairly good in quality, and not so much under average as wheat.

—St. Thomas is moving in the matter of a water supply for domestic purposes.

### A HOMEY PARAGRAPHER

And the Dire Effects of His Photograph.

We have just received a request from a New York periodical for permission to publish our portrait. We decline the honor, with thanks. Hear our reasons: We once allowed our portrait to be printed. A while after, the office of the paper printing it, sold out its type to a country office, and somehow that out of us went with the lot. Later we visited that country town. A man came up to us and said: "It saved your life, did it?" "Maybe it did. What do you refer to?" "Why, Jenkins' Elixir of Cezalzar." "Never heard of the stuff." "Didn't? I'd swear you were the man." He left us in an amazed state, and presently another man came up. "Would you recommend me to use Cezalzar?" he asked. "No, sir," we replied; "we would recommend you to soak your head." He went away mad. We were mad, too. Another man accosted us: "Your liver is all right now, is it?" "Yes, sir; but you are an entire stranger to us, and if you presume to ask us another such question as that your nose won't be all right." He said: "If you don't want folks to ask you, why do you advertise that they may?" Then we were bilin'. "You miserable apology for a third-rate man," yelled we, "do you mean to insinuate that we have ever advertised that perfect strangers were at liberty to come up to us and ask about the state of our liver?" "I do," he said, "and can prove it." "You are the biggest liar in seven counties," we observed, and then he picked up a rock and heaved it at us, and we had a very lively little session, till a constable parted us. The crowd was very indignant at the man for assaulting one just back from death's door as we were. That drove us wild. We demanded an explanation and got it. The local editor was using our picture in a patent medicine advertisement as the man whose life it had saved. We rushed to his office to wreck him and recover the out. But he had lent it to an editor in the next town to use as the picture of a murderer, then attracting attention, and when we went to the next town to stop the job, it was too late, and everybody took us for the murderer escaped, and we had hard work getting out of the place. We never allow our picture to get loose again.—Boston Post.

#### The Chicago Heresy Hunt.

The Chicago papers had very full reports of the trial for heresy of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, which ended on Friday of last week, and these reports we have duly read. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, one of the foremost clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago, was held guilty, adjudged a heretic and suspended from the ministry by the ecclesiastical court before which he was tried, but his case is to be again brought up at the Annual Conference, when the final judgment will be delivered. The heresy of the Rev. Dr. Thomas related to three of the fundamental doctrines of Protestant orthodoxy that are maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church—the doctrines of Scriptural inspiration, the atonement and an eternal hell. There was a great deal of testimony, mainly from his own sermons and conversations, to show his heterodoxy upon these doctrines. He had said that all parts of the Scriptures are not of equal inspiration and authority, or critically infallible; that any one expecting to go to heaven through Christ's merits would find himself not there; and that the idea of God sending a soul to eternal punishment was all bosh. This is a rather singular sort of language for the Rev. Dr. Thomas; but he seems to be a man who indulges in a great deal of it. In addition to the words just quoted, we find him saying that the orthodox dogma of the atonement is a "butcher theory"; that "if the Methodist Church did not throw over a good part of the Old Testament it would sink her"; that "a soul might repent even in hell"; that he "didn't believe that old Joshua's sin ever stood still, or that such a man as old Job ever lived"; and that "no sane man could believe the Bible as a whole." It seems to us that both by his printed sermons and by the testimony of witnesses to his language the charges against him were fully proved, and that, if the Methodist Episcopal Church desires to be accounted an orthodox Protestant body, his expulsion from its ministry is necessary.

The manager of the prosecution before the ecclesiastical court was the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, and he displayed holy zeal in his work. In his closing address he charged home with great heat upon the accused, breaking at times into that flamboyant eloquence which some western preachers of Methodism enjoy, jeering at his theological heresies, and accusing him of debauching the youth of Chicago by undermining their faith in orthodox Methodism. The Rev. Dr. Thomas himself was a witness in his own behalf; but his testimony only riveted the charges against him. One or two things are especially worth taking notice of. In the first place, though all the charges against him were sustained, the vote of the nine clergymen who acted as jurors in the trial was not by any means unanimous. His views upon the atonement were pronounced unorthodox by a majority of only one vote; the vote on inspiration was six to three; his tendency to Universalism alone had a nearly unanimous condemnation—eight to one. It appeared also from other indications during the trial that there were other heretics of his kind among the clergymen in the conference. In the next place, the Rev. Dr. Thomas' popularity as a preacher appears to have grown rapidly during his trial for heresy. On September 4th, the first Sunday after the opening of the trial, a greater multitude hastened to hear him than the building in which he preached could hold; and again on Sunday last his place of worship was filled to overflowing by those who were disappointed when he announced that he would not preach. His prosecutor, also, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, said sneeringly, in his final assault upon the accused, that the Rev. Dr. Thomas would not suffer by his expulsion from the Church; that the seats in Hooley's Theatre, where he preached, had all been sold for the next year, and that all the Rev. Dr. Thomas wished was a vindication of his heresy, when he would snap his fingers in their faces and march down in triumph to his audience at the theatre.

It is certainly remarkable to find heresies as grave as those of the Rev. Dr. Thomas obtain such support among the Methodist clergy and people of Chicago.—N. Y. Sun.

### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Grand Review by Her Majesty of the Scottish Volunteers.

The Edinburgh Scotsman of the 25th ult. thus moralises on the great military spectacle recently held in that city: The most magnificent spectacle that Edinburgh has ever seen was presented in her midst yesterday. The city has often aforesome heard the crash of arms in anger and in sport. Armies have marched through her streets and have encamped near to her. Fierce struggles have taken place at her gates. Monarchs have been her citizens, and they have been surrounded by all the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." But never at any time was monarch more warmly welcomed than she who came from Holyrood; never had a monarch a brighter or braver surrounding; and never was the tramp of armed men heard with less fear and more pleasure. There was nothing in the weather to add to the brilliancy of the spectacle. Before the review began—that is, before Her Majesty passed along the line—a cold, driving, heavy rain had begun to fall, and continued all through the military movements and long into the night. But the weather might be forgotten or willingly borne in view of the marvellous character of the event of the day, and it will only be recalled as adding to the force of the military lesson that was taught. The Queen had cause for delight in what she saw, as thousands of men marched before her. To many of them their presence meant long travel, unwonted privation, severe fatigue. The forty thousand men who were grouped in companies and battalions in the Queen's Park yesterday were not gathered wholly or chiefly at the gates of Edinburgh. They came from far-off Sutherland and Caithness; from Ross and Inverness; from stormy Argyllshire, and the wave-beaten Hebridean Isles. Their presence was at once a proof of the military spirit of the Scottish people, and of their peaceful inclinations. They were in arms and under military discipline, not because they desired war, but because they desired peace. As they marched past the Queen and saluted her, they proved to her, to all the onlookers, and, indeed, to the civilized world, that he who should attempt an invasion of the soil of Great Britain must reckon on a fierce and strong resistance. They were not in arms for the purpose of aggression; they were there as men to whom the defence of their hearths and homes was a sacred duty. They were summoned to settle no intestine quarrel, nor to gratify any passing whim. Not a man was there who had not come of his own accord, desirous to show his Queen that she had what is better than walls of brass—the unbought loyalty and devotion of men who wish to preserve the rights, and liberties, and freedom of their country. No Sovereign in the world save Queen Victoria could look on such a sight, at least in his own land. That great army was the product of no conscription, of no system of forced military service. It was the upgrowth of real patriotism, acting by itself for great and worthy ends. Not many weeks ago the Queen had similar homage paid to her in England. She saw then how citizen soldiers could be trained, or could train themselves, for the defence of their country, and how ready they were to stand forward in such a cause. Scotland tells her, in even more emphatic tones, the same thing, and makes of a great military spectacle a grand moral and national lesson.

If the review was instructive in a military and patriotic sense, it was no less interesting as a spectacle. The arrangements had been carefully made, and they were successfully carried out. Every man was got into his place in time, and every man carried out his share of the day's business in soldier-like fashion. No one, man, woman or child, who had the privilege of being present, can ever forget what was seen, or can fail to feel pride and pleasure in the spectacle. Least of all can these emotions have been absent from Her Majesty. She has witnessed many demonstrations of the loyal attachment of her subjects; she never saw one more striking or convincing than that upon which she looked on Thursday. More than in the thunderous cheering by which she was everywhere welcomed, was this loyal attachment displayed in the presence of the mighty crowd covering the most picturesque part of her island possessions.

To the least thoughtful it must have been given to see how strong a lesson on the causes of Britain's greatness was taught by the review and its surroundings. The centre was the Sovereign, strong in the patriotic devotion of her people, and in the freedom of the Constitution of which she is the head. How that Constitution has become what it is, how with us Freedom broadens slowly down From precedent to precedent, was amply shown by all that came within eye-shot. Close by were the grey walls of Holyrood and the ruins of its Chapel. Within the Palace there have been courtly pageants, fierce struggles, and the crimes which come of unbridled turbulence, and the rule of the strong hand. Then liberty was for him who could keep it, and security the possession only of might. Little by little the turbulence has been tamed and the government improved. Freedom has grown as the strong hand has been curbed; and now a monarch can enter Holyrood with no haunting sense of fear, or with any other feeling than that of confidence in the loyalty of all who are in or about its weathered walls. The ruins of the Chapel tell of a religion that had nothing in common with the genius of an industrious, self-reliant people, thinking for themselves and animated by a stern hatred of tyranny. In close contiguity to these reminders of the past the onlooker found all the evidences of industrial progress and of wealth, the product of better times and better rule. The old civilization and the new met on common ground, and marked with sharp lines the growth of centuries. The old order changing, giving place to new, has brought peace, prosperity, confidence, and comfort. If there could have been any doubt of this, it must have been removed by the sight of the well dressed, happy people crowding the Park, who found in the Sovereign a ruler to admire and love, and who saw no cause of fear in the armed host gathered below them. The soldiers were of them, not against them. They were their fathers, or husbands, or brothers, in arms by their own will, not for the suppression of liberty, but for its more certain maintenance. It

was no idle display that was being made. It was proof of the greatness of Great Britain, and a guarantee that this greatness will not be lessened for want of strenuous and willing effort. Such a spectacle, with such teaching, will not be soon forgotten. Scotland has reason to be proud that she has produced it; Edinburgh has still greater reason to be proud that she has been the scene where it has been presented.

#### A Love Match After All.

I have this moment received a private letter from an American lady in England saying: "Yesterday I was at the Baroness Burdett-Bartlett-Coutts' at a very delightful garden party, but it rained, of course, as it always does at an English garden party, and we adjourned to the conservatory for the entertainment. I must tell you that the sandwiches contained nothing but butter and spiced tomatoes, and were delicious. The Baroness was clad in brown satin, with a profusion of white lace, and wore fewer jewels than some American women wear to breakfast. She looks every year her age, but her hair has not a thread of gray in it. I like her. As for her husband, he is, as the Boston girls say; 'too awfully nice for anything.' I do not wonder that the Baroness fell in love with him and married him, and that she is very proud of him. She looks radiantly happy, and evidently doesn't care a whit for the Queen's snub, which everybody has been talking about; and with so devoted and charming a husband, who also looks serenely happy, why should she?—Boston Transcript.

#### Portrait of Columbus.

A most curious discovery has just been made in the Spanish Colonial Office at the capital of a portrait of Columbus, one in fact made during the life of the great discoverer. The portrait is in a perfect state of preservation and the inscription is intact. It reads: "Columbus Lygue Novi Orbis Repertor." The portrait represents Columbus at about 40 years of age, without any wrinkles on his broad forehead, with dark, thick hair, a brilliant eye, and a beak nose. A first copy, which has been made, has been offered to the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus. Sub-Secretary Correa has ordered another copy to be placed in the Colonial Office. The size of the portrait is half a metre long by forty-two centimetres wide. It is supposed to be by an artist of the end of the fifteenth century.

#### A Spirit to be Offered as a Witness.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. —At the trial of Phillip Schwingle for fratricide the introduction of a curious kind of evidence will be attempted to-morrow. In the presence of a score of well known citizens last week, Watkins, the spirit medium, professed to be controlled by the spirit of the murdered man, and between two slates held by Charles Eibisch some writing was done by an invisible agency. It was alleged to be a message from the victim exonerating the accused. Schwingle's friends propose to bring the medium into court and ask Judge Galbraith to hold the slates on the bench and so receive evidence from the other world.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.—Surprise parties are not at all times agreeable or acceptable, but the visitation the Chief of Police of this city received this morning was a decided consolation. He was presented by the express manager with a small box and a bill for 25 cents. Payment was made after a slight hesitation and the box opened. The cover having been loosened, a piece of paper showed itself and underneath an ordinary watch key. Then came another piece of paper and beneath it a neat, large, heavy silver watch. No letter or intimation of the gift had been received, but when the outer case was opened the following inscription was found thereon: "Presented to Hugh McKinnon, Chief of Police, Belleville, from an old detective friend for Auld Lang Syne." Into such hands go the good gifts of this world, but then all can't get them.—Belleville Intelligencer.

The two sons of the Prince of Wales, being in Australia, wrote and signed a very sensible little reply to an address presented to them by the boys of the Prince Alfred College, at Adelaide. It ran thus: "Boys of Prince Alfred College: It gave us great pleasure to come among you and to go over your school and grounds. We shall long remember the sound of your voices, and trust that if ever again we visit Adelaide some of those we saw as boys we may then meet as men, a credit to their school, to themselves and the colony."

FEMALE SMOKERS.—Three young ladies who boarded the Cornutian here on Tuesday evening for Toronto whiled away the early portion of the night smoking cigarettes to the company of three galleons. The smoking acted on the stomachs of the fair ones the same as seasickness, and while yet one lay with her head on his shoulders, a cry and throwing up of the arms signified that she had fainted. In a few minutes she was restored and afterwards lulled to sleep with kind carressing.—Kingston News.

The Chevalier de Chatelain, one of a group of which Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc have been prominent figures, has just died in England. He was a political refugee, and is best known in the literary world by his translations from English poets into French. He was the translator of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Canterbury Tales," and published in five volumes "Beautes de la Poesie Anglaise," a collection of over 1,000 poems.

Mr. William Fraser Forsyth, for some years superintendent of the money order branch of the Post Office Department at Ottawa, died on Friday from Bright's disease of the kidneys. His remains will be taken to Scotland, his native country, to be interred in the family vault.

If parents were more watchful and provided harmless pastimes for their children there would be fewer complaints among the citizens of stone-throwing and other vicious amusements.

If the President's cottage at Long Branch is in full sight of the sea shore, Dr. Bliss will have a fine opportunity to learn something about anatomy.

The mines of Arizona are very rich. It is no uncommon thing for them to run as high as 160 pounds of scalped miner to the ton.