- You wonder that my tears should flow In listening to that simple strain; That those unskilful sounds should fill My soul with joy and pain— How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
- You wonder why that common phrase So all unmeauing to your ear,
 Should stay mo in my merriest mood,
 And thrill my soul to hear—
 How can you tell what ancient charm
 Has made me hold it dear?
- You smile to see me turn and speak You senie to see the turn and speak
 With one whose converse you despise.
 You do not see the dreams of old
 That with his voice arise—
 How can you tell what links have made
 Him sacred in my eyes?
- O, these are voices of the past, Links of a broken chain, Wings that can bear me back to times

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc , etc.

course in another moment I am folded in mother's arms, and her soft hand presses my graceless head down upon the bosom that never yet in all my griefs has failed me. Two of her tears fall upon my

"My darling child," she whispers, " have I been too unkind to you? I did not mean it. Phyllis: but I have been made so mise-

"But you don't think me deceitful,

"No, not now—not at any time, I think; but I was greatly upset by Dora's disappointment. My darling, I hope you will be happy in your choice, and in my heart I believe you will. At all events, he is not blind to the virtues of my dear girl. He loves you dearly, Phyllis. Are my dearest, that you love him?" Are you sure,

"Did you love papa very much when you married him?" Of course, dear," with a faint blush.

"Oh, mother, did you really?" Then, with a reflective sigh, "at that rate I am glad that I do not love Mr. Carrington." Phyllis! what are you saying? It is

the first duty of every woman to love her husband. You must try to regard Mr. Car-

I like him, and that is better. You were blind to papa's faults because you loved him; that was a mistake. Now, I shall not be blind to Marmaduke's; and if he does anything very horrid, or developes unpleasant symptoms, I shall be able to give him up before it is too late. If you had been fully alive to papa's little tempers, mother, I don't suppose you would ever have married him; would you?"

"Phyllis, I cannot allow you to discuss your father in this manner. It is neither dutiful nor proper; and it vexes me very

"Then I won't vex you. But I read in a book the other day, 'It is better to respect your husband than to love him.'"

"One should do both, of course; but, oh, Phyllis, to love him; that is the great softener in the married life, it is so easy to forgive when love urges. You are wrong, my pet, but you have a tender heart, and so I pray all may be well with you. when I think of your leaving me to face the wide world, I feel lonely. I fancy I could have better spared Dora than my own She whispers this soothingly into my ear,

kisses me as only a mother can kiss, and leaves me presently well comforted. If mether indeed loves me, the scapgrace, better than her model Dora, I have reason to feel glad and grateful.

Meanwhile the household is divided. The boy Billy, as Roland calls him, has been sent for two hours into solitary confinement, because, on hearing the news he exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you all along how it would be," in a heartless and triumphant manner, thus alding insult to Dora's

injury.
Roly is also on my side, and comes upstairs to tell me so.
"You have twice the spirit, you know,"

he says, in a tone meant to compliment " Dora is too dead-and-alive : no man born

strange as it appears to me, I seem to have earned some dignity in his eyes. So the long hours of that day drag by, and night falls at last.

After dinner Dora comes creeping in, her

eyelids red and swollen, her dainty cheeks bereft of their usual soft look. Misery and despair are depicted in every line of her face and figure.

Papa rises ostentatiously and pushes an

easy chair towards the fire for her (already the touch of winter is upon her). I sit apart and think myself a murderess.

I begin to vaguely wonder whether, were I in Dora's place, all these delicate attentions would be showered upon me. I also try to decide whether, if I had been slighted by my beloved, I would publish the fact upon the house-tops and come down to the bosom of my family with scarlet eyes and pallid face and hair effectively loosened; or whether I would hide my sorrow with my life and endure all in heroic silence. I have got so far as the Spartan boy in my meditations, when Roland, bringing his fingers to meet upon the fleshy part of my arm, causes me to spring from my seat and give utterance to an emphatic "Oh!" while Cheekie, the rat-terrier, who is crouching in her favorite position at my feet, coming in for a full share of my weight, sets up a corresponding howl, and altogether the confusion is complete. When it has subsided there ensues an awful pause. Then

papa speaks.
"It would be waste of time to appeal to your better feelings, Phyllis; you have none! But that you are hoplessly wanting in all delicacy of sentiment, you would understand that this is no time to indulge in a vulgar overflow of spirits. Do you not see bow your sister is suffering? Your heartlessness is downright disgusting. Leave the

I instantly avail myself of the permission to withdraw, only too glad of the excuse, and retire, followed closely by Roland, who I can see is choking with suppressed

"Bow could you do it?" I ask, reproachfully, as we gain the hall-door. "They are

for me. I knew I was going to laugh out loud, so pinched you to draw off attention." "I think you might have chosen Billy." "He was too far off; you were the most

convenient."

CHAPTER XIII.

Our engagement having received the openly expressed, though sccretly unwilling sanction of my father, Mr. Carrington comes over every day to our house. where he of course meets with overpowering sweetness from everybody—Dora excepted. Not that she shows any demonstrative dislike. A heavy sense of injury is

upon her, impossible to lift.
At times I am a little unhappy, but very seldom. On such occasions the horrible doubt that I am marrying Marmaduke for

of what I shall do for Billy and Roly and don't want to marry meall of them, when plenty of gold is at my disposal. I try to think how much I like how handsome he is, how kind, how good to me, but always at the end of my oogitations I find my thoughts reverting to the grand house in which I am to reign as queen, or to the fine velvet dress I mean to wear as soon as I can afford to buy it.

I now glory in an engagement ring that sparkles fairly and gives me much pleasure. I have also an enormous locket, on which the letters P. M. V. are marked out by brilliants. This latter contains an exquisitely painted miniature of my betrothed, and is given to me by him in a manner that betorens doubt of its being acceptable.

"I don't suppose you will eare for the picture part of it," he says, with a laugh and a rather heightened color. But I do care for it, picture and all, and tell him so, to his lasting satisfaction, though it must be confessed I look oftener

at the outside of that locket than at any other part of it. Thus by degrees I find myself laden with gifts of all kinds—for the most part costly; and, as trinkets are scarce with us and jewels imaginary, it will be understood that each new ornament added to my store raises me higher in the social scale. So time speeds and Christmas passes and

gentle spring grows apace.
"Come out," says Billy one morning early in April, thrusting a dishevelled head into my room; "come out: it is almost warm." Whereupon I don my hat and

sally forth, my Billy in attendance. Mcchanically we make for the small belt of trees that encircles and bounds our home, and is by courtesy "our wood." It is my favorite retreat—the spot most dear to me at Summerleas. Ah! how sweet is every-thing to day, how fragrant! The primrose gold in its mossy bed, supported by its myriad friends; the pretty purple violet— the white one prettier still. I sigh and

look about me sadly.
"This is the very last spring I shall ever spend at home," I say, at length, being in one of my sentimental and regretful moods. "Yes," returns Billy; "this time next year, I suppose, you will be holding high court at Strangemore. How funny you will look? you are so small! Why, you will be an out-and-out swell then, Phyllis,

and can cut the country if you choose. What are you so doleful about? Ain't you "No, I am not," I reply emphatically; "I am sorry! I am wretched! Everything will be so new and kig and strange, and—you will not be there. Oh, Billy !" flinging my arms around his neck, "I feel that worst of

all. I am too fond of you, and that's a fact." "Well, I am awfully fond of you too," of your own accord. I don't believe up to says Billy, giving me a bear-like hug that this, Phyllis, you have ever yet done so of horribly disarranges my appearance, but is you own sweet will." sweet to me, so much do I adore my "boy

We seat ourselves on a grassy knoll and ive ourselves up to gloomy foreboding. 'It is a beastly nuisance, your getting married at all," says Billy, grumpily "If it

had been Dora, now, it would have been a cause for public rejoicing; but you are different. What am I to do without you in this stupid hole is more than I can tell. I shall get papa to send me to a boarding-school when you go." (The Eton plan has not yet been divulged.) "Why on earth did you take a fancy to that fellow, Phyllis? Were you not very well as you were?"
"It was he took a fancy to me, if you

please. I never thought of such a thing. But there is little use discussing that now. Marry him I must before the year is out : and really, perhaps after all, I shall be very

happy."
"I know how it will be," says Billy, moodily; "you will be an old woman before your time."

"Indeed I shall not," I cry, with much indignation, viewing with discomfort the ruins to which he has reduced my handsome castle. "I intend to keep young for ever so long. Why, I sm only eighteen now, and I shan't be old until I am thirty. And, Billy," coaxingly, "you shall see what I shall do for you; I will send you to Eton.

"Why don't you say you will send me to the moon?" replies he, with withering contempt.
"But I will really; Marmaduke says I

shall; and you are to spend all your holi-days at Strangemore; and I will keep a gun for you, and a dog; and maybe he will let me give you a horse.' "Oh, fiddlesticks!" says the dear boy.

"On, fiddlesticks!" says the dear boy.
would be tormented with her. I am
awfully glad, Phyllis."
When by chance during the evening
papa and I meet, though his manner is
frozen he makes no offensive remarks; and,

"Well, you shall see. And Roland shall
become and it appears to me. I seem to have

have money every now and then to pay his debts; and Dora shall have as many new dresses as she can wear; and for mamma I will get one of those delightful easychairs we saw in the shop-window in Carston, the one that moves up and down, you know—and——Oh, Billy! I think it is a glorious thing to be rich. If I could only do all I say, I believe I would marry him

were he as ugly as sin."

In the enthusiasm of the moment I spring to my feet, and as I do so become fatally aware that not two yards from me stands Marmaduke, leaning against a tree. There is a curious, not altogether amiable, expression upon his face, that assures me ne has overheard our conversation. Yet one cannot accuse him of eavesdropping, as if we had only taken the trouble to raise our heads our eyes must inevitably have met

his.
I am palsied with shame and horror; I am stricken dumb; and Billy, looking lazily upwards from where he is stretched at full length upon the sward to discover the cause, in his turn becomes aware of the enemy's presence. A moment later he is on his feet and has beaten a masterly retreat, leaving me alone to face the foe.

Mr. Carrington comes slowly forward.

"Yes, I heard every word," he says, calmly, anger and reproach in his eyes.

I make no reply; I feel myself incapable of speech.

So this is the light in which you regard our marriage!" he goes on bitterly; "as a means to an end—no more. At the close of six months I find myself as far from aving gained a place in your affections as when we first met. I may well despair Your heart seems full of thought and of love for every one, Phyllis, except for the

"Then give me up." I say, defiantly, though my false courage einks as I remember what a row there will be at home if he takes me at my word. "No, I will not give you up. I will marry you in spite of your coldness; I am

more determined on it now than ever," he makes answer, almost fiercely.

"I could not help it," returns Roly, still struggling with his merriment; "the solemnity of the whole thing was too much solemnity of the whole the whole thing was too much solemnity of the whole the whole the whole the was too whole the whole the was too whole the whole the whole ing. 1 glance at Marmaduke furtively, and persuade myself he is looking downright vindictive.
"Yes," I murmur, doubtfully, "and per-

"And so you sacrificed me to save yourself!" I exclaim indignantly.

Like all men, Roland is unutterably selfish; unlike all men, he is ever ready to selfish; unlike all men, he is ever ready to

make atonement, once the selfish act is to you, or cruel! Child, can you not even accomplished. I know I am going to cry. Already are my eyes suffusing; my nose developes a tockling sensation. If I cry before him

repent your promise, say so; it is not yet too late to withdraw. Better bear pain now than lasting misery hereafter. Answer me truly, do you wish to be my wife?"

me truly, do you wish to be my wife?"

"I do," I return, earnestly. "I shall be happier with you, who are always kind to me, than I am at home. It is only at times this in all Strangemore," I say, with tri-

the ignominy of this thought
Mr. Carrington takes my hand.

"I would give half my possessions to gain your love," he says, softly; "but softly; "but, even as it is, no bribe on earth could induce me to relinquish you. Don't talk about my giving you up. That is out of the question. I could as easily part with my life as with my Phyllis. Perhaps," with a rather sad little smile, "some time in the future you may deem me worthy to be placed in the category with Billy and Roland and the rest of them.

A mournful sound breaks from me. I search my pocket for a handkerchief where with to wine away the solitary tear that meanders down my cheek. Need I say it is not there? Mr. Carrington guessing my want, produces a very snowy article from somewhere and hands it to me. "Do you want one?" he asks, tenderly and presently I am dissolved in tears, my

nose buried in my lover's cambric.
"I am sure you must hate me," I whisper, dismally. "I make you unhappy every time we meet. Mr. Carrington, will you try to forget what I said just now, and

orgive me?" "How can I forgive you anything when you call me Mr. Carrington?"

You call me Mr. Carrington?"

He presses me

closer to him, and I rub my stained and humid countenance up and down against his coat. I am altogether penitent. "After all, Marmaduke, maybe I didn't say anything so very dreadful," I venture, at the end of a pause. "I was only thinking and deciding on what I would like to

make everybody when—when I was your wife. Was that very bad!' "No: there was nothing to vex me in all that; it only showed me what a loving generous little heart my pet has. But then, Phyllis, why did you give me so plainly to understand you were marrying ne only for the sake of my odious money by saying-what you did in your last

speech?"
"What did I say?" "That for the sake of being rich you would marry me (or any one else, your tone meant) even were I 'as ugly as sin.'" "If I said that, it was an untruth, because if you were as ugly as Bobby De Vere, for instance, I most certainly would not marry you. I detest plain people." "Well, at all events, I think you owe me

ome reparation for the pain you have inflicted "I do, indeed," I admit eagerly. "Lay any penance you like upon me, and I will not shrink from it. I will do whatever you

ask.' "Will you?" quickly. "Then kiss me of your own accord. I don't believe up to

"I will do it now, then," I return, heroically, and straightway, raising myself on tiptoe, withou the smallest pretence at pru-dery, I fling myself into his arms and kiss him with all my heart.

No accomplished coquette seeking after effect could have achieved a more complete success by her arts than I have by this simple act, which is with me an everyday occurrence where the boys are concerned By it I have obtained a thousand pardons

f need be. He is evidently surprised, and grows a little pale, then smiles, and strains me to him with passionate fervor.

"My darling—my own! Oh, Phyllis! if I could only make you love me!" he whis-

pers, longingly.
"Marmaduke," I say presently, in a rather bashful tone, trifling with the lapel

of his coat. "Well, my pet?"

"I have something to say to you."
"Have you, darling?"
"I want to tell you that I think I must e growing fond of you." ' My angel!"

"Yes. And do you know why I think "No. I cannot imagine how anything so unlikely and desirable should come to

"I will tell you. Do you remember how, long ago, when first you kissed me, I dis-liked it so much that it made me cry?"

"Well, now I find I don't mind it one

Instead of being struck with the good sense of this discovery, Marmaduke roars

when kissed by a man they don't like; and, as I never shudder or shiver when you kiss me, of course that means that I like you immensely. Don't you see?" "I do," says Marmaduke, who is still

laughing heartily. "And I also see it is an excellent reason why I should instantly kiss you again. Oh, Phyllis! I think if we looked into the family Bible we would discover we had all mistaken your age, and that you are only ten instead of eighteen."

"For many reasons. Come, let us walk

As lunch-hour approaches, we retrace our steps until we reach the principal avenue. Here Mr. Carrington declines my invitation to enter the house and partake of such light refreshments as may be going, and departs with a promise to take us for a

Active the following day.

Nature tells me the luncheon-hour must be past, and, impelled by hunger, I run down the gravel sweep at the top of my speed; but, just as I get to the thick bunch of laurels that conceals the house from view, Billy's voice, coming from nowhere in particular, stops me. Presently from be-tween the evergreens his head emerges. "I thought ne was with you," he says with an air of intense relief. "Well?"

"Well?" I reiterate.
"Why don't you tell," ories Billy angrily "instead of standing there with your mouth open? Did he hear what we said?"

Yes, every word.' "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" with a dismal roan. "And who is to tell them at home, roan. would like to know?"

Tell them what?" "Why, about,—— Surely you don't mean to tell me he is going to marry you after all that?" exclaims Billy his eyes

enlarged to twice their usual size.
"Yes, of course he is," I reply, with much dignity and indignation combined. "When a man loves a woman he does not give her

up for a trifle."
"A trifle! Well, I never," murmurs
Billy, floored for once in his life. CHAPTER XIV.

We are in the orchard of Summerleas alone, Mr. Carrington and I, with the warm but fitful April aun pouring heavily down upon us.
"It will be a good year for fruit," I tell

my lover, soberly, "the trees are showing such a fair promise." And my lover laughs, and tells me I am a wonderful child : that ne has not yet half dived into the deep stores of private knowledge I possess. He sup-poses when I come to Strangemore he may dismiss his steward, as probably I will be competent to manage everything there—the master included.

Whereupon I answer, saucely, I need not go to Strangemore for that, as I fancy I have him pretty well under control as it is. At this he pinches my ear and prophecies the time will yet come when it will be his turn to menace me. High up in the western wall a small green

gate gives entrance to another garden—a quaint spot, picturesquely wild, that we children chose to name Queen Elizabeth's Retreat. Long lines of elms grow here. through which some paths are cut—paths innocent of gravel and green as the grass

his money crushes me. Every now and me, than I am at home. It is only at times this in all Strangemore," I say, with trithen I catch myself revelling in the thought I feel regretful. But of course—if you umph, as we seat ourselves on an ancient

oaken contrivance that threatens at any moment to bring the unwary to the ground

"I wonder if you will ever think anything at Strangemore as worthy of admiration as what you have here?" says Marmaduke, passing his arm lightly round my waist. "Perhaps. But I know every nook and cramp of this old place so well and love it so dearly! I can remember no other home. We came here you know, when I was very

young and Billy only a baby."
"But Strangemore will be your home when you come to live with me. You will try to like it for my sake, will you not? It is dearer to me than either of the other places, although they say Luxton is handsomer. Don't you think you will be able to love it, Phyllis?'

"Yes, but not for a long time. I can like things at once, but it takes me years

and years and years to love anything."
"Does that speech apply to persons? If so, I have a pleasant prospect before me. You have known me but a few months; will it take you 'years and years' to love

There is lingering hope in his tone, expectancy in his eyes.
"You? Oh, I don't know. Perhaps so,"

reply, with unpleasant truthfulness.

Marmaduke removes his arm from around ne and frowns.
"Your are candor itself," he says, with elight tinge of bitterness.
"I am," I return reluctantly; "I wish

I were not. I am always saying the wrong thing, and repenting it afterwards. Papasays my candor makes me downright vulgar Marmaduke, but do you think honesty is the best policy?"
I glance up at him with questioning eyes

from under the flapping hat that has braved so many summers.

"I do," he answers, warmly; "I think there is nothing on earth so sweet or so rare as perfect truthfulness. Be open and true and honest, darling, and like yourself as long as you can. Every hour you live will make the role more difficult.'

"But why? You are older than I am Marmaduke, would you tell a lie?" "No, not a direct lie, perhaps, but I might pretend to what I did not feel."

"Oh, but that is nothing. I would do that myself," I exclaim, confidentially. "Many and many a time I have pretended not to know where Billy was when I knew papa was going to box his ears. There is o great harm in that. And Billy has done t for me. "You don't mean to say Mr. Vernon ever

boxed your ears?" I explode at the tragic meaning of his

"Often," I say, merrily, "shoals of times; but that is not half so bad as being ment to bed. However"—reassuringly— "he has not done it now for ever so long not since I have been engaged to you."
"I should hope not indeed," h

"Phyllis, why won't you marry me at once? Surely you would be happier with me than—than—living as you now do. "No, no," edging away from him; "I would not. I am not a bit unhappy as I You mistake me; and I told you

before he never does it now. "But it maddens me to think of his ever having done so. And such pretty little ears, too, so pink and delicate. Of all the unmanly blackg- I beg your pardon, Phylmatter promptly. lis, of course it is wrong of me to speak so

of your father." Oh, don't mind me," I say, easily. "Now you are going to be my husband, I do not care about telling you there is very little love lost between me and papa."

"Then why not shorten our engagement

Surely it has now lasted long enough There is no reason why you should submit to any tyranny when you can escape from it. If you dislike your father's rule, out it and come to me; you do not dislike me."
"No; but I should dislike being married very much indeed."

"Why?" impatiently.
"I don't know," I return provokingly "but I am sure I should. 'Better to bear the ills we have, et cetera.'"

"You are trifling," says he, angrily.
"Why not say at once you detest the idea of having to spend your life with me? I believe I am simply wasting my time endeavoring to gain an affection that will never be mine.' "Then don't waste any more of it," I

retort, tanning the ground petulantly with

my foot while fixing my gaze with affected unconcern upon a thick, white cloud that with laughter.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," I say, slightly cffended; "it is a very good sign. I have no wish to stand in your light. Pray read in books how girls shudder and shiver leave me—I shan't mind it in the least— leave me—I shan't mind it in the least— Had our captive suddenly recovered his hoax, while a very short postsorip, unoband don't throw away any more of your precious moments." 'Idle advice. I can't leave you now,

and you know it. I must only go on squandering my life, I suppose, until the end. I do believe the greatest misfortune that ever befel me was my meeting with you.' "Thank you. You are extremely rude and unkind to me, Marmaduke. If this is

your way of making love, I must say I don't "I don't suppose you do, or anything else connected with me. Of course it was an unfortunate thing for me, my coming down here and falling idiotically in love

with a girl who does not care whether I am "That is untrue. I care very much indeed about you being alive."
"Oh! common humanity would suggest

that speech." He turns abruptly and walks a few paces away from me. We are both considerably out of temper by this time, and I make a solemn vow to myself not to open my lips again until ne offers an apology for what I am pleased to call his odious cross-

what I am pleased to call his odious cross-ness. Two seconds after I break my vow. "Why on earth could you not have fallen in love with Dora?" I cry, petulantly, to the back of his head. "She would do you some oredit, and she would love you, too. Every one would envy you if you married Dora, she never says the wrong thing; and she is elegant and very pretty, is she not?" "Very pretty," replies he, dryly; "almost lovely, I think, with her fair hair and beautiful complexion and sweet smile. Yes,

Dora is more than pretty." "If you admire her so much, why don't you marry her?" ask I, sharply. Although I am not in love with Marmadake, I strongly object to his expressing unlimited admiration for my sister or any other

woman.
"Shall I tell you?" says he, suddenly, coming back to me to take me in his arms and strain me closer to him. Because in my eyes you are ten times lovelier. Because your hair, though darker, pleases me more. Because your complexion, though browner, is to me more fair. Because your smile though less uniformly sweet, is merrier and tenderer, and more loveable. There! have I given you enough reasons for the silly preference I feel for a little girl who does not care a straw about ma?"

"Ob, yes, I do; I like you very much, I answer, greatly mollified. "I do really better and better every day."
"Do you indeed?" rapturously. "My

'Yes," I say, in a thoroughly matter-offact tone, with a view to bringing him back to earth again without any unnecessary delay. "But how can you be so fond of me, Marmaduke, when you say I am so cross? Now, tell me thie," laying the first finger of my right hand upon his lips, and beating time there with it to each of my words; "why did you first take a fancy to

"Just because you are Phyllis; I have no other reason. If you were any one else, or changed in any way, I would not care in the least for you." "At that rate we are likely to have a happy time of it," I say, sarcastically, "considering I am never the same for two weeks running, and papa says every one's dispo-

sition undergoes a complete alteration every "I'll risk that says he, laughing. "Seven

years are a long way off."

"But I shall change in less than seven years," I say persistently. "Don't you see? I have done so twice already, at seven, and fourteen, and I shall do so again at twenty-one. Therefore, in four years time I shall be a different person altogether. and you will cease to care for me.'

"I shall always adore you, Phyllis," declares my lover, earnestly, " whether we live together for four or fourteen or one hundred and fourteen years.'

This leaves nothing more to be said, so I am silent for a moment or two, and gaze at him with some degree of pride as he stands beside me, with his blue eyes, tender and impassioned—as handsome a man as ever made vain love to a graceless maiden.

(To be continued

Ventilation. It is true that a cold draught is danger

ous. Dr. Angus Smith, the great English authority on air, says: "It slays like a sword." But impure air is no better; and

if one causes pneumonia, the other oreates consumption. Bringing air through the furnace flues is all very well, provided it is taken from a pure source of supply. if, as in most cases, the cold air box of the furnace ends over a damp, dirty area adjoining one of our unswept and filthy streets, the supply is far from wholesome. Dr. Loomis and other specialists long since pointed out the bad effects of New York dust upon the human lungs, yet the dusty air from our streets is sucked into ten thousand furnace cold-air boxes, and is the chief lung food of our population. Because this air has been warmed it does not follow that it is wholesome. It is parfectly easy to prevent a draft by raising the sash a few inches and placing a narrow board in the space below, o that the cold air will enter between the upper and lower sash and be deflected toward the ceiling without causing any annoyance to persons in the room. There are a number of patented devices for the same purpose, but the arrangement here described can be adopted by any one at the cost of a few cents. The chief difficulty about ventilating most dwelling houses is that there are not sufficient means of carry-ing off the foul and heated air. If provision is supplied for doing this, then plenty of fresh air will leak in through the window casing; and cracks, as most of our houses are not tightly built. Great benefit may be obtained from open fire places, which to the mathetes, are coming largely into use. All fire boards should be abolished. The art of ventilation has been called one of the lost arts, if indeed it ever was an entirely developed art. In our modern houses and flats, with their masses of upholstering and decoration to obstruct the sunlight and prevent free circulation of air, and with the many sources of impurity, such as cooking, washing and plumbing appliances, and still more the gaslights and steam heating apparatus, the necessity for attention to ventilation becomes daily apparent. The almost universal prevalence of catarrh, and the worm out, wearied look of Americans which Herbert Spencer noted, may be justly charged to the had ventilation of our houses, and it is time our people should take hold of the

How the Arabs Fight. The Arabs, says a correspondent of the London Daily News, are perhaps the most savagely ferocicus foes with whom British troops have ever come in contact. I have spoken of their courage, but it is the courage of tigers, and the mood in which they have engaged in these battles is the mood of wild beasts mad with fury and thirsting for blood. Their battles are battles in which quarter is neither asked for nor given on either side. Both at El Teb and at Tamanieb boys of 12 and 14 years old rushed on, armed with spear and club, like their elders. The cubs instinctively showed fight as soon as their teeth and claws grew. On the morning after the battle a wounded Arab was found near the zereba by Col. Slade, who brought him in. I saw nim when the doctors were attending him. He received with brutish half indifference, half-satisfaction, the kind treatment to which he was without delay subjected. He glared in a curiously absent manner at the group of persons who, standing around him, admired his lithe form, tall stature, and freedom and the use of his limbs the very irst thing he would have done would be to bound at the bundle of spears which a soldier had collected from the field, seize one, and thurst and stab right and left amongst his benefactors until he himself should be shot or cut down like a rabid leg. At least 10 men were killed on Thursday in different parts of the field by wounded Arabs or Arabs who pretended to be dead.

Painless and Prompt. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, the reat remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the com-fort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. Take only Putnam's Painless Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

It is said that Dr. Hammond has the anest mica mine near Athens that can be found in Georgia. Nearly all of it will equare 6 inches and from that to 10 inches. Dr. Hammond will commence work on it

It Saved My Wife's Life.

This is the report of a Princess street had the opportunity a few rights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as you can buy test bottles at all druggists. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, head ache. Nerviline, the sure pop pain oure. At all druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

Here I sent \$3 to this man for an infalli ble remedy for my red nose, and he writes me to go on drinking until it turns purple -Toper. The medical profession are slow (and

rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit convinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses. German Liberals have organized their party throughout the Empire.

Three fourths of the officers of the German army wear corsets. "Don't," said Tawmus, "don't throw that away." "It's only an old tailo "Yes, but it's paid."—Boston Post. " It's only an old tailor's bill."

"I am making both ends meet," marked the donkey, as he scratched his right ear with his left hind foot. The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—Pope.

She, encouragingly: "Your step suits mine exactly, Mr. Robinson." He, nerv-

ously: "So glad to hear you say so, Miss Sharpe; I know I'm such a bad waltzer." Mr. Staples, a wealthy citizen of WesCURRENT TOPICS.

Intellectual and bodily activity are rarely found in men of great age; but when so combined add to the chances of pro longed life. Witness three men who have played a great and active part in the world and who combine these rare gifts of nature and will, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the great humanitarian, Cardinal Newman and the Emperor William.

THE series of speeches Mr. Gladstone has delivered in the present session is described as equal to anything he has ever done, and he once more stands out in bold and unapproachable relief from his colleagues as the supreme oratorical master of the House of Commons. There has been, it is said, a strange revival in him of the love of power. He has not, and never had the remotest intention of dropping into the House of Peers.

Dr. Dubgeon, the famous homeopathist

physician of London, recalls the fact-

apropos of Koch's investigation into the

nature of the cholera germ-that Hahne mann, in 1831, suggested that the contagious matter of cholera consisted of "excessively minute invisible living creatures," and ac cordingly advised the free use of camphor, which he held to be a potent cholera bacillicide-to the efficacy of which treatment, adds Dr. Dudgeon, the statistics of every epidemic in Europe testify. Ir looks as though there were going to be another "Pike's Peak" excitement. In 1858, the reported discovery of gold in that region created an intense furore all over the country, and thousands of people migrated to that section, for the most part to meet with disappointment, and many of them to

find death. Now there is another report

famous and fateful mountain, and all the

of gold discoveries in the vicinity of

Colorado mining camps are excited by the news. It is to be hoped that this will not bring a repetition of the former days of misfortunes and disaster. Ir may be news to some that the re ligious observance of Good Friday, now so general, is not the continuation of an ancient custom so much as a revival of modern times. In the earlier part of the eign of George III. many church-going folk took no notice of the day; and in his "Restituta" Sir Egerton Brydges speaks of the "clamor, uproar and rage" with which an order of Archbishop Cornwallis "to observe decently Good Friday" was received by persons of a different way of thinking from His Grace. But the animality of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls mosity of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls the Presbyterian newspapers have been chiefly directed against Porteus, afterward Bishop of London, who was supposed to have been the Primate's dviser in this matter.

THERE are a hundred students in the rish College of Paris, all of whom are Irish by birth, and are studying for the priesthood in various dioceses in Ireland. The Superiors of the institutions are also Irish by birth, but they profess little sym pathy with the present movement headed by Mr. Parnell. The alumni, however, are all Parnellites. Its President, D MacNamara, is of the same school of politics as Lord O'Hagan and Mr. Errington. The seminary of St. Sulpics contains several hundred students, the majority of whom are of French nationality; but Ireland is represented there also by an Irish professor, Father Hagan, and a number of young ecclesias tics, who are all of advanced Irish views

A CRUEL trick was recently perpetrated with great success on the inhabitants of Pau and its neighborhood. The entire issue of the Memorial des Purences for the 1st of April was devoted by its facetious editor to a circumstantial account of the alleged restoration of the monarchy in France by a vote of the National Assembly, on the 31st ult., whose proceedings on the occasion were reported in extenso, together with the proclamation of the Count of Paris were given up to the elaboration of this hoax, while a very short postsorip, unobserved by most readers, explained that the whole affair was simply a poisson d'Avril.

The mystification was rendered more complete by an ode on the proposed coronation of the new King of France at Rheims, signed Victor Hugo."

In a private conversation with a member of the German Parliament, Bismarck re cently explained his reasons for withdrawing from the direction of Prussian affairs: "I am 70 years old. My nerves are bad, and I have not time to be unctuous. How can I think of rufiled feelings and small particularist jealousies when obliged to watch events going on everywhere? Telegraphy fearfully multi-plies my duties at the Chancellerie. Germany is interested in what happens at Rome, Madrid, Vienna, Pesth, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, New York, Washington, Hue, Tamatave, Melbourne, Sydney, Cairo and Khartoum. I must regard the world as a chessboard, and see how an event happening, no matter where, can be made indirectly or directly to affect German interests. Formerly a Chancellor just needed to be familiar with the dominant persons in the courts of Europe. He must ow understand as well parties financiers, and currents of public feeling, and act rapidly on information telegraphed to him in haste. To generalize rapidly, his eyes should be everywhere and his knowledge most extensive and exact. Chancellorship is no sinecure. Its duties might overtax a younger man. It the Emperor did not fully support me I could not get through them.

Flowers in the Arctic Region. At the United States observation station in the Arctic Sea, flowers bloom among the

almost perpetual snows. One of the party writes: The old-fashioned dandelion was found here in abundance, about the same in size and as strong in growth as in the Eastern States. Several species of the saxafrage grow in that region, and the little butteroup is a common thing. The latter has been found in bloom in early spring, the plant being in some favored place where the sun reached it and where a projection of snow protected it from the cold wind. A bluebell similar to our own grows on the low lands, while several species of poppies are found, the most prominent of which is a small yellow variety. This poppy blos-soms and fades quickly, and while the flower is passing away a small, yellow butterfly frequents the bloom and feeds thereon. The Indians believe the poppy changes into the butterfly, and hence both are called "Lucky-tucky-Jackson." A small Arctic willow grows under the surface of the moss, and one shrub will sometimes cover an area of several rods. No grass can be found, except along the seashore, where a small, coarse, wiry species is found.

"I suppose it just means that he hired 'em out." was the reply of a Sunday School child when asked what was meant by the expression, "And the king renthis clothes." Tallow dips long reigned supreme in Winnipeg, and the first coal oil was sold at from 14s. to 16s. per gallon.

A correspondent asks with a sigh ort, Conn., has given his town a \$50,000 "Are there any kind of pants that will school building. There is something Stapl last a lifetime?" Certainly—the occuabout a gift like that.

Astronomer Proctor having recently an publicly declared that the planet Jupiter is the transition state our earth was 34,-000,000 years ago, is just now a little un-popular in England, and it is said that he roposes to come and reside permanently this country, having selected as h residence St. Joseph, Mo., where he will

erect a cottage and set up his telescope. MOTHER LOVE. No love like the love of a mother When trials are gathering fast— Though fond is the care of a brother, Sometimes it will fail at the last.

Should you turn from the pathway of duty, A sistor's affection may fade; But mother-love shows its best beauty When her child to sin is botrayed. A father may speak stern and coldly If his son has wandered astray;

It his son has wandered astray; But mother will stand forward boldly And help him regain the lost way, And speak to him kindly, in warning, With just as tender a tone
As she did in childhood's pure morning,
Ere sorrow and crime he had known.

Ah, no! there's no love like a mother's Ah, no! there's no love like a mother's So noble, forgiving and true; We may trust to many another's And value it, that it is new, To find, when life's sun is shrouded, And our pathway enters the gloom, Their love for us, too, will be clouded, While hers follows us to the temb.



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CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * * * *

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TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THEREISCHECKED
VERY PIPEFULLY BY 1TS USE. * * *

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ALLGRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND IRELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMAGH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY,
DEPTRESSION AND INDIGESTION. * * * *

* THAT PEPLING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN,
WEIGHT AND BECKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY

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