Mrs. Blake dic not taint. She did not even revile ber future daughter-in-law. Percival's manner told her that words to this effect would be wasted. But she enon him. to do nothing hurriedly. Of course she objected to his desire; but she knew her objections would have ro influence upon a man so madly in love. But she prayed for delay-literally went upon her knees and besought him not to be married for twelve months. A clever woman was Mrs. Blake. Who knew what unforseen things might all rave Philippa and myself."

happen in a year? Percival yielded to some extent. After all before he married he must prepare another home for his mother and sisters. He wished to refurnish the rectory. He wished to be married without undue haste, He wished to see his people friendly with Philipps, and he wished Philapra to get some idea of what a clergyman's wife should be. So he agreed to wait six months-even, when worn out by his mother's tearful importunities, extended this time of probation till the end of the present year. In exchange, he stipu- | chair. lated that Mrs. Blake should try and bring herself to regard Philippa as a daughter.

He told Philippa what he had promised. She said nothing, but something in her look made him regret he had made the promise. However, he vowed that the first of Januuary should be his wedding-day.

of her contract with her son. The intercourse between the rectory and the Hollies seemed so friendly, that it looked as if the rector's mother was going to make the best of what she thought a bad job. Yet her presentiment was always with her. Although it was placed beyond doubt that Mrs. Russell had a considerable fortune, Mrs. Blake kept her presentiment, and prayed every night that Percival might escape from this siren. To do her justice, she was not anxious that he should marry money, so Mrs. Russell's fortune did not affect her views. Mrs. Blake played her part very well, and Percival was delighted when she suggested that Philippa should accompany her daughters and herself to London, whither they always went early in June; for Mrs. Blake, although but a country rector's widow, was a woman of fashion and friends.

It is very possible that whilst pressing this invitation on Philippa Mrs. Blake thought: "She has lived in London. A woman of her extraordinary appearance cannot be forgotten, Some one must surely know all about her."

Although Percival begged her to go with his mother, Philippa hesitated. "Have you forgotten?" she whispered.

He frowned. "It is better to face what may be in

store than to fly it. Nothing can part us." "Very well, I will go." She kissed him and for the thousandth

time told him how much she loved him. A fortnight afterward Mrs Blake and Philippa were seated side by side at an evening party. The beautiful young widow was the object of much attention. Suddenly Mrs. Blake noticed that her companion stopped short in the middle of a sentence. and begged a gentleman near her to lear her from the room-the heat was overcoming her. Then Mrs. Blake felt sure that something had occurred, and looking round in search of it, saw a man leaning against the opposite wall and eying Philippa with amused wender.

She knew him well-a rising barrister, with whose family she had long been upon terms of intimacy. So when he turned his eyes from the vanishing Philippa to her vacant chair, Mrs Blake signed him to fill

She cut greetings and inquiries very

"You know that lady who just left my side?" she said. "I thought so. Perhaps I was mistaken. Tell me her name."

"It must be the same," he said. "What do you krow of her?" asked Mrs.

She told him.

Blake. "The law has its secrets as well as the

church," said the barrister laughing. "Don't jest, Richard Graham. I have known you and your family for years, and I ask you to tell me who and what Mrs. Rns-

sell is." Graham glanced at her, and saw she was Daid:

"I met her professionally. counsel in a-an action."

Mrs Blake noticed the pause. "A criminal action?" she asked sharply.

Well-yes, it was."

"Was she acquitted?"

"No; but I believe she was innocent. I believe it firmly. The jury were fco's." And this woman about to marry the Rector of Chelston! No wonder Mrs. Blake's

agitation was great enough to puzzle the barrister. "Speak low," she said. "What had she

penal servitude for five years." "Yes, yes-but the woman?" "It was a burning shame," said Graham "On my soul, I believe she was innocent.

The judge thought so too." "Go on quickly," said Mrs. Blake. "Her sentence was three months." said

beautiful woman's antecedents, "Then," said Mrs Blake, with emphatic

Graham reluctantly and sullenly.

pauses, "she has-actually been-in prison ?" "I suppose so. But why do you want to

know? I wish I had said nothing." "I have a right to know all about her,"

sealing your lips, I may tell you that Percival intended marrying her. What an escape! In prison! What an escape!" She sailed away in search of her daughters

and Philippa. Her head was in a whirl. The Rector of Chelston about to make a creature who had worked on the treadmill and picked oakum his wife! Her presentiment had come true with a vengeance. She walked from room to room in search of her "What an escape! What an escape!"

home. Mrs. Blake's lip curled as she thought why. She said nothing, but before going to | loved that woman! bed telegraphed to her son, bidding him come at once.

relieved by hearing she was well,

Then Mrs. Blake made her communica-She was kind enough to suppress all treated her son, by every claim she had up. show of triumph; but she told him everything, and wondered at the silence with which he heard it.

"Oh, Percival, my son," she cried, "what an escape!"

He looked fearfully stern. "I hoped you would be spared this," he said. 'I hoped it might remain unknown to

'Percival! What are you saying?" "I knew it before she promised to be my wite. She told me herself. Poor girl, she was ruelly wronged. Her life bas been a hard one, Till her wretched husband died in

prison it was misery." "She deceived you-cajoled you! Percival

You cannot mean to-" 'This will make no chance in my plans. I shall be married on the first of January." Mrs. Blake really did succumb at the announcement. She fell, a dead heap, into a | ianlike manner. Without more ado, (he put

her son, 'and entreat his silence. But even if the matter becomes public property it may be lived down."

She rose in fierce wrath. "Besotted boy!" she cried, "You-in your Mrs. Blake kept, at any rate, the letter | position-Rector of Chelston-to marry a convict, a felon! Percival, I am ashamed of you-ashamed! I will go to the bishop-to Lord Keynsham. It shall never be!"

In his present mood the names of the bishop and Lord Keynsham were to Percival no more than sounding brass.

"I am sorry. very sorry, mother," he said; "but I love Philippa too well to give her up; and surely, if one person above another should exercise Christian charity, it is a clergyman."

"Christian charity!" said Mrs. Blake with biting scorn. "Call it by its true nan -blind, unholy passion!" She left him, little knowing how deeply

her parting shaft had struck. He saw Graham; then returned and told Philippa everything. She listened with

"I expected it," she said, "the past can never he obliterated." Then she added, "I do not even offer to free you. You are mine | said -mine for ever."

The look which accompanied her words added another link to the chain which already bound him.

It was impossible she should remain longer with Mrs. Blake. That afternoon, accompanied by the rector, she went back to Chelston. Percival, who considered that he was absolved from his promise to his mother suggested an early day for the marriage. "No, no," said Philippa. "Why change

our plans? I have no fear of losing your love. No one shall say I have hurried you into marriage."

Mrs. Blake's hopes revived when, in reply to a long, repreachful letter, her son informed her that the previous arrangement would be adhered to. There was still six months' grace, so Mrs. Blake did not curtail her visit to town. She even went to the seaside for a few weeks as usual. Whilst "that creature" was within stone's throw, the Rectory was not an attractive residence. At last she returned home, and it soon be-

came an open secret that there was friction between the ladies of the Rectory and the lady of the Hollies, but signs soon multiplied which told the Chelston folk that the rector meant to have his own way.

In the late autumn a house was taken in the neighborhood, and it was perfectly well known this was to be Mrs. Blake's house that Mrs. Russell had ordered and extensive trosseau from London. But all doubt was disposed of when the banns were called in Chelston Church. Then Mrs. Blake's heart really sunk. She had kept, and would keep her own counsel. The world need not see the more determined than ever to go his own gether. Perhaps she was not to blame,

Although he saw Phillippa frequently, the days passed slowly with the rector, and he longed for the moment which for better or worse, would make Philippa his wife. In in terrible earnest. He hesitated, then his secret heart he blamed himself for the boundless sway this woman exercised over him-even the strength of her love startled him. When they were married all would doubtless be well. In time his mother and sisters might come round. Surely, with his strong mind, he could make the women who adored him a perfect p ron's wife. In spite of everything they would be happy; yet, as he told himself so, he knew that had the blackest misery been shown to be his lot, he

must still have married Philippa. The lest day of the old year dawned, and Percival Blake rejoiced to think that to morrow would end his uncertainties and troubles. He was now alone in the Rectory. "Her husband-a fearful rogue-was | Mrs. Blake, having sternly refused to at-

had promised to call again after the evening | ears; diamonds on her white uncovered neck. service. He preached his sermon, introducing a few fitting words about to mor- but partially veiled by thin, delicate lace, row's event; then having lingered in the vestry giving some last instructions to his subhated himself for having tattled about this ordinates, he started to walk across to the Hollies.

stream. Although this route took one to ward her lover. the back of the house, he usually chose it, A cry of astonishment, of delight, sprung

Mrs. Russell was willing enough to go rel with mother and sisters, but then it had love for him. been for Philippa's sake. Heavens! how he | He returned her caresses with passion,

He turned from the river path and struck | her quick breathing, His cheek brushed

morning. Mrs. Blake had managed to get a sharp scream; and looking round, he saw it he seemed to hear his mother's words, Philippa and ber daughters out of the way. to his right some distance up the river bank. "blind, unholy passion!" so was able to meet him alone. His first in- two dark struggling forms. As he ran to- "Percival, Percival, Percipal, Percival, Percipal, Percival, quiry was for Philipps. He seemed greatly | ward them he saw that the combatants were man. "You love me?" | His answer was not a man and a woman, but he was almost given in words. within arm's length before he realized the truth-that the woman, who appeared to be defending herself from some ruffian's it is worth more. It is worth a crime!" murderous attack, was Pnilippa.

Parcival Blake was a man of immense muscular power. At Oxford he had been famous as an athlete. Without a word he set | band." his teeth and sprung on Philippa's assiilant. He dared not strike him-hia crushing blow might fall on the wrong person—but in a second the wretch found his arms wrenched from his victim and half dislocated, whilst he writhed he plessly in the enraged clergyman's grip.

That ineradicable old Adam, revenge, lurks in every heart, lay or clerical. Whether it is aroused or not is but a question of the stimulating motive. Surely a man in the rector's situation may be pardoned for know." inflicting summary punishment. He did not stop to argue the moral points of the case. His blocd boiled in a most unchrist. forth all his great strength and hurled the "Graham I shall see at once," continued ruffian from him with prodigious force. The man fell with a dull heavy thud on the iron bound path : moreover, he lay there still and silent; and Percival, whose rage was taken human life.

Yet Philippa was his first care. She stood face. by his side motionless. He face in the "I am worth it," she whispered, as she unlated and full of horror. She paid no heed stoppered bottle. seemed to caress it, to be trying to estimate est."

strong -you have killed him.

"God forbid!" said Percival nervously, and stepping to the fallen man. His feers were soon at rest. The fellow breathed heavily and as he leaned over him the rector! detected in that breath a strong smell of ardent spirits. He was glad to find the man a stranger to Chelston-glad he had not been compelled to chastise one of his own flock. Evidently the rogue was a half-drunken tramp; so, greatly relieved, the rector went back to Philippa.

"He is dead-you have killed him?" she

"No-senseless, and. I suspect. halfdrunk. Now go home. I will run up to the vi'lage and fetch the constable." Philippa shivered.

"Go back and kill him?" she said in strange voice.

The rector looked at her in amazement Her large eyes gleamed like those of a wild

animal "My darling," he said. "you are upset. If he has robbed you or injured you he will pay bitterly for it. Go home, dear Philippa, I will soon be with you."

once her calmness and presence of mind seemed to return. "I was upset," sae said. "I don't know what I said. Percival, we cannot leave the

Again he felt her shudder. Then all at

poor wratch lying there." The rector was thinking the same thing. "Besides," she continued, " I am only frightened, not hurt. If you send for the po-

lice we shall have to give evidence." to start for sunnier lands. Was it worth while delaying their departure for the sake have another prayer to make -that we may of giving this drunken wretch a taste of the treadmill?"

Percival sternly. "Wake up!" he continued ed. to an uneary grunt.

one of the outhouses until he recovers."

Rectory soiled linen But after this public slight attenuated creature, over his shoulder moved reither hand nor feet. By a supreme announcement, which she colled an insult to and bore him to the Hollies By Phillipa's effort he wrenched himself away, passed God and man, she had another stormy directions he placed him on the floor of the through the gate, closed it behind him, and scene with her "besotted boy." He was tol-house. There was no lock to the do r, rushed out into the night-anywhere! anybut as the man gave no evidence of an im- where! way, so she washed her hands of him alto- mediate return to consciousness that mattered little.

cival rather nervously.

"Come indoors, I will get something." room she left him, to fetch the remedies, he tion slept. concluded.

fidgety. He did not like to think of that vant had found her mistress in her own senseless trampoutside. He blamed himself room, lying on her own bed, dressed as one for the vengeful force he had put into his going to a ball, but quite cold and dead. In arms. A herrible thing, indeed, if he. a a horrified whisper they added it was feared clergyman, had caused a man's death! she had committed suicide. Where was Philippa? He would wait for This is the story of that year in a man's her no longer. At that moment the door life which must be swept away from his opened, and his bride entered.

Was she mad? Why at this particular tried for forging and swindling. The rascal | tend the ceremony, or to permit her daugh- | moment did she come to him like this? tried to save himself at her expense. She ters to be present, had by her son's advice Brief as her absence had been she had found was tried with him. The man was sent to if not command, left the neighborhood for a time to make what can only be called a grand trilet. She wore the richest of the Although he had been very busy all the | many rich dresses which had just been sent day he had seen Philippa once or twice, and | from London. There were diamonds in her Her beautiful long round arms were bare, or and a blood rad flower burned in her black hair. A queen! No queen with charms to compare with Philippa's has yet graced a throne! So, with her maddening beauty In going from the church to the Hollies, | brightened by all that art can do, she enterabout two hundred yards were saved by | ed the room, and after laying on the table turning out of the main road and passing | what seemed to be a small bundle of some through the meadows which ran by Chelston | kind, with a firm quick step she came to-

said Mrs. Blake icily. "For the sake of | Philippa having given him a key which from him. She placed her soft white fingers opened the garden gate. He went this way on his lips, drew him to a low chair, and

motioned him to be seated. It was a clear starlight night. The ground | He obeyed. She kuelt beside him, her was turned into iron by a sharp frost. As face on a level with his own. A strange the rector walked briskly along the river sweet perfume emanated from her garments. path, he thought of all that had occurred | She wreathed her warm white arms around since this time last year, when he bore Phil. his neck. She kissed him on his brow, his ippa into the vestry. Not now did he wish | eyes, his mouth. She drew her face a little this year taken out of his life. But he pray- away from his, and her dark lustrous eyes ed that before the next year was over many | gazed into his with wild rapture. He forgot charges, and mechanically murmured: things which now distressed him might be everything save the glorious being who knelt made right. It was a terrible thing to quar- beside him-all save his love for her, her

Her magnificent bosom rose and fell with across the field toward the Hollies. He had her satiny shoulder. He was in a dream of the rhyme a couplet.

He came up by the first wain the next scarcely gene twenty yerds when he heard integrable bland and yet failing through

"I am worth loving," she whispered. "Such love is worth a sacrifice. Percival,

Even then he returned her embrace. "Percival, listen. Love, k as me and list That man outside—he is my felon hus-

A sharp fierce cry broke from him. His very lips turned ashen. Yet still he held her

"They fold me he was dead-yet he lives. No matter. Shall our love be wrecked by A cold sweat broke out all over the man.

Yet he turned not fro n her kiss.

voice. "How shall it be. Shall we fly like I am rich, you cowards to another land? He shivered from head to foot. Some strange instinct made him turn his eyes to

"Dearest," she went on in her flute-like

the little bundle she had placed on the table. Figures. The woman followed his gaze. "No," she said, with a low, wild laugh. "No need to fly. Percival, I would have done it alone, but I knew we should love

the botter if we sinned together. Come." Still holding his hand, she rose. Percival Mrs. Blake was goaded past endurance. expended in that effort of strength, felt his Blake staggered to his feet. He swayed to heart grow sick from the fear that he had and fro like a drunken man, and grasped the table for support. The woman smiled in his

moonlight, looked livid. Her eyes were di- wound a large handkerchief and disclosed a

to his anxious enquiries, but she clasped her It will be painless," she murmured. "It hands round his strong right arm-she even will be like going to sleep, Come, dear-

She placed the bandkerchief and the bot-"Percival," she whispered, "you are the in one of his nerveless hands; the other she took in her own. She led him, as one leads a blind man, to the casement. She opened it and the keen fresh wintry air out into the perfumed atmosphere of the room like a knife.

On the threshold she paused and clung to him in an almost frenzied embrace. The man quivered beneath it. Then, hand in hand, they walked down the garden path. They went swiftly, although the man moved

as one in a trance. She led him to the door of the outhouse. It was open. She looked into his set drawn face. Her burning fingers tightened round his icy cold hand.

'Your hand trembles, sweet love," she said, and therewith took the handkerchief and the bottle from him. She passed in, and whilst he stood as one spell bound, leaning for support against the

doorpost, she began feeling about for the recumbent figure of her husband. In a minute she was at her lover's side again. She shook his arm flercely.

"Gone! He basgone!" she cried. "Seek him! He cannot be far off!" Her words, her touch, seemed to break the spell. With a low cry Percival Blake fell upon his knees, and iifting up his hands, thanked God, whose mercy had willed that he should not be a murderer in very deed as well as in thought. Then the humbled man bowed his head, and sob after sob broke

forth. The woman stood like a statue. A dreary | ter." look of hopeless despair settled on her pallid face. Not a muscle moved—not even when Percival Blake rose to his feet and confront-She spoke wisely. To-morrow they were ed her with eyes full of horror and aversion. "Temptress! Fiend!" he whispered. "I

never meet again. He turned away and went swiftly down "I will hear his account of himself," said the path to the gate by which he had enter-It was but a few steps away. Before shaking the tr mp's shoulder. All the wak- he passed through it he cast one look back. after the marriage. Whispers went round ing up he seemed capable of was limited Phillippa stood as he had left her, tall and erect; her white face, neck and arms gl am-'Carry him up to the house-it is not ing in the wintry moonlight. Then, even far " suggested Philippa. 'Leave him in then, the old fascination struggled for supremacy-all but mastered bim. He took a The rector could discover no better plan. backward step. Hadehe made but one sign He threw his fallen foe, who proved to be a he must have rushed to her side. But she

For two or three hours he wandered about aimlessly; then, scarcely knowing how, "We must try and revive him," said Per- found himself in Chelston churchyard. He carried a key which opened the little door of the church. He entered the building and He followed her through the French case- groped his way to the altar steps. He threw ment of the drawing room. He was begin- himself on the cold stones and lay there in ning to wonder what had taken her abroad contrition and abasement until five o'clock that night, and intended to lecture her on in the morning. Then, a humbled man, he her rashness; but as soon as they entered the crept to the rectory and from sheer exhaus-

Terrified tearful faces met him when he More than ten minutes passed before she arose. As gently as they could, people told returned. The rector grew uneasy and him that an hour ago Mrs. Russell's old ser-

memory before he can call himself happy.

THE END.

The Czar of Russia's Winter Palace. The Winter Palace is described as the largest palace in the world being one third larger than that of the Emperor of Austria's. and unsurpassed in point of splendor. It is the residence of the Czar and his Court during winter, and stands on the left bank of the Neva. The palace is four stories high, or about 80 feet; the frontage is 455 feet in length, in breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance or "perron des Ambassadeurs," is from the Neva. and leads by magnificent fight of marble steps to the state apartments of the paluce. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The most magnificent apartments are the Throne Room of Pater I, where the diplomatic corps generally present their congratulations on New Year's Day; the White Hall, the Hall of St. George, a paralfelogram of 140 feet by 60 feet; the gallery of the Field-Marshals and the Alexander gallery, a suite of splendid halls, filled with marbles, malachites vases, and pictures. When the Imperial family is in residence. about 6,000 persons are lodged in the build-

It is enough to take away your breath to hear of a Catifornia onion weighing nearly not the man so lofty in his standing of two pounds. two pounds.

An exchange has a poem "On the Birth of Twins" and didn't know enough to make ociving what infinity there is of things be

NEWSPAPER FABLES.

A \$ Mark and a \* were one day left close together on the Imposing Stone, and the Mark coughed in a Pompous way and observ

I am constantly used to designate the Wealth of the World." "And I," replied the ", as he Bristled up

in the Promp est Manner, "am symbolic of

"By means of me," continued the \$ Mark "the Printer can change 1 000,000 Grains of "Yes, but Heaven's vaults are studded

with Stars, and I am frequently used in Print to represent Unknown Quantities," They were still Boasting when the Ap. prentice came up and Inquired the Cause of the Excitement. Having received an Explan

"Both are of so little use that I'll chuck you into the pi case."

MORAL

Any man may set his own value, but the Trouble is to make other men Believe in his

THE CIECUS AGENT AND THE EDITOR.

A Genial Circus Agent who Struck the Town of Boncombe called at the Biple Of. fice for the Parpose of Inserting a 'Four Column Ad. of nis Greatest Show on Earth, and the following D alogue Took P.ace: "Has your Paper a Pretty Good Circula.

"Oh, yes." "About 1,000, I suppose?"

"Sir!"

One thousand! Why. Sr, the Bugle is the Party Organ in this Congressional Dis-"Say. 1,500?"

circulation, but it's, 1,400 too many. "Sir! Do you mean to Insult me?"

"Oh, well I'll pay you on the basis

"Will you awear to 3,000 Circulation?" "Of course I will."

The Editor was taked out and sworn, and the Ad. which the Agent hoped to get in for \$15 cost him \$45-with Complimentary Tickets for the Editor's Family of Sixteen,

MORAL The real circulation was 750 copies, but be Sore you are Right and then go shead and Swear to it.

THE TOWEL AND THE STOVE.

A Printing Office Towel suddenly Boiled Over one day and ca'led out to the Stove: "Lands alive! but when were you Blacked Last?"

"And when were you Washed Last let me Humbly inquire?" sneered the

"The Editor uses you for a Spittoon!" "And the Apprentice uses you for a Mop!

"You are Cracked in a Dozen places!" "And I can Count Twenty Holes in you!" At this moment the Speriff came in to Levy on the Entire Outfit, and the Standing Galley heaved a Deep Sigh and Observed:

"Recrimination Never Helps a Bid Mat-

OH, DEAR!

When you hear squalls about the house its scold weather you can expect.

The "nire" education of woman, says a close observer, consifts in teaching her how to labor for the wages of independence. Although some new fall bonnets are trimmed with game, no one will be permitted to "shoot the hat," says the New York

Journal What a woman makes up her mind to do crewel work she always gets worsted. The key to this will be sold for a quarter.

Ouida says: "A girl's love must never be begged but conquered." Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl cannat be conquered un: less she concurs. It is about time the papers let up on pub.

lishing that threadbare item about not stiring stewed mushrooms with a silver spoon. In the first place, this a close season for mushrooms, and, secondly, the stockbrokers haven't left us any silver spoons. Lord Norbury, when once charging a jury

in a breach of promise case, noticed that the letters of the faithless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pocket or often shown to her sympathizing friends that they were grea'ly frayed at the fold and almost in tatters. "Gantlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, easy to see that these are love letters, Decause they are so exceedingly tender."

Alaska Glaciers. It was nearly sunset when we began to

near the Muir glacier, and the day was near ended when the cliff was reached, and we had anchored near the frowning precipice. The shades of evening had gathered about the islands passed during the day and half hid from sight the lower ranges and the trackless forests; but the Fairweather peaks were visible still and glowed with a ghastly light in the isolated height like banks of phosphorous hung above the trees. Around us floated icy fragments, grinding against each other, or floating, solitary, and majes. tic down the watery way. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and beautiful, and silencing all with admiration. No other wonder of nature equal; this glacist of untold age, as it moves silently yet if resistibily down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it .omes the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined and together they would not equal this of G'a ier Bay. Set it crawling over the valleys guarded by Mont Blanc, and it would crush the country beneath its weight and leave a wilderness behind. And yet in Alaska, long and broad and wild, it is a mere fissure—a single stream among the many. [San Francisco Chronicle.

Pride.

Pride is base from the necessary foolish ness of it, because it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only; for there is not the man so lofty in his standing or cap the cloud habitation and far sight of the gelic intelligences above him; and in percannot know nor even reach unto.

Herrible Rel Chelera-L geous Act In an article of the Orient, 1

of Rafais, who jump, dance, hours at a time valsions. Wh height their p appears to be limbe and bodi ten swallow br and ractus leav Nantes, Fran Case, A swee

and tut him day this man drunk, strippe with Lettles. and told his st icated with his hue and cry, he abductor in cui A very cleve France, bas lat perty in Saitz tormerly annou by the legal at former are amu property rights oped in the rog sions, founded

thieves impair The Ravel Go preliminary in aged 8 years, w dered a compar stabbing her w the heart. T point to prem the elder girl v gay-colored clo to give up. 1 nnless she sur Next day accou mand, and upo stantly stabbed The Europea the remarkable joyed from cho

of victims has

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Rabbi Weyle,

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med mode of hi An interest Grundeigentkun irrads have land capitals. the capital of a situation was s ing his goods to consumed on th their market va felt in provis When, in 1843 first began to l people: in 1861 in 1881, 1,122 800,000 in the growth is large The importa Paris may be more than \$12 there by octroi alone, and the population is a of wine, a gallo three gallons of in Paris at leas in bad wine a laboratory rep June last, 55 officially tested were bitter or a taste, 129 were added, and last

Leo XIII. wi at the secret co. 10th of Nove Gauglbauer, a Spaniard, Mg1 archbishop of namely : Mgr. can missicnary; of the consistor renzi, assessor Massotti, secre bishops and re retary of the co there will rem sacred college, served in petto 1880. Vice Admira has offered a si

added to them.

loss of the gun Irish coast. of defective si ness," persons able to preceiv ness. It is ea this infirmity ship, Admira man-of-war T only discoveri navigating of light of a ligh "mocn blindn medical scien detecting it is The Ethnol been lately en South Ameri been gathered Mehring, a G

eludes axes, a stone, and ger manship; mor utensils, and are two piper ing, made of l tenting cario ancient object sented to the lection of mod naments obtai diana

collection is a

burial mound

jects which

Naples has Tommaso de l of 94 From be was active weeks bef