"LORD" COURTNEY DENISON. A Well-huown Adventurer Gone to His Last Account.

The recent death of a notorious adven turer named Danison has brought to light the fact that the young man was actually related to the aristocratic family whose patronymic he always bore, but also revives a whole host of atories which reflect nothing but discredit upon the scion of nothing but discredit upon the season of nobility. It appears that he was a son of Lord Lordesborough. His father was a member of the Cunningham family, but changed his name to Denison on receiving a legacy. When Lord Londesborough died changed his name to Denison of receiving a legacy. When Lord Londesboroush died young Denison's mother married Lord Fitzgerald, between whom and his step-children much ill-feeling existed. At 18 years of age the young man was required by his stepfather to enter the army, but this he refused to do, and ran away to Enhance the restriction of the content of the property of the prope Belgium. Here he was reduced to such straits that he was compelled to dispose of all his personal property, and so, as a last resort, he shipped on a vessel to Philadelphia as a cabin boy. He landed there penniless, and accepted employment at picking strawberries, making from 10 to 25 cents a day. This means of livelihood could not last long of curses and he was compelled to long of course, and he was compelled to write to his stepfather for assistance, and was granted an annuity of £100 until he became of age. Then followed the methods of existence which gave him such an unenviable notoristy in Canada and the States, where he visited most of the principal cities, and reaped a rich harvest everywhere until at length in each case he was discovered as a dead beat. In 1881 he returned to England and obtained some of the private fortune that belonged to him. While on this visit he received a document from a Welsh lady recommending him to all patriotic Welshmen, which afterward proved of great value to him. Shortly after his return to this continent his means again became exhausted, and in "roughing it" in the Western States he contracted a pulmonary disease that eventually took him off. Arriving at Denver he secured a situation as an express driver, but afterward worked on a sheep ranch. About a year ago, being taken suddenly ill, he went to board with a Welshman named Jones, who cared for him until his death.

ANOTHER CRAZY MATCH. The Contest Which Two Smokers Engaged in. A " smoking match " for \$25 a side came

off in Chicago on Sunday. A smoking match is not a match which has just been lighted and extinguished, but a match between a Scotchman named Anderson and Cunif, an Irishman, to smoke pipes twelve hours, the one scoring the greatest number of "refills" of the pipe to be declared the winner. Cunif began vigor-ously, and by 6 o'clock in the evening was ahead of the Scotchman; but after supper he was rins ing out his mouth with water. His tongue became sore; he had to stop frequently, and at the end of twelve hours had finished only his twenty-eixth pipe, while Anderson had finished his thirtieth. Cunif's tongue and the roof of his mouth were badly blistered and he looked as if he were sorry that he ever attempted the feat. Anderson took it very coolly, drank no water, had no blisters and said he could smoke another

pathetic in the kindly good nature which it portrayed so eloquently. The old gentleman stood midway of the icy hill, lost in contemplation of the merry coasters as they flitted past him. He was an old man no more; le was a boy again and there were he well remembered mates. The spirit of resurrected boyhood possessed him utterly. How clear and distinct was the new born past! The old days, the old scenes, the old sounds—" Lu-lla!" The ory was unheeded, and in a flash the old gentleman's feet flew into the air, and the gentleman's feet flew into the air, and the old gentleman lay at length on the boy-oushioned sled and was born in triumph old gentleman lay at length on the boycushioned sled and was born in triumph
to the foot of the hill, somewhat
frightened and considerably bruised. It
was good to see him attempting to hide the
the step of the the step of the the step of the st frightened and considerably bruised. It was good to see him attempting to hide the limp that his unexpected ride had given and good to hear his hearty laugh when he had recovered his scanty breath. And his own face and the face of the youngster who had tripped him were comi cal in their respective inappropriateness. His was full of fuo, the youngster's of fear and trembling. But the old gentleman's happy face soon reassured the boy, and he was up and away, and the episode was soon forgotten by him, but not by the old genback to him, and a very precious memory it was to him. I've will cling to it tena-ciously, and thank every twinge that his latter day coast shall bring to him during his short tarry on earth, feeling in every throb of pain a heart-throb of the rosv cheeked boy he once was so many, many vears ago

An exchange save: At this time of the year all persons are making more or less payment of monies. In many cases the amounts are small, and they consider it derogatory to their diguity or honesty to take a receipt. This is a wrong principle and only recently we have observed several disputes over settlements which might have been avoided if all transactions, however small, had been conducted on a proper business basis. The more intimate you are with another the more reason is there to have every transaction thoroughly understood. Nothing preserves friendship better than correct settlements. It is very little trouble for any one receiving money to get a receipt for it. So far as we are concerned we shall only be too glad to elucidate our theory by writing as many receipts as possible in return for the nominal amount of our subscription price. hope to have our capacity severely tested

Crown Have a Live Ment.

The weather is extremely cold in Iowa. The Newton, Ia., Journal says: the remarkable incidents of the present spell of severe cold weather is the fact that rows are actually feeding off the bodies of and several large fat hoge there have at this time take holes in inch or more deep about the shoulders that have been bored into them by the bills of the crows. The belief is that the crows are so nearly starved to death that they have adonted this plan. Boys have been hired to shoot the crows which congregate in large numbers to keep them from utterly destroying

Says the Brandon Sun: The extraordinary average of thirty-two and a half degrees below zero was the result of the meteorologicalobservations taken at Prairie College, Rapid City, during the week end ing Wednesday, the 24th ult. The highest reading for the week was 17 and the lowest 40 5. A record such as this approaches perilously near to the appalling. We are glad to be able to qualify, to some extent, the terrors it is calculated to excite by the information that the cold was not only exceptionally severe but of exceptionally long duration. Nothing like it has been known for years.

-" How did we come to possess our present dress?" is one of the questions by the editor of Nature. Can't say, sir. Presume the tailor didn't know you.

THE YORK HERALD.

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WHOLE NO. 1,285 NO. 38.

GETHSEMANE.

Life Among the Trappist Monks in

Kentucky. (Louisville Cor. Now York Times) Few people, even in Kentucky, know that only a short journey from this city there flourishes a monastery of Trappist Mouks. It is situated in a little hamlet in the southern part of Nelson county, Ky., or the Loui-ville & Nushville Railroad, about 40 miles south of here. Externally the monastery resembles any other; but when the doors are once passed the visitor feel-as if he had stepped back into the middle ages The visitor is courteously received and given a cot in a cell. At midnighbe is awakened by the bell which calls the monks to the midnight mass The monks continue at their devotions about six and a half hours, and then they march in silent procession to the chapter room. Here they meet every morning, and here punishment is meted for all offences against the rules. The abbot's chair is an elevated throne, and in walking to his seat the abbot passed over his own grave. The culprit who awaits judgment also stands on this terrible spot. For punishment, some are deprived of their meals for a day; others are ordered to prostrate themselves on the floor while the monks walk over

them. When a decision is given the delin-quent never murmurs, but immediately sets shout its fulfilment. By an ancient rule of the order all Trappist monasteries are built in the form of a quadrangle, inclosing a court. All around this court extends the cloister, used by the monks as a promenade. Here the inmates never speak, not even to visitors, nor do they in the refectory, dormitory or churches. In the graveyard back of the church is the tomb of Mrs. Nancy Miles, and by her side the remains of Mrs. Mary Bradford, only sister of Jefferson Davis. Each monk's grave is marked by a black cross, on which in white letters, is painted his monastery name. At the foot of each grave is a stool, which the monks used in praying for the souls of the departed. The dead are not inclosed in a coffin, but are simply wrapped in their gowns and buried. When a death occurs, a fresh grave is immediately opened for the next one who passes away. In the dormitory each monk has a cell with walls of heavy fire-brick, containing an iron cot. The monk always sleeps with his clothes on. The regular time for rising is never later than 2 o'clock, but on feast days it is two hours sooner. In these cells, every Friday night, the the courging of the Saviour. Except by a physician's prescription a menk never tastes meat of any kind, fish, eggs, butter or lard. Their diet is exclusively vegetable. No stimulants, not even tea or table. No stimulants, not even tea or caffee or tobacco, are used in any form. In the dining room each monk is provided and consider a mature proposal for a portraved so eloquettly. The old gentlespoon. From September 14th to Ash Wednesday only one meal a day is allowed.

cultivation. Billiards for Girls.

Two girls of this city having heard that Elizabeth Cady Stanton advised billiards for girls, concluded to profit by the advice of so wise a counsellor, and the other day when the men folks were all down town the girls in question adjourned to the billiard room to have a game.

"What shall we play?" asked the elder.
"Why, billiards, of course."

"I know, you silly thing; but there's different kinds of billards. I mean, what kind shall we play? There's discount, and hundred or nothing, and pin ball and fifteen "Oh! I don't know; which is the

"Hundred to nothing's easy; maybe we

had better begin on that " All right."

"Well, why don't you get your pole and shoot? It's your first shot. "No, it ain't either; we have to choose for shot.' "That's to, well, here: ock-a-bock-a-

bon-a - crock a - cck-a - bock - tuse; there, its your first shot!" Why, you mean thing! Tain't no such

"Don't you call mo a cheater, or I'll tell

ma you take pickles to bed with you. "Well, I don't care: ocks bocks sin't fair; you know you always said it wasn't in ketcher.

"Well, do it yourself, then." One err y-orreir y-ick-or-y-ann-fill i son-fall i son-nick-olas-John. Quevy-qua vy-English - navey - stink um-stank um- buck! There, now, I told you

so; you have to shoot."
"Well, I'll shoot, but tain't fair. What are you laughing at, you little fcol?"
"Te he he he. You ain't got no chalk on your stick; you know a heap about bil-liards, you do!"

"You think you're smart, now, don't you? You desen't put chalk on only when you make a run, there! I guess 've reen pa a hundred timer."
"Oh, you big story teller. I saw pa put

chalk on his stick a thousand times in one same, and he never made more'n two in his life. George says pa's a chumpin billiards."
"You horrid, nasty thing! What did ma
tell you about being slangy? If I don't tell

on you I'm a goat."
"Whatch you doin' yourse!f! Botter mind your own self. Goody! goody! Now see what you've done," as the other made a lunge at the ball with a tipless one and tore a forty-inch slit in the cloth.
"Well, you made me do it;" then she

pulled the other's hair, they both cried, and the tournament was over.—Cincinnati Satur-

Since the British occupation of Cyprus very little systematic attempt has been made to excavate the archæological tress ures of the soil: but wherever the ground s probed it vields fruit, and the result of a recent digging on a small reale t Salamis as just arrived at the Britis. Museam, in the shape of a consignment of curious small half round figures in terra catea, for holding various attributes, and somewhat rudely modelled according to arobaic types, though the execution itself does not apparently date from a very early period.

FUTURE FOOD OF THE IRISH. Recommending the Substitution of Cats

for Potatocs in Ireland. A Mr. Robert D. Lyons, writing to the London (Eug.) Mail from Dublis, under the date of January 15th, says: The question of future food supply of the Irish people has, so far as I am aware, not yet been dealt with. It is one, however, of been dealt with. It is one, however, of the greatest possible importance, and which has been forcibly called up before my mind in recent travels throughout Ireland by the failure of the potato, which has been estimated at over £4,000,000. Scientific recearches at the Cork Model Farm show that every variety of the potato has been affected by the wetness of the season we have passed through, while the failure of the "Champion," the "Regent" and other varieties is mainly chargeable with the distress, both present and prospective. Now, shall this already depressed population be left to its own devices to follow a hind routine and plant the seed population be left to its own devices to follow a blind routine and plant the seed of a tuber which has left them in such a sore plight? I think it must be admitted that we cannot hope for an abundant crop n the coming year from the seed now in the people's hands, if indeed, in the worst districts any appreciable quantity at all shall be found available by St. Patrick's Day (March 17th), the usual time for potato planting in Ireland. I confess that, after the most profound consideration which I can give to the subject, I am forced to conclude that the Irish people would be well advised to adopt another staple article of food, and prepare forthwith for its extensive substitution for the potato. I certainly should not recommend more than half the breadth of the land usually devoted to the potato to be planted with it in the coming season. The oat is the next crop in importance and financial value in Ireland. It thrives well as a general rule. The people are familian

with it as a crop, though little so as a food.

I believe it would be a wise, a judicious and a feasible expedient in the present conjuncture to recommend the people of Ireland to double the oat crop of last year with a view to its use as food. A kindred race—the Gaels of Albin (Scotland)—thrive well upon it. No doubt a considerable change in the domestic habits and utensils of the Irish would be needed, but I believe the time is opportune for such a change. There is a large, if not general, feeling of distrust in the potato. I wish to offer as few and as simple suggestions as possible, but it is obvious that with a very little intelligence and enterprise, one or two blisters and said he could smoke another monks scourge themselves with a knotted whip of many lashes in remembrance of the same terms sgainst any other man who has no more brains than himself and wants to prove it.

I these class, every triatal might, and the said the scourge themselves with a knotted whip of many lashes in remembrance of the commoner forms of vegetable, such as cabbage or parsnip, might be here and as phys cisab's prescription a monk never tastes meat of any kind, fish, eggs, butter

try, with what great ultimate social and economic results I leave to the judgment of the public. While a tolerably safe and From Easter Sunday until September 14th they eat two meals daily—one at '11 and the other at 6 o'clock. For seven years those who wish to enter are on trial and all the hardships are put upon them.

They can go away any day during this period if they desire, but when the time of the close upon \$10,000,000 per annum.

France. Germany. Italy, etc., an ample period if they desire, but when the time of probation is over they take a final vow and are irrevocably sundered from the world.

There are about sixty monks in this mon-

the wife of the ruler of the nation. The Gethsemane Abbey owns 1,800 acres of to guide them, I believe this great and salutary change in the dietary of Ireland land, half of which is in a state of high could be readily put in operation in more than one county in the coming year. It will be admitted to be a subject worthy of the most immediate and the most profound

A Minchen Marriage.

Some time are a centleman well known mong commercial travellers stopped at a boarding house noted for old-time silverware and deep dishes. The house was operated by a widow, with whom Juckles, he traveller, fell very much in love, that a commercially in love, for Juckles has wide open eye for business. "What a fine house this would be," he mused. "The widow is very handsome and hasn't any particular education, but hanged if it don't stand a man in hand to make the best shift he can. I'll marry this woman and have a

Next evening he requested a business interview with the woman, and while the were seated in the parlor, Juckles, who can be very tender, said:
"Mrs Hotsel, during my very short stay

in this house I have become very much "Lor, Mr. Juckles."

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Ho sol, I am a pecu har man and my love is inexplicable," and he looked at the furniture. "I have never been in love before

"Lor, Mr Juckles." "Now, you are a woman of soul, and I love you with a devotion that knows no mitation, that cannot be drowned." "Lor," exclaimed Mrs. Hotsol throwing

herself inco his arms, "I never thought that a rich streak of luck would strike me." They were married the following night, nd the next day Mrs. Juckles said didn't know what I was a goin' to do, but Providence has provided: you see I was bired to run this house while the owner was away." Juckles turned away and weeped. He had married a "servant woman" whose husband had died in peni

The membership in London clubs aggre gates nearly 100,000. Their property is worth something over \$25 000,000. are clubs exclusively for clergymen, and others whose members devote their meetings only to high gambling. A correspondent of the Boston Herald says that draw poker is the favorite game. He saw Frank Lord, from New York, lose \$10,000 at Brooks' in one night; but subsequently he regained \$5,000 at target practice with a pistol. His adversary at cards was Lord Rodney, a captain in the Life Guards.

An exchange rays: "On the Pacific slope there are about 1,500,000 inhabitants. To accommodate these there are now, or shortly will be, the Union Pacific, Texas Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, Denver & Rio Grande, Northern Pacific, St. Louis & San Fraucisco. Southern Pacific via New Orleans, Pacific Mail via Panama. It might be inerred from the above that the buvers of Union Pacific at about par are not likely

Edwin Booth saw "Much Ado About Nothing in London. His verdict is as follows "It is superbly a aged and very finely seted. Mr. Irving's ideal and treat-ment of the hero are excellent, and Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice is perfect." The scenery and 'sets" are the finest be ever

to derive much benefit from their invest

Growing Old.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee, Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care; Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh

thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ecean, Nearer each day to the pleasant Home-light; Far from the waves that are big with commotion, Under full sail, and the harbor in sight: Growing old cheerfully, Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,
Far from thy course to the laud of the Blest
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young would st thou bor Thou dost remember what liest between: Growing old willingly, Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet, Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years. Rich in a love that grew from and above it. Scothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears Growing old weatthly, Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened Ready and willing thy hand to rolleve; Manya face at thy kind word has brightened— "It is more blessed to give than receive;" Growing old happily, Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot
know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander.

that you were not going to second your grandfather's plans, and that I was all safe—we would have been such friends; for French was the most comprehensible of I hated you. But it is such a pity you did not contrive to tell me candidly at first that you were not going to second your grandfather's plans, and that I was all safe

ing to poor Sir Frederic. He was silent for dent should have been contaminated!
Where, then is my cousin?' a few minutes.
"Your words," he said at length, and very

gloomily, "prove the truth of my assertion. I am most unfortunate."

They were now at the entrance of Meu-rice's, and Miss Delvigne, struck by the tone of his last words, kept silence, while they accended to Mrs. Coleman's salan.
"Wait a few minutes—I will bring you the letter immediately," she said, and left

the room. Those few minutes Sir Frederic employed in walking up and down, and forming a reso-

"Here it is," said the heirers, re-entering.
"Just look at it, Sir Frederic; is it not a

ful friendship, the strength and tenderness you have shown throughout this unhappy matter might well fascinate any man and it makes me mad to think what a treasure I have lost the chance of securing; after all it was but a chance. Do not let this muttered. avowal influence your making use of me as your veriest tool in the search for poor Mrs Neville. I will never again offend you in the

He took and warmly kissed her hand.

Before she had recovered the astonish ent his words had caused her, he had left ped suddenly, looked in the glass and smiled ud then all at once, in an unaccountable and unreasonable manner burst into s hearty fit of crying.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Neville was sleeping when Sir Frederic solitary, but not altogether unsatisfactory reflection. Come what would Miss Del vigne could not say he had left her m iguorance of his sentiments. But perhaps she might shun him now; well, he would not think about it any more, but commit himself to the winds and waves of circum-

The kindly consideration which was one of the young Baronet's characteristics, ould not permit him to rouse his friend from the tranquit repose he appeared to be playing with the letter he held, thinking in Bupuis.

a desultory manner.

"Wait awhile; the fady will tell you desultory manner.

At last Neville turned uneasily and all about it."

ground his teeth, muttering "Marie-Well, open your eyes, old fellow; here

Out tidings of her."

After some quiet explanation, the sanguine Frenchman began to perceive the true position of affairs, and to glean, as he Delvigne-omitting his own exposition of imagined, that his little cousin had made a

rapidly recounted his meeting with Miss great parti.

He immediately began to hope that her Neville, who by this time, fully roused, had disappearance was but temporary—that sat upon the sofa. He tore it open, and she could not long live apart from a husdevoured the contents with eager eyes.

"It is from an Alphonse something." he all things would terminate happily, and eric read over his shoulder :

"No 39 Rue d'Auvergne, Passy.

dear aunt charges me to keep thee informed friend, at his domicile. "Mon Dieu!" he of her health, and to demand thy news.

For she disquiets herself that she has not received letters from thee for a long time. self en rapport with Monsieur, his much The dear aunt has consented to share the esteemed cousin, etc., etc. humble abode of her nephew and dutiful relative, since the death of Monsieur, the proprietor of her residence in the Rue St. Luzure, since three months past; it is, therefore, possible that some of thy little bille's may not have reached our dear rela-I therefore pray thee write without

tranquil life, we are at rest concerning thee. We do the impossible to render our dear don, I feel an unaccountable conviction." aunt as happy as we can.
"She has a new directeur, a man very distinguished, and my wife is a little sym pathetic society for her When dear, and good cousio, thou canst arrange a conge for a few weeks, my wife and myaelf shall be delighted to receive thee for a little diversion after the solemuities of that sad but

respectable country, where so much money is made, and so little enjoyed.

"I feel unhinged, and am not like furni
"With many embraces from my wife, myself," she was beginning apologetically, ings.

and the henediction of the dear aunt. "I am, with friendship sincere and res

At the conclusion of this characteristic epistle Neville looked up with a blank expression. Not much information there? He said. "I don't know; you have got the address

we want at any rate. But it is evident they know nothing more than we do. What's the date? Six days back. No; there will on Neville.

to the much to learn there. Still I must see this man; let us go to Passy directly."

A flacre was called, and they started, and closed to the started of the started. The trajet was long, and of course tiresome; but at least it was not aggravated by

after some icquiries, the friends discovered which not unusually attends the efforts of the Rue d'Auvergne—which by the way, well to do baronets.

with some difficulty they obtained the an invalid to say good night, considerably before Sir Frederic thought of stirring.

He had not, however, been many and the same invalid to say good night, considerably before Sir Frederic thought of stirring.

He had not, however, been many and the same invalid to say good night, considerably before Sir Frederic thought of stirring. off the Rue de Richelieu - and thither they patiently wended their way, and were at who conducted the foreign correspondence of a large sink warshouse, and had a dark "This is an eventful day. Compton—

The heiress looked up in his face with an air of the sincerest surprise. Then an amused expression stole round her mouth as she noted his look of vexation.

"Oh! if you mean I am vexed because you did unt want to marry me, you are quite mistaken. When I thought you did, I hated you. But it is such a pity you did to the command, was still more inexplicable.

beard, showing clearly round cheek and chin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked thin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked thin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked thin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked thin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked thin, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the very seriously injured; that first thin, in the necessary lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the very serious lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the very serious lying insensible for several hours, he asked their, small mustache, and the very serious lying i

then I would never have proposed to Marie to pass for me, and no mischief would have been done."

This very candid speech was annihilated a society! Mon Dieu! That a girl so prude the most comprehensible of the two, "that your friend is a society! Where, then, is my cousin? Poor child—so gcod—so wise. What a country—what a society! Mon Dieu! That a girl so prude the most comprehensible of the two, "that your friend was the most comprehensible of the two, "that your friend was the most comprehensible of the two, "that your friend is a scoundrel.

"Quietly," returned Sir Frederic, more amused than angry; "that is precisely the

amused than angry; "that is precisely the question we came to ask you;" "and," put in Naville, "as her husband, I have surely some title to your commisseration. I would give all I possess to find her."
"Her husband!" repeated the bewildered Alphonse, somewhat mollified, at the magic word. "Why did she leave you then? Ah! there is some deep villainy bare."

Remember you speak of my wife."
The hearty feeling in his voice and man-

ner touched the good natured little French-

man.
"Monsieur is not without heart," he "Come," interposed Sir Frederic,

"there's no use getting angry; and we only half understand each other. There is a lady of rank," he went on, with unconscious tact, "at present in Paris, the dear friend of Madame Neville, your coulin, who speaks French like an angel. If Monsieur could spare time to accompany us to Meurice's she will fully explain all things." At the mention of a lady, the French-man subsided a good deal; and after speaking to a subordinate and locking up drawers and derks, he declared himself ready to accompany Messieurs.

Though but a few hours had elapsed a few clothes, and pay a trifle or two here since Sir Frederic had spoken so openly as (we really owe very little), will take every to his sentiments, he was so much interested in the matter in hand that he met Miss Delvigue with little or no embarass ment; a grave and distant respect marked his manner.

It was announced, on inquring from her

maid, that " Miss Delviene was indisposed with a bad headache, and lying down."
"Give her my card," said Neville, bastily racing a line in pencil upon it. Delvigne! mais comment?" cried M.

Neville's card and message brought the

beiress very quickly to their presence, and she blushing vividly as she met Sir Fred-—here's something perhaps that will give eric's eye soon comprehended the tableau.

After some quiet explanation, the san-

exclaimed; "look, Compton." Audsir Frederic read over his shoulder: the belle enfant reign triumphant in the most brilliant circles of London. Perhaps even now a letter full of intelligence and "MY BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD COUSIN.—The good tidings, was awiting him, the faithful

> There was a time when Neville would thus claimed by the good little Alphonee;

or discover any possible trace of the lest the proprietor of the dog remarked: "I girl which might be found in France, and hope your son was not bitten which, as a native, he could tetter do, he badly." "Why, he aint my son. I haven't bid them an elaborate adieu.

got any son." "Whose son is he, then, and

"How is it, then, that we have failed?"

Miss Delvigne stopped abruptly, the your family ever get bitten by a dog, and tests pouring down her pale cheek, and Sir you was the damages collected promptly Frederic made a movement toward her,

which he hestily checked.

"I feel unhinged, and am not like furnish my own axe handle."—Texas Sift-

when Mrs. Coleman and her daughter

She silently drew forward the most comfortable fauteuil for his accommodation, and closed the window lest he should suffer from the draught, and seemed to make him

a nort of screen between herself and Compthe feverish expectation which had at once irritated and supported Neville on former occasions; a dull kind of apathetic despair was stealing over his heart, like the cold induced slumber of the snow-slayed traveller, who sinks, thus lulled, to death. In his weak state destiny seemed too strong for him

But the long drive was to no avail when, the color of the amusement of Miss Evelina Coleman with that remarkable success which not unusually attends the efforts of

was considerably less important than its name, they found the dear aunt too unwell to see any one; Mansieur gone to his bureau, and all the lest of the world

of a large sitk warehouse, and had a dark den in the entresol all to himself.

He was a short, broad man, with clossout black hair, and a close shaven blue beard, showing clearly round cheek and beard, showing clearly round cheek and large states.

"This is an eventful day. Compton—here's a letter from Mr. Fo ter—found it in my room when I went up—le says my be her has been thrown out of a hansem and is very seriously injured; that after large interesting the foreverse heaved.

and Miss Delvigne.

No; I feel qu'te strong again! besides wishing to see my brother, as he wishes it, your strong impression respecting Marie makes me anxious to be back once more in

With some hasty apologies to Mrs. Coleman for quitting her so anceremoniously—
the young men left together, Neville to
make preparations and write to Monsieur
Dupuir, and his "fides Achates" to assist

CHAPTER XXVIII. The evening but one after the conversa

tion described a few chapters back, Marie bad found the Bushel household in a ferment of joy. Mr. Watson had given Mr. Bushel a clerkship in a branch office which Foster & Co. had established for shipping then? Ah! there is some deep vinally here."

"By Heaven!" cried the Baronet in despair, "we've made a mess of it. We shouldn't have attired without Miss Delating let us go for her; she will explain it ocean wave, and altogether it is too delightful."

"I am truly glad to hear such good tidings," exclaimed Marie. "But they are not good for me-I shall lose my only

friends! When do you leave?"
"Well," said Mrs. Bushel, "that is just the question. Go, my dears" -- to the children-" Go down to the kitchen and make us a nice bit of toast. It is quite chill and wintry this evening."
"Law, mar," cried Augusta Jane. "You

only want to get rid of us the talk secrets with Miss Thibaut." "Never you mind, but get along," returned her mother. "That's just it," repeated Mrs. Bushel as the last skirt whi-ked round the door. "The only drawback to all this good luck is the difficulty of to guit, but to move the furniture and buy penny of fifty pounds, and that is not to b picked up in the gutter!"

"No, indeed," said Marie. "What do you intend to do?" "Oh! Mr. Bushel has gone to a very respectable loan office in Blackfriars Road, as helped us once before, and no doubt will again; the percentage is high, and I know Bushel will have to insure his life! Still, at such a crisis it won't do to stick at trifles: am determined to start in a fortnight by hook or by crook, and as soon as I can get Mr. Bushel a few clothes to his back he shall be off before us. Tell me, my dear, what had I better get for Augusta Jane and Agnes you Frenchwomen have such taste." etc. to, etc. A long and profoundly interesting discussion ensued, after which Marie walked quickly back, as night was closing in, thinking with hearty regret that her kind though humble friend was so soon to always to be desolate and friendless?

Collecting Damages. "I am a quiet, unostentatious man, and

never harm anybody," said the intruder moistening the palms of his hands and taking a firmer grasp of the ax belve. " but my lacerated feelings there will be trouble here in Austin." "Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" asked the terrified owner of the animal, who is one of the most timid men in Austin. "He was bitten just \$17 worth," replied the intruder,

'Here is your money," replied the owner The intruder put the money in now it mattered not.

Undertaking to put the police on the alert bis pocket and was about to leave, when tive. I therefore pray thee write without delay, because she is a little out of humor which, as a native, he could better do, ne against thee, and like all charming ladies, bid them an elaborate adieu.

"You know there is not the least use in how did you come to demand the money of "You know there is not the least use in how did you come to demand the money of me?" "He is the son of a friend of mine Nevertheless, knowing the simplicity of thy it all," said Miss Delvigue to Neville; "she me?" "He is the son of a friend of mine tranguil life, we are at rest concerning thee. never crossed the Channel. She is in Lon-who owed me \$17, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were those dog bites on his son's body, and returned Neville dejectedly.

"I cannot tell; but what more is to be and I have collected them." "Well, "And, stranger," continued done? Oh! to sit idle is terrible when declare!" the man with the axe handle,

MURDER AT A DANCE.

Young Man Shot in a Scottle-His Antagonist Fatally Wounded. A Halifax despatch says: A shocking

A Halitax despaton says: A shooking affray has occurred at a dance, or frolic, held at a place called Marshalltown, five miles from Digby. The row started in the house between James Worthylake and Denis Hutchinson, who came into the house during the care in the house during the care in the house for the care in the care in the house for the care in the care in the house for the care in the care in the house for the care in ing the evening. There was bad feeling between them. Hutchinson's niece had had an illegitimate child, of which Worthyhad an illegitimate child, of which Worthy-lake was reputed to be the father, and on account of this he had been compelled by legal process to pay \$340. Worthy-lake had some words outside of his house with a man named Brooks. He then came in and taking his hat went out again saving. "They will go for me will again saying, "They will go for me, will they?" Hutchinson followed and endeavored to strike him. Worthylake, who was a much smaller man than Hutchinson, drew a revolver and said, "Keop off or I when Mrs. Coleman and ner uaugund drew a revolver and said, " neup on or general, ending in an invitation from that upon Worthylake discharged the revolver, the bull entering the body near the centre the ball entering the body near the centre of the breast going through the second rib. They then clenched and fell, Worthylake When the little party reassembled at seven o'clock, Sir Frederick was a good deal disturbed at the kind of affectionate disterly attention lavished by Miss Delvigne being underneath. He was heard to exclaim, side of Worthylake's head, and being buried in his brain. He immediately expired. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in effect that the deceased Jas. Worthylake came to his death from a bullet shot in the head, being fired from a revolver while he was on the ground engaged in a scuffle with Dennis Hutchinson. Hutchinson is texpected to recover. The doctors are unable to find the bullet. Worthylake was 22 years of age, and was a sailor. Hutchinson is a farmer, about 30 years of age; he is married, and has two or three children.

A WOMAN'S SAD DEATH. Frozen to Death while in a Drunken Condition.

Since Saturday last Mrs. Gordon, who lived at 187 Claremont street, Toronto, has been misred by the neighbors, says the Mail. Yesterday her dead body was found lying in the bedroom by a Mrs. Foster, who called to see her. Constable McRae was notified, and visited the house. He found the desired the desired the second living and the desired the second living the second l

the deceased lying on the floor beside her bed frozen stiff. A glass which stood near oed frozen stiz. A glass which stood near contained a few drops of whiskey, and told only too well how the unfortunate woman met her death. Coroner Johnston was notified, but after hearing what the neighbors had to say, did not consider an inquest necessary, and accordingly granted a permit for her burial. For twenty years she has lived in the same place, and until the last five kept a little store, from which she made a good living. store, from which she made a good living. Of late, however, she has been drinking so neavily that her son, although he continued to support her, had to leave the house.
Two years ago she had her feet frozen during one of her drusken sprees, and had part of them amputated at the general bospital. She owned the house in which she lived, but nearly all the furniture has disappeared, having been sold for whiskey, or as some say stolen during her drunken bouts. The deceased was 67 years of age,

States and a daughter in British Columbia. WOULDN'T HAVE A DAUGHTER.

and leaves a son in Toronto, another in the

The Eccentricities of a Potentate. King Theebaw has been celebrating the birth of a daughter. During the first year of their wedded life his favorite spouse presented him with a daughter, and His Majesty, disgusted with the gift, forsook ivals. The Queen, however, coaxed him back, and as a pledge of reconciliation the fond husband caused the rivals to be strangled. In due time the Queen bore unto Theebaw—another daughter. This was too much. The King went upon a "Just look at it, Sir Frederic; is it not a curious hand?"

"It is," he returned, speaking slowly.
"But I think it is a man's."
"Do you really?—I had determined it was the aunt's."
"Miss Delvigne," began Sir Frederic, "I shall take your advice and speak with candor to prevent future mietakes or mischief. In spite of your evident indifference, I love you—most truly, most fondly ence, I love you—most truly ence, to be friend us! My sweet Agnes will revive this time the King came to what are when she breathes the briny air of the regarded in Burmah as his senses, and immediately killed his mother-in-law. He

regarded as the especial compliment the King meant to pay to his child.

the strangling of her grandmother is to

followed up this proof of returning reason,

however, by opening all the prisons in the country and turning their occupants loose. His act has complicated a situation which

for one brief moment seemed compara-

tively clear, and Burmah is now in doubt

whether the letting loose of the convicts or

A Maiden in the Washington Whirl. Few, indeed, are the people who can keep up the round of Washington gayety with out sadly showing their weariness. exception to this rule is a young daughter of an army officer stationed in that city. tions and dinners, kettle drums and Ger-Mrs. Chandler's parlors she looked as fresh and rosy as if it were her first day. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and presently I had an opportunity to inquire of her how it was uquire of her how it was she was able to endure that that to which stronger women yielded. "Oh," she replied, laughing, "mamma is almost a crank on that subject. She i shall not look passe at the end of this my second winter. Every night when I get home, no matter how tired I am, a warm water bath is given me, after which I drink bowl of bouillon, and am put to bed in the guest chamber, which is more quiet than my own. In the morning I am not called, but arise when I awake, which is not often before lunch time. It grows very monotonous, I assure you, but if I go I have to submit. I tell mamma she treats me a

Oleveland Herald. Mr. Glad-tone as a Highlander

f I was a Maud S. or a prize-fighter."

In a recent speech Mr. Ashmead, Bartlett M. P., doubtless thought himself very clever when he expressed the supposition clever when he expressed the supposition as an extravagance that Mr. Gladstone might at some future time claim to be a Highlander. Mr. Gladstone's Conservative brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fasque, has saved him that trouble, for if M Ashmead-Bartlett takes the trouble of referring to Burke's Royal Descents, "Pedigree LXX., Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.," he will find that Mr. Gladstone can trace a lineage (beside which even that of Ashmead Bartlett grows pale) through Highland Robertsons, Munros, Mackays and "gay Gordons," to the Royal houses of both England and Scotland.

How Rich Meti Began Life.

Many of the wealthiest men in New York began poor. Jay Gould was a cow-boy, James R. Keene came from England with \$20 in his pocket, Rufus Hatch began by dealing in "garden sass," D. Appleton kept a grocery store, James Watson Webb was a country clerk, Henry Villard was a reporter, Leonard W. Jerome was a printer, H B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, Charles O'Conor was born of the poorest of Irish parents and Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice. - Pitts.

-The following wise saying by Solon is, we regret to say, not generally recorded in h s works: "Young man, never cut your nails before buttoning on a collar.