Peasant and Peer.

I. Dolly, the milkmaid, came down the lane, And Harry, the shepherd, came over the grass And they met right there by the hawthorne hedge: And that is the way that it came to pass.

Their hands met over the hawthorne hedge, Their lips met there in a true love's kiss ; And the promise that passed between the

Opened a lifetime of perfect bliss. 'п.

Sir George goes out on the palace lawn And sees on the terrace Mistress Clare, With her maid, and her pug, and her ropes, Languid and feeble and proud and fair.

In a carcless way, with a courtly bow, He asks my lady to be his wife— His title against her acres broad; And that is the first of a cheerless life.

The robin is singing by Harry's cot, Where Dolly is cooking the evening meal; And their love is long, and their love is fond, And their honest hearts are as true as steel.

My lady weeps in her castle grand, For Sir George is out with his horse

hounds, And Love, the guest of the humble cot. Has never yet crossed the castle bounds.

Tis the same old story-not wealth nor fame, or rank all lowlier men ab Nor rank all lowlier men above, Nor a pedigree long, nor a lordly air, Can buy the blessing that comes with Love.

PHYLLIS. BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"Indeed, Harriet, you shall not," cry I impetuously. "We would all be miserable without you

"That's a fact, Lady Handcock," puts in Chips, heartily. "Chippendale, you almost make me

relent," says Harriet, smiling. "But"-in a piteous tone aside to me-" do not compel me to go. It is twelve miles there, and twelve miles back, if it is a yard; just think of that. My poor back would not stand it. James shall go and represent me."

"Why not change the place, and name a spot nearer home?" says Dora, quietly.

"I shall be quite unhappy if you make "I shall be quite unhappy if you make me the disturber of the peace," says Har-ist, in comic despair. "Let me stay at home; I shall do very well; and at present have passed." I feel ashamed of myself."

"Nonsense," says 'Duke. "If you don't come willingly we shall carry you. So you may as well make up your mind to visit you knew me I was the most insignificant

And it is really the prettier well of the two," says Blanche, gracefully, as she sees her cause fall to the ground.

"Then you and Blanche oan keep each other company on the coach, Phyllis, and any one else that likes. Thornton shall have the horn; it is about the one instru-ment on which he can perform with marked success.

I shall take the photon and ponies,' say I, quietly. "They have not been out for two days, and it will do them good. Exercise is the only thing that keeps them in order."

Oh, nonsense, Phyllis! you will find it much pleasanter with Blanche and the rest ofu

"Without doubt : but then I have set my heart on driving my ponies. They are my hobby at present; so you must excuse my bad taste if I say I prefer being with them t even the good company you mention. That is, if I can get any one to come and take care of me." "I shall be most happy, Mrs. Carrington,

if you will accept me as your escort," says Sir Mark, instantly, as though desirous of being the first to offer his services.

Blanche Going raises her head and regards him fixedly. In the velvet softness of her dark eyes shines for an instant an expression that is half reproach, half passionate anger; only for an instant; then turning her glance on me, she meets my gaze full, and sneers unmistakably. I feel radiant, triumphant, At least I have

teel radiable, triumphant. At least 1 have it in my power to give her sting for sting. "Thank you," I say to Sir Mark, with a beaming smile. "I shall feel quite safe and happy in my mind with you. At heart I believe I am a coward, so feel it pleasant one?

Thornton, eagerly, "I dare say Miss Hastings will get on without me, even if she comes; and Powell can blow the horn." Dora comes forward gracefully. "Take mine," she says, in spite of a reproachful glance from Sir George. "I don't in the east mind where I sit "Embarras des richesses !" ories Bebe,

laughing, putting up her hands to cover her ears. "Not for all the world, Miss Vernon. Thank you very much, all the same. Did you think I was in earnest? If the truth be told, I like nothing better than the back seat on anything, if the horses be fast. There is something delicious, almost sensational, in finding ourselves flying through the air without seeing what is taking one. I only hope I shan't fall off." "It will be Chandos' fault if you do,"

declares Sir George. "Do you hear Chan-dos? You will have to keep your eyer open, and be careful every time we come to corner.' Bebe colors again, and glances at Lord

Chandos, who by a curious coincidence she finds glancing at her. Their eyes meet. "Will you find the task too arduous?" she asks, mischievously, for once losing

sight of her coldness. "I will tell you that when we return,"

replies he, answering her smile. Not until the others have well departed does Markham bring round the pon as he puts the reins into my hands he utters a gentle warning. "I thought it safer to let the other horses

yet a bit of a start first, ma'am," he says. "You might spare the whip to-day, I'm thinking; they're that fresh as it will give

you enough to do to hold 'em." "All right, Markham," says my companion, gayly; "I will see your mistress does not irritate them to madness." The pretty animals in question toos their heads, knowingly, then lower them, and finally start away down the avenue, round

he corner, pass the beeches, and cut into the open road. The air is fresh and solt, the speed, to

say the least of it, enlivening, and for a mile or so I know thorough enjoyment; then my

arms begin to drag. "How they do pull !" I say, with a petulant sigh.

"Let me have the reins." exclaims Sir Mark, eagerly; "you will be exhausted if you try to hold those fretful creatures for "Just so," exclaims Sir George, who would have thought Jericho a very conve-nient spot had Dora so named it. "We have another Wishing Well somewhere in the neighborhood; eh, 'Duke?" nient spot nad Dora so named it. "We that is almost relief, i resign to him my seat. the neighborhood; eh, 'Duke?" "That would be the nearest road to Car-ston, supposing we had started from Sum-mericas," I say presently, as we come to only seven miles from this. Would that be too far, Lady Handcock?" "Oh, how often, long ago, I used to travel it! What years and

"Happy changes, I hope, Mrs Carring-"For me? Yes, indeed. When first

person among us at home, and now I think I have all I ever wished for."

Sir Mark smiles. "I never heard any one say that before. Of what use will the Deacon's Well be to you? Do you mean to tell me you have no wish left ungratified ?"

"Well, perhaps there are a few things I would willingly put out of my way," I reply, with a faint recurrence in my own

mind to Lady Blanche Going. "Only things? You are unfortunate. When 1 go in for that useless sort of wish. ing, it is for people-not things-I would have removed. Were I you, Mrs. Carring. ton, I believe I should live in a perpetual state of terror, waiting for some blow to

srush such excessive happiness. You know "I never anticipate evil," return I, lightly. "Surely it is bad enough when it comes, without adding to it by being miser-able beforehand. Why, how doleful you

look ! What is it? You remind me of some youthful swain in love for the first time 18 his life. "Perhaps I am."

"In love? How amusing! With whom, then? Bebe? Dora? Or some person or persons unknown? Come, surely you may coufide with all safety in your hostess." "She is the last person I would choose as a confidante on this occasion. The sympathy she would accord me would be very

"Oh, how unjust! Have I proved myself so utterly heartless? And is sympathy so very needful in your case-is it a hopeless " Quite so."

flinging his arms round me. "Your only of you, all this unpleasantness might have chance is to remain quiet; Phyllis, be been saved. sensible. Sit down when I desire you."

There is an almost savage ring in his tone. He holds me fast and forces me down in my seat. I struggle with all my strength for a moment or two to free myself

from his strong grasp, and then a coldness covers me, and 1 faint. When my senses return to me, I find I am still in the carriage. The ponies are also to be seen, motionless in their places, except for the tremblug that convulses their former with a final sense. their frames, while a fierce snort, every now and then, and tiny flecks of foam that fly hither and thither and mingle with those already to be seen upon their backs and harness, betray their late irritation. But

we are safe, apparently, quite safe. Sir Mark's arm is supporting me, while with his other hand he holds something to my lips. It is that detestable thing called brandy, and I turn my head aside. Wav.

"Take it," urges he, in a low, trembling tone; "whether you like it or not, it will maduke says, do you good. Try to swallow some." I do as I am bid, and presently, feeling

better, raise myself and look around for symptoms of a smash. "What have they done?" I ask with a

shudder. "Have they_____" "Nothing," replies he, with a laugh that is rather forced. "It was a mere bolt. If

you had not fainted you would have known it was all over in a few minutes."

"It was the whip," I whisper, still

nervous. "Yes; it was all my fault. I quite forgot Markham's caution. I have to apolo-gize very sincerely for my mistake." "Never mind apologies," I say, laughing as we are safe. I never remember being so terrified in my life, not even when my steed nearly deposited me in the middle of the High street in Carston. And you," I continue, in a half-amused tone, peering at him from under my hat—" you were frightened, too? Confess it."

"I was," returned he, carefully evading

my gaze. "But why, if, as you say, there was no danger ?"

There are worse things than runaway ponies-your fainting, for instance. I thought you were never going to open your eyes sgain, you looked so horribly white and coid-so like death." "What a lovely picture!" laughing volun.

tarily. "Well, console yourself; you have seen what nobody else ever saw - Phyllis Carrington fainting. I had no idea I had it in me. I really think I must be growing delicate or weak-minded.'

In silence Sir Mark gathers up the reins, and once more the ponies start forward.

"Now, Dora can faint to perfection," go on, finding immense eujoyment in my subject. " If she is vexed or troubled in any way, or hears thunder, she can go off grace-fully into the arms of whoever happens to nearest to her at the time. Sh neve fails; it is indeed wonderful how accurately she can measure distance, even at the last moment. While as for me, I do believe if I were scolded until nothing more was left to be said, or if it thundered and lightened

from this to to-morrow, it would not have the effect of removing my senses. At leas up to this I have found it so. For the future I shall be less certain. But how silent you are, and how cross you look! Still thinking of the obdurate fair one?" 'Of her-and many other things.

"Well, perhaps she too is thinking of you.' "I can imagine nothing more probable,

with a grim smile. "Neither can I." My treacherous spirits are again ascending. "Let me describe her to you as at this moment I think I can almost see her. Seated in a bower, enshrined in roses and honeysuckles, with her hand folded instiessly upon her lap, and her large dreamy black eyes (I am sure her eyes are black) filled with repentant tears, she is now remebering with what oruel coldness she received your advances; while unmolested the pretty earwigs run races all over her simple white dress-simple but legant, you know."

H'm-yes.' "And now remorse has proved too much or her; she resolves on writing you a letter expressing contrition for her past heartlessness. She draws towards her paper, pens and ink (in a three volume ovel the heroine has everything at her hand, even in the most unlikely places; there is never any fuss or scramble), and indites perlumed and coronetted note, which will receive to morrow. There ! you a pe you

Now, don't you feel better ?"

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE native Japanese papers state that the tree from which the lacquer varnish is

prevented it," I reply, coldly. "Without a second's warning they were off; it was obtained is disappearing, and an outory is making against "the extinction of the lacquer industry." Like the mulberry "My dear 'Duke, we should be thankful they have escaped so well," murmurs Blanche, in her softest tones, laying a tree (silk-worm's food) it was formerly pro

tected by law. The upper class families were "obliged to rear 100 trees, the middle soothing touch upon my husband's arm. Both touch and tone render me furious. "I dare say it was not very serious." class 70, and the lower class 40." The law having fallen into disuse, the cultivation of " I dare say not; but it might have been the lacquer tree has fallen away and the by two disguised men. price of lacquer has been "enormously waiting for at least three-quarters of an

noreased." THE professors of the University of Jena, I been killed," I return, quietly, moving who have been investigating the effect of tobacco upon the human system, report

away in secret indignation. Marmaduke follows me, leaving Blanche and Sir Mark to come after, and side by side, but speechless, we proceed on our that moderate quantities of the weed may be used without injurious effects. They say that in the German army soldiers in active service are very properly furnished with smoking tobacco, because smoking en-At length, in a rather milder tone, Mar-I hope-otherwise-your drive was enjoyable." "Very much so, thank you. Though I must say I don't care about feeling my life ables them to endure severe fatigue upon smaller nutrition and with greater alacrity and confidence than would otherwise be

in danger. I hope you enjoyed yours." "No"-shortly-"I did not. I never the case. IN a voyage from Rio Janeiro to Bor deaux two French savants carefully in-

A DIVER engaged in diving operations on

No — shorty — 1 the hot. I hever enjoyed anything less."
"How unfortunate! Was her ladyship thoughtful, or ill-tempered, or what?"
"She had nothing to do with it. I was vestigated the quality of sea air. They found in all instances that over the open sea, at a distance from the vessel, the air thinking of you the entire time." was singularly free from the multitude of

"Of me? How good of you! I am so sorry I cannot return the compliment, but organisms which are found in and breezes. It is now believed by these and other in-vestigators that none of the germs of an no one was farther from my thoughts than you. Concluding you were happy, I disepidemic can cross an ocean with the wind you from my memory. "I had a presentiment about those but that all low forms of life contained in

"I don't see how a groom could have

And, whether or not, it has kept every on

"It might have kept you still longer had

nobody's fault."

ponies." "Ab! it was the ponies occupied your t must soon reach the water and die. See voyages are now sometimes recommended on this special ground.

mind-not their mistress. That sounds far more natural." far more natural." "They are vicious, and not to be de-pended upon," continues 'Duke, declining to notice my interruption. "I shall dis-pose of them the very first opportunity." "Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind. They are mine and I will not have them the coast opposite Gibraltar, under Apes Hill, with the object of ascertaining the whereabouts of a recent wreck, has dis covered at the bottom from eighty to one They are mine, and I will not have them hundred large guns, mostly 24 and 32 pounders, and also two large anchors. They are supposed to have belonged to

Well, keep them if you insist upon it; but certainly you shall never drive them

me, at least."

some large line of battle ship which sand in the old war, possibly after the battle o agair Then I certainly shall and to morrow, Trafalgar. As there was no apparatus for the purpose none of the guns were brought up, so that it has not been possible to most probably. I will not be ordered about as though I were a mere baby." Marmaduke turns, and regards me so

ascertain their nationality. OUR periodical "numberings of the

steadily and gravely, that at length, in spite of myself, my eyes submit and drop. people " never fail to be attended by epi-"Phyllis, how changed you are !" says be, presently, in a low tone. "When first sodes of a curious and ludicrous character I knew you—even two months ago—you were a soft, tender, gentle little girl; and but, as might be expected, an Indian census taking has its own peculiarities. now you are always unjust and bitter-to During the recent enumeration in the Pup-

jaub. for instance, a native official returned a village pond as an "inhabited house," Something rises in my throat and prevents my utterance. Large tears gather in and when called upon for an explanation my eyes. "I am ohanged; I know it." I burst out, justified himself on the ground that he had found the pond in question occupied by a fakir, who announced his intention of re-

"1 am ohanged; I know it." I burst out, suddenly. "Before I married you I was a different person altogether. And how can I help being 'bitter' at times? Even now, when I told you how near death I had been, you showed no feeling of regret— thought of nothing but the delay I had occasioned you and your friends." "Oh, Phyllis," says 'Duke, in a tone that implies that I have wrung his heart by my false acoustations, and hefore either can maining in the water till the unholy rites of the census were over. THE sensible housewife "keeps things 'cool" for herself and her family by

letting in the night air through wide open doors and windows, and keeping the doors closed and the blinds shut during the glar false accusations, and before either can again speak we have passed a hillock and of the day. There are many other small points, the observance of which adds to the comfort of hot weather living. By starting five minutes earlier for the car, hurry is are in full view of our guests. They are all scattered about in twos or avoided, and nothing heats like hurry, as the blazing faces and streaming brows of threes, though none are very far distant from the others; and the scene is more han usually picturesque. Certainly the the late comers in cars and on the boats old Deacon knew what he was about when testify. The sensible fashion of carrying sun umbrellas has added much to the come placed his well in this charming spot. It s a little fairy-like nook, fresh and green fort of town-dwelling gentlemen.

bostinacy and self-importance. It is a common thing for Egyptians who have been educated by order of the Governmen and lying forgotten among the hills. A few pieces of broken down, ivy covered wall As might possibly happen, a man named Morearc had his entire face blown off by partially conceal the steps leading to the the bursting of a shell in the Franc Gerin the best colleges in Europe to come back Wishing Well. "'Duke, let us wish for dinner-and get to Eastern life and immediately throw man war. Eves and everything went away their books, abandon intercoursee with intelligent foreigners, shut themselves in a leaving only the top and back of the hair-covered head. And now the Paris corresit-before we wish for anything else," entreats Bebe. "The drive has given me harem among ignorant women and there end their existence. This is probably what they mean when they say that 'in their a horrible appetite. I am generally a very pondent of the London Globe writes that the man is not only still living, but that he is furnished with an artificial face, which a norrible appearse. I all generation of the present I am feeling a downright unlady-like desire for food. Phyllis, darling, do education of mind they do not neglect the heart.' An Eastern man will sit for hours includes false eyes, a false palate and false teeth, with several other things nearly as say you are hungry." "I am—starving," I reply, though coninhaling the perfume of a sweet flower and enjoying the music of a fountain (murmur-ing at the time a chapter in the Koran, false as the correspondent's story. For it is further and coolly narrated that by means of this completely equipped mask coious at the moment that the smalles solous at the moment that the smallest morsel would choke me. "Yes, by all means. 'Business first, pleasure afterwards,'" quotes Chips blithely, who is stretched full-length by without stopping to understand its mean ing) and the beautiful objects of nature the man can smell, speak in a natural tone and even play on the flute. But this artiwhich Allah has spread before him. He ficial face, wonderful as it is, is as nothing enjoys to-day, but never thinks of preserv to the consummate cheek of the corres Miss Beatoun's side, with his hat off and a straw in his mouth, looking extremely ing objects which please him in sculpture pondent who tells the story. handsome and unspeakably happy. Lord Chandos is at her other side, though rather

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UTERIES IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HE MORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. * *

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a handle.

Conts for Poodles-A Novel Watch-Chan The project of the Artisans' Exhibition in -The Parasol of the Period. Dublin is assuming shape. In poodles : Russian towelling is the new

Dr. J. S. Hughes, brother of the late est ocat for the poolle toy dcg, so that they can enjoy the bathing with their mistresses Baron Hughes, sied on May 31st in Dublin. at the beach, New potatoes were exhibited in Bantry market on June 3rd, grown in open air at A novel watch chain has alternate links of gold and three odd coins joined at inter

Crookhaven. vals. A farmer named James Curtin, living at loom, near Castleisland, was shot recently and dandelions, are the summer bouquet of

corsage. The pilgrimage of Lough Darg, approved Bracelete of Sxidized silver and coins of Louis XIV., suspended, were worn by a lady lately on a visit to New York, and, greatly admired for their antique pattern. The parasol of the period has a mer-

The pigrimage of Lough Derg, approved by the Holy See, was opened on June 2ud, and will close on Aug. 11th. Dennis Molloy, the man with five wives was tried in Dublin on the 5th. The prisoner was found to be insane. and WAS ordered to be detained during the Lord

estate. The union has been strongly

opposed by the gentleman's friends, but the recent death of his father put him 10 pos-

session of $\pounds 4,000$ a year, with some $\pounds 30,000$ hard cash, and he at once arranged for the

marriage, which greatly rejoiced the tenants, who have held festivals. Mr.

tenants, who have held festivals. Mr. Butler, the day before marrying his humble

bride, also embraced the Roman Catholic

TO-DAY WITHOUT A TO-MORROW

The Lethargy of Life in the East.

"Society among the inmates of the

harem means simply smoking cigarettes

and pipes, and the most trivial amusements.

Instead of the sparkling conversation and pleasant music with which the sexes re-

iprocally entertain each other among

monotonous noise of drums, and the clang of tamborines are here the solace of woman

in her hours of ease. The boasted luxury of the palaces offers in its isloation no

attraction to a refined nature. This life

makes people prematurely old; a man of 50 is wrinkled and superannuated, and a woman of 30 has passed her meridian. No

one works unless compelled to it, as tran-

quillity of mind and persons best pleases the Oriental taste. They ignore the

the Oriental taste. They ignore the passage of time, which never disturbs them with the cry of bukrah (to-morrow)

yet people write of the fascinations of Eastern life. It may be the climate, with

its sunny sky and the quickening air of the

beset, or possibly stagnation of existence which deludes them. It cannot be the effort of thinking or of feeling that awakens

pleasing impressions, for there is nothing here that does not clash with every senti-

ment, habit and custom of intellectual life. "Society is the isolation of a prison, though the captives are surrounded by

numbers of people. The philosopher residing in the East is forced to meditate

bitterly upon the waste of humanity around him. Only an anchorite whose religious

duty consists in counting beads could be

charmed with such monotony and silence. The man of energy and thought would

think it a cruel punishment to be forced to undergo the ordeal of intellectual stagna

ion amid a people whose ignorance and indolence fill their minds with egotism,

Western people, horrible screaming, the

eligion.

sank

An advertising dodge of noise, if not Lieutenant's pleasure. On the 7th a vote was taken in the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyreight, is a wound-up top which spins in front of a dry-goods store and bears a device terian Church on the instrumental music of some article within painted on it question. The instrumentalist party moved to the effect that discipline should top is worked by electricity and spins for a quarter of an hour at a time. be exercised against congregations using instruments. An amendment was moved setting forth that it would be disastrous to the Church to do so. The amendment was carried by 266 against 245. Mr. Butler, a young Irish landlord, has married the daughter of the herd on his

ponies prove refractory." "You had better take a groom with you,

gency." "Nevertheless, I think you had better have a groom. Those ponies are generally skittish after an idleness. I shall tell Mark-

"Pray do not give yourself the trouble," I reply, obstinately; "I shall not need him. You do not think there is any cause for fear, do you, Sir Mark ?"

"I think not. I think I am a match for your ponies at any moment," returns he,

smiling. "In my opinion grooms are a mistake in a small carriage," murmurs Lady Blanche, addressing the table generally. "There is something unpleasant in the fact that they are close behind one's back ready to hear and repeat every idle word one may chance Her smile as she says this is to utter. innocence itself.

I fully agree with you," answer I. equitably; though Sir Mark and I are above uttering anything idle."

Marmaduke frowns and the conversation

ends. Meantime, the others have been eagerly discussing their plans. Sir George Ashurst has obtained a promise from Dora to take the seat beside him in his dog cart. Hariet has decided on the open carriage, and reclares her intention of calling and taking dp mamma. Lord Chandos alone had no

uart in the discussion. Just then the door opens to admit Bebe, fresh and gay as usual. Fositively we have all forgotten Bebe. "Late-late-so late !" says she, laugh-

ing. "Yes, Marmaduke, I know it is accu-ally shocking. Don't say a word, dear; your face is a volume in itself. Good-morning, everybody. Phyllis, you don't look formid-

le. I shall have my chair near you." 'The men rise and somebody gets he a seat.

"Bebe, we forgot you," cry I, contritely. "Where shall we put you now ?"

"Put me?" says Bebs, regarding her chair. "Why, here I suppose." "No, no; about our drive to the Wishing Well, I mean. We have been just arrang-ing everything, and somehow you got left out

" I have still two seats at the back of my my trap," says Ashurst; will you accept one, Miss Beatoun? And Chandos can have the other."

The faintest possible tinge of color rises to Behe's cheek

all you can offer me? I was never so insulted in my life. It is positively unkind. Marmaduke, why did not you look after my interests in my absence?" "I don't know how it happened. First

come, first served, I suppose." "The unkindest cut of all. 'Duke, you

are ungenerous, or else in a bad temper; which? However, I forgive you." "I would give you the front seat," says

"I would give you the from seas, says in the first sease, says in

Miss Beatoun, have my place," says

3 -

"Poor Sir Mark! 'If she be not fair to me. what care 1 how fare she be?' is a very to know there will be help at hand if the good motto; why not adopt it, and—love ponies prove refractory."

easier."

"You had better take a groom with you, Phylls," says my husband, shortly. "Oh, no thank you. It will be quite unnecessary. Sir Mark, I know, is as good as two or three grooms in a case of emer-people ever let themselves fail into the

"You speak as if you yourself were free from the gentle passion," says Sir Mark, with a searching look, under which I color and feel somewhat confused. "We were talking of second lovers," I

"We were talking of second lovers," I say, hurriedly. "One hears of them. I was advising you to turn your attention that way. Burely it would be possible." "I don't believe in it; at least to me it

would be impossible," replies Sir Mark, in a low tone, and silence falls upon me. Once again I am in the ball-room at

Strangemore, listening to a tale of early love. Is Sir Mark thinking of Marmaduke killed. now, I wonder, and the story he then told me, of his old infatuation for his cousin Blanche? Was it more than infatuation, a passing fancy? Was it in honest, lasting attachment? And have I secured but the tired, worn-out remnant of a once strong

assion ? My changeful spirits, so prone to rise, so

easy to dush to earth, again forsake me. Discontented and uncertain, I sit with

lowered lids and fretful, puckered brow. " Do you, then, think a man can love but once in his life?" I force myself to ask, though with open hesitation. "But once? Is it not end

though with open hesitation. "But once? Is it not enough? Would you condemn any one to suffer the restless misery, the unsatisfied longing, a second time?" responds he moodily.

"No; but it is bad for those who come after," I reply with deep dejection. "They must take their chance. The

suffering cannot be all on one side. We must accept our share of misery, as it

comes, with the best grace we can." "I will not," I cry, passionately. "All my life I have determined to be happy, and I will succeed. Whatever happens, what-ever comes of it, I refuse to be miserable." "What a child you are !" says he, almost

pityingly. **I am not. I am talking quite rationally. I firmly believe we all make half our own

grievances." "And what becomes of the other half?" "Let us leave the subject," I say petu-lantly, ignoring my inability to answer him. "You are dull and prosy. If you insist on being a martyr, be one, but do not insist also on my following in your footsteps.

Because you choose to imagine yourself uphappy, is no reason why I should not be

I rise from my seat and prepare to throw myself out of the phæton. Surely the hard

reckless, deadly flight. Seeing my intention, Sir Mark rises also. "Phyllis, are you mad ?" cries he,

What ! still frowning ? still in the lowest depths? I begin to doubt my power to comfort you." I don't feel any inclination to jest on the

subject," returns Sir Mark, gruffly, making a vicious blow with the whip at an unoffending and nearly lifeless fly. "Well, there," I gasp, in a sudden access

of terror leat he might again incense the ponies, "I will jest no more. And don't despair. Perhaps—who knows?—she may grow fond of you in time."

He laughs, a short, bitter laugh that yet has something in it of dismal merriment. "If I could only tell you," he says, "if you only knew, you would understand what a double mockery are such words

coming from your lips." His fingers close around the whip again. Again frightened, I hastily clutch his arm. "Don't do that," I entreat ; " place do not use that dreadful whip again ; remember the last time you did so we were nearly

"I wish we had been altogether so," mut-

ters he, savagely. I stare at him in speechless surprise Did that flask contain much brandy? What on earth has happened to our careless debon nair Sir Mark?

Even as I gaze in wonder he turns his head and looks with some degree of shame into my widely-opened, astonished eyes.

"Pardon me," he says, gently. "I don't know what has come to me to-day. I fail to understand myself. I doubt I am an illtempered brute, and have hardly any right even to hope for your forgiveness." But his manner has effectually checked

my burst of eloquence, and we keep unbroken silence until we reach our destination Here we find Marmaduke and Lady Blanch anxiously on the lookout for us; the others and the second s

"Oh, how long you have been supple-ments Blanche. "We were beginning to wonder-almost to fear an accident had occurred. It is quite a relief to see you in the flesh."

"You were very near not seeing us." I explain. "The ponies behaved very badly —ran away with us for half a mile or so— and frightended meso much that I fainted." "How distressing!" says Blanche, appa-

rently much concerned. " How terrified you must have been ! And so unpleasant too, without a lady near to help you ! You

were able to resussitate Mrs. Carrington, at all events." (To Sir Mark.) "Well, I don't suppose I would have been of much use without the brandy,"

We the other.
The faintest possible tinge of color rises to gay.
The faintest possible tinge of color rises to gay.
"A back seat! Oh, Sir George, is that i you can effer me? I was never so across the ponies' backs.
I you can effer me? I was never so across the ponies' backs.
I this positively unkind.
I is the ponies' backs.
<l fling themselves backwards on them haunches, and in another moment are flying wildly on, regardless of bit or curb or rein. As I realize the situation, I grow mad it does not seem unkind to laugh, does it ?" Marmaduke by this time is black as night. As I realize the situation, I grow mad with fright. Losing all sense of self-control, away, goes to explain some trivial break in

the harners to one of the coachmen. "It is a pity, Phyllis, you would not take

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suppressed anger or some other emotion. spasm, b "If you had taken a groom, as I begged growth.

"What do you say, Phyllis ?" says 'Duke, looking at me. "Do not take me into consideration at

farther away.

all," I return in a suppressed voice. " Din-ner now, or in five hours to come, would be quite the same thing to me."

I move quickly away from him towards mamma as I say this, and, sinking down on the turf very close to her, slip my hand into hers; and as I feel her gentle fingers v hand closing upon mine, a sense of safety and relief creeps slowly over me. Dinner progresses; and, though I will not

acknowledge it, I begin to feel decidedly better. Fragments of conversation float

here an i there. "I have a great mind to set my little dog at you," says Bebe, in reply to some fla-grant compliment bestowed upon her by the devoted Chips. A little bijou of a dog, with an elaborate collar and beseeching eyes, that sits upon her knee and takes its dinner from her pretty white fingers, is the

animal in question. "Oh, please don't," murmurs Chips, pathetically. "I am so horribly afraid of your little dog. You would not like me to disc of more under the set of the set die of nervous excitement, would you? "I am not so sure. It would make room for a better man." "Impossible ! There isn't a better fellow

going than I am. You ask my mamma when you see her."

(To be continued

Bangles and Frizzes.

Gathered Spencer waists are again in ogue. Men's dress is less ceremonious this sea-

on, and so are their manners. The lace plastron waistcoat is as fashion. The face plastron wastcoat is as fashion-able on the other side as here. Blue and grey are the most fashionable combination colors for street wear. Spencers of black banded lace are worn with black silk or colored silk skirts.

Lace falls all around dressy, broad-brimmed carriage hats are again in vogue. Low-crowned hats are worn only the country, either by ladies or gentlemen. Dresses of black and white silk used in the composition of the costume are in high favor.

Children's stockings are dark or black. even when white or the palest tinted dresses are worn.

Chalk-white Valenciennes is the latest praze for trimming black silk dresses and black parasols.

Mushroom and gray shades in all the varieties possible are the rival colors for Vertesteen and poplin combine well for severely simple walking suits, but admit no

shirrings or puffings. The beautiful fashion of wearing flowers

for evening only, of course. Fan scrap bags and scrap bags of colored silk or fine woollens covered with lace are

admit of a broad collar, is the accepted style. nome in Problem Forshin, was for white serving in the Prussian army he was taken prisoner, and forthwith entered the French army and took part in many of Napoleon's campaigns. After Waterloo he went home, but in the rising of 1830 entered the Polish

Lace overgarments, lace dresses and lace confections of all kinds are trimmed with knots, flots, bows, loops and cascades of satin velvet ribbon.

Religion is not a thing of noise and army, and, being taken prisoner, passed 47 "Which rule is that?" asked the other. spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet years in Siberia. He was only released in "That which forbids feeing the servante," 1879.

or painting, however dear to him, for the sake of the pleasure they might give in the future. This their writers call a life rich in gensations." – Gen. Loring's "Confederate A physician in the Chambers Street Hos-pital, New York, showed a reporter the Soldier in Equpt.' other day how they treat sunstrokes there. Leading the way to a bath-room in the

-The best test of a human life is the basement and pointing to a bath room in the basement and pointing to a man about 30 years of age, who lay naked in the bath with an ice-cap on his head and a sheet over his legs, the doctor continued : "This is an unknown man from the Church Street amount of good it has been and done to others. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham may be given a seat of honor among those who have helped to change sickness into health and to transform the darkness of suffering Police Station, and the first regular case of sunstroke we have had this year." The man into the sunshine of rest and hope.

A Startling Discovery.

Is Advice Chesp?

We think not, for if disinterested it has like

every good thing been dearly purchased. A fool may offer, but it requires a wise man

A meeting of the Paris bar has passed a

resolution—which, of course, has no legal effect—That the receiver of a letter has the

right to publish it without the consent of the writer or his heirs.

Miss Brown, who is no longer young, was chiding Miss Moire for her foolishness

in carrying a parasol, which Miss Brown said was useless and a piece of affectation.

I never carry a parasol," she said, No," replied Miss Moire, " people on the

shady side of life have no use for them."

In one of the leading clubs two promi-

"That fellow deserves to be expelled. He has broken every rule of the clubsave one."

was the answer.

lay on his back, breathing stentoriously "What nonsense !" exclaimed Bertha with the tongue pulled forward to prevent choking, while an attendant played water "What honsense !" exclaimed Bertha. "The idea of telling Mrs. Brown that you were only 23 !" But didn't I do right, dear ?" replied Edith. "You know mamma has always taught us not to exaggerate. It is better to under rather than over-state, ou know " all over him with a powerful sprinkler. "He fell down at fifteen minutes to 12 this morning, and we had him under treatment in twenty-two minutes. No two ou know.'

cases of sunstroke are exactly alike, and the treatment depends upon the symptoms. Speaking generally, I may so that if the pulse is full and strong, with

A startling and important discovery was very high temperature, we first bleed the patient from the arm. Although this man's temperature was 109 ° when he was made when, after long and patient experi-ments, the combination of NERVILINE was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever ready, prompt, effi-cient and cheap remedy at hand. Do you brought in, which indicates an internal temperature of 110°, we did not bleed him, and he did not need it, but applied the ice know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nerviline and test its cap to his head and douched him continuously with Croton water. After one and a great power over pain of every description? Polson's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side, and back, rheumatism; in half hour's treatment the patient's pulse stood at 103°. As soon as the pulse is reduced to 981°, the normal temperature, fact all pain. Sold by druggists and

country dealers,

we lift him from the bath and lay him in a cool place, and if he is going to recover he will soon begin to do so. Most of the cases are only from heat exhaustion, in A pompous and opinionated man, when discussing a certain matter with a lady, exclaimed—" I know I am right, madam. which case we treat them with the ice cap. nd perhaps a little bromide of potassium. am perfectly sure that I am. my ears on it, madam!" "Do you think it right to carry betting to such extreme lengths?" quietly responded the lady. It is not necessary to be, in the sun to get sunstroke. It is really a heat stroke. My experience, though, shows that long and short, stout and thin, are all liable to get it,

but undoubtedly drinking strong drinks increases the danger."

A Novel Book-Unse for Twenty-eight

Cents. One of the quaintest book racks seen in

to profit by it, and you, my reader, may offer or accept a little practical advice. One of the quaintest book-racks seen in quite a while has just been finished by a young woman living in Harken. Every would not be so profuse in their praises did they know it was made of a soap-box. did they know it was made of a scap-box. The bex was obtained from a corner where, by druggists and dealers in medicine grocer, and was of quite nice, smooth wood, all over the country. Beware of substi-

The top and bottom were removed, one of tutes. the sides placed down three inches from A large package of bank bills is reported

the sides placed down three houses from the top and the top edges were prettily scalloped. The whole was then coated with oak varnish and a strip of cream leather, pinked at the edges, tacked on to to have disappeared from the post-office, Quebec, while passing between a local bank and one of its branches.

leather, pinked at the edges, tacked on to each shelf. The shelves were kept firmly in place by little iron rivets, and were hung from the sides by means of a crimson

aung from the sing through both shelves and fastening into two screws in the wall. A few little pieces of brica brac were placed on the top shell, while a row of handsome volumes beautified the lower one. The in the hair is revived in Paris, but this is

entire cost was twenty-eight cents .- New among household decorative fancies. Dog-collars and bracelets to match, both broad whenever the neck is long enough to York Journal. Col. Malezewski, who died lately at his home in Prussian Poland, was 100. While