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NEW BAKE SHOP
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., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
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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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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
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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.
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Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

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SONG.

The clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet;
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Kneel all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest;
I'm jealous of its arms of gold;
O, that those arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair!
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by—
O, convert I love me, or I die.

CASTLE GARDE.

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

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

SOME DEVELOPEMENTS.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me presently and pay my poor friend a visit. It will be a pleasure for me, if anything should happen, to know that I consulted a fellow-practitioner. Not that anything could be done for him that has not been done; but one distrusts one's own judgment sometimes, and it is always a satisfaction to know that no means were left untried to save life. You won't mind obliging me, will you?"

I do not care to be mixed up in the business in any way; but, being the doctor's guest, I cannot very well refuse. So at nine o'clock I follow him upstairs, unwilling enough, though not now from any fear of personal harm.

We ascend the garret staircase, lighted by the bed-room candle in the doctor's hand. He opens the low door of the garret over my room, and pauses in before me, closing the door behind me. I look about, feeling very awkward, and wishing myself well out of it all.

The room is very large and low, with a fire burning in the grate, but no other light, except that of the candle in the doctor's hand. The room is whitewashed, the boards are uncarpeted; but the place looks clean enough, though the air is horribly close. On a low cricket close to the fire sits the old woman called Nancy Murphy, stirring some compound in a saucepan. An old-fashioned, tent-bed, with curtains of blue check, stands at the upper end of the room, with the foot towards the door. The curtains were drawn, but the doctor walks over and pulls them aside. I follow, looking over his shoulder.

The patient is lying in what seems to me a kind of stupor, the eyes half open, and the head thrown back a little. The face is the face of an elderly man, perhaps fifty, or thereabouts; but it is not easy to say what the age may be in a case like this. Mental affections often give the appearance of extreme old age to a young face, or the very reverse. The curious whiteness of the skin strikes me, the utterly bloodless look of the face, with its long white beard and thin emaciated features. But this strange want of colour may be the effect of years of seclusion from the sun and the air as well as of disease. I stand for a few minutes looking down at the haggard but now quiet face, and then the doctor turns to me.

"Will go out like the snuff of a candle," he whispers, with an ominous shake of the head.

I take one of the nerveless hands in mine and feel the pulse.

"What is this stupor?" I ask, in the same tone.

"From the brain—kind of coma—you understand."

"It seems to me," I say slowly, still feeling the pulse, which is scarcely perceptible, "that it is more like weakness than anything else."

"Weakness!" Doctor Carew exclaims. "My dear fellow, we administered nourishment to the last moment, long after I thought it sheer cruelty to do it. It was only an hour ago that I poured brandy and soda-water down his throat myself. But I thought it was worse than useless to torture him any further. Any one can see that it is death."

I lift the eyelids, and feel the pulse again. The doctor watches me impatiently.

"What is in the saucepan on the fire?" I ask presently.

"Beef-tea," the doctor tells me ostentatiously. "I had it made in the vain hope that it might be swallowed when nothing else would; but it was instantly rejected."

"Let me have a little of it."

The old woman brings me a small quantity in a tea-cup. I take it out of her hands with a repugnant glance at her horrid old face. She watches me while I put a few spoonfuls between the patient's clenched teeth.

"You are only adding to the suffering," Doctor Carew remonstrates.

"It is my opinion that he is dying from sheer starvation," I answer promptly. "Just feel the pulse, and look at the eye. That's no stupor."

"I've known them to refuse food from obstinacy," Doctor Carew mutters angrily, "but never to carry it so far as this. He is totally unconscious—you can see that."

"Give me some more," I say, holding out the empty cup.

The old woman looks at her master; he shakes his head.

"Believe me, Rutherford, you are only lengthening his agony," he repeats positively. "Better to let him go quietly. Who could wish to prolong such a miserable existence?"

"Life is sweet," I answer, filling the cup myself from the saucepan on the hob. As I return to the bed I see a significant look pass between the doctor and the old woman, who turns away, and presently goes out of the room.

I shall often remember this scene—the low dark room, the doctor's angry eyes, the light of the candle in his hand falling full on the check bed-curtains, and the long thin figure stretched on the bed, with the deathly white face and half-closed eyes. I do not think of myself now; I do not feel any danger; yet perhaps I never was in more danger in my life than at this moment.

I administer a few more spoonfuls of the beef-tea, and the pulse seemed to me a shade stronger when I feel it again. But there is no change in the face, beyond a slight closing of the eyelids, and a less tense expression about the nostrils. The doctor takes me away, much more unwilling to go than I was to come; but I beg in vain to be allowed to carry out my own prescription of as much nourishment as the patient can be forced to swallow. He says I mistake the case altogether, when I maintain that the man is sinking for want of food; he is in a state of coma from which he will never revive except to die. But I am still of my own opinion; and, though I cannot help agreeing with the doctor that it may not be desirable to prolong such a melancholy life, still my professional instincts are to prolong it; moreover, though I do not care flatly to contradict a man who has had so much more experience than myself, I cannot be persuaded that this is the stupor of death.

On the stairs, going down, I met the man in seedy black with the rascally countenance, coming up. He gives me a cunning look out of his bloodshot eyes, a questioning and half-quizzical look, I fancy, as if he would say, "You're too clever by half for this house, young gentleman." I retire to my own room and try to read myself into equanimity, but, failing to do this, put on my ulster and tweed cap, take a supply of "lucoy," and my beloved meerschaum, and set out across Ballinsharig to meet Jack, who is walking back from Dunboden, having sent Cupid home with a sprained shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

POST MORTEM.

The doctor's patient dies during the night. At breakfast the next morning—at which Mrs. Carew does not appear—he tells me he knew how it would be.

"He went off quite quietly—never came out of the stupor," the doctor says, pouring out the tea cleverly—he does everything cleverly, with those natty white hands. "We knew he was gone only by holding a looking-glass to his mouth. Went out like the snuff of a candle, as I knew he would. And it's a merciful release."

I fancy the friends of the dead man have something to thank the doctor for, since it appears it would have been for his own interest to have kept him alive. I cannot help thinking that the bonus will be a good round sum, since the job was rather a risky one. I am awfully sorry for all this, on Jack's account, and for Jack's sake; As I have no evidence of foul play, I am willing to give the doctor the benefit of the doubt. For Jack's sake, too, I shall of course, in any case, say nothing about the business. But I confess to a dislike to eat further bread and salt in Doctor Carew's house, feeling towards him as I do. Only fear of hurting Jack's feelings, as well as a secret desire to remain near Carrick, prevents me from walking out of the house this very day. But I fancy Jack may want a friend to stand by him before very long—and those who would hurt Jack Carew must first pass over my dead body! He saved my life once in the bush, at the risk of his own, but, even if he had not done that, he is and always will be my comrade, and I am not going to desert him because his father is a—— I shall not say what, for Jack's sake.

The doctor asks me to go up and see the remains of his "poor friend." I suspect he wants to enable me to give evidence in case of enquiries about the death, or else to sign some certificate or other about it; and, though I do not want to get mixed up in the business at all, I think it may be just as well to satisfy myself, in case I should ever be called upon to give evidence the other way. I follow the doctor up-stairs again, and, on entering the chamber of death, feel impressed as I go forward to the bedside, and stand looking down at the still, straight, unmistakable outline so strongly defined under the sheet. The doctor bends forward and uncovers the face. There is not a tremor in his hand as he does it, not a vestige of a shake. The dead face looks calm and terribly peaceful—the peace of one who has just passed through mortal pain. There is also upon it that startled look one so often sees on the face of the dead. The countenance is remarkably handsome, the outline of the thin features extremely so. The hair and beard are so white, the skin so absolutely colourless, that the head, lying on its pillow, looks like a cameo of an old saint. The man must have been splendidly handsome in his youth, and, as I look at the calm, sternly serene face, I fancy there is a strong resemblance in it to some other face I know, but whose I cannot think.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," the doctor quotes, replacing the covering carelessly enough.

I turn away, for his tone jars upon me, and walk before him out of the room and down the stairs. I do not go to look for Jack, who has slept late this morning. He had spoken of spending the day at the county town seven miles away. Some grand jury, or something of that kind, was going on, and he wanted to be there. So, not liking the atmosphere of Castle Garde just now, and feeling that my spirits want "raising," I betake myself to Carrick.

I spend the day there quietly, reading Tennyson to Sibyl Aymer under the mulberries. Audrey Featherstone appears at luncheon, but I do not see her afterwards. She looks much as usual, and is, as usual, less cold in her manner to me than to the other men. Beaumaris has left Carrick, having proposed, as Miss Aymer tells me in confidence, to her friend, and been refused.

"Poor fellow!" I say sympathetically, feeling that I may be in the like case at this fair lady's hands before many days are over.

But it is very enjoyable here under the mulberry-trees, with my elbow on the grass, and my chin in my hand, and my eyes—or my eye-glass—raised to the pretty face so intent over the scrap of lace-work in the pretty hands. Those big gipsy-hats throw a very soft shadow over the face, and they are not so tantalising when one gets a good view under them, as I am getting now. Sibyl does not often look at me, though she has not far to look—not half as often as she did at first. If I were not red-headed, and on the shady side of thirty, I might augur favourably from this very circumstance, but, being the kind of man I am, I cannot flatter myself that this spoilt little coquette will treat me better than she has treated half a score better—and better-looking—men.

They make me stay to dinner—not unwillingly—and it is late when I set out to walk back to Castle Garde. In the darkest part of the road near Carrick I overtake a man walking slowly in the same direction as myself.

"Jack!" I exclaim, much surprised.

"Where on earth have you been?"

"Waiting for you here since nine o'clock," Jack answers quietly. "I hope you stayed long enough over there!"

"I'd have stayed longer if I could."

"I believe you. You'll soon get the turn-out, my dear fellow, so I'll not reproach you. There's a heavy day of reckoning in store for you!"

I cannot deny the probability; but, if I sigh, Jack does not hear me.

"Like poor Beaumaris," I say, lighting my pipe with my usual nonchalance. "He 'loved and rode away' yesterday, but not of his own accord with regard to the latter clause."

"Is he gone?" Jack asks eagerly.

"Gone—for good this time. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know, I suppose," Jack answers roughly. "Did you—did you see Audrey?"

"I did."

"Did she look—as usual?"

"Quite as usual—rather more so indeed."

"Rutherford, I'll send you into the ditch! Did they say anything about me, any of them?"

"Miss Aylmer asked me if you were never coming to Carrick again."

"And what did you say?" Jack demands eagerly.

"I said I supposed not, under the circumstances."

"Hang the circumstances and you too!" my friend mutters, pulling his moustache. "I'll go over there to-morrow; I don't see why I shouldn't."

"If you can go, go," I say sententiously. I know what he is drifting at perfectly well; but I won't help him by a single word, though I am awfully glad to see him come to his senses at last.

"If Audrey wouldn't think it——"

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to her whether you come or go, I should suppose," I intercept.

"Do you think so," Jack exclaims hotly. "If that's the case, I may as well stay away."

"You don't mean to say," I begin, pausing in the road to confront him, but Jack walks on, and I am obliged to follow him without further information. And so we arrive at home just as the stable-clock strikes twelve.

Shut into my own room presently, I cannot help thinking of what is lying up-stairs, directly over my head. I fancy the unbroken stillness has something more in it to-night than usual; there is a kind of ominous weight in the air that oppresses me. The night is sultry, and I open my window, withdrawing the great wooden bolts, put up when the country was disturbed years ago, with which it is fastened. It is a starlit night, and the shrubbery under my window—which looks out at the end of the house—is just distinguishable in the gloom. Directly under my window is the site of the old elm, and, as I stand there, looking down, I think how absurd the old superstitions are, and wonder how people can ever be found credulous enough to believe them. Certainly nothing has come of this omen—Godfrey Carew is in the best of health and spirits. But of course there are two months yet before the year is out, and the halest and heartiest among us may be laid low enough in a shorter time than that.

While I stand here, looking out, my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, and I begin to fancy that what I had at first taken for one of the wooden supports of the old tree looks very like a human being. Accusing myself of folly in imagining such a thing, I put my head out of the window to see more plainly, when the supposed wooden pillar, in a very human fashion indeed, moves away across the grass and enters the shrubbery. My first idea is a superstitious one, for all my fine philosophy, but my second is more practical. Some one is watching the house—that is the conclusion I come to at once. The man was dressed in dark clothes—I could distinguish so much as that—and something bright, like a belt-buckle or shining strap, caught the light from my window as he dived into the shrubbery. I suspect it is the head-constable from Foot, and that the house is under the *surveillance* of the police. The idea startles me, and I think I had better tell Jack, but on second thoughts I conclude it is as well not to get him into any row at this hour of the night. I suppose our entrance into the house just now was watched; perhaps we had even, without our knowing it, been followed all the way from Carrick. I shall advise Jack to leave the country quietly, as soon as he can possibly manage it. Something not pleasant is evidently in the wind, and I imagine Jack will be just as well out of it. My own curiosity is strongly aroused, so much so that, though I close the window presently and get to bed, I cannot sleep.

At about four o'clock in the morning—I have counted the hours, lying wide awake in the dark—I hear the sound of wheels slowly scrunching the gravel of the drive under the windows. It is scarcely beginning to get light yet, but I jump out of bed and raise the curtain. Just at the corner of the house, in the cold grey light of the dawn, waits a plain black hearse with two horses, the driver standing beside it, lighting his pipe. Another man joins the first, and they smooth their big black gloves, and take off their hats and polish them, and talk to each other in subdued voices, grinning now and then.

It makes me shiver to look at the ghastly group. In a few moments there is a slight bustle in the house, a heavy tread overhead, a slow portentous descending of the staircase, with many pauses; something is carried heavily past my door, on down the farther flight; the man with the hearse takes off his hat and opens the low door at the back, the other man takes off his hat and goes round out of my range of vision, and in another minute the large yellow coffin is borne round the house and put into the hearse. The door is shut with a short snap, the driver gets up on his seat, and the horses move on tossing their heads. Following the hearse come a mourning-carriage with one person in it. At first I cannot distinguish who it is, but there is no mistaking the hand that closes the window just as the vehicle turns the corner out of my sight. Doctor Carew intends to pay the last respects to his mad patient—and I wonder how he feels about it!

I do not go to bed again. The doctor has murdered sleep for me this morning. I dress in a great hurry and go down to the lake for a dip. I have often had an early swim, but not often so early as this, at Castle Garde. The misty swathes of exhalation are still clinging to the ground, the mountains are wrapped in fog, the grass is as wet as if it had rained heavily all night. But by-and-by the nearer trees and hills emerge out of the filmy veil, the sun catches the topmost crags and glitters on the water, Knockmoay, like a giant, lifts his bald head out of the sea of mist, and before I go in to breakfast the last lingering curls of fog are rising from the valleys between the mountains, and the sun, as Conolly says, is splitting the trees. Jack is late in making his appearance, and either does not trouble himself about the morning's proceedings or chooses to ignore them. I rather think he is ashamed of the whole business, and will not have anything to do with it. Mrs. Carew is very poorly this morning, and I do not wonder at it. But I pity her sincerely.

CHAPTER V.

SPARING THE END.

Jack and I go down to the lake directly after breakfast. The Pomeroys and Carleton are waiting for us in the *Dream*, and takes us on board from the landing-stage. We have a pleasant cruise up the lake as far as the hotel, and then down past Carrick Island and round the Middle Rocks. There is not much wind—just enough to take us along lazily, all sails set. At five o'clock we go ashore at Carrick, and meet a whole party of ladies coming down to look at the lake and the yacht. Audrey Featherstone is among them; I know it by the colour of Jack's face long before I can distinguish who is who. Lady Mary invites us up to tea, and, as I agree with alacrity, Jack cannot be the only deserter, even if he would.

I shall never forget that walk up through the woods, and I do not think Jack will ever forget it either. It is almost sultry here in the shelter of Knockmony; the ground under our feet is strewn thick with fallen leaves; there is no sound about us in the green and golden quiet, except the voices of our companions, out of sight before and behind us, in the windings of the path. On every hand open out beautiful pictures, till it seems to me that we are walking through a gallery of them, one more exquisite than another. Here a shadowy vista stretches away to the left under spreading elms; there, to the right, is a sunny alcove hung with glittering trails of ivy or festoons of honeysuckle; here again a green cavern lit with foam of clematis blossoms, and yet again a long pillared aisle of straight-stemmed firs with a blue glimpse of the lake at the farther end.

But, fair as the woodland is, there is something fairer beside me—at least in my eyes—and that is the girl I love. Jack and I have often laughed at the idea of falling in love, and thought our friends and acquaintances, whom we have seen succumb at various times to the tender passion, very great fools for their pains. But my hour has come at last, and I am as very a fool as the best. This little girl with her long eyelashes and her laughing eyes has done for me, and I walk beside her now, feeling that to be with her is to be in paradise. Jack and Miss Featherstone are ahead of us, not saying much to each other, any more than ourselves, and, if Jack is in paradise, he looks rather uncomfortable there. Miss Featherstone is as calm and grave as ever, but I think there is some faint shadow of mirth about her lips and her eyes which is only waiting for an opportunity to show itself more decidedly. I do not think I have ever seen her look any better than she does to-day, in a white serge dress faced with black velvet, and a big black velvet Anne Page hat.

The woodland slopes down suddenly from the back of the house at Carrick; nothing but a little steep grassy incline dividing it from the terrace. Just at the entrance of the wood is a little clearing with a rustic summer-house in the middle of it, under the verandah of which are tables and chairs of pinewood, ornamented with pine cones in fanciful device, and no doubt inhabited by legions of ants and earwigs, if one were given to exploration. But in blissful unconsciousness we take possession of the place, and Lady Mary orders tea to be carried out to us here.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAUNDRY NOTES.

WHEN black or navy blue linens are washed soap should not be used. Take instead two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (after having them washed and peeled), into which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens with this and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side.

INK and fruit stains may be removed by soaking in sweet milk before washing; the milk does no injury to the most delicate colours. After washing, salts of lemon will answer for taking stains out of white goods, but if used on anything coloured, it will remove the colour as well. Ammonia will restore colour taken out by acids.

CLEAR water will not injure the most delicate silk if, when spilt, it is at once rubbed dry with a clean, soft cloth—a handkerchief, for instance. The stain is caused, not by the water, but by the dust on the edges of the spot drying with it.

FRENCH chalk is a specific for grease-spots. It should be scraped on the spot and left on until it absorbs the grease. Two or three applications are sometimes necessary for the purpose.

AN infusion of hay will keep the natural colour in buff linens, and an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens.

WASHING soda should never be used with coloured clothes, since it not only fades, but often changes the colour.

IF one can get a good laundress by the day it will be found the most economical plan of doing up summer dresses. Insist on her using thin starch, and ironing all embroideries on the wrong side. Where dresses are trimmed with plaitings baste them with two or three rows of stitches before putting them in the wash. All shirring for wash dresses should be done on narrow tapes run in casings. These should be let out for washing, and drawn up after the dress is ironed. This will make it look much fresher, as well as render the ironing much easier to do.

THERE is nothing more pleasant for washing the skin than a fresh, good sponge, or the reverse when not kept thoroughly clean. Without the greatest care, a sponge is apt to get slimy long before it is worn out. It may be made almost as good as—in fact often better than—new by the following process: Take about two or three ounces of carbonate of soda or of potash; dissolve in two pints and a half of water; soak the sponge in it for twenty-four hours then wash and rinse it in pure water. Next, put it for some hours in a mixture of one glass of muriatic acid to three pints of water; finally, rinse in cold water and dry thoroughly. A sponge should always be dried, if possible, in the sun every time it has been used.

How the Kaffirs Got Their Fire-Arms.

The "diggers" who flocked to the diamond fields were not men who could dig for themselves, but Jews and Gentiles from every nation and of every grade, except the working classes. They therefore employed the Kaffirs to dig for them. They found that the surest, if not the only inducement to make the natives work, was to pay them with fire-arms. Thus hundreds of thousands of fire-arms were distributed broadcast among them. Whether the possession of these fire-arms really increases the strength of the native or not, he thinks it does, and that it places him on an equality with the white man. This led most certainly to one outbreak under my own eye, and it was doubtless the not remote cause of the frightful bloodshed which has occurred in the Transvaal and Zululand. In vain the Boers protested, in vain the Government of Natal protested, against this infamous traffic. The honoured name of free trade was desecrated in its support. I call the diamond trade, as it was carried on, a trade in blood. I believe there is a semi-precious stone called the blood-stone. This term ought to be applied to the Cape diamond. If the ladies of England knew the blood-shedding and misery by which these stones are obtained they would loathe to wear them. I think that the trade in powder and arms in South Africa should have been kept entirely in the hands of the Government, as was the case in Cape Colony in former times. The opponents to such a measure contend that the unprincipled cupidity of traders would evade the law, and that powder and arms would still be introduced among the natives. I admit that it might be so to some extent. But the prohibition would have at least delayed the general acquisition of these articles; that delay would have given time to the Government and to the colonists to strengthen themselves by increasing their own numbers, and by other means, which would have better enabled them to meet the danger from the natives when it came. Because we cannot prevent water from oozing through the joints of a flood-gate, is that a reason for throwing it open at once? In Natal the Government did its best to check this abominable trade, but, unsupported as it was by the Cape Government, it could do little or nothing. It was this traffic which so profoundly irritated the Dutch. We can imagine how intensely the Boer on his lonely farm must have hated the people engaged in this trade and the Government that permitted it.

PRINCE YOUSSUPOFF, who is named as the prospective father-in-law of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, is reputed to be able to give each of his daughters $10,000,000. He had a large fortune originally, and soon after his marriage went to reside at Geneva, where he lived very quietly and amassed a great property.

Cremation in Ceylon.

Public Burning of the Body of a Member of the Legislative Council.

Over a thousand persons, representing every class of the inhabitants of Colombo, assembled in the unconsecrated portion of the Borella Cemetery on Monday, May 5, to witness the cremation of the remains of the Hon. Sir M. Coomara Swamy, the Tamil representative in the Legislative Council. This was the first time that a cremation has taken place in the cemetery, which probably accounted for the presence of many persons who were merely attracted by curiosity; and the Government agent gave the necessary permission on the principle that a cemetery was for common use, and that the portion of it not consecrated could not be denied to any applicants, whatever their religious faith and whatever their funeral rites might be. The necessary site was therefore furnished for the funeral pyre of the deceased knight, and was indicated by a somewhat novel construction. Four plantain trees, heavily laden with fruit, were placed in such a position that they formed the corners of a kind of altar composed of sandalwood. The sides of the altar were screened with white cloth, and the covering was composed of the same material, native fruit being profusely used to give it an attractive appearance.

Near at hand was a large supply of sandalwood to be used when the body had been deposited on the pyre; and the presence of two tins of kerosene, of several chatties containing ghee, and other inflammable material, indicated that every precaution had been taken to reduce the body to ashes as quickly as possible. The cortege was announced to leave the residence of the deceased at 7 o'clock precisely, but, owing to the roundabout way the procession took, it was considerably past 8 before it arrived on the ground. The body, which was in a coffin covered by a crimson pall with gold fringe, was conveyed to the cemetery on a hearse surmounted by a pagoda-shaped construction of white linen relieved with black and studded with, a large number of miniature flags, also of white linen. As the hearse was slowly drawn by its two horses, coolies placed long strips of cloth in front of it, so that from Dolpetty to Borella the horses' feet rarely touched the surface of the road. Behind the hearse was a string of nearly a hundred carriages, among the occupants of which were Capt. Nevil Hayne, A. D. C., representing his Excellency the Governor; Chief Justice Phear, Mr. Justice Stewart, and many other prominent citizens, together with an influential representation of other classes of the community. When the pyre was reached the hearse was drawn round it three times, and the coffin was then borne from the hearse to the pyre by Chief Justice Phear, Mr. Justice Stewart, the Hon. Mr. Vane, and the Hon. J. Van Langenburg.

Then began what was anything but an edifying sight, or one calculated to add to the solemnity of death. A number of natives, men and women, began to pile over the coffin huge logs of sandalwood, and seemed to regard the labour as one of a most ordinary character, for they chatted, and shouted, and pushed to and fro just as if they were unloading a boat in the harbour. Log upon log was piled upon the coffin, until at last it was altogether concealed from view, and then two tins of kerosene were poured over the pile, while camphor and other ingredient that have a pleasant odour when burnt were liberally employed, together with the ghee in the chatties already mentioned. At last, when the patience of the Europeans, exposed to the sun, was nearly exhausted, the coolies who had so assiduously piled on the sandalwood were told to desist from their work. By this time the over pile the coffin had reached the canopy, some of the timber consisting of wood that had apparently at one time formed the pillars of a dwelling house, and that took two men to carry. Then Mr. Tambiah who took an active part in directing the operations, requested the crowd to retire for a few yards. This request was willingly acceded to; and two natives, who were attired as coolies, but who were "priests," blew a melancholy wail for a few minutes on conch shells. As they did so, the pyre was fired by means of a torch, and in a second or two was a mass of flames, the heat from which was unendurable. Most of the Europeans present, having seen this much of the ceremony, at once departed; but large numbers of natives remained until the pyre was nothing but a heap of ashes. These ashes will be carefully collected and, after some ceremony, scattered either in the sea or in a river.

London Clubs.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: I trust my friends will not be shocked at my having my headquarters at a club. Everybody belongs to a club in England (even the servants have clubs), and in two of the London clubs ladies are admitted to membership. At the Saville clergymen abound, and some of them are very big people in their line. I should think, from glancing over the list of members, that one-tenth are ministers of the Gospel. This club is largely composed of literary men, artists, and professional people, but it has in it not a few men of fashion and pleasure. Dickens and Thackeray belonged to the Saville. One sees no hard drinking at the clubs or at dinners. In this respect, the English are far more moderate than we are in America. Nor does one hear swearing at the clubs, or on the street, or elsewhere; and this is very remarkable, considering the climate. At the Russell Club there is a large female membership, including many titled ladies. I do not think this is a good arrangement, even in these decorous and excellent and perfectly ordered associations. Dining there one day, I studied the congregation. There is a stealthy feline air about the place. You will see a head cautiously stuck through a partly-opened doorway, and its eyes roll round the room, and slowly it will retreat or suddenly jump back. Sometimes it is, apparently, a wife hunting a husband, sometimes a husband dodging a wife. The male members are mostly oldish, and the females are homely, as a rule. The men do not look merry, and the women seem to be watching for something. But maybe this is only imagination. The Reform Club is the grandest I have been in, and its cook is considered the most marvellously excellent in London. In my judgment he is perfect.

ALTHOUGH Queen Victoria was not present at the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, she none the less sent a present that was very costly and elegant—a majolica tray two feet in diameter. The groundwork is composed of gold of such richness that the Cupids and floral emblems, which are painted *au naturel*, look as if they were raised on a background of beaten gold. The central part of the plateau is filled with the arms, on separate oval shields, of the Emperor and Empress, surmounted by the imperial crown. The border is composed of a wreath of Cupids holding garlands of orange flowers and myrtle tied together with turquoise ribbons.

DR. CROUCH, known as "the man without a chest-bone," travelled for many years from one to another of the medical colleges of Europe, exhibiting his unusual chest, and illustrating his power of voluntarily suspending the heart's action.

A FRENCH newspaper, the other day, had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

IT takes from three to five years to educate a pickpocket, and even on his first venture he may be collared for lifting a wallet with nothing in it but a cure for hydrophobia.

COLORADO has the most delightful climate in the world, and bed-bugs. A mother in Israel residing there requires her grand daughter, a young high school miss, to read to her daily some portion of the good Book. While so engaged recently the young lady suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare, here is a grammatical error." The old lady replied: "No matter, darling. Kill it, and go on."