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AND
CONFECTIONERY.

MESSRS. R. & E. NICKLIN, would inform that they have opened in their
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on the
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
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And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.,
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This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
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Wishes to announce to those who intend building or repairing, that he is about to commence the manufacture of all classes of
PINE AND CEDAR
Shingles,
Which will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH
Elm and Oak Staves,
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of the best quality, also manufactured and delivered F. O. B. the G. T. R. cars here at the lowest possible prices.
FIRST-CLASS LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.
Custom Logs cut to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

HARNESS,
HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
Repairing promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
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BUSINESS COLLEGE
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who have four months course and taken their diplomas, are each week stepping into good positions, in which, owing to the completeness of their knowledge they speedily attain promotion.
Among our students are those who have been through the grammar schools and universities, as well as those whose education in early life has been neglected. The former come to receive a practical education, such as is needed in every day life, the latter to remedy past neglect, and all to secure that knowledge which will help them to success in the world.
The College Journal, containing full particulars and specimens of penmanship are sent on application.
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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.
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This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
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The Dying Poet to the Flower.

FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF PERSEVERANCE.

O sail flower, of lovely leaf and form!
My limbs will be that of which all are made;
I force every one to lose the crown of gold,
My flesh will be mould.

And yet, spite the decay of (illegible) and cold,
Let me back look for all the gifts to hand!
My soul would like thee before it fire,
To the open skies.

Twice I am kissing thy fragrant mouth,
And the first kiss wholly is thine in truth:
But the second, remember, dear love, to close
On my fair white rose.

I shall not be living in spring to see,
But bring to my greeting when first it will be,
And say that I wished that upon my grave
It should blooom and wave.

Yes, say that I wished that nearest my breast
The rose should lie that my lips caressed;
And, wall flower, do thou into death's dark porch
Bear bridal torch.

A STITCH IN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

Not many years ago there was—as there has lately been again—a good deal of distrust in commercial circles, chiefly arising from some very heavy failures. One gigantic firm had fallen, and brought many others down in its tumble. The alarm naturally felt at this spread; and the rumours which always attend, and often cause, a panic, spread also, so that scarcely any undertaking, however well established and solvent, entirely escaped doubt and suspicion. We do not propose to enter upon the history of any commercial panic, or even to sketch one; but every reader can remember, and what is worse, will see again, the deliberate and organized efforts to "wreck" really solvent houses, for the benefit of selfish and unscrupulous speculators; and how not only embarrassed and weak houses went down in the crash, but houses which—had time and fair play been given them—were in fair working condition.

After this preface, short as it has been, the reader will quite understand how men who had realized by years of toil, often of exile and danger, anything like a competence, felt very uneasy as to their investments, no matter how good they had hitherto proved; and Mr. Caleb Burton, who had settled comfortably down in the vicinity of London, after many years' labour in a distant colony, felt as uneasy as the rest. He was a tolerably rich man, and was considerably past his prime; yet having married late in life, he saw a young family growing up around him, which became more expensive every day. A small portion of his fortune was invested in England; but the bulk was, and had been for some years, invested on deposit, at pretty high interest, in the Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank, which was in high repute among all the colonists from that part of the continent, and which did more business at its London office than almost any of the colonial banks. He had been induced to leave his money in the colony from the fact of his acquaintanceship with most of the directors; while the manager at the chief establishment, on the Gulf of Carpentaria, Fred Rockston by name, had been an old "chum" when Mr. Burton was a digger, and was believed to be, and truly so, one of the most honourable and straightforward of men. So Mr. Burton felt as secure as a man could feel—at first. But while a poor man may sleep soundly amid the crash of banks, discount offices, and great mercantile firms, it is nigh upon impossible for a rich man to do so; and the day soon came when the toppling over of first-one great house, and then another, whose names had hitherto stood as types of soundness, alarmed even him, and he could not refrain from paying almost daily visits to London, and haunting certain localities well known to all interested in financial transactions, and where—amid a thousand false reports, it must be admitted—the first whisper of coming disaster would be sure to circulate.

Like a good husband he had tried to conceal his uneasiness from Mrs. Burton; but on her part, like a good wife, she was not to be so deceived; and when once his preoccupied manner and occasionally wandering replies had attracted attention, the revelation of his anxiety soon followed, and she grew more anxious than himself. With a mother's anxiety, she trembled for the fate of Master Caleb and Miss Amelia, with three or four other young ladies and gentlemen whose cote she was wont to visit, and whose foreheads she was wont to kiss every night of her life. So her alarm reacted upon her husband, and made him incomparably more sensitive than before.

All this, however, took but a few days in its growth; for nothing is so swift as the changes and fears of a commercial panic; and ten days had hardly passed since the fall of the aforesaid great house, before Mr. Burton commenced his visits to London. He was in the habit of taking his lunch at a particular tavern where foreign and colonial merchants greatly congregate, and where he saw many persons who were known to him in the days when he lived in the city. With those he often spoke, sometimes of the old times, but more frequently of the new. One day a man entered the coffee-room and looked round as though in search of some one. Mr. Burton had occasionally seen and spoken to this man in his visits to the tavern. He was not very intimate with him, for his recollection of the man was not altogether favourable; he had been engaged in some very doubtful transactions in the colony, and had moreover borrowed money of Burton under some specious pretense, which turned out to be wholly false, and not one penny of this had he repaid. Mr. Burton was just sitting down to lunch when he caught the eye of this individual, who was somewhat shinier, not to say greasier, in his hat and clothes than the majority of the guests, and he looked round with so wistful an air that, moved by an impulse for which he could hardly account, Mr. Burton beckoned him to his table and invited him to join him at lunch. He was sorry for it the moment he had spoken; but the captain—he was called the "Captain" from having once owned a coasting vessel—gave him no chance to change his mind. He accepted the invitation with the greatest alacrity; and although his appetite was clearly of the keenest, strove to make himself agreeable by communicating all the scandal with which the atmosphere was charged, and in which he revelled. This he fortified and eked out with such mysterious winks and nods that half of what he said was unintelligible to his hearer.

At last the meal was finished, and the captain, draining the last drop from a tumbler of cold brandy and water, which he had ordered as part of the lunch to which he was invited, shook his entertainer by the hand as the latter rose, and, referring for the first time for past transactions, declared he was the best-hearted and most forgiving party he knew, and that some day he would do him a good turn. Burton rather startled by the wild hint, did not show his gratitude by turning away; and had moved a pace or two through the crowded room on his road to the door, when he heard his name pronounced, and looking round, saw the Captain beckoning to him. Very much annoyed at this, he merely waved his hand, and would have continued his retreat, but that the other beckoned him again with so earnest a look, that Mr. Burton involuntarily went towards him.

"Mr. Burton, one word with you," said the captain; he hooked his finger in the button-hole of the other's coat as he spoke. "Just one word." Although it was but one word he wanted to say, he seemed to have a great deal of difficulty in giving utterance to it; at last he said, dropping his voice to a whisper far more mysterious than any which had preceded it: "Meet me here in ten (long) time. Mind! I am in earnest." He released his hold as he spoke, and pushing his (illegible) into his lip as a sign of secrecy and caution—which was strictly needless, as he had spoken almost nothing—turned away, and was lost in the throng.

Mr. Burton smiled at the man's childish impressiveness, as he deemed it, arising, as he supposed, from the number of brandy and water, and decided on dismissing him and his appointment from his mind. He went about for another hour, meeting more of his acquaintance, each fresh one having something more gloomy to say than the last. Affairs really seemed to be growing worse, and even those who had been hopeful before seemed to have lost heart now. So it was in a thoughtful mood he left to go to the terminus of the railway, and on his way he glanced down the narrow passage which led to the tavern where he had lunched an hour before. The recollection of the queer manner of the captain came strongly upon him as he passed, and in his excited state it came back with a weight and force which he could not help feeling strongly, while yet he thought it ridiculous to do so. With every step he took, the influence grew stronger, until with a "Pshaw!" of contempt at his weakness, he positively turned back, and resolved to keep the appointment, even though he was confident the captain must have forgotten all about it, and indeed was now probably sleeping off his unusually hearty meal in the parlour of some less pretentious tavern. He felt this, yet he could not help returning, because there might be something at the bottom of the captain's mystery, and he might really keep his appointment. So, as just said, he turned back, dissatisfied though he was with himself, and inclined at every step to lose speed and hurry to the railway station. However, he reached the tavern, and entered the coffee-room, which was now nearly deserted. A couple of city clerks, who were probably working overtime, were dining in one corner, and a couple of waiters were gossiping in another, but for these the place was empty.

Taking up a newspaper, Mr. Burton whiled away the time as best he might; he had made up his mind to wait ten minutes beyond the completion of the two hours, and no more; and as the hand of the coffee-room clock slowly approached the point, he felt glad to think how little chance there was of the shabby captain's appearance. The hand entered the last five minutes; Mr. Burton laid down his paper with a sigh of relief; but as he did so, the door creaked, the greasy hat, followed by the somewhat sodden visage of the captain, was thrust in; a glance round the room showed that Mr. Burton was there; and shutting the door behind him as carefully and cautiously as though he were Guy Fawkes, or a melodramatic bandit, he approached the ex-colonial merchant almost on tiptoe.

It was not difficult to see that the captain had been drinking a little more—possibly a good deal more, for he was well seasoned in that respect; for, even if his bleared eyes had not told as much, his husky voice would have been sufficient. Exceedingly impressive was, or was meant to be, his hoarse whisper, as he said: "All right, Mr. Burton! I'm agoing to clear off old debts now; for I am a man who never forgets a benefit or loses sight of a friend. Come out for a moment." He wrung Mr. Burton's hand as he spoke with a warmth which the latter could well have excused, and then led the way from the room he had but just so carefully entered.

The court in which the tavern was situated had one or two blind nooks in it, leading nowhere; and the captain drawing Mr. Burton into one of these, glanced warily round, and then dropping his voice to a still hoarser and still more impressive whisper—quite audible, however, for his breath came hot on the side of his hearer's face—said: "You are in with the Gulf of Carpentaria and North Australia Bank—are you not?"

"I am," returned Burton, who startled at the question, in spite of his contempt of the speaker.

"Then get out, if you can!" hoarsely continued the other. "They are blown on. They will be up a tree in two days from this. Don't ask me any more; but if I owed you any trifle of money, I have paid you now. Observe! They. Are. Blown." He pronounced these last three words as we have given them, as if each word were a sentence; and he accompanied them with three distinct taps of his forefinger upon his reddened nose. And with that he hurried off, leaving Mr. Burton at once astonished and alarmed.

He understood enough of the captain's habits to know that his associates were of a very crafty and dangerous class; that, like other birds of prey, they had the keenest possible scent for a moribund carcass; and that if there really were anything wrong with the Gulf—as the bank was familiarly termed—or any other bank, such men would be the first to know of it. How much men know, if as great a mystery to us as it was to Mr. Burton. But somehow they contrive to make money out of the wreck and ruin. In vain he tried to pooh-pooh the half-intelligible utterances of the captain; and he slowly retraced his steps to the terminus, tried to persuade himself that he had been listening but to the senseless maundering of a three-parts drunken man. And yet, the captain was not senseless—Burton felt that. Interested or partly so, he might be; and it was rare that he was seen entirely sober; but there was a meaning in his husky voice, and a warning even in the unsteady glance of his eye, which effectually prevented Mr. Burton from despising his mysterious hints.

On his arrival at his house he, very sensibly, told his wife all that had occurred; and she, who very well remembered the disreputable but crafty old captain in bygone years, was fully as much alarmed as her husband. But what was to be done? It was very well to admit that there was danger ahead; but how were they to avert it? Judging from what they had already seen, the papers of the next day might contain the news of the total collapse of the trusted bank, and four-fifths of all Mr. Burton owned in the world might be in an instant swept away. His investment, it must be remembered, was in the chief office, in the Australian continent; and he could not withdraw it in London, excepting after a delay which of course would be utterly fatal, if any disaster really did threaten the bank.

But Burton was a man of decision and energy, otherwise this tale would not have been written; and after a disturbed and almost sleepless night, he rose with a settled resolution in his mind. He rose early, and after a show of eating his breakfast, left for London in much good time that he was there by eight o'clock. His first proceeding was to obtain a shipping list. By this he found that the mail left for Australia that evening, and that a private steamer left the docks that very morning—within three hours—also for Australia. His mind was at once made up. It is true that the time was excessively short for what he proposed to do; but he was not in a mood to be daunted by a little. A telegram told his wife of his intended departure—he had partly prepared her for this before leaving. He then hurried to his London bank and drew out nearly the whole of his balance, and while doing this he heard some muttered conversation among the strangers waiting at the counter, which proved that others besides himself suspected the soundness of the Gulf Bank. In a few minutes time he had paid for his passage by the Cerberus, and was pleased to hear the clerk who took his money say—although he knew well enough it was a mere matter of course—that she was a remarkably fast vessel, a splendid sea boat, and sure to beat the mail by at the very least—the clerk was emphatic on this point—at the very least from a week to ten days. To an old colonist, half an hour in an outfitter's was quite enough to supply him with all he required; and, when shortly before noon he stepped upon the gangway leading to the Cerberus, no one would have supposed that three or four hours before he had not dreamed of the existence of such a vessel.

The captain of the Cerberus—which splendid sea-boat had her steam up and her decks pretty nearly cleared of idlers by the time Mr. Burton arrived—was rather surprised at this unexpected accession to his list of passengers, which, by the way was but a scanty one, the immediate sailing of the mail-boat effectually checking anything like a plethora. There was something in the look and manner of the new-comer, however, which impressed the skipper, and he inwardly decided that he should be very friendly with this latest arrival. In coming to this conclusion he was a truer prophet than he at all suspected.

The mail herself could not have been more punctual in starting than was the Cerberus. This noonday sun was shining brilliantly on a beautifully calm and tranquil day in spring when she cast loose from her moorings; her great engines began to beat and throb; and in five minutes more her few passengers were gazing over her stern at the receding quay which they had just left, and the faces of those who still stood there, waving their caps and handkerchiefs, were indistinct and blurred. All that day and all that night she made steady way; the next morning dawned brilliantly; the good ship was well into the English Channel; and on the day following, the great Atlantic would be fairly beneath her keel. Mr. Burton felt as he sat at breakfast that his voyage had begun auspiciously; but the next instant came the damping thought that the mail-boat had also started under favourable auspices, and he remembered, too, that let her auspices be favourable or not, she was bound under a penalty to make the voyage in a fixed number of days. He was sufficiently versed in nautical matters, and especially steam nautical matters, to know that although they were making very fair progress, they were by no means doing their utmost, nor indeed was it likely that they would press on with any extraordinary energy, as there was no need for the vessel to arrive by any given day at the Gulf. Although this might have been said of the ship and her passengers generally, it by no means applied to Mr. Burton, who keeping his eye on the captain, when for the first time he saw the latter enter his little sanctum on the deck, boldly followed him. The captain turned with a somewhat surprised air, and said "Yes, Sir;" as though Mr. Burton had spoken, and clearly intended to ask, "What next?"

Burton quietly closed the door after him, and could not help smiling as he did so, for he felt that this proceeding must strike the skipper much as the cautious closing of the tavern door by the other captain had struck him. However, he said: "Can you spare me three minutes, captain Bowman?"

"Certainly, Sir; I am at your service," replied the commander; but as he spoke, a slight cloud came over his bronzed face and altered its hearty expression, for he thought, even when he made his civil reply, "Now, what's up? Are you some precious forger or swindler who is going to confide in me? Or are you a detective who thinks there is some one on board whom you might arrest?"

"Don't think that there is any great trouble to you in my application," said Burton, smiling again, for he partly divined the other's thoughts; "yet I want you to do me a favour—a very great favour, Captain."

The skipper looked an interrogation and Burton went on: "Can your boat, doing her best, with half-a-day's start, beat the mail?"

"She could, perhaps," returned the seaman, with an emphasis which implied that she was not very likely to try.

"I daresay," pursued Burton, "that to do so will give you some trouble, more work, and perhaps incur some extra expense for fuel and the like?"

"It would," said the captain, briefly.

"And cause more work to others, also, I suppose," continued Burton.

"It would," again answered the skipper. "The engineer would grumble more than a little, for we have not enough stokers for a voyage at full speed."

"Have you sufficient coal?" asked Burton.

"Why—yes, perhaps we have," was the reply; but there was an increasing dryness in Captain Bowman's tone which seemed to imply that he had had almost enough of the conversation.

Burton saw this, and went straight to the point. "Captain Bowman, he said, "I have the most pressing of reasons for wishing to arrive at the Gulf before the mail. My only chance was to come by you; and now ask you to get every knot out of the Cerberus that canvas and steam can compass, and, to be point-blank with you, let me say it shall be at my expense. I will pay, beforehand if you choose to estimate it, for every pound of extra coal you burn, so your employers shall not lose. I will, with your permission, pay your engineers double wages for the trip; and if you will accept it, I shall be glad to hand you this bank-note for one hundred pounds." With dramatic effect, he drew the note from his waistcoat pocket as he spoke, and offered it to the captain.

The sailor quite staggered back in his surprise, and gasped out: "Why—what—what is the reason?"

"The reason," interrupted Burton, "is simply that it is well worth my while, having great financial interests at stake, to spend three or four hundred pounds in beating the mail. It can do you no harm to accept this offer, for I will be prepared to prove that your money shall be paid whether you win the race or not, which is only fair, as the work will have been done in any case. Now, captain, I know you are a good-hearted fellow; you can confer a great benefit on me and mine by obliging me, and something tells me you will help me if you can."

"Well," said the skipper, after a moment's hesitation, "I will. It's a bargain. I will take your money, because I shall have earned it. I should advise you to speak to the first officer, Mr. Keeler; he is a poor man with a large family, so he won't object; and to Mr. Nutt, the chief engineer. Make your own terms with them, and they will manage the rest. I think we shall get in before the mail, for the Cerberus is the best of our line; while the Misbiron, which is luckily running this trip is the smallest and slowest of the mail service. Not but what," he added warningly, "they are all very fast, and we shall have to work very hard to beat her by a many hours as we started before her."

Mr. Burton thanked the captain, and acting upon his advice, sought the first officer and the engineer. With them he had no difficulty; the prospect of double pay for the whole of the voyage was sufficient to induce them to undertake any amount of work. The working engineers were equally ready; and within two hours of his conversation with the skipper the Cerberus was making a couple of knots additional per hour, which was equal, as Mr. Burton kept repeating to himself, to several hundred miles per week.

How earnestly he wished that the crank shaft of the mail would break, her screw get out of order, or some casualty, not fatal, but retarding, would happen to their dreaded pursuer! That is, if she were still the pursuer, and had not already got ahead of them. It never seemed possible, in all his speculations, that any such accidents could happen to his vessel; she was, of course, to run unchecked and unchecked voyage, and so indeed it happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hairless Man—a Problem of Human Evolution.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

The gorilla has only very partially acquired the erect position, and probably asks but little in the attitudes common to man. But if a developing anthropoid ape were to grow more and more upright in his carriage, and to lie more and more upon his back and sides, we might naturally expect that the hair upon those portions of his body would grow thinner and thinner, and that the usual characteristics of the mammalia as to dorsal and ventral pilosity would be completely reversed. This is just what has probably happened in the case of man. In proportion as he grew more erect, he must have lain less and less upon his stomach, and more and more upon his back or sides. For fully developed man, with the peculiar set of his neck, face, and limbs, it is almost impossible to rest upon his stomach. On the other hand, all savage races lie far more upon their backs than even Europeans with chairs, sofas, couches, and easy-chairs; for the natural position of savage man during his lazy hours is to stretch himself on the ground in the sun, with his eyes closed, and with his back propped, where possible, by a slight mound or the wall of his hut. Any person who has lived much among negroes or South Sea Islanders, must have noticed how constant is this attitude with men, women, and children, at every idle moment. Nor must we forget the peculiar manner in which human mothers must necessarily have carried their infants from a very early period in the developement of our race. During the first eighteen months of life the human infant must always be held, or laid, more or less, upon its back; and this position will probably tend to check the developement of hair upon the dorsal and lateral regions. Next let us ask what is the actual distribution of hair upon the body of man. Omitting those portions where the ornamental use of hair has specially preserved it, the most hairy region is generally, so far as my observations go, the fore part of the leg or shin. Obviously this is a region very little likely to come in contact with external objects. On the other hand, the most absolutely hairless places are the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, after which come the elbows, and at a long interval the knees and knuckles. The back is very hairless, and so are the haunches. But the legs are more hairy than the body, both in front and behind, though less hairy on the calf than on the shin. Now, it will be obvious that both by day and night we rest more upon our backs and haunches than upon our legs, the latter being free when we sit down on a chair or bench, doubled in front of us when we squat on the ground, (the normal position of savages,) and thrown about loosely when we lie down. Especially would we conclude that this would be the case with early races, unembarrassed by the weight of bed-clothes. As for the arms, it is noticeable that they still retain the ordinary mammalian habit of being hairier on the back than on the front; and this also is quite in accordance with our present suggestion, because the same differentiating causes have not worked upon the arm as work upon the back and legs. The peculiar position of the anterior extremities in man, together with the erect posture, makes the arms come much more frequently into frictional contact with the body or clothing on their inner than on their outer surface. Hair grows most abundantly where there is normally least friction and *vice versa*. It may be noted, however, that while the first joint of the fingers is hairy, the second joint, answering to the callosity of the gorilla, is generally bare.

Tea Stories.

Queer stories are told of the advent of tea in the fashionable market. The ignorance of its preparation was illimitable, and the ladies, determined to break loosely on the heels of fashion, were compelled to take lessons in the art of brewing it. One lady, before consenting to become a candidate for culinary honours, boiled several pounds and served it as a vegetable. Another, equally stupid, stuffed her table with it as dried fruit, and naturally failed to relish it. At the tea-parties in the seventeenth century, the leaves from which the tea had been drawn were handed round to be eaten as a great delicacy, with bread and butter. To refuse one to affront the giver of this delightful entertainment and to stamp yourself an "outer barbarian" in the realms of gentility. Not so very long ago it was the general custom to carry to New England tea parties one's own cup or tea dish. The latter curious vessel, by the way (from eight to ten inches square and an inch deep) gave rise to the phrase, "a dish of tea." This whim of carrying one's own teacup to "tea fights" had its difficulties and inconveniences, for how did these guests dispose of their soiled china? The chronicle is as mute as a fish on this point, and we are left to infer that they either carried the sticky articles home in their pockets, or dispensed with the quest before the reign of crockery-breaking Biddies began. No guest of a nineteenth century "kettle" would invite annihilation to his cherished heirlooms through the unsanitary, manling practised impartially in our modern kitchens on iron pots and china pans.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION was the most stylish man in England of his time. When he put on his tin helmet and cast-iron gauntlets and a pair of laminated steel boots, and picked up a club with an iron knob, with a steel spike in the end, and set forth on a crusade, the fashionable society of that day considered him just "dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time, when he was dressed up that way a fellow killed him.

THE Peruvians seem to have barked up the wrong enemy.

The Princess Christina.

Princess Christina, of Montpoucier, writes a Paris correspondent, will be missed from the aristocratic salons of Paris. She was much more Bourbon than her sister Mercedes, and prettier than the Comtesse de Paris until her nose became too strongly aquiline. When first brought out here, seven years ago, I thought I never saw a lovelier blonde. I suppose she was related ten times over, at least, to the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg through the Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons, which accounted for her striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette. She had the waving, slender, lithe, and not lean, figure of that ill-starred sovereign; the blonde hair, turned up with gold, the blue eyes, and the transparent complexion, which had only one defect—it would not take shadow. I used to see the princess Christina at the ministry for foreign affairs and at Chantilly. When I saw her when her beauty was most perfect was at a soirée given some years back by M. and Mme Waddington, at the ministry of public instruction. She was walking in a crowd towards the inner room, where places were reserved for distinguished guests. A burst of admiration greeted her as she passed along. The burnished hair had the effect of a nimbus in the light. It was dressed in the Marie Antoinette style, and the Princess wore a Trianon bodice of pink silk, with a neckerchief and frill of old lace. "What pleasure it must give you," I thought as she passed on, "to catch a glimpse of yourself in the glass." Latterly, much of the beauty of which that night had so vividly impressed me disappeared. The Princess was said to have lost her heart to a young Englishman of inferior rank. The delicate blush-roses on her cheek faded, the lilies withered, the hard lovelines of the eye vanished, the nose became a bold aquiline. In this phase she only looked well on horseback. Of riding, she and her sisters were passionately fond. In private the infanta always dressed in black, according to the Spanish custom. All hope of realizing the Spanish marriages policy dies with the Infanta Christina, who was reserved after the death of Mercedes for Alfonso. The matrimonial alliance which her father had negotiated for her with the duke of Aosta (Amadeus of Italy) was abandoned. Last February the Duke DeCazes and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris went to Madrid to break down the opposition in the Palacio Real to a match between the king and the Princess Christina. It is worthy of note that Dr. Goenden de Mussy, when called to Seville to give medical advice, warned the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier not to suffer their daughter to take food, drink, or medicine which had not been prepared by the hands of attached and faithful servants. This betrayed a suspicion that poison had aggravated the malady (typhoid fever) from which she was suffering when Dr. Gueneau de Mussy saw her.

Four children of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier have died of this disease. They were each carried away in the prime of life, with the exception of Prince Ferdinand, who died at the age of 13 at the Bishop of Orleans school at St. Cyronnin. In their solicitude for the beauty of their sons and daughters the duke and duchess caused them to be revaccinated every six years. Perhaps this may account for the deadly clutch which typhoid fever laid upon them. The blood cannot with impunity be saturated periodically with a morbid principle.

A Paris paper gives the following details of the princess' death: The Princess Christina, of Spain, a vision of beauty with a cloud of sunshiny hair about her, was never strong, even as a child, and the death of her young sister, Queen Mercedes, had a terrible effect upon her nerves. She said many times, "I ought to have died instead of Mercedes," and from the hour of her sister's death until she herself was seized with the illness which was destined to destroy her, her whole mind seemed occupied in the consideration of things supernatural, mystical, and not of this world. Guenau de Mussy has no hesitation in saying that the life of Queen Mercedes ought to have been saved, but he condemned the Princess Christina, the moment he auscultated her. One lung was gone and the other rapidly going. On the very last Christina kept souvenirs of her sister by her on the bed, a locket, a bracelet, and a pocket-handkerchief, which the late queen of Spain had carried just before her fatal illness being with the elder sister up to the very last. One night drifted out of life to meet another still clinging to a few trivial souvenirs of the love which bound them together.

The Princess Christina died at 8:30 p. m. In the morning she had sent for all the persons of her household, and had bidden them an affectionate farewell, thanking them for their kindness and devotion. At 10 o'clock she said to her mother, "I feel I am going. I see Amelie and Mercedes coming to meet me, and calling for me. Give me all my jewellery and my rings." She then distributed her gifts among her parents and relatives. Among other things there was a splendid casket which had been bought by the Duke de Montpensier on the occasion of the fête of Queen Mercedes and sent by him to that unfortunate princess just a few days before her untimely end. The king had given it to the Infanta Christina as a souvenir. On Monday, referring to the casket, she said: "Give it back to Alfonso. It will remind him of Christina and Mercedes." Then, after a pause, "My sisters tell me come to them. I shall die at 8 o'clock." She fell asleep, but woke at 9, and said gently: "Ah! there is Mercedes!" Her pet name for her sister—"so at last I am going to pray, little pet again!" Thus she died. The body was exposed in a *chapelle ardente* dressed in the robe she wore on her first communion. The first day the princess looked as if she was not dead, but sleeping; but on the second day, as her poor mother was praying by her body, a stream of blood came trickling from the mouth, and the duchess would have fallen to the ground had she not been caught by the Countess de Paris. The Duke de Montpensier is completely overwhelmed, but he refuses to be comforted and is rebellious in his grief. "What have I done to be punished so?" he constantly exclaims. The duchess, on the other hand, is the very model of holy and saintly resignation.

Discovery of Old Coin in Mayo.

A few days back a countryman named Henegan was lucky enough to come across quite a heap of old silver coin. Some thirty or forty yards off the shore of Ballysokeery there is a small island—an ancient burial ground—called "King's Island," accessible on foot at low water. The man and his child were engaged in collecting seaweed on the island, and under the bank, quite close to some of the graves, they saw some coin. On further search being made, an old box was found, more than a foot square, quite full, about two stone weight. The coin are very thin and of various sizes, from a florin to a threepenny-piece. The inscription is legible on some of them, and dates of the 11th and 12th centuries appear. The words "David Rex Scotorum" can be read on some of them, and the monarch's head, with long hair and crown.

Bicycle Meet in Glasgow.

An interesting spectacle was witnessed in Glasgow on the occasion of the first meet of the united of the bicyclists of Glasgow and the district. No fewer than 176 members of clubs and unattached bicyclists assembled at the rendezvous in Blythswood Square, every one well mounted, and sporting the favourite costume, navy blue jacket and knickerbockers, with dark-coloured stockings. Captains and officials of clubs wore a uniform of green cloth and cap with gold trimmings. The bugle sounded shortly after four o'clock, and the novel procession started off in Indian file amid the cheers of a large crowd assembled to witness their departure. During their progress the bicyclists attracted considerable attention.

CAVALRY officers' first chargers—The military tailors and outfitters.