BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

CHAPTER L.

"I have something to tell you. Mary." Mary Ranley let her work fall into her lap, and looked up at the speaker. She was a tall, slim, dark-i a red woman of seven or eight and twenty, with a plain, patient face | edge of pain had work off? and wistful eyes. She had not a single claim, in feature or coloring, to any of the acknowledged forms of prettiness, and yet something about her would have compelled ed a first.

"Well, Tom, what is it?" Her face softened as her glance fell on Tom Danvers, handsome, blu :- eyed, fair haired Tom, whom people spoke of only to praise. They had been playfellows. these two, who were alike only in years. They were lovers now, and they would be husband and wife one day; for both of them during seven years. Seven years! It is a big slice out of the best part of the allotted threescore and ten, although it was only lately that one of this faithful pair had begun to think so. The other had never thought it yet.

"What is it you have to tell me?"

Tom crossed the room, and bent over her to stroke her hair. The movement was a carees, and then it enabled him to avoid her

Rangoon."

"At Rangoon!" She echoed the words | riage for herself. without any intonation of surprise. "That

that and everything else, my little scholar; and Rangoon is a big place with openings for lots of fellows. Stephens has written, in a month or two."

pause that ensued she heard the purring of | Jacob's, to ask you for my own." the cat on the hearth, and smelled the faint odor of the mignonette growing in the window bex. She knew quite well that the linnets outside were piping to the roses and that Tom Danvers was waiting for her an swer; but she also knew that her pulses were growing fainter and fainter, and that the weight of a long dreaded blow had fallen. "Are you not getting on here?" she asked

after a pause. "I thought you told me that your work was increasing; I thought you Spring."

'It was all a mistake, due to my confounded hopefulness. I got a new case or two when Smithson was away for his holidays, but he holds the patients, and will go on hold ng them. The fact is, Mary, there is not scope here for two medical men, and I hnew that, though I settled in the place when you wished it. But I have not made a hundred pounds in the past twelve months and you know that means failure."

"But I make a good deal by my teaching and I thought that, working together, we might get on."

"That is quite out of the question," he said, fretfully, turning away from the pleading, patient eyes. "I am not going to have my wife drudging all day long that we may not starve. I'll support her myself, or do without her."

The pale hands lying on the piece of needlework pressed each other a little, then the sweet voice spoke softly and firmly.

"I have been thinking often lately, Tom, that you would be wiser to do without me. life, holding only the memory of a disappoint-You see we have known each other for so | ment. She was not a heroine, and teaching long that we have really grown to be more friends than lovers, and I am far older than you in reality, though not perhaps in years, and so I cannot help believing at times that our engagement has been a mistake." "Oh, you do, do you?" wrathfully.

"You see it has lasted seven years now, and in seven years, you know, your science teaches that we change completely, and so I think, Tom, dear, that it would be far better if you planned your future without letting any thought of me hamper you. 1 am safe enough, you know; the high school pays me a comfortable salary, and I have grown accustomed to the routine of life with Mrs. Gillet, and so, dear, I can quite honestly offer to get you free." She was smiling at him bravely, and her eyes were very clear and bright, but she had an idea that her heart was weeping.

"You are tired of me, I suppose? You imagine that I am likely to to be a failure, and you women care only for success," he answered bitterly.

that success comes some time to the steady and patient," she said, the first hard tone soundir g in her voice. "And have I not been either?"

"Dear Tom, don't imagine that I wish to find fault or criticise; I love you far too well for that: there is no one in all the world as dear to me as you are. But do you not think yourself that our engagement has been toc protracted to seem hopoful now? You don't feel it as I do ; it seems to take all my strength away to see our life together always slipping further and further off."

"If I make things worse for you, of course that alters matters." His face had lost its smiling softness, his brow was stern and angry.

"You are my youth and my happiness, the end or my dreams," she said passion- you." ately; "the want of you will leave my whole future barren."

"Then why need you give me up?" "Because I think you will be freer without me; because you are learning to dread me, and so the love is growing imperfect?" "It was for your sake I thought of Ran-

goon." he said sullenly. "Yes, -dear, and it is for your sake, Heaven knows, that I propose to give you up. I am a drag on you, and what you feel for me is far more friendship than love."

"If you think so I have nothing more to say." He rose to go, stiffly, and then the | decided even yet." tender heart in her failed.

"Oh, Tom, if it were not best for you, do you think I would have spoken?"

not best for, him; she wanted him to prove to her that all her doubts were needless, but she had hurt him, and at her relenting he | tested, meekly. hardened himself.

looking her again. When the door had closed behind him Mary Ranley sat five minutes motionless. The airy bubble she had spent seven years blowing was shattered by her own touch. She scarcely realized what had happened capacity she would miss him far more-he had always been her p t and protegy. What would her motherly nature do now, without any one to plan for or protect?

Would be write to her, she wondered or would she be left always without tidings And when would he go? And would he'b relieved that they had parted after the first

rect word from him, and the morning's work was acquiring a maddening monotony, and the evening silence a despairing lenelinees. a second giance from those who had obtain. Maryhad few girl friends and no confidentes. and so her beart-sche missed the common alleviation of talking it over. If he never came or wrote, if she never heard of him again; there was no one in all the wo:ld to help or comfort her.

her with silence forever; he would send her a message one day, and it would be one at least that hope had beautified existence of peace and friendship. That faith grew in her day by day, battling with the growing despair : and then one day fact ranged itself on faith's side—a letter awaited her as she returned from the walk she had taken to escape from her thoughts.

But the letter was not from Tom; she saw that as she unfolded it. The writing was bigger, bolder, more legible. She read it all through before she reached the signature. When she had seen that she read the letter again. It was from John Hayward, the "I have been offered an app intment at | man she had always thought Mousie Gra ham's lover, and it contained an offer of mar-

"I have loved you always, Mary," he at least." wrote, "and I have only refrained from "In Burmah. As if you did not know | telling you so because I had so little tooffer till now. I did not dare ask you to share a worse home than you have been accustom ed to, and so I held my peace. But at last saying he needs a partner. and so I think, I have attained to what I have honestly covif you don't mind, that I shall go out there | eted so long; at last Armstrong & Co. have made me head of my department, and so l Mary Ranley did not answer. In the dare, after a devotion nearly as protracted as

It was a plain manly statement, and it went to Mary Ranley's sore heart. There was no gush, no agony of passion, in it; nothing but the simple tale of a man who had known her to be very ratient and faithful. Yet his love for her startled her inex. pressibly. She had never dreamed of it, There had never seemed anything but the merest good-comradeship in his attitude toward her-but of course his silen and selfrestraint rendered his love all the more expected that we might marry in the | flattering, and John would make a good husband. Mary had an idea thas the man who lived straightly and earnestly would love steadfastly, and she felt that the wo man who became John Hayward's wife would have all chances of happiness in her favor. For an instant she wished this offer had come years before. Now, although Tom was not half so fine a character as John Hayward, she loved him, and that made all the difference.

When she came to think of it, it was odd that John made no mention of Tom. Surely he had known she was engaged to him; surely they had always made that patent to every one? Mary Ranley sat thinking over her offer in all its bearings, till the fire waned and her tea was ice cold.

John Hayward's offer was unexpected, but it was very fair and manly. -She almost started to find she was considering it, that opposing counsel seemed to be arguing the pros and cons, with herself for judge and jury. On one side were love and ease and pleasure; on the other side was a barren for her bread during a whole lifetime seemed sad and lonely enough.

But then, would not marriage with another than Tom seem almost sacrilege, after all they had planned together? Why their whole future had been mapped out with erch other, and union with John Hayward would be but a dreary deception.

Her letter was written, hurriedly, at last, and when it was finished it was an acceptance. But she told John Hayward the truth. She had loved Tom Danvers honestly for years, but now that they had parted she did not think any memory of him would ever rise up between her and the hushand she was prepared to accept and honor. She wrote this all quite calmly, but when it was finished she felt somehow as though she were twenty years older than she had been, and as if life had suddenly become quite humdrum and commonplace. Yet she had no thought of changing her mind. She rang the bell composedly for Bessie, the little maid-of-all-work, and gave her the "I suppose the working ones of us know | letter with a hand that never faltered. "This is your evening out, I think, Bes-

sie. You may post this for me on your way through the village," she said, bethinking herself even of the little servant's affairs in that crisis of her life.

"Yes, Miss, surely," Bessie answered blushing, for she too had a lover, and these evenings out meant the joy of the whole

Somehow Miss Ranley felt that she want. ed the letter out of her reach, and vacilla tion out of her power.

CHAPTER IL.

"I have come to make things right. can't do without you, Mary; you are my sheet-anchor; I have felt adrift since I lost

So Tom Danvers spoke, hurrying after her as ahe came home from afternoon school.

There was a drizzling rain falling, and the landscape was blurred, and the heavy clouds hung low, and the woman knew that the face she turned to her lover was pinched and white.

"I thought you had gone, Tom, it is so long since I heard of you.' "It is a week, and perhaps you did not

ask about me. I never thought of going in any mad hurry like that. There is nothing "Is there not? I thought—I had an idea

there was," she answered, falteringly. "Oh, no, Stephens only wrote to offer me She wanted him to tell her that it was | the appointment. and I went to consult you aboutit when you took me up so shortly. "I did not mean to hurt you," she pro-

"Well. perhaps some fellows don't mind "If it is best for you, that is enough," he | being thrown over after seven years' waiting said, and took his hat and left her without | and just as there is a prospect of something definite at last."

"The prospect seemed very vague to me."

"Oh, because you would not listen, Stephone offers me either three hundred as salary or a share in the proceeds, whichever I like, and he says the climate is good and living yet, but there was a numb aching at her and I had aimost persuaded better keep the letter, she said, faithful myself, Mary, that we might go out to a little. It was really sent to you, and lov:r of her whole life; but—and in this getter—married. But still, if you profer | after all, I don't mind so very match.

me to grab on here, I shall do it, so as you cor tame to love me."

She had stopped, and they faced ca other, and he saw now how pale she was side with you to Rargoon if could; it all seems so easy now, when it too late," she asswered with a break in her

"And why is in too late?" Because Lines promised in many "You have! Well, certainly, you have not ... After the had gone Mary book at any time." lost any time." "I bave not"

She could have laughed with the dream est, most dismal mirth. She was to contemptible in her own eyes; all she had done looked so strange and uncalled for. Why, that very morning her senses had returned But he would not be cruel enough to treat I and she knew that a brave, strong-hearted, successful woman—for she was successful in her own way-has no right to throw herself on any man's charity just because he loves her and because her life-story has been mistold. If she had only waited to post her letter next day herself it would never have reached its destination, Now John Hayward had her promise.

There was no escaping from the position in which she and placed herself; there was no possibility of showing herself even excusable; she certainly had hastened with al speed from the old love to the new.

"I had thought you so different from that," Tom said with bewildered incredulity; "I thought you would have been faithful to me even if we had parted-for a while, "But I was weaker and meaner, you see.

I wanted some one to keep me in idleness and buy me fine dresses and treat me well, and, when you could not do it, I closed with the offer of the first man who could." She seemed to take a certain bitter pleasure in her self-accusation now.

"Oh, Mary, I can't believe it. It's not possible! You who were always so high and far removed from the temptations that beset ordinary women !" he burst forth groan-

"You overrated me : I overrated myself. You see now I am not worth taking to Rangoon, not worth loving or thinking about." "But is it really true? Are you not torturing me with a cruel jest?"

"It is quite true; I have promised to be another man's wife, and I wrote him that no thought of you would ever stand between us," she answered, arraigning herself.

"Then you are a heartless woman, and I only more assertive. shall never forgive you!" he burst forth, pronouncing judgment on the spot, and then he rushed past her and out of her sight. while she continued her solitary way with laggard steps and a heart that lay in her bosom heavy as lead.

What can she do now? She has sown the wind, and the harvest of the whirlwind has been very swift and bitter. She has dallied with temptation, and her momentary unfaithfulness has cost her self-respect, Bat she will be true to herself at last; she will recall the promise that should nover have been given. It will not matter as far as her happiness is concerned, but it will be the first step in the painful process of self-restoration.

When her recantation was written there was a load off her mind; but she was not in in any fevor of impatience to post this letter-it would keep till she was on her way to school. After the hurried emotions of the last twenty-four hours she was physically tired, and so she sat rocking herself backward and forward in her wicker chair with a faint sensation of relief in the

Twilight was fading and timid little stars were trembling into the sky beyond the uncartained windows, when there came a soft tap to the door, and Mou ie Graham's rosy roguish face peeped in.

"Oh, you are not busy-thank goodness for that! I was half afraid I might find you deep in the Differential Calculus, and I did so want a good long chat."

"Come in dear, I am so glad to see you it is an oge since you were here before. "Grannie has been worse lately; weaker and more fret'ul, and so I felt I could not leave her without a special errand."

"But she is better to day ." "Oh yes, ever to much better, and then Annt Lizzie came to pay her a little visit, so I left Grannie with her, and ran over to see you."

"That was very good of you my dear." "Oh no, it was not; I came on business." Mousie laughed and flushed a little, then she drew a letter from her pocket. "This came addressed to me yesterday, but it is evidently meant fer you. It is from that booby, John Hayward; he is always in the elouds, or among the cog-wheels of his looms, and so the result is a blunder." She unfolded the sheet as she aspoke, and banded it to Mary, and this is what stood before the latter's as tonished eyes :

DEAR MISS RANLEY .- In the pleasant excursion we had together last Summer I remember your mentioning a book on ferns that you desired to have, but could not get as you had forgotten the author's name. have just come across a volume by Teakerstone, the opening chapter of which is on the Osmunda regalis. If you think this is the work in question I shall be happy to forward it to you. Sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYWARD. Mary Ranley was sure some complex machinerry in her head had got out of order. so loud and persistent was the whirring in

When she spoke a: last her voice sounded faint and far away.

"Is your name Mary?" "Of course it is, or rather Mary Ann, but everyone calls me Mousie except John Hay ward. He thought Mousie no name for a girl, and so he always called me Mary-Miss Mary; it did sound so funny."

"Then, Miss Mary, I have an offer of marriage for you; it came to me, and naturally enough, I took it to myself." Mousie was so flurried that she did not

notice her friend's perturbation. "I fancied," she said, holding the letter in her hand, but not looking at it, "that he must have been writing to me and had mixed the covers. That is so like your very clever peeple! But how lucky the letter came to an engaged girl !"

"Well, I don't see the luck of it, for I wrote yesterday and accepted him." "Oh, Mary! And Tom !" "Tom and I had quarreled, and John's letter came at my worst moment, so I so-

Rosve's orders were rast said bottes Poor Mousie's eyes grow dim, 1911

"You are a generous little darling, but there is no necessity for your sacrifice even if Mr. Hayward would permit it. I wrote him my recentation this afternoon. There Lie the letter; you can send it to him with our own. He was be sure of its muine

es that way." Then the two wirls kissed and monplace, every day employment.

By and by Becsie came in with the ter tray, and as she flitted about the Mary spoke with the feeling of desperation which makes us always want to lay a finger on our wound. "You posted my letter last night, Bes-

Bessie paused, the picture of consterna

"Oh, Miss, I'm afraid I forgot all about "You forgot to take it out, I suppose? speaking in a voice so high and eager that

"Oh, no Miss; I took it and put it in my water-proof pocket, but Peter met me be fore I reached the office and then I forgot but I'll run out with it now in a minute. "Bring it to me instead, please; I don' want it posted now."

it scarcely sounded like her own.

Bessie never knew till this hour why Miss Ranley gave her five shillings instead of the scolding she expected, neither does John Hayward understand why letter number one never reached him.

Tom Danvers went to Rangoon, as he had said, in much disgust and despair. Mary's unfaithfulness had turned the sunlight into darkness for him, but through his pain a certain resolution to be and do comething grew daily. He would forget her, he would never speak of her, and if men uttered her name he' would turn aside, but he would do so well with his own life that one day she would know him the superior of the man she had married. So, in much wrath and scorn, he sailed away to succeed or fail as might be.

As for Mary, her life was all at the dead level of molotony now. There was al ways the morning's work, always the evening's enforced idleness, and periodically the long empty holidays in which her loneliness grew

She was growing old, she would soon be 30, and already there where white threads in the glossy smoothness of her hair.

But she was a good teacher, she was a success in the high school, and she clung to that poor triumph as her last source of happiness. It was she, the strong one, who would do a small work in a small groove all her life, and Tom who would grow to success and power. But she deserved that for her wrong estimate of both of them. And every one knew that he was doing well and that he had forgotten her. Why, it was only the other day that Mr. Wheelhouse had stopped her to tell her that he had just been asking Tom by letter why he was neglecting Mary Ranley.

"It was very good of you," she had said, going home with another shaft rankling in

her sore heart. It was dusk as she went wearily down the large blonde moustache of a Zouave d street. It was very still and empty, and she felt thankful for that and for the com- Bright alluded to the noble lord as "the ing peace of her solitary parlor. But she | member for Woodcock," and the Houn stood for an instant on the doorstep to watch laughed consumedly. And once a newspaper the trembling stars, before she rang the bell. scribe hit upon a happier title, "The Bu-Bessie answered it with a beaming face. She was very fond of Miss Ramley, who had

always been kind to her.

"Oh, very well." Mary expected one of the pupil teachers who wanted a certificate; so she went up-stairs and put her out-door rest, or haggard and pale with late hour, things away, and brushed her hair, and then came down to be the school-mistress at home. But it was not Jane Blakeney who rose at her entrance, but a tall, brownbearded man, who looked into her face, and then held out his hands to her without a word.

"Tom! she said with a little fluttering sigh; "Tom !" "Yes, it is I. I came back as soon as ever I knew you were free."

"I have not deserved it." "Perhaps not , but then, you see, I could not do without you. I need some one to

scold and keep me right. "Oh, no, Tom, never again: old things and old habits are all ended." "And you threw the other follow over?"

"No, not that exactly; it was all a mistake—all my pride and his stupidity; but I | fully preserved, -nay hereafter become have been well punished for everything. never thought you would come back." "I did not mean to come back, till I

sobbing against his shoulder: "Oh, Tem, I have missed you so!" she

you; won't that be reversing the old order | declamation, he seldom sinks below the sale of things?" smiling at her fondly.

And so it came about that Mary Ranley, despite her dangerous hesitation between two stools, found a comfortable seat on one of them, after all.

A Ride for Life.

A man named McCormick, who arrived from Montana this week, tells this story his stinging and unsparing invective. which, however we cannot vouch for :- On the way to Macleod he passed through the South Peigan Agency, where the Indians are at present in a very disturbed state, owing to the giving out of their rations. From the reserve he was followed by five Indians, who fired upon him. He had a tempted to annihilate a Jack-in-the-Box by good horse, and put the spurs to him, gradually pulling ahead of them. When h thought he had distanced his pursuers, he stopped and took off his middle, to rest his horse and get comething to cat, He find scarcely settled himself when, on looking up he saw two Indians taking a bird's eye view of him from a butte. As soon as they man and woman or two women. The youngs ing the contents of their rilles in the direction. He mays he suddenly came to the con-

Is is stated in the Cosmos les Mondes that is merely the vibrations of the superince the city of Ulrocks, which is supplied bent atmosphere resultant from the experience of the paint of the pain

Uncrewned Herees. It is rather a strange thing that most of a heroes of history are made famous by de of bravery in war, in which they have be ficed many lives, and in some inter their own, in support of principles parties. They fought tangible foet for h salts that were almost sure to have dire

These another class of heroes which also includes many brave ones of the gentler who do not flinch to go where duty call them, as matter what the danger may have They fire invisible fees, and their victoria are renowned for lives saved instead of lost It requires a brave heart to enter into conflict in which hundreds will fall, to on pose armed force with force; but how mach more courage and constancy are needed by go into the house where deadly pestilene prevails and fight it day after day, week after weak, to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion, give hope to the sick in body and at heart, to be patient and watchful through all, and yet have the inc every moment brought to mind that the nurse is just as vulnerable to the attack of the mysterious foe as were its victims who are now writhing in its clutches.

There is said to be something inspiring in battle, something that makes the naturally brave man lose sight entirely of self and heed only the conflict. The roar of gun the clash of arms and the sight of multitudes rushing to the charge draw the soldier onward, as the sound of bugle and the tram of many hoofs influence the cavalry hore. that has lost the rider, but nevertheles keeps his place in the ranks. No battle on cheers these other heroes. All is quiet er. cept when broken by the rumble of a heare or doctor's buggy over the stones, and the sobs and sighs of the bereaved and suffering -the well have fled; the sick and their faithful attendants alone remain.

To the fact that many such noble chir. acters have existed in all ages, the world it self owes its life. Without them diseas ment of commerce would soon ruin life, cities perish and the recently awarded gardens of the earth become either wilder. of a means for so nesses or deserts. During fearful cholen liquid that, wh visitations, and whenever and wherever the slight friction and yellow fever, amail pex or plague have over, thus securing broken out with terrible effect, human tor, an economy of nature has not proved wanting in pity. Heroes and heroines have sprang up on all of parliament sixt sides, ready for the labor of love, whose only duced by the g earthly rewards may be quiet graves, or in them have since b extreme cases in a quick-limed trench beside some of those whom they have been trying Five others have p to save. The true nobility of character that the franchise bill. takes such risks for others can never be some twelve are in described, but their example should be kept thirteeen still awa in mind and with it the thought that there is something braver than imperilling one's life in sanguinary conflict, and that is putting it at stake that those of others may be saved .- Presbyterian Banner.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

slight build, and apparently delicate consti- ling equal to the dev tution, Lord Randolph Churchill has smooth 1813 dark brown hair, parted down the middle and thin at the crown. The head is small, the eyes large, the nose short, and the cheek bones somewhat high. His lordship's moustache is, however the most conspicuous object of his personal appearance. It is the politics. Once, by mistake, Mr. Jacob tam of Debate." From four o'clock in the afternoon, all through dreary question time, he sits impatiently in his place, gently agi-"Toers is a visitor for you in the parlor, tating his left knee, nursing above his right, and affection stely caressing the moustache, Dexter and sinister hands go up alternately to the silky darling of his lips. Fresh with Lord Randolph never ceases to fondle the moustache. It lends an added joy to the unfrequent hour of victory, or while Lord beerver, has recei Hartington, sixteen years his senior, at majesty to translat tempts, but fails, to wither him with an as suage and to publis sumption of patriarchal superiority. Undoubtedly this old-young man prefer politics to what is called pleasure, yet dos not ignore the claims of society in the world tetary says: "I this of words. He is of the very few members ratification to her of Parliament who dress for dinner, So the flowers and songsters of the virgin forest, unseen, unheard of man, are made pleasant to look on; and what nature does for bud and blossom, the barber and the tailor do for the livety leader of the Fourth Party. Lord Randolph's clothes are, however, but the husk of him, the outside part first seen. The kernel within seems sound, and, if care illustrious, His industry is marvellous, his readiness of resource worthy of all praise; and though he speaks frequently, he is on found there was no getting on without the whole worth listening to. He is not eloquent with the eloquence of Mr. Glad-And then Mary burst into tears, and stood | stone or Mr. Bright. He has, indeed, a slight lisp, an imperfection of vocal delivery which spoils his pronunciation of some of the consonants, particularly of the letter S. If "Well, I am here now to take care of however, he never rises to lofty heights of level of commonplace. His occasional observations are neatly turned, and his see speeches cleverly constructed. He is scaro ly ever at a loss for an idea, never for word. Reverence—what is called veneral tion—cannot, however, be described as he strong point. Supposed to be subordinate to Sir Stafford Northcote, when it suits him to do so, he defice his chief; and the approved leaders of the Liberal Party fret under Though not always brilliant, his sallies are often cutting. His daring knows no bounds. Mr. Gladstone once called across the floor that he had utterly smashed, pulverized, and demolished him. That was a mistake The Prime Minister might as well have atshutting down the lid.

A Kiss Explained.

A kiss is a peroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries respectively of the parties are the more paroxysmal will the paroxysm, and in case it be observed by the fond father of the paroxyzed young lady. there is also likely to be perigued that he had unread backness farther with He there the paroxyser's pedalic junction and maddled up and struck out for Machod phalmaged extremities of the metal phalmaged extremities of the metal phalmaged other bric a-brac depending there is also likely to be perigree between phaleaged extremities of the metatarity and other brica-brac depending from the lower end of the old gentleman's ng rieg. The kies itself is not the paroxysm.

A portion of been working baving just take foreman who wa torn was late hare been in the

socident. From a bedroo recently stolen silver chain and two privates of t room, Nothing but near the tow ed the watch was At Wrenham.

one of the attend cleaning out the right arm inside animals anddenly During the panic persons were mor a report having b had escaped from A revolution in try may be expec In the early mo nixteen have as ye During the recer and and Galicia w pletely flooded, hu their homes. At c

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