For Love of Her.

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Russel Anthon, la millionaire, is in love Mariel, the young daughter of Graham bridge, a gentleman of wealth, who by speculation become involved. Muriel, heartily liking and respecting Anthon, not love him, and tells her father so, he urges her to accept him. This she ander the impression that her father told him, and that he is willing to acwhat real liking and respect she can him. Her father, however, does not Russel, who believes that Muriel really s him. It does not take very long after riage to convince him to the contrary, ough in all respects Muriel endeavors to te him a true wife. Believing that he erstood from her father what she told she says nothing, and their life passes rentfully enough until Russel receives tter from Mexico which necessitates his ing her the story of his twin brother indel, the scapegrace of his family. who, ing in a quarrel over cards accidentally ed his friend, fled from home, disappearand was thought dead. The letter from is, however, from him. Dying of er, alone among strangers, he implores sel to go to him. Muriel bids Russel the vow he made his dying mother the the should he ever have be friend his brother should he ever have opportunity, and urges him to go to his g brother. Russel goes to Mexico, fir d; Con. Gents: brother, nurses him through the sickness, is finally struck down by the fever him-In the meantime, however, Arundel found Muriel's picture, which Russe! had surgeons whi one day read h the beautitul unknown face, and is Il's Spavin of hel by Russel asleep with the locket ture. determined ped in his hands. Russel tells him ruggist here se picture it is; and just as they are bottles; I too baring to start for home Russel is struck d give it ath by the fever. Arundel watches by to directions until there are evident signs that, weakased to be la d by his long journey, worn out by his red. I used be eattendance at his brother's bedside, Rus bs are as fre life is coming to a close. They are being as any horse rounded by Indians, and at the last mombelieving that nothing can save Rusand that it is for Muriel's sake, Arungathers up every thing of value belongbottles who to his brother, and after some moments irresolution, quits the hzt, mounts his L. T. FOST se and flies over the plain.]

CHAPTER X. -CONTINUED.

Dying!" he said. Thank God he will be sed kendall's defore they get here, they will find only There won't be much left of me six without he irs from now," he continued, grimly. hey know me, the fiends; they have not gbones, or Come gotten that I once killed one of their in of several eis, and they will wreak their vengeance me-the devils never forget nor forgive. after all we will both of us die out here, seel and I, and no one will know just how

cess. I glady And then came the swift thought that riel would never know how her dearly ed husband met his death; she would it for him to come bank for her, not EORGE BEY uld he come back. Then would come long avin Cars of hopeless waiting, of torturing fears

FLESH. d miserable doubts. "The cauel suspense will kill her !" Ar-Vt., Feb. 15, 1 del groaned to himself: "better to know Co., cients:-S eworst than to know nothing. Would it my knee joint better for me to try and save myself, go to grow the ther and tell her how Russel died, than to very severe main here and await certain death; when weeks, when I am dead, no one, not even she-his Cure with the bung wife-will ever know what bccame of has entirely a massel Anthon ?"

stopped the la There was no time to weigh the matter known it to be refully. Whatever was done must be done I know it to blockly; there was not a moment to in flesh that he are for deliberation ; the shadowy forms ere growing fearfully distinct, already Arbdel could distinguish the war-whoop.

P. LAWREN With trembling hands he collected the P Q Oct. 27,1 Prious articles of value in the cabin-Rus-Is watch, his ring, even the little case Co., Gents:ontaining Muriel's picture; and then irwith great see solute he threw himself down by Russel's bones, bone s ce where the shadow of death rested

rse. One of "I cannot leave you, my brother," he heaned. "I will stay with you and die efending your dead body, and yet for Muras well in a lis sake man as well

Swiftly a picture rose before him. He saw Preatise on the young wife standing alone watching from I think it er window with sorrowful, yet eager eyes.

100 on one had raiting, waiting for some one who would be directions ever come. For Muriel's sake! Once, wice he pressed his lips to his brother's harble-like forehead, bent one long, lingerng gaze upon the st ll whiteface; then went strated Circulate ut of the cabin.

e proof of is Two minutes later a horse and rider t with such a din the little abin Russel Anthon is lying alone.

CHAPTER XI.

A lovely June morning; one of those rare, perfect days which come only in the leafy nonth of June when Nature seems to smile CO., Montres Deautiful all she smiles upon. Even the great, busy, crowded city of New York ooked bright and tresh and pleasant. In the parks the closely cut grass were like emerald velvet; in front of the large hotels and fashionable club houses were huge stone vases filled with saucy-faced pansies, which nodded their rurple and gold heads as the ight winds passed over them, and the windows and courtyards of the handsome uptown residences were gay with flowers. Although it was not yet eleven o'clock, there were many carriages rolling up and down the avenues, many people walking along the streets; and over the whole city fell the golden morning sunshine.

The soft summer wind, creeping through the awning-shaded flower-filled windows of Muriel Anthon's bondoir, lifted the light ings of hair from her forehead as she sat halow chair, her slender fingers busy with ome rich embroidery. She looked very retty sitting there in the exquisitely furnshed room, very like a flower herself—a are, dainty human flower. Her lace trimpeignoir fell in snowy folds about her

and there was another bunch of the same flowers nestling in the wavy sunshiny hair that was gathered in a loose coil low at the back of her small head; upon her lap was a dainty little satin-lined work-basket, filled with many tinted embroidery silks, gaycolored crewels, and bits of bright sating and down at her feet, his tawny head upon a fold of her dress, lay Leo, his intelligent eyes fastened upon her face, as if he were thinking to himself what a very lovely little mistress he had.

"There, Leo," she murmured—she had long ago contracted the habit of talking to her dog as though he were a human being - "at last that embroidery is finished, and I really think it looks very well," surveying the large square of olive satin critically as she spoke. "It will make a lovely foot rest for Russel. Oh! Leo, don't you wish he would come home? We will be so glad to see him again, won't we, you and I?"

And a very, wistful look came into the lovely eyes, as with a sigh Muriel laid ber head back upon the cushions of her chair. She had missed her husband very much since he had been away from her, had misse I the tenderness and loving care with which he had surrounded her; lite without him had not been at all comfortable, she had not longed for him with any passionate yearning, still she had missed him, and was waiting now very impatiently for him to come back to her.

Knowing that she dil not love him as she felt a woman ought to love her husband, Muriel often wondered at herself when she found herself longing for Russel to come nome; she had no idea that she belonged to that class of women who cannot live without love, yet so it was. Though her husband had failed to awaken the passionate love which was slumbering in her heart, and which some time must surely awake, yet in a measure his great love for her satisfied the cravings of her naturally intense na-

And Muriel Anthon was not the only woman who had tried to content herself with being loved; all over the world there are women who endeavor to satisfy the hunger of their own hearts with the devotion of men who inspire them with reverence and tenderness perhaps, but who fail utterly to rouse in them the deep, strong love of which they are by nature capable.

The last letter Muriel had received from her husband was dated El Paso, he had written it just previous to his departure from that town in search of Arundel, and knowing that he was about to start upon a somewhat hazardous journey, Russel, always tender and thoughtful for others, had written very gently, telling her that it might possibly be some time before she heard from him again, but that she must not worry, nor be alarmed, for he would take great care of himself for her dear sake, and would come back just as soon as he could.

"For, my darling," he wrote, "I can scarcely wait to see your sweet face, you do not know how long the days seem without you, it seems like years to me since I kissed you good-by. We will never be separated again, Muriel, never again in this world. Where I go hereafter, you shall go too, for I could not bear another separation."

At first people wondered a little that Russel Anthon should leave his young wife for such a space of time, but this Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge easily explained by saying that their son-in-law had business in Mexico which he was obliged to attend to, and that Muriel was not just at that time sufficiently | and misery, and loneliness. Which will you strong to go with him.

"Eleven o'clock," said Muriel, dreamily, as the tiny Swiss clock on the draped mantel chimed out the hour. "I don't think I shall work any more this morning, Leo. I shall take a book and lie down for a little while: we are getting awfully lazy, Leo, you and I."

Thereupon she rose from her chair, select ed a book from the many that were piled up on the centre-table, and threw herself down on the little blue velvet couch which stood in a corner of the room near one of the flower filled windows; but, though she opened the book and skimmed oveo the first pages, she did not go any further; holding it idly in her small white hands she lay there, dreamily watching the quick moveof the pretty pellow canary who was fluttering about in the gilded stage suspend. ed over the flowers, and then she drifted into a reverie, thinking of Russel far away in Mexico, and of his brother-his erring, reckless, sinning brother, Arundel.

Since that night when for the first time she had heard the story of Arundel Anthon, scarcely a day had passed that she had not thought of him, always pityingly and tenderly, making excuses for him to herself, throwing a veil over his faults, closing her eyes to his sins, until at last she came to think of him almost as more sinned against than sinning. She did not attempt to explain to herself the reason of the deep interest she had always felt in him, since first she knew that such a man as Arundel Anthon lived upon the earth; she haraly thought about it; she was not given to self-analysis or self-questioning-women are not, as a rule, but if she had analyzed her own thoughts she would have found, perhaps to her surprise, that Arundel held nearly as strong a place in them as did her

husband. "Poor Arundel," she said to herself now, pityingly, "I wish Russel would bring him Drugg houth of June when Nature seems to sinite pityingly, I wish it asset in the sure that should home with him; I am quite sure that if I ever like him-something tells me that if I ever meet him I shall like him very much. Poor boy, what a lonely, weary life he must lead! I should like to help make it a little less weary, a little brighter, not quite so hard to

And while Muriel lay there in her pretty flower-scented boudoir thinking about him, pitying him, Arundel Anthon was rapidly coming toward her, walking hurriedly up the wide avenue: the bright June snnshine falling upon his face—the face so handsome and so ghastly pale that the passers by turn-

ed to look after him, What he had suffered since that day, when, with the Indian war-whoops ringing in his ears, he had ridden-flying for his life-away from the little cabin where his brother lay dying, only his God knew. The thought that he had left his brother to die alone, his dead body to be horribly mutilated, perhaps, by the savages was in itself terrible, but mingled with that thought was

another still more terrible. Vainly he had tried to crush it out of existence, that fatal, deadly thought which relyety panel and tastened a great cluster of had been born in his brain, that never-toelvety pansies at her round white throat, be-forgotten day, when,

his brother a mot onless form, he had raved cently furnished partor he stood, one hand

This was the thought which, like some slow, deadly poison, had worked its way through Arundel Anthon's emiritual body, until every part of it, mind and brain, heart and understanding, was half paralyzed and | dress as she came down the stairs; wholly ... eased.

He had cried in agony, 'Oh my brother, why am I not in your place !" and the demon, who stands ready to tempt men to do evil, had whispered, "Why not put yourself in his place? let it be Arundel Anthon that dies out here on the plains, Russel Anthon that lives and goes back to his beautiful home, his many friends, his fair young wife."

It was surely the most horrible temptation that had ever assailed any human being. Here was this man, high bred, weli educated- with cultured tastes, and naturally refined manners, made an outcast by his own act, condemned to wander homeless, friendless aloue, through distant countries where he should not be recognized, herding with men who were, as far as birth and breeding went, beneath him, afraid to bear his own name yearning unutterably for the peace and rest of a home, the close companionship of friends, the clinging love of a wife, the warm affection of children, weary, ah, so very weary, of living his lonely, loveless life. A man by nature warm-hearted, affectionate, companionable, yet who was shut out from all the brightness and warmth and jcy of life, his own act rising like a wall of solid ice between him and happiness; and here was an opportunity which, if he availed him self of it, would enable him to grasp and to hold as his own all that can make life beautiful and pleasant.

Those among you who have found it hard to resist a small temptation, think what this great terrible temptation was to Arundel Anthon. How he struggled and fought against it, desperately, wildly, until his strength was almost gone. All the way from Mexico that fierce desperate struggle went on between the good angels and the demons who were battling for the possession of his soul; though the angels did not lose ground, still they did not gain an inch : when he arrived in New York the demons had not conquered, but they were yet uncon-

If the passersby had known of the warfare which was being waged within him, they would not have wondered at his deathly white face as he walked along that lovely June morning, in the summer sunshine.

At the corner of a street he came face to face with a well-dressed, aristocratic looking man, who was hurrying ts catch a stage which was close at hand. To Arundel's surprise the stranger turned, bowed, and smiled calling out,

"So you are home at last, Anthon. I am very glad to see you;" then in another second the stage had rolled away with

The most trifling incidents sometimes help to bring us to the great turningpoint of our lives. As Arundel walked almost blindly along, his fiendish adviser whispered,

See how easy it would be for you to personate your dead brother. You resemble him so closely no one will ever suspect that it was Russel, not Arundel Anthon, who died out there on the plains. You have two lives to choose from; one all brightness and love, and comfort, the other all darkness, choose, Arundel Anthon, which will you

And in very weakness the wretched man groaned.

"I cannot choose—not yet, not yet." Not yet. So he went on until he reached the beautiful house which was Muriel's home, and his heart seemed to stop beating as he slowly ascended the stone steps and rang the door-bell.

CHAPTER XII.

Lying there in the quiet room, listening to the song her bird was singing, and thinking of Arundel, Muriel unconsciously yielded to the combined influences of the enervating summer heat and the stillness, and drifted slowiy into dreamland; and Leo, having | the short dark beard caressingly as she watched the white lids droop over the dreamy eyes, dropped his head upon his paws and quietly followed his mistress' example. But his slumber was not so deep as hers; he heard the door-bell when it rang, and was wide awake in an instant; but Muriel slept on until, after knocking twice, and receiving no answer, one of the servants came into the room, and the opening of the door, the sound of a footstep, aroused

"What is it?" she murmured, drowsily passing one hand lightly over her eyes, still very dreamy in their their expression.

For a moment the girl paused. "Mr. Anthon is down stairs in the parlor, ma'am," she said.

In an instant Muriel was on her feet, all the dreaminess gone out of her eyes, her lovely face flushed and eager. "Mr. Anthon," she said, with almost a

"Why Maggie, you mean my hus-"I suppose so," answered the girl, hesitatingly. "I never saw him, you

know, ma'am, he was gone before I came But Muriel was not listening to her. With a little, low, rippling laugh of pure gladness

she laid her hand upon Leo's head. "Leo, master has come back to us" she said; and as though the dog understood her words, he bounded after ner as she went swiftly out of the room along the hall, and "Dea

down the stairs. If Muriel had been wide awake when the news was brought to her, she would have wondered, just as the servant girl did, why her husband should have waited in the parlor, and sent his name up to her as any formal caller would have done; for surely a man has the right to go unannounced into his wife's presence, and formality ought net to exist between two people whom God has made one flesh. But as it was, in her glad haste to see the man she supposed, of course, was her husband, Muriel did not take time think there was anything strange or unusual

in his actions. The moment he put his foot inside his brother's house a feeling that can only be likened to a sort of mental paralysis had come upon Arundel Anthon. He seemed to have lost all power to think, reason, or unkneeling by derstand: in the cool, darkened magnifi-

madly against the power which was taking grasping the carved back of a velvet chair Russel out of life and leaving him, Arundel, so tightly that the veins stood out like whip cords, as rigid and almost as white as the marble Apollo which was standing near him. He heard the soft, musical voice, which he knew by instinct was Muriel's : heard ber light, quick footstep and the rustle of her the open doorway the white-clad figure and the face more beautiful, even in life, than the pictured one which had seemed to him the loveliest upon earth; and still he did move he could not: it was as if he bound hand and foot—he could hear his own heart beating faster and faster, louder and louder : there was a horrible ringing in his ears-though he did not know it, Arundel Anthon was at that moment standing upon the very brink of insanity.

With a low, glad cry Muriel hast ned to him. In an instant her arms were around his neck, her head upon his breast her heart beating close to his. Realize it, if you can think what it must be for a man who is dying of hunger to push away from his lips the bread some one holds close to them; and this man was dying of heart hunger, starving for the want of love and tenderness. God in heaven! when we pray lead us not into temptation, we do not think, many of us, what temptation is.

Arundel Anthon made one grand, almost superhuman attempt to withstand the fearful temptation; ali the good in him rose in arms against him. Who can tell? another moment and good might have conquered, when suddenly Muriel raised her levely | darling !" eves to his.

"You are not glad to see me, she murmured, a little reproachfully, you have not kissed me once -kiss

He could feel her warm breath upon his face, her lips were close to his; he could bear it no longer, his strength was gone, he was faint, sick, his brain on fire. With a sudden, quick movement hs folded the beautiful figure in his arms, and bending his head laid upon the soft lips the most passionate kiss that ever man had pressed there, a kiss that thrilled Muriel from head to foot, that awoke all the slumbering passion in her heart. The demons had conqueredfor that kiss Arundel Anthon had sold his honor, his truth, ay, his very soul; the struggle was over, he had yielded to the temptation, and a fierce joy swept over him, crushing down remorse, stifling conscience, as Muriel, clinging closer to him, trembling she knew not why, whispered broken-

"Oh, my husband, I never loved you before as I love you now."

Her very touch thrilled him, he felt that rather than give up this beautiful woman, he could commit any evil under heaven. In taking his brother's place now, as within the last moment he had resolved to do, he was influenced not by Russel's wealth, his friends, his home, his stainless reputation, but by his wife. And yet at the bar of heaven will God hold Muriel responsible for Arundel Anthon's sin? who can

It was wonderful, the powerful attraction these two-this weak, guilty man and this so. innecent woman-had for each other; it seemed clmost as if in some other world their sould had known and loved each other, and meeting now sprang to each

No one can explain satisfactorily that strangedrawing together which is sometimes to be found between two people of opposite sex; there are many things in this world that cannot be explained or understood, they belong to the arcana of nature.

Having yielded to the temptation, Arundel Anthon gave himself up unreservedly to the intoxication of the moment, until Muriel, half ashamed of the passion which no ma had ever aroused in her before, and which she could not understand, drew herself, with a burning blush, out of his em-

"Tell me about yourself, Russel," she murmured, seating herself beside him upon a low couch, and dropping her head upon his breast with a sigh of perfect contentment. "Have you been ill, dear? You look so very pale, and I suppose this beard makes you look strange and different," stroking spoke. "Do you know, Russel, you have changed somehow since you went away."

Although Arundel Anthon's heart seemed to stop beating, he said, very quiet-

"Do you love me, Muriel, though I may be different from the husband that went away from you ?"

She did not notice the strangeness of the remark; she only nestled closer to him as she answered:

"You are dearer to ne now than you were ever before, I do not think you love me now any better than I do you. You know, Russel, before we were married papa told you I did not love you as I thought a woman should love the man whose wite she was to be; since our marriage I have tried so hard to love you as I knew you loved me, but I could not-I never have, until-now."

With a whispered "Thank God!" Arundel kissed her. After all, he was not stealing her heart away from Russel, for he had never held it; she gave him, Arundel, her love.

"Oh! Russel, where is Arundel?" With lips that did not not quiver, though they were colorless, he answered

"He is dead, Muriel." "Dead! On, Russel, tell me how he

There were tears in Muriel's eyes, her face was very sad, as she listened while Arundel told her of the long illness in the little cabin; just as though he had really been Russel Anthon he gave her the particulars of her brother's journey through Mexico and she shuddend as he told her how, with the Indian war-cry sounding in his ears, he had ridden for his life back to

"Did I do Frong Muriel, to leave him to die there alone ?" For a moment she paused, brushing away

the tears that clung to her long lashes, then very slowly:

"No, I do not think so, under the circumstances; if you had stayed with him you could not have saved his life, you would have only thrown away your own, for those horrible Indians would have murdered you. I would have never known how mylhusband | the people are expert at handicraft.

met nindeath; and the agony of not knowing would have killed me. Yes, that was what he

For a long time they sat talking, Muriel telling him what she had done during his absence, speaking of her father and mother. and of old friends giving him all the little details of her every-day life, until it seemed to Arundel, as he sat there listening to her that the past was all a horrible dream, and that he was in all truth Russel Anthon. He breathed free again, the color came back to his lips and face; his heart no longer loud and fast, the faint sickness was gone ; a delicious feeling of rest stole over him, of rest and perfect bliss. Muriel's head lay up on his breast, his arms were round her, he had but to bend his head and kiss the lips that met his so willingly: what was all the world to him or the opinion of Heaven? his world began and ended in Muriel it was heaven to be with her.

"And now, darling, have you told me all?" he asked, laughingly, when she had finished.

She turned her face suddenly away from him, hiding it upon his arm, but not before he saw it flush rose-red.

"I have not told you quite all," she murmured. falteringly. "There is just one more thing to tell you. I should have told you, perhaps, before you went away, but I was not quits sure. I did not really know-oh, Russel, can't you guess it !"

A puzzled look came over his face. "No, dear, I am afraid not; tell me, Muriel, don't hide your face from me, my

But she kept it turned away from him, as she said in a very low voice, pausing between every two or three words:

"I think-that next October-there will come-Russel,-to you-and me-a little

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Recipes for Cheap, Healthful, and Easily Prepared Puddings.

RICE PUDDING .- One teacup of rice washed in several waters; 2 qts. milk, 2 teaspoonsful salt. Sweeten to taste, and bake 2 hours. This makes the best rice pudding ever tasted.

Bread Pudding.—One pt. bread crumbs to 1 qt. milk. Set it on the stove until the bread is soft. Add 4 eggs, 1 teaspooaful salt, a few raisins if convenient, and bake as long as for custard. A good sauce is made of a pint of boiling water poured on a mixture of a tablespoonful of butter, nearly the same amount of flour, and 3 cup sugar well stirred together. A little vinegar may be added, or the pudding can be sweetened.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Boil 2 grt. of milk; while it is beating, mix together 1 teaspoonful of corn meal and enough molasses to moisten it all. Pour the boiling milk on this, let it stand until partially cool add a half teacupful cold milk, and bake two hours in a stove, or all night in a brick oven. It is improved by adding sweet cream when eaten.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—One qt. milk, 5 eggs, I teaspoonful salt, and sugar to taste. It is better to bake in a slow oven an hour or

CORN STARCH PUDDING is good, made without eggs, but better with 3 eggs to 3 tablespoonsful of corn starch and 1 qt. milk. Boil the Lilk, mix the starch thoroughly with a small quantity of cold milk; beat the eggs well and add one teaspoonful of salt. Stir all together, boil a few minutes, and eat with sauce of sweet cream and sugar, and a little nutmeg.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING is made with apples pared and cored; put these in a pudding dish, and having filled the hollow in each with sugar, pour a custard over all, and bake slowly until done.

APPLE DUMPLINGS, either baked or boiled, are nicest and healthiest if the crustis made of cream. Pare and core an apple, cover it with crust; put several such dumplings in a baking dish (earthen is much better than tin), add sugar between them, and a little water, Eat with the same sauce given for bread pudding. If preferred, use sugar and butter beate 1 together.—American Agricul-

Great Gales in Newfoundland. St. John's, Nfld. —As telegraph communi-

cation around the island is re-established

the disastrous results of the late hurricane unfold themselves. From Betts' Cove, Notre Dame Bay, the other evening the report of a very serious accident is telegraphed. The schooner "Kate," owned by Capt. Young of that place, was lying at anchor in the Cove. When the gale was at its maximum her chains parted and she drove out seaward in a newly formed sheet of ice. There were two of the crew on board at the time, and unless timely succor was afforded their doom was sealed. Eight heroic shoremen volunteered to go to the rescue. They manned a stout, strong skiff, and pulled after the drifting vessel. It was utterly impossible to save the schooner, as she was now imbedded in a sheet of ice. So the two human waifs were rescued, and the skiff was headed for the hore. Unfortunately, when passing over a spot of shoal ground, a breaker rose and split over the skiff, completely swamping her. Eight men were instantly drowned, and the remaining two were wash ed on shore in a state of unconsciousness and terribly bruised and gashed. The schooner shortly afterward struck a rock and sank. The names of the drowned men are Abraham Joy, John Mills, Elijah House Geo. Goss. William Meeley, Thomas Randell and William Young. Shortly after a fine new vessel, belonging to Nippers Harbor, parted her chains and became a total wreck on the island. The brigantine "Liason," from Sydney, C.B., to this port, despaired of in the past week, arrived recently. She was towed in barely in time to save her, being in a sinking condition. Her decks were completely swept, rails, stauchions and bulwarks all carried away, and her crew in an exhausted condition from continuously pumping her several days.

Paper is now being largely made in India? In the public offices the coarse quality used is no longer imported. Signs are not wanting that ten years hence the export trade to India will have greatly declined. The Indian Government can now obtain at home. at a vastly reduced cost, many things which it has had to import. With such an enormous population, labor is very cheap, and