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On the

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A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE

Confectionery

will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—

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CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.,

always in stock.

This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.

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Shingles,

Which will be sold

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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.

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ANY person in want of a good sett of Harness, either

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Should call at

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Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.

A good assortment of

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On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Repairing promptly attended to.

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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

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This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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Post Office Box 4586.

Summer.

The pen of summer, diamond-tipped,
Its busy hour day after day,
Spends by one the hours it will spend
Their beads upon The rosary.
A few more days will they unwind—
Her last sweet song will soon be penned;
And summer verges close to fall.
The book is surging toward the end.

Each beauteous songs of flowers and birds,
Of leafy woods and babbling brooks,
As she has fashioned in quaint words,
In this her choicest of all books!
Her choicest of all books, I say,
Because no summer ever before
Has been so primed day after day
My heart was fain to live it o'er.

The truest poet Nature is:
Hour after hour her skilful pen
Thrills us to that ecstatic line
We never find in songs of men.
Round in the sky's own gold and blue,
Each song a song of perfectness—
Year after year a volume new
Is issued from her busy press.

This slipping now the summer's grasp
With rhyme and rhythm is so sweet,
It only needs the golden clasp
Of autumn-time to be complete.

CASTLE GARDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "AFTER ALL," "MARRIED IN BLACK," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE THRESHOLD OF A MYSTERY.

Miss Featherstone wears a blue dress this evening. Jack takes her in to dinner, but I think he would have preferred a certain daffodil silk with yellow roses. He takes rather more wine than is good for him after dinner, but I manage to get him into the drawing-room at last. There he devotes himself to Miss Featherstone recklessly, and, when we are riding down Carraghbawn in the light of the harvest moon, three hours afterwards, he tells me that he has proposed again for his second cousin, and been accepted, as he knew he should be.

"And I doubt I've done the worst job I ever did in my life!" he concludes.

Time will not hang heavy on my hands at Castle Garde. It seemed hard lines to come to Ireland to stay at a house where there were no Irish girls; but, whatever attractions a girl may or may not have for me, girls in general cannot weigh for a moment against the more powerful fascinations of horse and dog, rod and gun. I am a born sportsman, and Castle Garde is the place to come to for sport.

We seldom trouble the house from an early breakfast to an eight-o'clock dinner, and I think both the doctor and Mrs Carew are very well pleased with this arrangement. The doctor is not a hunting man, though he understands horses thoroughly, and goes in very considerably for their breeding and training. I think he seldom leaves the house, or at all events the vicinity of the house; and Mrs. Carew never goes out. She tells me she finds it so hard to get the horses, and the doctor disapproves so much of gadding about, that she has given up visiting altogether. Jack tries to get her out, even to take a turn up and down the avenue; but it worries her so much that he gives it up too. She always has a frightened nervous look; but I think it is more remarkable when the doctor is present, though he never sneers at her as he does at Jack, or turns on her savagely, as he turns upon the servants. I do not like the doctor, for all his jovial manner. He has a cold eye and a soft hand, both things to which I have an invincible dislike—in a man. Jack does not go over to Carrick for two whole days. I wonder what his lady-love thinks; but I never mention the subject to him. Now that the suspense is over, he seems to have regained his natural lazy equanimity; yet I sometimes think he is not very happy for all that. He smokes more than is good for him, and is very abrupt in his answers to the doctor, more than abrupt.

Once I asked him how Miss Fetherstone had received his half-hearted proposal that night at Carrick, but he would not give me any satisfaction. "She took it quite as a matter of course," he said—and he was glad of it. It was lucky she did not care about romance or that sort of thing, since it had all been taken out of the affair as far as they were concerned. He did think it rather hard that a fellow could not do his own courting, but it seemed he—Jack Carew—was not to have that common privilege. However, there was no use in talking about it now. He had done what was expected of him on all sides, and, if he was to be the Marcus Curtius of the Carew family, he might as well act the part with a good grace. I am not sure that Miss Fetherstone will think he is acting it with a very good grace. However, I am not over-anxious to play the part of dairy-picker to my friend, or to go out fishing and shooting by myself, so I do not urge him overmuch to go to Carrick. I am afraid what influence I possess is used in the contrary direction.

So two whole days pass. The third is tremendously hot for September, a tremulous haze wavering over the hills and the woods, the lake without a ripple heaving in long glassy undulations up to where the cattle stand, knee-keep, along the shore. Gold and green dragon-flies skate over the waters; every flag and rush and island of weeds is reflected with photographic clearness; the great shadow of Knockmony wavers in black lines half-way across the lake. Jack, in a lazy mood, prefers the broken-down bench under the laurels—sacred to the memory of dead-and-gone loons whose initials are carved all over it—and one of Lever's novels to more active pastime, while I amuse myself by cleaning my guns and mending my fishing-tackle, and long for the evening.

It is perhaps two o'clock when I find myself rambling through the shrubbery at the side of the house, old Juno at my heels, and my favourite meerschaum in full play, to keep off the midges. I am thinking more of fur and feather than family mysteries; but I find myself in for one of the last before I am aware.

The high wall of the kitchen-garden closes in the shrubbery on one side, beyond the ancestral elm the preservation of which is of such vital consequence to the head of the Carew family. There is in this wall an old door; and to-day, for the first time, I find it standing ajar. I put my head in, not so much from curiosity as from want of thought, being intensely preoccupied at the moment in calculating the advantages of choke-bores over the ordinary kind. There is not much to be seen here; in this Jack has spoken the truth. The place is for the most part a perfect wilderness, with great tracts of nettles and cabbage-stalks, and refuse of vegetables and every kind of garden rubbish. All along by the wall runs a straight alley, well trodden, as if people were in the habit of constantly passing up and down it. I glance to right and left; the whole place looks as if it had not been "put to rights" within the memory of man. Only this one shady and secluded alley next the wall seems constantly used; and I wonder very much whose feet have trodden it so frequently that no moss or weeds have grown over it as they have grown over the rest of the place. My wonder is of short duration. I draw back suddenly; for, coming towards me, from the upper end, is a man in seedy black, dragging a heavy Bath-chair after him, his head so bent forward that he does not perceive me. In the Bath-chair sits a muffled figure with a large green gauze veil tied closely over his head and face. This much I take in, and then I make good my escape, feeling that I have done what I ought not to have done.

Who is that muffled figure, covered up so carefully from the September sunshine? Is it Jack's old nurse, of whom such extreme care is taken as to provide her with Bath-chair exercise? I cannot help thinking the Carews must be wonderfully considerate people to take such care about an octogenarian servant.

More than once afterwards I look at the old garden door curiously, but I never find it open again. The thick bush of ivy hangs over it, and nettles and docks grow about its threshold, and grey snails take up their abode in the keyhole, and a spider spins a grey web across it, stuck full of the legs and wings of moths and bumble-bees, and it looks as if it had not been opened for centuries. I could almost believe I had dreamed of finding it open, did I not sometimes hear the slow rumble of wheels inside the wall. I never hear the sound of voices; old Nancy, if old Nancy it be, holds no communication with her charioteer. I often wonder how that decent-looking man in seedy black can bring himself to perform such a menial task as that of dragging a heavy Bath-chair up and down with nobody in it but an old servant. I also wonder why Nancy keeps her face tied up in that thick green veil. But I never ask any questions, and indeed forget to ask them when I have the chance.

Leaving the shrubbery to-day, again absorbed in the question of choke-bore or no choke-bore, chilled shot and shot that is not chilled, I find myself in the drive, walking slowly with my hands in my pockets and my eyes on the ground—it is all the same to me where I walk, when my thoughts get on a question connected with sport. But I am suddenly aware of a lady coming towards me, looking about her eagerly and curiously—a tall slender woman in a brown silk dress, brown cloth paletot, a brown bonnet with a pale rose in it, a short thickish veil, and carrying a slim silk umbrella in her hand.

I wonder who she can be. I have certainly never seen her here before—and yet something in her face strikes me as being strangely familiar to me. She is what a Frenchman would politely call "between the ages;" she has a sallow face, sharp features, black wavy hair, and a pair of remarkably bright brown eyes that give me an uncomfortable impression of having seen them before, either in a dream or in reality. She looks hard at me as she passes, and turns to look after me. I know it, because I turn to look at her, and catch her doing it. On my way back I meet her again. This time she crosses over to me, and addresses me with extreme politeness. Again I am startled by the familiar sound of her voice.

"Pardon me, but can you tell me who lives in the great house yonder?"

"Doctor Carew lives there. Did you want to see him?"

"Oh, no! I have no business with Dr. Carew. But I feel an interest in the place—it is so old and picturesque. It is very old, this place, is it not?"

"It is rather old."

"Where I come from everything is so new. Am I trespassing when I come in to admire this fine old place?"

"I am sure you are welcome to admire it as much as you like."

"Oh, thanks! You are young Mr. Carew?"

"No; I am only visiting here. My name is Ratherford."

"There will be a great many visitors staying in that great house?"

"I am the only visitor staying there at present," I answer rather shortly.

Her accent is peculiar, a mixture of Canadian French and Yankee, and I fancy her questions savour of the latter nationality. I leave her standing in the middle of the drive, swinging her slim umbrella to and fro softly, pondering what she has heard, or perhaps what she has not heard.

I mention the incident to Jack, but it does not interest him. She is a stranger to the place evidently—probably belongs to some party of American tourists staying at the hotel higher up the river. There is fine fishing on the river, and a great many people come down to stay at the little hotel during the fishing and shooting season. It is kept by a rascal of the name of O'Halloran, who "did" Jack out of a "pony" five or six years ago. So much I elicit; and Jack returns to the adventures of *Harry Lorrequer* in utter unconcern.

"How often humanity stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving!"

We go out after dinner to "pot" rabbits, but the evening is as sultry as the day has been, and we have very little sport. It is about nine o'clock when I unburden myself of shot-pouch and powder-flask in the hall, and walk into the drawing-room. We do not generally go in for tea, but to-night I have an idea that a cup of it would not be a bad thing. Jack promises to join me in a few minutes, but I do not put much faith in his promise. I find Mrs. Carew sitting at the table, unoccupied, as usual. Whenever I see her, she is sitting up at her place at the table, with the old frightened, wistful look in her face. She always seems to me like a person who is expecting something, her ears on the alert, her eyes on the door. I wonder what household affairs occupy her all day long, and will not let her be at rest even in her own drawing-room.

She gives me a cup of tea, and entertains me in her own timid gentle way, with her eyes always on the door. She asks me if we have been over to Carrick to-day, and, when I tell her "No," she seems greatly distressed.

"I wish Jack would go over there; his father will be so angry. Did you see Audrey, Mr. Ratherford?"

"I saw Miss Fetherstone. Is her name Audrey?"

"Yes; she is called after her grandmother, Audrey Devigne. Don't you think her a nice-looking girl, Mr. Ratherford?"

"I think her awfully pretty, Mrs. Carew."

"Jack won't see it," sighed Jack's mother. "He thinks that little Miss Aylmer twice as nice. It is such a pity!"

"What's a pity?"

"That Jack and Audrey were not allowed to manage their own affairs. I do believe Jack would have fallen in love with her of his own accord if they had been left alone."

"He's a lucky fellow!" I ejaculate, again wishing myself in his shoes.

"He won't think so, unfortunately. But it's all her poor father's fault. He married for money himself, poor man!" And Jane Carew's sigh reminds me of a story I have heard about that same Tom Fetherstone and his pretty cousin—something about a mistake or a duel, or something which had separated them; and I look at the faded face before me and try to realise that it was once young and fair.

"Yes, he married for money, but he was born and bred at Castle Garde—his mother was a Carew—and always had a fancy that his daughter should marry my son, and so bring the money to the old place. But it was a mistake to engage the children—a great mistake! If the doctor hadn't been so anxious for it too, I should never have allowed Tom to do it. But the doctor persuaded me."

I fancy from her tone that the doctor's persuasions might be called by another name; but I only sit opposite to her, leaning over the back of my chair, silently thinking of Audrey Fetherstone's grave eyes.

"Audrey is at Carrick a good deal—has been since her poor father's death. Before that they travelled about abroad. She's not a girl one would take to in a minute, like Sibyl Aylmer; but I'm very fond of her. She has often come over to see me; but Castle Garde is a dull place for young girls, and the doctor doesn't care to see company."

"Is Miss Fetherstone related to the Powerscourts?"

"Oh, no! Lady Mary is her godmother, that is all. She is English, you know, and was a great friend of her mother's."

I am thinking that Audrey Fetherstone had made more impression on me "in a minute" than even Sibyl Aylmer, when the servant Conolly puts his head in at the door, with consternation on every one of his purely Celtic features.

"The big elem's father comin' down, ma'am. The saints be between harm and us this night!"

"The elm!" Mrs. Carew exclaims, rising from her chair. "Where is your master?"

"Isn't he beyant, himself and Masther Jack and a whole crowd of 'em, looking at it! I wondher yez never heard it; it fairly shook the ground undher us."

"Conolly"—for Conolly is eager to deliver his portentous news in other directions—"what did your master say when the tree fell?"

"He larfed, ma'am, and set he to Masther Jack, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' ez he, and 'Yez must all drink my health'"—which recollection carries Conolly away in a great hurry.

Mrs. Carew lets him go, and stands still in her place, a shocked look on her face. I am surprised that she should mind a mere nonsensical piece of superstition so much.

"You don't think any harm will come to the doctor?" I asked trying to cheer her up.

"The doctor! Oh, no—no harm will come to him!" she answers vaguely.

"But there's no danger to any one but the head of the house, you know!"

"He laughed," she repeats, paying me no attention—"Conolly says he laughed! Oh, it is too horrible!"

She looks so queer that I am glad when the doctor and Jack appear.

"The old elm has bit the dust at last!" the doctor exclaims, rubbing his hands together jovially. "Wood enough to make coffins for the whole pariah—though they say 'tis I shall want a coffin before the year is out!"

"I would not laugh about it," Mrs. Carew murmurs, with a shiver.

"It won't hurt me, my dear—you know that," the doctor says significantly; but the fact does not seem to afford her much consolation.

"Don't laugh about it, Godfrey; it makes me feel quite ill to think you could do that."

"Mother, don't be a fool!" Jack says, putting his arm about her poor thin shoulders. "We gave them a gallon of whiskey to drink his health and long life to him, down-stairs, and surely that will counteract the fall of a rotten old tree."

I am not naturally superstitious myself, as I have said before, but the incident impresses me more than it appears to impress Jack Carew. I cannot help thinking of the grand old tree, which had battled with so many winter gales, to fall at last when there was not a breath of wind in the air.

CHAPTER IV.

IN CHURCH.

We breakfast later than usual at Castle Garde on Sunday, but beyond this I see no difference between it and the week-days. We pay our usual morning round of visits to stable and kennel, decide as to which of Vixen's pups are to survive, and lean over the paddock gate, smoking, criticising the action of the young horses as they start away across the field, or patting their velvet noses when they put them over the bars.

But at half-past eleven Jack looks at his watch.

"If we're going to put in an appearance at church, it's time to be off. What do you say, Charlie?"

"I've no objection," I answer; so we indue ourselves into orthodox Sunday go-to-meeting costume, and take the short cut through the plantations up to Fort, over the shoulder of Carraghbawn.

It is a fine autumnal morning, cool in the shade; warm in the sunshine. A heavy dew still weighs down the ferns under the trees, and hangs like hoar-frost on the rank long grasses and massed coltsfoot leaves and bronzed brambles down by the brook. The trees are beginning to take a more decidedly autumn tinge especially the chestnuts. Here and there a copper-beech—the wise tree of the woods—stands up among the others, purple-black; here and there a mountain-ash hangs out its reefs of coral berries. Jack and I pay a visit to the fallen elm on our way, and stand looking at it with a curiosity that has very little superstition in it. The great old tree blocks up the path completely, and trails its branches over the grass for several yards. I see the fine patches on the gnarled old branches, the wooden pillars that had held up its ponderous weight, and I wonder how many generations of Carews have lived and died since the seedling had sent up its two first protecting leaves.

"I think your mother believed in the omen, Jack," I observe.

"If she did, my father didn't. He seemed quite jolly about it, didn't he? But of course it's all nonsense."

"Castle Garde is a grand place for mysteries. A ghost, and an ancestral elm! I feel as if I had got into the middle of one of Ainsworth's romances!"

"It's not good for much else!" my friend mutters, kicking the fallen tree rather savagely. "It's about the dullest old den in Christendom!"

"I don't find it dull. I am quite interested in it."

"Don't be too much interested in it," Jack laughs—"you will find it doesn't pay. I know no more of my father's affairs than the man in the moon, except that we are in a chronic state of shortness of cash, and that the old place will go to the dogs very soon if a good round sum is not forthcoming."

"Which you have secured——"

"At an enormous interest. You can vouch for it, Charlie, that I worked hard for it at the diggings—as hard as any fellow there—and should have got it too, if the Jade Fortune had not played me such a shabby trick."

He alludes to a claim he had bought, worked at for three months without clearing his expenses, but which had yielded, on the day after it passed into other hands, one of the biggest nuggets on record. He certainly had been unfortunate. I had neither an estate to save nor a bride to escape, neither had I worked one quarter as hard as he had, yet I had realized ten thousand pounds.

"It would be a pity to lose Castle Garde," I say, looking round at the grand old trees, at the glimpse of wooded hill behind the house, at the blue serene lake, and the sunny slopes running down to the water's edge.

"If it was mine to-morrow, I'd sell it and emigrate!" Jack answers. "I hear the church bell, so we'd better look sharp."

We reach the church just as the little tinkling bell stops ringing. The Castle Garde pew is at the upper end of the little dark church. Jack takes the corner from which he can best "rake" the rest of the congregation. I have not been in a church for more than a year, and even the simple service and the hymns—the execution of which by a choir of Sunday-school children is below criticism—impress me. Jack Carew has been absent from religious observances for an equally long period, but I do not think he feels about it as I do. The Carrick pew, on the opposite side, corresponds to ours. It is so crowded that some of the young Pomeroys have overflowed into ours. The ladies are extensively got up—Miss Aylmer looks like a pink rose transformed into a human being; Lady Mary is splendid in lilac silk, Mrs. Phair—her married daughter—equally imposing. But I like Miss Fetherstone's dress best—a plain linen one, edged with white, with a little white straw hat or bonnet—I do not know which—with one big soft feather curled round it.

She never glances up at Jack, and I do not think Jack looks at her. But I meet the grave look of her large cold brown eyes more than once, and they give me a curious sensation. She has a beautiful child-like face, but it is a proud face too; and I fancy could look haughty as well as proud. Jack finds grey-blue Irish eyes more attractive than dark ones, I am afraid, and Miss Aylmer's cheeks grow gradually as pink as her dress, though she tries to keep the same dangerous eyes demurely fixed upon her ivory-bound Church-service.

Dr. Lane treats us to an interminable sermon. Sitting down, our view is limited to the four oak sides of our own pew and the space of wall directly above it. This circumscribed space palls upon me inexpressibly. With folded arms I lean back in my corner—Jack and the young Pomeroys are not half, but wholly, asleep—and vaguely study the pattern of the old carpet footstools—wonder who owns the dilapidated prayer and hymn books lying on the dusty blue cushions, and what equally bored individuals carved all the initials on the oak panel exactly opposite to me. Then my eye wanders to the wall above Jack's head, and to the three mural tablets inserted therein. I muse over these for a long time. "Sacred to the memory." These words sadden me; they are so vague, so unsatisfactory, so hypothetical. One records the death of Godfrey Carew of Castle Garde, who died ten years before, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The other and smaller tablet is sacred to the memory of Godfrey Carew aged four years and five months, dearly beloved child of Godfrey and Jane Carew. But the centre monument, bearing date a year before the old man's death, runs as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN CAREW,
Eldest son of Godfrey Carew, of Castle Garde,
Who lost his life in an encounter with Indians
In the Wilds of North-West America,
May the 18th, 18—
Aged 38.

Dreamily I read the words over and over again. I stare at the ugly urn, draped in folds of dusty marble, on the top of the polyhedron, and think it is a poor thing to be dead, after all, to be remembered only when the eye falls upon such a hideous thing as that! I know nothing of the people whom these marbles commemorate beyond the fact that one was Jack's grandfather, and that the others must have been his uncle and brother; but I find myself wondering if they were really "deeply regretted," or if any single living being would be glad to see them if they could return from their far-off bourne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bone Caves in Ireland.

(From the London Times.)

The bone cave at Shanden, near Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, accidentally discovered some twenty years ago, was the first Irish cave which produced animal remains belonging to the pleistocene period. In it were found remains of the mammoth horse, bear, wolf and reindeer. Prof. Leith Adams, in his report on the exploration of this cave, (1876), surmised that it was an enormous shelter-shed where the wild denizens repaired to end their days or for the purpose of dragging in their prey, and he suggested that it required only funds and some enterprise to discover other caverns in the neighbourhood of this one containing abundance of pleistocene animal remains. One such has within the last few days been discovered near Cappoquin, at a distance of about seven miles from the Shandon cave, by Mr. Usher, of Cappagh. This new cavern is of large size, and appears to have been occupied at a very remote period by bears, portions of whose skeletons are to be met with in the lower deposits of the floor; but the chief interest in this discovery rests in the fact that the remains of the great Irish elk (*Megaceros Hibernicus*) were found in it, in conjunction with the bones of other deer and of bears, and along with a polished greenstone celt (neolithic) and several stone rubbers. There were also some very remarkable and strong evidences met with of the association of man with the great Irish elk, for, on the authority of Prof. Leith Adams, in whose presence these remains were taken out of the cave, and by whom they were packed up for further observation, we learn that many of the bones of the mageceros were evidently split for their marrow, and several elk cannon-bones were found fashioned into awls and gauges, showing that man was not only contemporaneous with the giant stag of Ireland, but also may have in some measure helped to exterminate it. The explorations of this cave are still going on, and they promise to open out a new era in the prehistoric history of Ireland.

A LADY who had had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said: "In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen enquired with languid surprise, 'Is there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?'—'a somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented drily, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

"Which would you prefer teaching" asked the visitor, "boys or girls?" "Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would have asked such a question as *that*. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

THE population of Africa is estimated at from 200,000,000 to 400,000,000.

"What Dreams May Come."

Some of the Strange Fancies that Flit Through the Brain.

DeQuincey describes the magnifying of real and common things, the feeling of tremendous despondency, the indescribable prolongation of time and extension of space—as elements in his opium visions. All these may characterize the dreams of fever, and with a most singular counterfeit of system and actuality. A sick man, for instance, lies in bed, and, half-waking, bethinks him of a drink of water. He feels himself arise, pass through the door of his chamber and enter the corridor. At once the bare walls stretch out in endless and changing vistas; he walks beneath Grecian colonnades for miles, down monstrous rows of inscrutable sphinxes, amid the massive desolations of Tadmor or Balbec, through the rumous closures of Asteo temples, under the stained eaves of Elephanta, or—for the changes of vision are as incongruous as they are immense—along narrow alleys shut in by lofty white fences, or sometimes through avenues of palms, or groves of pine: all nature and all architecture in a phantasmagoric procession with him for his little swallow of water. And reaching a stairway after an infinity of sand, it expands and descends like illimitable Egyptian pyramids, one upon the other, until they open into a mighty unfathomable maelstrom, which in its turn becomes the rugged sulphurous pit of a volcano descending into the very heart of the globe. This is very like some of De Quincey's experiences, but it is the veritable record of a recent invalid.

The grotesque and horrible mingle oddly in such derangements of the sleeping brain. The same dreamer found himself climbing with much labour an precipitous mountain, accompanied by a very beautiful lady with whom he had a casual acquaintance in real life. There was a joyous tumult of hundreds of people on the top of this mountain, and it appeared that they were erecting a monument to some person unknown. The lady proposed to help, and did so by the simple means of breaking out from the ledge a fragment of several tons' weight and, in the most natural way, tossing it to the top of the monument, where it immediately fitted in excellent shape. He followed the lady's example with equal success, and this indeed seemed the fit and proper method of building memorials. In a moment the lady, the merry crowd, the mountain, were not, and the first awful trump of the day of judgment was sounding; the skies wore a livid, ashen hue, and limned upon their vault, in place of sun or stars, which had fled away because there was no place for them, were gigantic figures of human and bestial shapes, and all the land was crowded with men and women and children, some screaming, some dumb and white with dismay, a few serene and happy, and some curious, and he noting down the phenomena and the incidents attending them. This was the dreamer's part, and as the figures shifted every now and then, as by some kaleidoscopic trick, he strove to organize a corps of observation, to regard each quarter of the heavens. There was nothing stranger, as the dreamer remembers this astonishing scene, than the curious irrelevance of the common-place houses and barns and churches: the people were about as he would have expected.

But swifter than a weaver's shuttle this scene, too, vanished, and the dreamer was in a great theatre, packed tier above tier with human beings, who were witnessing a series of tableaux vivants. There was announced as the closing picture, "The Equality of Man." The stage was set for a palace interior, and from a stately portal, in the blaze of many lights, there stepped a wierdly consorted pair, arm in arm. One was a woman of unearthly beauty, robed with consummate elegance, adorned with jewels, and with the mien of a sovereign. Her companion, upon whose arm she leaned, was a woman also—a colossal negress of the most hideous African type. As the two appeared, the lady turned her splendid face upon the black, and leered; the other grinned; and the house broke into tempestuous laughter—from pit to roof, one horrible rush and din of laughter. Even while they laughed the lady's face fell away into the corruption of the grave, and all her garments and adornments were filthy rags, and the negro mask became a grinning skull—"the equality of man"—and the chorus of the theatre became a vast volume of hisses and cries of anger. The dreamer awoke with that sight and those sounds thrilling every nerve, and "cried aloud."—

Spanish Living and Dying.

The Spanish father is absolute king and lord by his own hearthstone, but his sway is so mild that it is hardly felt. A light word between husband and wife goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. They cannot be divorced—they will not incur the scandal of a public separation—and so they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both thinking rather better of each other and of themselves for this atrocious persistence.

If men were never henpecked except by learned wives, Spain would be the place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright and vivacious but they have never crossed, even in school-day excursion, the border line of theologies. They have an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea that "a Christian woman in good society ought not to know anything beyond her cookery book and her missal."

An ordinary Spaniard is sick but once in his life, and the old traditions which represent the doctor and death as always hunting in couples still survive in Spain. In all well-to-do families the house of death is always deserted immediately after the funeral, and the stricken ones retire and pass eight days in inviolable seclusion. Children are buried in coffins of a grey colour, pink or blue, and carried open to the grave. A luxury of grief consists in shutting up the house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets in Madrid. The wife of a certain duke had died there many years before. The duke lived in Paris, leading a rattling life, but he would never sell or let that Madrid home. Perhaps, in his heart, that battered thoroughfare, there was a silent spot, where, through the gloom of dead days, he could catch the glimpse of a white hand, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel it sweeping over him the magic of love's dream, softening his fancy to tender regret.—*Castilian Days.*

A Train Wrecker's Confession.

Charles A. Freeman, who was arrested at Canandaigua for wrecking the New York Central passenger train at that place at midnight, made a confession stating that he alone was the cause of the wreck. He declared that he had a spite against the whole Catholic race and he was bound to exterminate every man, woman, and child of that religion. He avers that the train was loaded with Catholics, and his object was to kill off the whole lot. His family reside at Chenango Forks, Broome County. It is thought that he is either insane or feigning to be so to escape the penalty of his crime. The indignation against Freeman at Canandaigua is intense, and there was some talk of lynching him.

A GENTLEMAN, wishing to obtain board for his wife and family in the country, was directed to a neat-looking farmhouse kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to the terms," he said. "Waal," drawled the farmer, "you have six children?" "Yes, sir." The old man reflected a few moments and then resumed: "Last year I took children at half-price. Do you see them p'ar trees and burry bushes? Waal, this year I will charge full price for the young 'uns, and throw in your wife and yourself for nothin'."

AN international competition for reed and brass bands is in course of organization at Ghent for the 13th July.