Hot Weather Song.

De chatter-jacks er s'ngin' from de top o' de weed,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams;
An' de mustard an' de radishes is dun gone ter seed,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

De mawkin' birds hatched an' hab gun fur ter fly,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams;
An' on de young chickens de hawk hab got his eye,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Oh, de fat white man am er huggin' o' de shaade,
He's mos' ter lazy fur ter eat;
But de po' nigger's handlin' o' de shovel an' de spade,
Er rakin' up de dust in de heat.

It's er mighty long time 'fore de comin' o' de frost,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams;
An' da'll hafter pay dear fur de sweat der nigger's lost,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

De Democrats er bilin' and de 'Publicans is het,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams;
But da'll cut er sorry figger if my name ain't in de pot,
Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Oh, de slick party man am er smilin' wid his mouf,
An' he's got er mighty twinkle in his eye,
An' he's got a mighty likin' fur de nigger in de souf,
Da's er feedin' him de sweet pertater pie.

—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

"He has been guilty of none," I cry, indignantly. "He never cared for any one but me, as you well know."

Sir Mark looks down, and smiles meaningly; I redden with anger.

"Why are you not gone?" I ask, inhospitably; "you promised you would leave early this morning."

"Grant me a little grace, Mrs. Carrington. Had I had time, I might, indeed, have ordered a special train, but, as matters stand, I am compelled to be your guest until one be allowed by the authorities to start. But for your entrance here just now, which I did not anticipate, I would not have troubled you with my presence again. However, it is the last time you shall be so annoyed. Perhaps you will bid me good-bye and grant me your forgiveness before I go. You at least should find it easy to pardon, as it was my unfortunate and undue admiration for yourself caused me to err."

His tone is light and mocking, there is even a half smile upon his lips. He treats Marmaduke's presence as though he were utterly unaware of it. Yet still something beneath his sneering manner makes me know he does not repent, either his false step, or its consequences.

It is with amazement I discover I bear him no ill-will. Indeed, I might almost be said to feel sorrow for him at this present moment. I shall be intensely relieved and glad when he is no longer before me; but he has been kind and pleasant to me, in many ways, during these past two months, and I forgive him. I put my hand in his and say "good-bye," gently. He holds it tightly for an instant, then drops it

"Good-bye, Carrington," he says, coolly; "I hope when next we meet time will have softened your resentment."

He moves toward the door with his usual careless, graceful step.

"And I hope," says 'Duke, in a voice clear and quiet, yet full of suppressed passion, "that the day we meet again is far distant. I have no desire to renew acquaintance in the future with a man who has so basely abused the rights of friendship and hospitality. You have chosen to act the part of a scoundrel. Keep to it, therefore, and avoid the society of honest men. For myself, I shall endeavor to forget I ever knew one so contemptible."

"Take care," says Sir Mark, in a low, fierce tone. "Don't try me too far, '*Honest* men!' Remember one thing, Carrington; you owe me something for my forbearance."

For a full minute the two men glare at at each other, then the door is flung open, and Mark is gone.

"What did he mean by that?" ask I, frightened and tearful. "What was that he said about forbearance? Tell me, 'Duke."

Marmaduke's face is white as death.

"Nothing," he answers, with an effort. "It is only a stagy way he has of speaking. Let us forget him."

So Mark drops out of our life for the present. Three days later Lady Blanche Going also takes her departure.

As we assemble in the hall to bid her good-bye—I, from an oppressive sense of what is demanded by the laws of courtesy, the others through the dawdling idleness that belongs to a country house—she sweeps up to me, and, with an unusually bewitching smile, says, sweetly:

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Carrington. Thank you so much for all your kindness to me. I really don't remember when I have enjoyed myself so well as here at dear old Strangemore with you."

Here she stoops forward, as though she would press her lips to my cheek. Instantly dropping both her hand and my handkerchief, I bend to pick up the latter; when I raise myself again, she has wisely passed on, and so I escape the hypocritical salute

Marmaduke put her, maids, traps and all, into the carriage. The door is shut, the horses start; I am well rid of another troublesome guest. I draw a deep sigh of relief as two ideas present themselves before my mind. One is, that I am better out of it all than I deserve; the second, that never again, under any circumstances, shall she enter my doors.

It is the night before Harriet's departure and almost all our guests have vanished. Our two military friends have resumed their regimental duties a week ago; Sir George Ashurst has gone to London for a little while; Dora has decided on burying herself at Summerleas during his absence—I suppose to meditate soberly upon the coming event.

It is 9 o'clock. Dinner is a thing of the past. Even the gentlemen, having tired of each other, or the wine, or the politics, have strolled into the drawing-room, and are now indulging in such light converse as they deem suitable to our feeble understandings.

Suddenly the door is flung wide, and Bebe comes hurriedly in—so hurriedly that we all refrain from speech, and raise our eyes to rivet them upon her. She is nervous—half laughing—yet evidently scared.

"Oh, Marmaduke!" she says, with a little gasp, and going up to him and fastening her fingers on his arm, "I have seen a ghost!"

"A *what?*" says 'Duke.

"A ghost—a downright, veritable ghost! Now don't look so incredulous. I am thoroughly in earnest. I was never in my life before so frightened. I tell you I saw it plainly, and quite close. Oh, how I ran!"

She puts her other hand to her heart, and draws a long breath.

Naturally we all stare at her, and feel interested directly. A *real* spectre is not a thing of everyday occurrence. I feel something stronger than interest; I am terrified beyond measure, and rising from my seat, I look anxiously at 'Duke.

"I never heard there was a ghost here before," I say, reproachfully. "Is the house haunted? Oh, 'Duke! you never told me of it—and I have gone about it at all hours, and sometimes even *without a light!*"

I conclude there is something comical in my dismay, as Marmaduke and Lord Chandos burst out laughing. Thornton fairly roars, while Sir James gets as near an outburst of merriment as he ever did in his life.

"Is there a ghost in your family?" I demand, rather sharply, feeling nettled at their heartless mirth.

"No; I am afraid we have nothing belonging to us half so respectable. All the ancestors I ever heard of died most amiably, either on the battle-field, or on the gallows, or in their beds. We cannot lay claim to a single murderer or suicide; there is not even a solitary instance of a duel being fought within these walls. I doubt we are a tame race. There is not a spark of romance about us. Bebe's imagination has run riot."

"I tell you I saw it," persists Bebe, indignantly. "Am I to disbelieve my own sight? I was walking along the corridor off the picture-gallery quite quietly, thinking of anything in the world but supernatural subjects, when all at once, as I got near the window, I saw a face looking in at me from the balcony outside."

"Oh, Bebe!" I cry, faintly, casting a nervous glance behind me, as I edge closer to Lord Chandos, who happens to be the one nearest me.

"It was a horrible face, wicked but handsome. The head was covered with something dark, and it was only the eyes I noticed, they were *unearthly*—so large, and black, and revengeful; they had *murder* in them." Bebe stops, shuddering.

"Really, Carrington, it is too bad of you," says Chips, reprovingly. "If you keep them at all they should at least be amiable. I wonder Miss Beatoun lives to tell the tale. Pray go on; it is positively enthralling. Did the eyes spit fire?"

"The head vanished while I stared, and then I dropped my candle and ran downstairs, as though I were hunted. Oh, I shall never forget it!"

"Probably some poor tramp prowling about," says 'Duke, seeing I am nearly in tears.

"It was nothing living," declares Miss Beatoun with a settled conviction that sends a cold chill through my veins.

"Bebe, how can you be so stupid?" exclaims 'Duke, almost provoked. "Ghosts, indeed!—I thought you had more sense. Come let us go in a body and exorcise this thing, whatever it is. I believe an apparition should be spoken of respectfully in capitals as *IT*. She may still be on the balcony."

"I think it improbable," says Chips; "she would see by the aid of Miss Beatoun's candle that it is an unlikely spot for silver spoons."

"Well, if we fail, I shall give orders for a couple of men to search the shrubberies. And whatever they find they shall bring straight to Bebe."

"They will find nothing," says Bebe, with an obstinacy quite foreign to her.

I take Marmaduke's arm and cling to him. He looks down at me amused.

"Why, you are trembling, you little goose. Perhaps you had better stay here."

"What! all alone!" I cry, aghast. "Never, I would be dead by the time you came back. No, I would rather see it out."

So we all march solemnly upstairs, armed with lights, to investigate this awful mystery.

Sir James and Thornton take the lead, as I decline to separate from Marmaduke or to go anywhere but in the middle. Not for worlds would I head the procession and be the first to come up with what may be in store for us. With an equal horror I shrink from being last—fearful of being grabbed by something uncanny in the background.

The whole scene is evidently an intense amusement to the men, and even Harriet, to my disgust, finds some element of the burlesque about it. The lamps upon the staircase and along the corridors throw shadows everywhere, and are not reassuring. Once Mr. Thornton, stalking on in front, gives way to a dismal howl, and, stopping short, throws himself into an attitude of abject fear that causes me to nearly weep; so I entreat him, in touching accents, not to do it again without reason.

Another time either Harriet or Bebe—who are walking close behind me (having ordered Lord Chandos to the extreme rear, as a further precaution)—lays her hand lightly on my shoulder, whereupon I shriek aloud and precipitate myself into Marmaduke's arms.

At length we reach the dreaded spot, and Thornton, after a few whispered words with Sir James, flings up the window, and, with what appears to me reckless courage, steps out upon the darksome balcony alone.

"He is a long time absent. To me it seems ages. We three women stand waiting in breathless suspense. Bebe titters nervously.

"He is without doubt making a thorough examination," says Sir James, gravely.

We strain our eyes into the night, and even as we do so, something supernaturally tall—black, gaunt, with a white plume waving from its haughty head—advances slowly towards us, from out the gloom. I feel paralyzed with fright, although instinct tells me it is not *the thing*.

"Who are ye that come to disturb my nightly revel?" says the plumed figure; and then we all know that we are gazing at Mr. Thornton, lengthened by a sweeping-brush covered with a black garment, which he holds high above his head.

"Thornton, I protest you are incorrigible," exclaims Marmaduke, when at length he can command his voice; "and I thought better of you, James, than to aid and abet him."

I am on the very verge of hysterics; a pinch, administered by Bebe, alone restrains me; as it is, the tears of alarm are mingling with the laughter I cannot suppress.

"My new black Cashmere wrap, I protest!" cries Harriet, pouncing upon Chips and his sweeping-brush. "Well, really Chippendale—— And the feather out of my best bonnet. Oh, this comes of having one's room off a balcony. Why, you wicked boy, you have been upsetting all my goods and chattels. Who gave you permission, sir, to enter my bedroom?"

"Sir James," replies Chips, demurely, who has emerged from his disguise, and is vainly trying to reduce his dishevelled locks to order. "It was so convenient."

"Oh, James!" says his wife, with a lively reproach, "have I lived to see you perpetrate a joke?"

"But where is the spectre?" I venture to remark.

"You must really ask Miss Beatoun," says Chips. "I have done my duty valiantly; no one can say I funked it. I have done my very best to produce a respectable *bona fide* bogy; and if I have failed, I am not to be blamed. Now I insist on Miss Beatoun's producing hers. We cannot possibly go back to the domestics (who, I feel positive, are cowering upon the lowest stair) empty-handed. Miss Beatoun, you have brought us all here at the peril of our lives. Now where is he?"

"It was not a man," says Bebe.

"Then where is she?"

"I am not sure it was a woman either," with some hesitation.

"Ye powers!" cries Chips. "Then what was it? a mermaid? an undiscovered gender? The plot thickens. I shan't be able to sleep a wink to-night unless you be more explicit."

'Then you may stay wide awake," reports Miss Beatoun, "as I remember nothing but those horrid eyes. You have chosen to turn it all into ridicule; and who ever heard of a ghost appearing amidst shouts of laughter? How dreadfully cold it is! Do shut that window and let us go back to the drawing-room fire."

"I hope your next venture will be more successful," says Chips, meekly. And then we all troop down again to the cozy room we have quitted, by no means wiser than when we started.

Somehow I think no more about it, and, except that I keep Martha busied in my room until I hear Marmaduke's step next door, I show no further cowardice. The general air of disbelief around me quenches my fears, and the bidding farewell to the guests I have got to like so well occupies me to the exclusion of all other matters.

Then follows Dora's wedding, a very quiet but very charming little affair, remarkable for nothing beyond the fact that during the inevitable breakfast speeches my father actually contrives to squeeze out two small tears.

The happy pair start for the Continent—the bride all smiles and brown velvet and lace, the bridegroom, perhaps, a trifle pale—and we at home fall once more into our usual ways, and try to forget that Dora Vernon was ever anything but Lady Ashurst.

Marmaduke and I, having decided on accepting no invitations until after Christmas, being filled with a desire to spend this season (which will be our first together) in our own home, settle down for a short time into a lazy Darby-and-Joan existence.

It is the second of December; the little ormolu toy upon the mantle piece has chimed out a quarter to five; it is almost quite dark, yet there is still a glimmer of daylight that might, perhaps, be even more pronounced but for the blazing fire within that puts it to shame.

"What a cozy little room it is!" says 'Duke from the doorway. "You make one hate the outer world."

"Oh, you have come," I cry, well pleased, "and in time for tea. That is right. Have you taken off your shooting things? I cannot see anything distinctly where you now are?"

"I am quite clean, if you mean that," says he, laughing and advancing. "I shall do no injury to your sanctum. But it is too early to go through the regular business of dressing yet."

"Had you a good day?"

"Very, indeed, and a pleasant one altogether. Jenkins was with me, and would have come in to pay you his respects, but thought he was hardly fit for so dainty a lady's inspection. Have you been lonely, darling? How have you occupied yourself all day?"

"Very, happily," I say, surrendering one of my warm hands into his cold ones. And then I proceed to recount all the weighty affairs of business with which I have been employed during his absence.

But even as I speak the words freeze upon my lips. Between me and the dreary landscape outside rises something that chills every thought of my heart.

It is a head, closely covered with some dark clothing—the faintest outlines of a face—a pair of eyes that gleam like living coals. As I gaze, horror-stricken, it disappears, so suddenly, so utterly, as almost to make me think it was a mere trick of the imagination. Almost, but not quite; the eyes still burn and gleam before me, but to my memory comes Bebe's marvellous tale.

"'Duke, 'Duke," I cry, rising, "what is it? What have I seen? Oh, I am horribly frightened!" I cling to him and point eagerly towards the window.

"Frightened at what?" asks 'Duke, startled by my manner, and gazing ignorantly in the direction I have indicated.

"A face," I say nervously. "It was there only a moment ago. I saw it quite distinctly, and eyes so piercing. Marmaduke," shrinking closer to him, "do you remember Bebe's story?"

'My darling girl, how can you be so absurd," exclaims 'Duke, kindly, "letting that stupid tale upset you so? You only imagined a face, my dearest. You have been too much alone all day. There can be nothing."

"There was," I declare, positively. "I could not be so deceived."

"Nonsense, Phyllis! Come with me to the window and look out. If there really was one, she must be in view still."

He leads me to the window rather against my will, and makes me look out. I do so to please him, standing safely ensconced behind his arm.

"The lawn is bare," he says, convincingly; "there is no cover until one reaches the shrubberies beyond; and no one *could* have reached them since, I think. Now come with me to the other window."

I follow him submissively with the same result; and finally we finish our researches in the bow-window, at the farthest end of the room.

The prospect without is dreary in the extreme. A storm is steadily rising, and the wind is soughing mournfully through the trees. Great sullen drops of rain fall with vindictive force against the panes.

"Now, confess, you are the most foolish child in the world," says 'Duke, cheerfully, seeing I am still depressed. "Who would willingly be out such an evennig as this? Not even a dog, if he could help it; and certainly a spectre would have far too much sense."

"If it was fancy, it was very vivid," I say, reluctantly, "and, besides, I am not fanciful at all. I was a little unlucky, I think; it reminded me of—of——"

"A Banshee?" asks 'Duke, laughing.

"Well, yes, something like that," I admit, seriously.

"Oh, Marmaduke, I hope no bad fortune is in store for us. I feel a strange foreboding at my heart."

"You feel a good deal of folly," says my husband. "Phyllis, I am ashamed of you. The idea of being superstitious in the nineteenth century! I shall give you a good scolding for this, and at the same time some brandy-and-water. Your nerves are unstrung, my dearest; that is all. Come, sit down here, and try to be sensible, while I ring the bell."

As he speaks he rings it.

"Tynon, have the grounds searched again directly. It is very annoying that tramps should be allowed the run of the place. A stop must be put to it. Half a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't give me brandy and soda-water," I say with some energy. I do so hate it."

"How do you know?"

"Because I tasted yours the other evening, and thought it a horrible concoction. I was tired of hearing men praise it as a drink, so I thought I would try if it was really as good as they said. But it was not; it was extremely disagreeable."

"It was the soda you disliked. I will put but very little in, and then you will like it better."

"But indeed, Marmaduke, I would rather not have anything."

"But indeed, Phyllis, I must insist on your taking it. If we are going to be so ultra-fashionable as to encourage a real ghost on the premises, we must only increase our allowance of spirits, and fortify ourselves to meet it. By the by, have you decided on the sex? Bebe was rather hazy on that point."

"I don't know," I say, shuddering; "I wish you would not jest about it."

Then I drink what he has prepared for me, and, in spite of my dislike to it, feel presently somewhat happier in my mind.

The world is only three days older, when as I sit alone in my own room reading, Tynon opens the door, and addresses me in the semi-mysterious manner he affects.

"There's a woman downstairs, ma'am, as particularly wants to speak with you."

"A woman?" I reply, lazily. "What sort of a woman, Tynon?"

"Well, ma'am, a handsome woman as far as I can judge. A furriner, I would say. A woman of a fine presence—as might be a lady; but I ain't quite certain on that point."

"Oh, Tynon, show her up," I say, hastily feeling dismayed, as I picture to myself a lady left standing in the hall while Tynon makes up his mind as to what her proper position in society may be.

He obeys my behest with alacrity, and in a very few moments "the woman" and I are face to face; nay, as she comes slowly forward, and throws back her veil, fixes upon me her wonderful eyes, I know, with a sinking of the heart, that I am face to face with Bebe's ghost.

"I am startled and impressed—uncomfortably impressed—as I gaze on the remains of what must once have been an extraordinary beauty. I have risen on her entrance, and we now stand—my strange visitor and I—staring at each other in silence, with only the little work-table between us.

She is dressed in the deepest black of a good texture; I am in rich brown velvet. She is tall and full—truly, as Tynon had described her, "a woman of fine presence;" I am small and very light. Her eyes are large, and dark, and burning—such eyes as belong to the South alone; mine, large too, are gray-blue, and soft and calm.

I feel fascinated, and slightly terrified. At last I speak.

"Is there anything I can do? I believe you wished to speak to me!" I venture, weakly, and with hesitation.

"I do," says my strange visitor, never removing her piercing gaze from my face.

"I also wished to *see* you *close*. So you are *his* wife, are you? A child, a mere doll!"

I am so taken aback I can find no reply to make to this speech; every moment renders me more amazed, more thoroughly frightened.

"You are Mrs. Carrington of Strangemore," she goes on in the purest English, but with an unmistakably foreign accent. "Well, Mrs. Carrington, I have come here to-day to tell you something I fear will be unpalatable to your dainty ears."

At this instant it occurs to me that I have admitted to my presence, and am shut up with, an escaped lunatic. At this thought my blood curdles in my veins; I move a step backwards, and casting a lingering, longing glance at the bellhandle. Watching my every gesture, she immediately divines my intention.

"If you will take my advice," she says, "you will not touch that bell. What I have to say might furnish too much gossip for your servants' hall. No, I am *not* mad. Pouf! what a fool it is, trembling in every limb. Pray restrain yourself, Mrs. Carrington; you will require all your courage to sustain you by and by."

She is speaking very insolently, and there is a fiendish triumph in her black eyes; I can hear a subtle mockery in her tone as she utters my married name.

"If you will be so kind as to state your business without any further delay," I remark, with as much hauteur as I can summon to my aid, "I shall feel obliged."

"Good," says she, with a vicious smile; "you recover. The white mouse has found its squeak. Listen, then." She seats herself before the small table that divides us, leans her elbows upon it, and takes her face between her hands. Her eyes are still riveted upon mine; not for a second does she relax the vigilance of her gaze. "Who do you think I am?" she asks, slowly.

"I have not the faintest idea," I reply, still haughty, though thoroughly upset, and nervous.

"I—am—Marmaduke—Carrington's lawful wife," she says, biting out the words with cruel emphasis, and nodding her head at me between each pause.

I neither stagger nor faint, nor cry out; I simply don't believe her. She is mad, then, after all. Oh, if Tynon, or Harris, or any one, would only come! I calculate my chance of being able to rush past her and gain the door in safety, but am disheartened by her watchfulness. I remember, too, how fatal a thing it is to show symptoms of terror before a maniac, and with an effort collect myself.

"If you have nothing better to say than such idiotic nonsense," I return, calmly, "I think this interview may as well come to an end." As I utter this speech in fear and trembling, I once more go slowly in the direction of the bell.

"Oh! must you then see my marriage-lines?" says the woman with a sneer, drawing from her bosom a folded paper. "Is there too much of the stage about my little declaration? Come, then, behold them; but at a distance, carita, at a distance."

She spreads open the paper upon the table before me. Impelled by some hideous curiosity, I draw near. With one brown but shapely finger, she traces the characters, and I read—I read with dull eyes, the terrible words that seal my fate. No thought of forgery comes to sooth me; I know in that one long, awful moment that my eyes have seen the truth.

Mechanically I put out my hand to seize the paper, but she pushed me roughly back.

"No, no, ma belle," she laughs coolly; "not that!"

"It is a lie," I cry, fiercely; a "lie!"

Where now is all my nervousness, my childish terror? My blood flames into life. For the time I am actually mad with passion, as mad as I imagined her a little while ago. A cruel, uncontrollable longing to kill her—to silence forever the bitter mocking tones, to shut the vindictive eyes that seem to draw great drops of blood from my heart—takes possession of me. I catch hold of a heavy ruler that lies on a Davenport near, and make a spring towards her.

But I am as an infant in the hands of my opponent; I feel myself flung violently to one side against a wall, while the ruler falls crashing into an opposite corner.

"Bah!" she cries through her teeth. "Can English blood get warm? I did not believe it until now. So you love the handsome husband, do you? That, after all, is not a husband, see you, but a lover. This is my house, *Mees!* This is *my* room! Leave it, I command you!"

She laughs long and loudly; but all my fury has died out.

(To be continued.)

Scientific Curiosities.

Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of water so that in every drop the color may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will at the end of that period have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one-thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silkworm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drams of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 400 miles. In the milt of a codfish or in water in which vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complete as those of the whale or the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of the globe.

How to Write to the Pope.

Several persons tell us that having written to the Pope they receive no reply. As the Holy Father's correspondence is very large, there are secretaries who go through it, classify it and destroy or submit the missives to His Holiness according as they think proper. Mgr. Boccali, the private chamberlain, has charge of this difficult duty. It sometimes happens that a letter to which the writer attaches the greatest importance is in this way thrown into the waste basket. If you want to have a letter to the Pope surely reach its destination inclose it in three envelopes, all three sealed and each one bearing this inscription:

To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.,
Prefect of the Congregation of the Holy Office at the Vatican.
(Personal) Rome.

The prelate in charge opens the first envelope, then the second, but at the third he is obliged, under penality of excommunication, not to open it and hand it to the Holy Father.—*Paris Goulois.*

A stroke of lightning has cured Mr. Abraham Cuddleback, of Damascus, Pa., of a stroke of paralysis.

At the Wicklow Assizes, Ireland, the trial of Mrs. Gyll for throwing vitriol on Mr. Toomey, solicitor, was concluded. The jury gave a verdict of not guilty.

To test the alacrity of the troops, the Russian Czar, without any one expecting it, held the review announced for noon yesterday at 4 o'clock in the morning.