elligent Women Decid duestion has to be not best course to adopt to seem ale see and weakness and seem ale see ale ale sex, there is but one vi z., a course of self-treatment og specific for periodical protection internal inflammation al disorders that reader the live women miserable and joyle y it, praise it. Of druggists women are again wearing on the back of the head d, soothing and healing prope ge's Catarrh Remedy cure in of nasal catarrh, also ...

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

True love is different," said Ursula.

He must have been cast off by his family

bersake, and have chosen poverty:

to make the croon a pund, my Alwyn gaed to sea,

the croop and the pund, they were baith for

the conversion of a croon into a pound,

the atter silence of mother and aunt

id not seem to her satisfactory; but she

ared either to damp the youthful enthusi-

might lead to some painful discovery,

the took refuge in an inarticulate sound.

You don't mean to ask him ?"

"Slang! A forfeit!"

ming to our feet."

Torton?" cried Nuttie.

Ithink Mr. Dutton knows," proceeded

"Catch me! I know how he would look

thear. There's Mr. Dutton's door !"

Vr. Dutton was at that moment advan-

"You wicked cif," said Miss Mary, "to

shouting ho! ho! like Robin Good-

"You should have kept your elevation

dignity like me," retorted Ursula

"lischievous elves deserve no good

means so venerable that the crossing the

"Oh, what is it! Are we to go to Monks

"Here is a gracious permission from

ad Kirkaldy, the only stipulations being

"he added in an awful tone of person-

trees I shall be bound to interfere.'

"Only a holly tree! Just like the giant's

inghter when she only carried off waggon,

"It is not longer than my finger now !"

"Well, remember, mischief either wanton

"Scientific mischief is a fatal thing to

"If I'm not to touch anything, I may as

"You may gather as many buttercups

Miss Nugent asked how they were to go,

ai Mr. Dutton explained that there was

my a quarter of a mile's walk from the

stion; that return tickets would be

imished at a tariff of fourpence a head

"How hungry the children will be."

withat there would be trains at 1.15 and

wast of this sort of outing. They eat to

At least they don't eat at church," said

"Not since the perpermint day, when

. Spyers suspended Dickie Drake," put

relistay at home," pouted Nuttie.

"So if I see anybody rooting up

Now, Mr. Dutton, it was only a baby

s." said Mr. Dutten, who was by no

reigle people into predicaments, and then

with the aristocracy i"

oryza, and catarrhal headach druggists. threatened change from his noderately low ones.

uty Without Paint. ikes my skin so dark and muddy? were once so smooth and ruddy! est cosmetics made," ovely maiden said.

t the cure, my charming Miss," said - " emember this: skin would keep from taint, powder and the paigt.

er thing for all such ills marked the man of pills : blood and make it pure-"Il find the only cure." exent, though not without a moment's e's Golden Medical Discover angiement of skirt, which delayed her enough to show where she had been, without fail. It has no equal

peries on the bodice. ar Stomach or Bowels get out of o faut evils, take as once a dose of Dr 102 Pitters. Best family medicine

rkey was endeavoring to explain ate condition: "You see it we s I can 'member. Fust my fade n my mudder married agin, an der died, and my fader married end then you would have had the pleasure end of the seem to hab no seeing Mr. Dutton climbing his wall and ehow I doesn't seem to hab no i, nor no home, nor no nothing.

ee! Free!! Free! Instruction and Price List of

Cleaning to be had gratis by of our offices, or by post be my, and who had by this time joined Mary y of our offices, or by post by a idress to R. Parker & Co. leaners, 759 . 183 Yonge St. ranch Offices; 4 John St. N. 00 Colborne St., Brantford.

that George L. Schuyler is the member of the syndicate that such papers or gooseberry skins, be left on racht America, and won the regrass; and that nobody does any miseat Britain in 1851.

Catarrhal Deafness and May Fever.

not generally aware that these disease willy in a chink." or that they are due to the presence tubes Microscopic research, however, such ter when she omy carried of the second to be a fact, and the result is that a meant, oxen, and all in her pinafore. has been formulated whereby catara, ess and hay fever are cured in from aple applications made at home. A ining this new treatment is sent free scientific is forbidden. You are to set an ample to the choir boys."

d on silver gray cloth makes a me plants," said Mary. ming.

Coff No More.

cough drops are the best in the midaisies as the sweet child pleases," said throat and chest, for the voice . Dutton; whereupon she threatened to See that the letters R. & T. W. now her books at his head. on each drop. gotes reach to within an inch

n of the skirt. re aubject to bad breath, foul coated disorder of the Stomach, can at once using Dr Carson's Stomach Bitter, d ramedy. Ask your Druggist.

worn by young women, rag. "They will ear all the way. That's the ones, this fall.

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hirty cents.

TORONTO.

and the Spa Terrace Church people said

reard live to eat."

No, Nuttie !" "Indeed they did. Louisa Barnet attackis about it at school, and I said I wished been. Only they mustn't eat pepper-AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY Int in the train, for it makes mother quite

> Do you mean that Mrs. Egremont will ame!" exclaimed Mr. Dutton. "Oh yes, she shall. It is not too far, and

will be very good for her. I shall make

There's young England's filial duty! "by, I know what is good for her, and

always does as 'I wish.'" Beneficent despctism !" said Mr. Dut "May I ask if Miss Headworth is an wally obedient subject."

"0h! Aunt Ursel is very seldom tire-

"Suttie! Nuttie! my dear," and a head the snows of more than half a century greated on the other side of the wall, acr a cap and parasol. "I am sorry to rupt you, but it is cool enough for mother to go into the town, and I 4 you to go with her."

> CHAPTER III. HEIR HUNTING.

"And she put on her gown of green, And left her mother at sixteen.

To marry Peter Bell !"- WORDSWORTH A the shrubberies of Monks Horton were

Ware quite right to decide on having a she was provided for safely. You know she said; what became of the pool and you know she was provided for safely. You know the pool and she was provided for laise of faire is our but how does your father take Mrs. Egremont says laise of faire is our

He is quite convinced that to repeat my how not to do it." bost, dangling on as heir, would be tost fatal mistake." the line taken by the would be very severe. topire is so much in favour of your as the squire."

"If I ever am the squire, of which I have my doubte."

You expect Mr. Egremont to marry?" "Not a future marriage? but one in the

"A private marriage! Do you suspect "I don't suspect it-I know it. I have Nugent thought it the wisest way and say: "You of all people in been hoping to talk the matter over with Do you remember our first governess, want to make out a connec-Miss Headworth !" "My dear Mark, did I not lose at Pera

the charms of your infancy?" "Then neither my mother nor my grandmother ever wrote to you about her?" "I do remember that it struck me that

immunity from governesses was a compensation for the lack of daughters." Mary did not think a yacht a likely place. "Can you tell me no details," said Mark anxiously. "Have you no letters? It was about the time when Blanche was born, when we were living at Raxley."

"I am sorry to say that our roving life for the lost father, or to foster curiosity prevented my keeping old letters. I have often regretted it. Let me see, there was one who boxed May's ears."

"That was long after. I think it was that woman's barbarity that made my father marry again, and a very good thing that was. It was wretched before. Miss Headworth was in my own mother's time."

"I begin to remember something happen-"Oh, it's holiday time, and the boarders ing that your mother seemed unable to write about, and your grandmother said that she This might in one way be a relief to Miss had been greatly upset by "that miserable This might in one did not like being caught affair," but I was never exactly told what the wall and therefore made a rapid it had been."

"Miss Headstone came when I was four or five years old. Edda, as we used to call her in May's language, was the first person who gave me a sense of beauty. She had unless tailor-cut and made it to his own wall on the opposite side of member in after years being silenced by Nugent garden. Perhaps he would member in after years being silenced by nretended to see nothing, but for Nut. saying "not so pretty as my Edda." I was extremely fond of her, enough to have my small jealousy excited when my uncle joined us in our walks, and monopolised her, turning May and me over to play with his

> "But, Mark, Mr. Egremont is some years older than your father. He could not have been a young man at that time."

"So much the worse. Most likely he seemed to her quite paternal. The next thing I recollect was our being in the Isle of Wight, we two children, with Miss Headworth and the German nurse, and our being told of our new sister. Uncle Alwyn and his yacht were there, and we went on board once or twice. Then matters became confused with me, I recollect a confusion, papa and grandmamma arriving, everybody seeming to us to have become very cross, our dear Miss Headworth nowhere to be found, our attendants being changed, and our being forbidden to speak of her again. 1 certainly never thought of the matter till a month ago. You know my uncle's eyes have been affected by his illness, and he has made a good deal of use of me. He has got a valet, a fellow of no particular country, more Savoyard than anything else, I fancy. He is a legacy, like other evils, from the old General, and seems a sort of necessity to my uncle's existence. Gregorio they call him. He was plainly used to absolute government, and viewed the coming down amongst us as an assertion of liberty much against his will. We could see that he was awfully jealous of my father and me, and would do anything to keep us out; but providentially he can't write English decently, though he can speak any you please. Well, the man and I came into collision about a scamp of a groom who was doing intolerable mischief in the village, and whom they put it on me to get discharged. that occassion Mr. Gregorio grew insolent, and intimated to me that I need not make so sure of the succession. He knew that which might make the Chanoine and me change our note. Well, my father is always for avoiding rows; he said it was an unmeaning threat, it was of no use to complain of Gregorio, and we must digest his insolence. But just after, Uncle Alwyn sent month. President Keefe will spare no ef-

Alice Headworth, and then the dim recollections I told you of began to return." "What did you do?" "I thought I had better consult my the brothers come to order by nine raps of father, expecting to hear that she was dead, the gavel. and that no further notice need be taken of the matter. But he was greatly disturbed to hear of the certificate, and would hardly in the East and Brother Gardner intimated believe me. He said that some friend of any that it was quite possible some of the memgrandmother had written her word of goings bers of the parent club would be present at on at Freshwater between his brother and the picnic. the young governesss, and that they went off at once to put a stop to it, but found us left with the German maid, who declared that Miss Headworth had gone off with Mr. Egremont in the yacht. No more was heard of my uncle for six weeks, and when he came back there was a great row with the old General, but he absolutely denied being married. I am afraid that was all the old sinner wished, and they went off together in the yacht to the West Indies, where it was burnt; but they, as you know, never The groom is as blind as a mole and has came to England again, going straight off to the Mediterranean, having their headquarters at Sorrento, and cruising about till the General's death ten years ago.

tween Alwyn Piercefield Egremont and

"Yes, I once met them at Florence, and thought them two weary pitiable men. One looked at the General as a curious relic of the old buck of the Regency days, and compassionated his nephew for having had his life spoilt by dangling after the old man. It was a warning indeed, and I am glad you have profited by it, Mark."

"He came back, after the old man died, to club life in London, and seldom has been near the old place; indeed, it has been let till recently, and he wants to let it again, but it is altogether too dilapidated for that without repairs. So he came down to see without repairs. But to about it, and was taken ill there. But to about it, and was taken ill there. He was return to what my father told me. He was return to what my father told me. bright faces that never grow old, and shocked to hear of the certificate, for he shocked to hear of the certificate, for he her a young man, a few years over had implicitly believed his brother's denial had implicitly believed his brother's denial had implicitly believed his brother a deadworth was so childish and simple that she
worth was so childish and simple that she worth was so children in by a sham might easily have been taken in by a sham might easily have been taken in by a sham through this county on a mule receiving the lady was making fresh ceremony. He said that he now saw he had through this county on a mule receiving the lady was making fresh ceremony. He said that he now saw he had through this county on a mule receiving the lady was making fresh ceremony. the had be nephew seldom seen done very wrong in letting his mother-insubscriptions for "Life of Brother Gardner."

Subscriptions for "Life of Brother Gardner."

Subscriptions for "Life of Brother Gardner."

Subscriptions for "Life of Brother Gardner." the had been her pet and darling as law take all the letters about "that unletting his model in the United States and Canada for this law take all the letters about the letters about in the United States and Canada for this happy business" off his hands without look in the United States and Canada for this happy business off his hands without look. His terms are \$1 in advance, and happy business "off his hands without local book. His terms are \$1 in advance, and best thing you could take for a starter."

book. His terms are \$1 in advance, and best thing you could take for a starter." the young mother he had lost my mother's illness, and, as he said, it the balance (\$4) when the book is delivered.

The balance (\$4) when the book is delivered. never occurred to him as a duty to trace out Is he all right? He calls himself John C. never occurred to him as thing, and see that Whitehair.

What became of the poor thing, and see that Whitehair.

the line taken by the last generation; and I

Yours very respectfully. A. JACKSON PRITCHARD. family fa ling, and that our first thought is Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Yes, utter repudiation of such cases was

in a large hand, to the effect :

trouble with General Egremont, as he him-When it is, the price won't be over self would have been the one to profit by it. | twenty-five cents.

So I do not wonder so much at his letting the whole drop without enquiry, and never The man Whitehair is a base villain and a reward of \$25 will be paid for proofs once looking at the letters, which there that he has been hung to the limb of a percertainly were. I could not get him to besimmon tree. gin uponit with my uncle, but Mrs. Egremont

4. This club employs no traveling agents was strongly on my side in thinking that except Giveadam Jones, who is bow-legged such a thing ought to be looked into, and as lop shouldered, blind in one eye, and carries I had found the paper it would be best his credentials in a hind pocket. that I should speak. Besides there was no

enduring that Gregorio should be pretend-

Aunt Margaret, he has never seen or

heard of her since he left her at Dieppe!

Would you believe it, he thinks himself a

victim? He never meant more than to

amuse himself with the pretty little govern-

ess, and he took on board a Mr. and Mrs.

Haughton to do propriety, shady sort of

people I imagine, but that she did not

"I have heard of them," said Lady Kir-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I war' axed las' night how dis club

stood on the queshun of charity," said

Brother Gardner as the meeting opened in

due form and the thermometer marked 120

degrees in Elder Toots' corner. "De club

stands jist whar' it has allus stood. Nuffin'

"Whon a poo' man meets wid accident or

"When de wife of a poo' man am left a

helpless widder, dis club am bound to help

"When a man who has lost a limb ap-

"Our charity goes dat fur and no furder.

We have no use fur de tramp. Every piece

of bread handed out to him ar' simply a

premium on laziness. He tramps bekase he

doan' want to work. He ar' a human

sponge. Instead of lookin' fur work he ar'

"Ebery nickle handed out to a beggar,

large or small, is an incouragement to aovid

honest work. Ebery penny incourages vice

thousands of dollars fur a county house,

but yet we mus' raise tens of thousands of

dollars ebery y'ar for a poo' fund to take

keer of de people who am too high-toned to

go out dar', but low-toned enuff to walk

boldly into de Poo' Master's office. Ebery

dollar we raise is a premium on indolence,

poverty and vice. So long as charity will

pull two or three hundred families through

six months of de y'ar, de husbands ar' not

gwine to break dar backs lookin' fur work,

an' de wives ar' not gwine to worry about

our fault. De Lawd made man an' pro-

nounced him perfeck. He made de heathen

jist as we find him to-day, and I doan' pro-

pose to interfere. If dis club had any

heathen fund set aside, I should be in favor

of usin' ebery dollar of it right heah in en-

lightened America, whar de Lawd's Sab-

bath day is given up to lager beer, shootin'

"Dar' am mo' downright fraud an'

swindlin' bein' practiced frewout de world

to-day in de name of charity dan under any

odder disguises, an' it ar' high time dat peo-

ple ob sense put deir foot down. Let us

BRANCH 64.

meeting to the following item from the

picnic to be held in the early part of next

good workers who never do anything by

halves. One of the chief attractions will be

a debate by the Lime-Kiln Club of 64.

Jerry Looney is the President and makes

Branch 64 is down on the records as one

of the most orderly and prosperous branches

ONE OF THE REJECTED.

item, from the Montgomery Advertiser, to

the Secretary's desk, and wanted to know

if the man named therein was a member of

"There was a rare wedding in Montgom-

ery the other day. It was consummated

when Jim Burbridge and Patsy Williams,

both colored, were made one instead of two.

They are inmates of the County Poor House.

been led about for a long time by a little

girl. Patsy will in all probability do the

leading hereafter. She is a confirmed crip-

But they applied for license and were

duly married according to the rules and

regulations of the law. To cap the climax

Sam Hereford, the immortal 'er long so an

And there you are, as the man says in the

The Secretary replied that Jim Burbridge

de like o'dat,' Sam, acted as best man.

applied for membership about a year ago.

but was promptly rejected, and that this

wedding was doubtless an attempt to spite

the Lime-Kiln Club. At the time of mak-

ing his application Burbridge was known as

"The Terror of Vesuvius," and was sup-

HE IS A VILLAIN.

The following communication, from Cairo,

posed to have killed his man.

ple and has seen her best days.

Whalebone Howker sent the following

The Secretary called the attention of the

Branch 64 is making arrangements for a

now attack de reg'lar order of bizness."

matches, base ball an' excursions.

Syracuse Reporter:

me to hunt up a paper that was missing, forts to appoint committees who will make

and in searching a writing-case I came upon | this one of the grandest C. M. B. A. affairs

an unmistakable marriage certificate be- Syracuse has ever seen. He has a lot of

" If de heathen am not all right, it's not

"We hev gone to an expense of tens of

peals to me for bread I shan't refuse him-

not onless his breaf smells of liquor.

lookin' to escape work.

an' indolence.

sickness dis club has sunthin' to help him

has occurred to change our minds.

Well, and has there been a wife and

ing to hold us in terror by such hints."

family in a cottage all this time?"

know."

kaldy, significantly.

A Ballad of the Great Lone Land-BY ESDRAS STAFFORD.

There's neither hill nor vale, One endless stretch, just like the main, Crossed by the prairie trail. The sun was reddening at its sinking,

No trees grow on the western plain,

Dimmed in its colour light, Blazing and darkening, and shrinking, Until it came on night.

When suddenly a horse was heard-The captain of the British band-Along the trail he madly spurred, A carbine in his hand. Close on the path ahead he gazed,

And on his carbine's barrel blazed, The sun's rays redly flashing. Said he "mine is a sorry plight, On this wild plain alone.

While swiftly onward dashing,

With but a moment yet ere night, For there's the setting sun. The fort is yet three leagues away, These wolves will have me yet,

Not one more hour of blessed day, For now the sun has set." Dark horsemen follow him apace With whoop and wild haloo, The rider never turns his face

To see who may pursue.

Fast fall his charger's iron shod hoofs, his trappings clash and clink He vainly look a for the friendly roofs, And his heart begins to sink,

His tunic is of crimson hue, Gold lace runs round his shoulder, The black plumes of his helmet flew In the night wind blowing colder.

An Indian rider swift behind Held up a rifle-crash -Still wildly blew the cold night wind, Then came an answering flash,

A dusky face was filled with woe, And with a fluttering breath He moaned "may he die even so, A life pays for a death.

It was the young Louis Riel

Riding anear that heard, And full of late his heart oid swell To hear that dying word. Headlong past all the rest he bore

And took a deadly aim -The soldier held his course no more And dropped his bridle rein. He looked up to the cold blue sky,

And to the foes who watched him die Then toppled to the ground. "So foragers from o're the sea Shall die," said young Riel, And bending now upon his knee

He smote him where he fell.

And to the plains around,

He smote the dead face twice and tore The bloody locks away, And with the dripping token swore, Forever from that day,

To follow both with fire and sword All of the hated race; And dew-eyed Pity heard each word And covered up her face. The horse unguided still rushed on,

Knowing not its rider's fate. And was found early at the dawn Beside the great fort gate. It told the story fully—they,

His comrades, saddled each, And found him, stretched out where he lay, Rescued, yet past their reach. They brought him back and buried him

Within the palisade, And their rough soldier eyes grew dim As his rude grave was made. FORT ROUGE, 1883.

The Star to Every Wandering Bark.

BY NORA LAUGHER. Thou dear little star, So twinkling and bright, Look down from afar

In silence of night. Oh! look down on me In this world of woe. Me, a poor wanderer,

With nowhere to go. Pity me, love me, Oh, bright, little star,

No one to help me, Thou--art so far. Canst thou be an eye To guide me aright

Out of this darkness • Iuto the true light? I will have no fear,

Thy bright light I see So silvery and clear Thou'rt sent to save me.

"Don't be a Clam !"

nave no bills to pay; their garments never proprietor: cost a shot, they have the right of way. Their ulsters never go in pawn when Spring name of a country in that way. Every days are about, and then, in Winter, sigh school child will laugh at you." and mourn cause they can't get them out. they, 'tis clear, no flies disturb their dreams, | before a second man came in and said : Policemen never take them up, yet sometimes put them down; they never bet on course, but that spelling is a dead give way the wrong pup, nor crimson paint the town. They never go to see best girls and find old men instead, no dad at them the bootjack hurls to cause them a swelled head. They Cheep. ne'er go skating where 'tis nice to come down with a slam, but I have fallen on the faction when a man halted, read it over and ice and wished I was a clam.

The Best Thing He Could Take for a Starter.

travelling man to a bachelor friend. "Indeed? Well, I wish you much joy, and trust that you realize the responsibility you are about to undertake."

"Yes, sir; I think I realize the responsibility. I have settled down and changed DEAR SIR-There is a man traveling my habits very much." "That's right. Spend your evenings at

home and read good solid books." "What would you recommend?" "I think ' Paradise Lost' would be the

But She Got Mad.

"Do you think it would be very hard for me to become an actress, dear?" asked Mrs. Figenspecht of her liege lord, after returning from the theatre last night.

"Not at all, my love; the easiest thing The Secretary was instructed to answer, in the world," replied the brute. "All you would have to do would be to stand around 1. That no "Life of Brother Gardner" and talk, and you would need no rehearsals for that, you know."

African Adventure-

Captain Lindley gives a lively account of an adventure which befell a member of his party in Keffir-Land. The party had halted for breakfast on the bank of a stream, and Thomas, a negro, had gone down to fill the kettle with water. Suddenly all hands were startled by hearing him soream violently, and looking after him, saw kettle and buckets flying in one direction whilst he went in another, and fell flat on his face as if he had been shot.

"Take to your arms, mein boys !" shouted Mr. Van Meyer. "Perhaps some Kaffirs have been shoot the man with assegais." And the hardy old bush-fighter was ready for the fray, with his formidable roor poised, and his finger on the trigger.

Meantime the extraordinary conduct of Thomas continued to alarm us. He remained flat on the ground, moving his legs and arms as though he really had been shot, but at the same time continuing to yell as no shot person ever did.

Gun in hand, revolver in belt, keenly scrutinizing every surrounding bash, we moved forward to where the unhappy negro lay howling.

No blood was to be seen up in him, no assegai sticking up from a bloody wound. We questioned him, but in vain. He did nothing but yell and howl for at least a quarter of an hour. Then, in answer, to our reiterated inquiries, he at last sat up, rolled his eyes wildly about, and pointing to a little pool of water near by, and hugging one of his feet with both hands, he said, "De debbil! De debbil, massa! De debbil kotch me by de leg in dat water !"

It was long before we could elicit any further information from him, but finally we managed to make out that something had either struck or se z-d his foot with such violence as to knock him down. More than this it was impossible to discover, as he preferred rolling on the ground and groaning, "Miningi qaquamba! miningi qaquamba! mina fe'le!" (Too much pain! too much pain! I am dying')

With the inquisitiveness for which his compatriots are famous, our Yankee friend was the first who thought of going to investigate the little pool, to see whether the mystery could thus be elucidated.

He went off from the circle about the unhappy Thomas very quietly, intending, no doubt, alone and unaided, to achieve whatever glory might result from possible discov-

Several of us followed him. He gazed into the pool, suddenly darted down, plunged his hand into the water, and drew forth in triumph a rather large, flat fish. He was in the act of turning to us exultantly, and had just ejaculated, "Here it is! Here's the debbil !" when he dropped the fish with a loud yell and cried, "An electric fish!" So it proved, and a very dangerous cus-

tomer; for I have no doubt that were a person to touch one in crossing a river, he would receive a shock powerful enough to paralyze and disable him, when the current would carry him away.

Flogging in China.

A Chinese tragedy, followed by judicial proceedings and a remarkable all-round administration of rough justice, is reported in the latest budget of news from the Celestial Empire. An officer named Telengo hearing two of the soldiers of his company quarreling about a money debt, called them before him and questioned them respecting their unruly conduct. They resented his interference and were flogged for insubordination. One of them, Yu-ch'eng by name. aggravated his offense and incurred severer and repeated punishment by two attempts to escope the flogging by running away. The officer Telengo himself administered 10 of the strokes inflicted on Yu ch'eng, because he considered that he was further reported to the General for further disciplinary treatment. Here even Celestial endurance was at an end. The man effectually ran away this time; he found permanent oblivion in an overdose of opium. Then the officer Telengo was tried. He was found guilty of inflicting excessive punishment and sentenced to be flogged. Ninety blows, or half those inflicted on Yu-ch'eng, were ordered. The man who administered the flogging was condemned to receive 80 blows; the soldiers guarding the deceased to suffer 60 blows, and Ssu hai, the man who quarreled with the deceased, to endure 80 blows. The report naively adds: "Yu ch'eng being dead, no further notice need be taken of his offense, and his debt to Ssu-hai is extinguished.

Determined There Should be no Question About His Spelling.

There was a sign out at a grocery the other day reading; "Smurney Figs, Very Cheap." It wasn't long put out before a "Don't be a clam !" Why not? Clams pedestrian entered the place and said to the

"You ought to be ashamed to spell the

As soon as he went out the grocer removed The tax collector they don't fear, nor girls | the sign and put up one reading : Smirny who dote on creams; no corns or boils have Figs, Very Cheap. It wasn't half an hour "Say, it isn't any of my business, of

on you. Better change it." The grocer at once removed the sign and put up one reading: "Smerny Figgs Vary

He was regarding it with a look of satis-

"Are they nice figs?" "Well, fair to medium." was the reply. "There may be some question about the figs, "I'm going to get married," said a young | but | don't propose there shall be about my spelling book. Let some one jump on to me now if they can !'

A Pushing Fellow.

"What's become of Bill Dikes, Sam? He used to be, when I lived here, one of the wildest and most worthless young fellows in town."

"Oh, Bill, he's settled down since then. He's got to be a pushing husiness man." "You don't say! What business is he

"Pushing a haby carriage and keeping books for his wife; she takes in washing."

An Ancient Custom.

A .- "Do you know where the custom of mothers taking their marriageable daughters to the watering places originated ?" B.-"I have no idea."

"Well, it dates back to the days of Abraham. You know it was at a well that

"Another thing that actuated my father was the fear of getting his brother into has yet been published.

Direct Linporter.

Rebecca found her husband."