- M littlewife shall have her way, I often tell her so; For she has both the wit and will To choose the right, I know. And it sometimes she chooses wrong, She's sure the fault to find,
- And tell me in a little while—
  "My dear, I've changed my mind!"
- She said to me the other day—
  "I'm really in distress;
  I cannot show myself again Without a new silk dress
- Instead of that she changed her mind,
- Instead of that she changed her mind, And said, to my surprise,
  "Why should I spend our money, dear,
  For other people's eyes—
  This dress is very pretty yet,
  'Twill last for many a day?'
  I answered, with a loving kiss,
  "My wife shall have her way."
- Sometimes sho says: "I'm going to call; I'll take a carriage, Jack."
  "Why do!" I answer: "Roads are bad, And you'll be sooner back."
  At night she asks: "Why should I spend Five dollars calling, pray?
  I took the cars." Was I not right To let her have her way?

- Year after year, as summer comes,
  She's sure to say to me—
  "The city is so hot, let's rent
  A cottage by the sea."
  "Do, love." She looks at one or two
  "Then says: "At home well stay;
  Home's better, Jack, and cheaper, too I"
  "My daring, take your way."
- And so it is through all my life, Whate'er my wife shall want, It is my will, it is my way Her will and way to grant. For if I do not contradict,
- And if I do not slight. Then I can trust her every time To do the thing that's right.

## PHYLLIS.

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

"I decline to countenance a great deal of rubbish," returns he vigorously. "Poverty is the surest fee that love can have, I stoutly maintain, in spite of all the poets that ever wrote. But now that it no longer stands in the way, Bebe, be my wife, and let us forget the past."

Do you think we should either of us ever forget it?" demands she, raising s small white mournful face to his. "Do you not see how it would come between us every hour of our lives? Even supposing what you say to be true, that I love you, it would be all the greater reason why should now refuse to be persuaded into doing as you wish. Could I bear to know, day by day, that my busband thought me

'Mercenary! I shall never think you that. How could I? How could any man blame you for shrinking from such a selfich proposal as mine? I tell you again

think you behaved rightly in the matter."

"Very rightly, no doubt, and very wisely, and very prudently—for myself," replies Bebe, in a cold, bitter way. "Why seek to disguise the trut? If it be true what you have supposed, that I returned your affec-tion, I only proved myself one of those who fear to endure the smallest privation for the sake of him they love; and what a love "lat must be!" She laughs cont mutu "I fear, Lord Chandos, I am not the stuff of which heromes are made."

"If, as you hint, I am wrong," exclaims Chandos, eagerly catching at a last chance, 'if all along I have been deceiving myself in the belief that you cared for me, let me begin again now, and at least try to obtain your affection. If, when——"
"Enough has been said," interrupts she,

icily—" too much. Let my hand go, Lord Chandos. I want to find Mrs. Carrington." (Mrs. Carrington is almost on the verge of lunacy by this time between fright and

disappointment.)
"Is there then no hope?" asks Chandos, "Am I to understand that you again reject me?"

again reject me?"

"Yes, as you put it in that light. It is your own fault," bursts out Bebe, passion-stely. "I told you not to speak."

"Had all the world told me the same

thing, I would still have spoken. Death itself is preferable to suspense. If my persistence has caused you any annoyance. Miss Beatoun, I beg you will forgive me."
"I, too, would be forgiven," falters Bebe, putting out a cold white hand. As he stoops

to kiss it she goes on, faintly: "Will you promise me to forget you ever cared for me

'Impossible," returns ho, abruptly, and turning, walks out of the conservatory through the door by which he entered.

Now, is it not provoking? I feel my heart touched with pity for Lord Chandon, with resentment towards his cruel love until, glancing towards the latter, who has stood motionless since his departure, with head bent and hands loosely clasped, the resentment fades, and compassion of the

deepest takes its place.

I would give all the world to be able to go, meet and comfort her, to twine my arms around her neck, to express my sympathy. But how can I? What a treacherous creature she would think me! How mean! nothing but a pitiful eavesdropper. Slowly she raises her head, and, breath

ing a heavy sigh, advances until she stands within the drawing room. She is awfully close to me now; I can almost touch her. How on earth am I to

meet her again with this secret on my mind? If I go on feeling as I do now, I shall betray myself a thousand times within Two large tears gather in her eyes and

roll mourafully downwards. I can bear it no longer. Whatever comes of it, I must make my presence known,

an I, springing from my couch, I dash aside the block lace curtains and reveal myself. Uttering a sharp ory, she recedes a little, then checks herself to stare at me with mingled haughtiness and astonishment.

"Yes, I was here all the time," I cry mploringly, "and I heard every word. I was lying on this sofa, and nothing escaped me. Of course you will never forgive me for it, but indeed I did not mean to listen." "Ob, Phyllis!"

There is such a world of reproach in her tone that I become distracted. I move towards her and break into a speech of the most incoherent description, my words falling from me with the rapidity of despe-

"Yes, it is true," I say. "You may look at me as if you hated me, but what was I o do? When first you came in I was in a dozy, half sleepy sort of state, and not until you and Chandos were in the very middle of your discussion did I fully awake to the horrors of my situation. Had I declared myself then, it surely would have Had I been worse; and, besides. I hoped, I believed you would have been kind to him at the and, and dreaded lest my unexpected appearance should put a stop to his proposal. However"—pathetically—"I suppose you will never forgive me."

'Oh, Phyllis, it is all over now!" is poor Beebe's unlooked-for reply, as she throws herself into my arms, with a burst of grief. She is forgetful of all but her How paltry a thing in comparison with it is my small misdemeanor.

"No no," I reply, soothingly, patting the back of her neck, which is all I can get at. "Remember the very last thing he said—that it would be 'impossible' to for-

time to reflect be will see how cold and detestable were my words. He will be glad of his esc pe from any one so unlov I myself wonder now, Phyllis, how I could have so snoken to him.

"I could have kiled you as I listened," I say, vindictively. "How you brought lie about such a trifle?"

say one half what he said to you. Bebs. what made you so cold? I could have gone

in and shaken you with all my heart. "I wish you had," replies she, dolefully. 'Yet, perhaps things are better as the are. At all events, he cannot think meanly of me. I have shown him that, whatever else I may be, I am not a mere money-

Well, for all that, I think it a foolish thing to cut off one's nose to vex one's duke.' face," return I with much truth and more Sure

vnlgarity. "I am not vexing any one," says Bebe.
"Yes, you are. You meant to vex Lord Chandos, and you succeeded. And you are vexing yourself dreadfully. And all for what? For the miserable thing called Now, I never had any of that troublesome commodity about me, and I believe the want of it adds greatly to one's

enjoyment." 'Had I accepted him I would have been wretched," murmurs she, with a sigh Then, breaking down again: "And now that I have refused him. I am wretched.

too; so there is no comfort anywhere."
"I shall always for the future hate that conservatory," exclaim I, half crying. "And what was the use of my wishing at the Descon's Well, if this is the only answer I am to receive?"

Was your wish about me?" "Yes. I hoped Lord Chandos would again ask you to marry him. And see, it has happened. I forgot to wish at the same moment that you might be endowed with a little common sense. It never occurred to me that you would be rash enough to

murder your happiness a second time. "What a good little thing you are, Phyllis, to think about it at all | Well, let us not speak of it again to-day. I do not choose he shall see me with reddened lide, like a penitent. And if I cry any more I shall have to borrow some rouge from the blooming Going to color my pale cheeks. See, I still can

You will marry him yet," retort I, with conviction, refusing to notice the negative shake of the head she bestows upon me as she quits the room.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Harriet, I am freezing rapidly; will you ring the bell, as you are so near it, and et us get some more coals? Tynon seems

to think we require none."

Harriet withdraws her hand reluctantly where it is lying, warm and perdu, beneath the silky Skye, snoozing on her lap, and does as she is bidden.

It is terribly cola. Suddenly, and with-

out the usual warning, winter has come upon us.

Already my guests talk of leaving : already countless invitations to spend the coming Christmas in the homes of others have reached Marmaduke and me. Indeed, Harriet and Bebe—whose mother does not return to England until the coming spring will take no refusal.

Dora's marriage is arranged to come off

about the middle of the ensuing month; and even now the illustrious personage who deigned to make me presentable on my entrance into fashionable life is busying husband. Surely her tone was utterly herself about the trousseau.
"Where is Lady Bianobe?" I ask, sud-

denly awakening to the fact that for some hours I have not seen her. She complained of a headache shortly after the departure of the shooting party," says Dora, who is as usual tatting, " and

went to her own room. "Dear me! I hope it is nothing serious," I say, anxiously, my conscience accusing me of some slight neglect; ' I thought she did look rather pale when I

met her in the hall." "I don't think you need be uneasy, dear," remarks Harriet, mildly, with a suspicious twinkle in her eyes; "Blanche's headaches never come to anything. Probably she will be quite herself again by dinner

Perhaps she felt a little dull-when the gentlemen were gone," suggests dear Dora, very innocently, without raising her white lide.

Harriet laughs maliciously, and pulls her Skye's ears; and, thus encouraged, our gentle Dora amiles.
"It seems rude, though, not to inquire

for her, does it not?" say I, with heata-tion. "I think I will just run up and ask tion. "I think I will just run up and ask if there is snything that I can do for her." So saying, I put down my work—a onderful piece of imagination in the shape of a headed color for Cheekie, Bebe's fox-

of a behand color for Cheekie, Bede's fox-terrier. I go up to see Blanche.
"Come in," returns her ladyship's voice, carelessly, evidently thinking she is addressing one of the domestics. I turn the handle and enter.

At the farther end of the room, robed in a pale blue dressing gown richly trimmed with lace, sits Blanche, looking by no means so ill as I had expected to see her. Indeed, the clearness of her eyes and the general air of liveliness about her agree badly with her tale of a headache.

She has before her a timy writing table. and in her hand a very elaborate pink sheet of note-paper, heavily monogrammed. It is covered with close writing, and as I open the door she is in the act of folding it. As her eyes meet mine, however, with a sudden want of presence of mind, scarcely worthy of her, she hesitates, and finally ends by putting it hastily between the

leaves of her blotter. She rises to meet me, and in doing so throws a goodly amount of elegant languor into her face and form.

" I was sorry to hear of your not feeling well," I hasten to say as sympathetically " I came to see if I could do any-

thing for you."

"So good of you"—with a weary smile—"so kind to take all this trouble! But, thank you, no. I have such a wretched head," putting her hand pathetically to her forehead. "At such times as these I am utterly useless, and the worst companion possible.

"Well, how is she?" asks Bebe, coming upon me unexpectedly, and speaking in a suppressed and agitated tone, as though some one were dead or dying in the next room. "Is she anything better, poor

darling? Does the dootor hold out the faintest chance of her recovery? Speak, and relieve my burning anxiety! "I don't believe she is ill at all," I return in high disgust. "She looks perfeetly well, and her color quite as bright as

ever. "A hectic flush, dearest, I fear our sweet friend is in a bad way. How could you look at her without seeing the ravages

you look at her without seeing the ravages of disease? Dear Phyllis, I doubt you are sadly wanting in discernment. What did our 'stricken deer' say to you?"

"Ob, she put on an affected drawl, and called herself a wretched being, and pressed terforehead tragically, and was meekly resigned in every way, and looked most provokingly healthy all the time. I know was not half as sympathetic as I ought to

ave been."

Bebe breaks into merry laughter. We ceal their double dealing! have turned a corner, and are on our way downstairs by this. "Look here, Phyllis!" cries she: "you may take my word for it, it is in my power to wound him in turn-the fair Blanche is this moment in as sound and her, too, after what I have overheard thi

health as you or I."
"But why, then, immure herself in her room and act the martyr?" "Tired of our company, probably, dear. We all understand Blanche's vapors by get you."

"Ah! so he said. But when he has this time. The men have gone out, you time to reflect he will see how cold and see, not to return until dinner hour, and see, not to return until dinner hour, and women are so terribly insipid. My lady's dresses want renovating, it may be, and surely this is a capital opportunity to see to them. Voila tout."
"And could see not say so? Why tell a

drawing room.
Somehow, the remembrance of that pink note and the faint confusion exhibited by note and the faint confusion exhibited by Blanche Going on my entrance into her room lingers in my mind. I feel a vague dislike to that monogrammed epistle. For whom was it meant?

Off and on during the remainder of the day the question had to will prevents my onnecting it with the name of "Marma-

Surely, surely, I cannot be becoming that most detestable of all things, a jealous,

suspicious wife! I am unhappy and restless in spite of all my endeavers to be otherwise. Yet, as the twilight falls and the shades of evening gather, instead of waiting for their coming. I leave Dora in full possession of the tea tray, and, quitting the drawing room, go upstairs to pass a solitary and purposeless hour in my boudoir—the pretty little sancium, all blue and silver, that associations have endeared to me.

Finding myself as restiess here, how ever, as chewhere. I leave it as the clock chimes half-past 6, and turning into the picture gallery, begin to stare stupidly enough upon the grim cavaliers and im-modest shepherdesses, who in their turn

stare hack at me. Suddenly I become conscious that some cold air is blowing upon me, and, raising my eyes, perceive the lower window to be partly open. I shiver, and involuntarily move forward to close it.

Outside this window runs a balcony, reached by stone steps from the ground beneath, and as I draw nearer to it sounds coming from thence fall upon my ears—first a woman's voice, and then a man's. Their words, though softly uttered, are thoroughly distinct; a fragment of their conversation, unchecked by the chill wind, passes close by me and makes itself heard. "So you thought once. You cannot have altogether forgotten the old times—the

past memories -- " It is Blanche Going's voice, and the ac cent strikes me as being reproachfully, nay

enderly impassioned. For a moment my beart stops beating. A cold dampness covers my face. I cannot move. I hardly dare to breathe. On, to whom are these words addressed! Whose voice will give her back an answer? Sir Mark speaks; and with a relief that through its intensity is for the instant acutest pain. I stagger against the wall

near me, and stand motionless to recover "Can anything be more melancholy than 'old times?'" murmured Sir Mark, lightly, without the faintest trace of tenderness in

his tone. "Believe me, we have no real happiness in this life until we have learned successfully how to forget." I leave the window noiselessly, but as I go the words and their meaning follow me. "Old times"—"past memories"-can it indeed be that in the "long ago" lie love

passages that were once fresh between Lady Blanche and Sir Mark Gore? I/ it be so, and that the remembrance of them is not yet quite dead in her heart, what becomes of my theory (that of late has been a settled conviction) that she bears an overweening affection for my sincere; she had not feigned that despair ing sadness; those few words had come from a full heart -from a woman making

a last vain effort to revive a buried love. I gain my own room, and, having locked the cutside door, stop to press my hand to my forehead. A sensation that is partly triumph, partly joy, rises within me—joy, however, that lasts but for a moment, as, with a groan, I recollect how as yet I have

Of what consequence is it to me to know whether Marmaduke is or is not the first in Blanche Going's thoughts, unless I be assured that she is not the first in his? Nevertheless, in spits of these dismal doubts, I feel my spirits somewhat lighter. My feelings towards my husband take a kindlier shade as I burry through my dressing with the assistance of my maid—being already rather late with my toilet. I hear 'Duke enter his own room. The days are 'Duke enter his own room. The days are long gone by when he would seek my pres ence the first thing on his return, and, having given me the kind and tender kiss

I prized so little, proceed to tell me all that the day had brought him.

Just now this thought forces itself uonp me obstinately, bringing a strange, remorse-ful paug to my heart. I dismiss Martha, an unpaually softened frame mind, open the door that separates his room from mine, and say, cheerfully, "Had you good sport, Marmaduke?"

He looks up plainly surprised, but makes no comment on my unexpected appear-"Pretty fair. Not so good as we hoped

on setting out, but very respectable for all that. Thornton is a first-class shot. At y one here to day?" Yes, the De Veres and Murrays. But they stayed no time, and old Mrr. Murray was in a very bad temper. It appears

Harry is more than ever determined about marrying the governess." "I pity the governess, if she goes back to live with the old lady as a daughter in "So do I. Oh, Marmaduke, have you

got any cau-de-Cologne? Martha must have a weakness for it, as she never leaves "I see plenty in one of these bottles. Come and take it."

I walk in, fastening my bracelet as I go.

"That's a pretty dress you have on to-ght," says Marmaduke, regarding me critically before going in for a second battle with a refractory tie; already three lie in the corner slaughtered.

the corner staughtered.

"Fancy your seeing anything about me worth admiring!" I reply; but in spite of my words, my laugh is low and pleased. His tone, though quiet, has a ring of cordiality in it that for some time has been absent. A smile hovers round my lips; I lift my head and am about to make some little, trifling. saucy, honeyed speech, when my eyes fall upon a certain object that lies upon the tollet-table among the numerous other things he had just withdrawn from his pockets. A tiny pale-pink three-cornered note rests, address uppermost, beneath my gaze. How well I knew it, the detestable, clear

beautiful writing! stifled voice, "No, thank you," and shut

the door between us hastily.

Oh that that was all that separated us! I feel half mad with outraged pride and passion. That she should write him billets-down in my own house, that he should receive them and treasure them, seems to me, in my excited state, the very basest treachery Making fierce love beneath my very cyes so careless of my feelings, or so convinced

I grow almost reckless, and remember with some sort of satisfaction that at least and her, too, after what I have overheard this evening. Although his vaunted love for me
—if ever there—is now gone, I can still touch him where his bonor is concerned. I rub my pale face until the color returns to it, I bite my quivering lips until they gleam like crimson berries, and, going downstairs, for the first time in my life I let the demon of coquetry rise and hold full away within my breast, while I go in for an open and decided flirtation with Sir Mark Gore.

Yet how miserable I am! How wretched are the moments, when I give myself room for thought! I note Marmaduke's dark

delightfully in carnest! On, I know I would | Miss Beatoun, comically, as we enter the | surprised glance and Harriet's pained one I watch with exultation the bitter expression that clouds Lady Blanche's brow. see everything around me, and long-with a feverish longing-for the evening to wear

At length comes the welcome hour or release. We have all wished each other good night. The mes have retired to their mobing-com, the warmen her b. droom fires and the service of their mands.

Martha having pulled my hair to pieces and brushed it vigorously, I give her leave to seek her own couch, and, with a set purpose in my mind, get through the remainder of my night toilet without assistance.

An unrestrainable craving to learn all th particulars of Marmaduke's former attachment to Lady Blanche Going (as described by Mark Gore) seizes me; and Bebe being of all people the one most likely to satisfy my curiosity I determine to seek her and gain from her what knowledge I can. She besides, the only one of whom I would make such an inquiry; and therefore to

her room I prepare to go.

I hasuly draw on a pale blue cashmere dressing gown, prettily trimmed with same quilting of the same shade, and substitute blue slippers for the black ones I have been wearing during the evening. My hair hangs in rich chestnut masses far below my waist; two or three stray rippling locks wander wantonly across my forehead. A heavy blue cord and tassel, confining my gown, completes my costume.

Leaving my own room noiselessly, I reach Bube's, and knock softly on the door. She too has dismissed her maid, and is sitting before the fire in an attitude that bespeaks reverie. Whatever her thoughts. however, she puts them from her on my entrance, and comes forward to greet me. the gay, bright debonnairs Bebe of every

day.
"I am so glad you have come!" she says running to take both my hands and lead me to the fire. "A few minutes' conversation at this hour of the night is worth hours of the day. And, oh, Phyllis, how pretty you look!"

"Nonsense!" return I, mightily pleased, nevertheless; and, going over to the cheval glass, I proceed to examine myself with a oritical eye.

"Wonderfully pretty," repeats Bebe, with emphasis. "My dear Phyllis, you should always wear blue cashmere, and let your hair fall down your back just so. You look exactly fourteen, and very charming.'

"Well, even at the best of times I was never considered pretty," deciared I, modestly. "Now and then, when wearing a new dress or that, I may have appeared red;" good looking; but even Marmaduke never told me I was that."

"Never told you you were pretty?" cries

Bebe, in a voice of horror. "Never told you you were the sweetest and loveliest creature upon sarth? What a miserable It would be impossible to describe the amount of scorn she throws into her manner.
Her words, though I know they are

spoken in jest, coming thus hotly on my new suspicions, rankle sorely. "I don't see that his telling me a lie would have done any good," I expostulate somewhat warmly, feeling passionately aggrieved at the thought that he has fulle

short in his wooing. Surely once, if for ever so little a time. I was all in all to him. "Yes, it would—an immensity of good. It would be only fit and proper. That is just one of the things about which a man ought to be able to he well; though, indeed, in most cases I doubt if it would be a lie Change a friend into a lover, awaker within him the desire to make you his wife. and, such is the vanity and self compla-cency of man, he will at once (in regarding you as his possible property) magnify your charms, and end by contrasting you favorably with every other wife of his acquaint You do not come within th my remarks, however, as I speak of ugl women. Phyllis, you are too modest. Yo give me the improssion that all your life through you have been more or less sat

upon. Is it not so?'
"I believe it is," I answer, laughing "but I think justly so. Why, only look at my nose; it turns right up; and—and then you know Dora was always on the spot to

eclipse me."
"Indeed I know nothing of the kind. You are infinitely more attractive in my eyes; though I admit Dora has charme, with her complexion and eyes of 'holy blue.' I verity believe you are a hypocrite. Don't you know all the men here rave about Don't you know it was a fixed creed n the family that Marmaduke's heart was cased in steel until he destroyed it by mar

rying you?" "Oh," I say, with a light laugh, though my blood is coursing wildly through my veins, "you exaggerate slightly there, I think. Was be not very much epris with his cousin, Lady Blanche Going, some

years ago?"
"A mere boy-and-girl attachment. would as soon droam of lending importance to the passion of a schoolboy in his teens to the passion of my dear Chips, for instance. Besides, she was several years older than be was—whatever she may be now." save Bebe, with a little grimace.

"Was it violent while it lasted?" (To be continued)

Divorced from Her Steptather, An extraordinary divorce suit has been decided by Judge Mann, of Brooklyn. The ease was that of Martina Busselman agains Louis Busselman. The plaintiff alleges that she was married to the defendant June 12th, 1880, by Justice Liver. One child, a girl about 3 years old, has been born to them. The plaintiff is 21 years old and the defendant 55 years of age. The complainant alleged cruel and inhuman treatme ground for the divorce asked. The defend ant is a machinist, earning \$3 per day, and owns considerable property. A sensational feature of the case was not contained in the pleadings, however, and quite a commotion was caused in the court-room when the plaintiff herself, a comely young woman with handsome brown eyes and a face that wore traces of care and ill-usage, took the stand and testified that the defendant, her husband, was also her stepfather. Her story was that her mother had married the defendant and afterward obtained a ests, address uppermost, beneath my gaze. divorce from him, but advised and com Marmaduke Carrington, Eaq."— no more. ter and the defendant's stepdaughter, to marry the latter. The strange story ex-cited a great deal of sympathy and was I feel my lips compress, my cheeks grow ashy white. Turning abruptly, sturg to the quick, I leave the room. "Will you not take the bottle with you?" calls out Marmaduke, and I answer, in rather a man to marry the sister. The strange story excited a great deal of sympathy and was corroborated by several witnesses. Prominent attorneys state that the case is without a parallel in Wisconsin. For a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, they say is uncommon enough, but for a man to mercy the daughter of his divorced wife is incredible, especially when the latter counsels and aids the step. In granting a judgment of divorce in the case Judge Mann took occasion to advise the young woman, in case she married again, is a small one." not to follow her mother's counsel, as the latter had shown herself unworthy of having a daughter. He awarded her the custody of her child and \$500 alimony.— Milwaukce Wisconsin.

Checkmating Loye's Young Dream. Mr. Thomas Kennedy, of Stamford, Conn., has devised an ingenious, though perhaps not very effective, means for subduing the rebellious spirit of his 17 vear old daughter. The father objected to her keeping company with young men, but his On Friday last they quarrelled, and the parent in a rage seized a pair of shears and cut off his daughter's beautiful black hair, giving as a reason for doing it that he believed it would keep her away from the boys.

An Altoona railroad man has invented a

CURRENT TOPICS.

Amateur photography is a new and favorite amusement with youths and maidens at watering places. It is evident therefore, that the romance of the camera to say nothing of the poetry of golatin plates, will soon be written. A ropus e young gentiemen hatelessia m remember that two negatives make an affirmative.

THE French, in addition to the many advantages acquired by the conquest of Anam, have also through the Tonquin war been enabled to add a new word to their vocabulary. That word is tott, and all Paris s echoing with it. Tott takes the place of chic and pschutt. Tott means "fine," "just the thing," "all right," and when a Frenchman says "c'est tott," it is like putting the seal of his approval upon the thing referred to The word is from the Anamese vocabulary and is used constantly in Tonquin.

Is M. PASTEUR a plagiarist? According to Dr. Flasschoen, who has just addressed a communication on the subject to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Pasteur's so-called "discovery" of a remedy for rabies, is no discovery at all. As searly as 1833 a veterinary surgeon named Lux living in Leipzig, published a work in which he anticipated the ideas of the great French chemist. Several home pathic doctors (notably Stapf, Haw, Gross and Kurtz) have since then adhered to the theories on uncisted by Lux, and Professor Hering, the American homeopath, halaid it down that "attenuated rabic virus is a powerful remedy for hydrophobia."

An alphabetical list of the personages in the thirty-two novels and novelettes of Sir Water Scott has just been com Brownsville, Texas, and hearing interesting tales of the excitement attendant on the construction camps of the Mexican Central piled, from which it appears that they comprise 662 distinct charac-ters. The compiler has also arranged the stories according to the periods in which the scenes are laid. From "Count Robert of Paris," the date of which is 1098 down to "St. Ronan's Well," in 1812, there is but one century (the thirtecuth which has not furnished an historical background for one or another of this great range of fictions. The gap lies between 'Ivanhoe," which opens in 1194, and 'Castle Dangerous," the date of which is

SIR SPENCER WELLS has written to a medical journal concerning the important matter of operating upon, or removing, diseased lungs or portions of them. He he was personally fearless and intrepid, he believes that surgeons should prepare to was always first in every operation, scornmeet these operations by practice upon the nadaver, and, if need be, upon living animals. In speaking of the remarkable mals. experiments in lung-extirpation by Dr. Biondi, of Naples, Sir Spencer says: "O 66 operations on 63 animals, 36 were followed by recovery; of 57, where one entire lung was removed, 30 recovered; and in the six cases where the apices, or only one lobe, were removed, all recovered."

THE situation of the Portuguese in Guinea is very critical. The revolution of the blacks, which had attained considerable importance some months back, has not been put down. On the contrary, letters from the province of Bissao state that the only gunboat on that station—the Barreto—has been captured by the insurgents, the crew escaping in the boats. The moral effect of the abandonment of this vesse and the delay in putting down this rising are likely to prove disastrous to Portugal The entire Portuguese press admiss this and urges the Government to adopt energette measures without further delay.

A NEW novel of Boston make has heroide who loses her beauty by disease and spends years afterward in regretting and idealizing the woman she was. She inspires a young relative with this same regard for her former self, and between them they form the hypothesis that there is a set arate immortality for such stages of individual existence as she passed through before she became plain and old. They then seek to communicate with the lost one through a traces medium, who "material the lost beauty before their eyes then the medium dies in the process, and the materialized woman is taken home by the herome, who treats her as a sister, and is engaged to marry the young man who uted this singular theory of separ

ate immortality. ATTENTION is given to the singular theory pulverized rock, the bystanders would be in London that "mind reading," as of late thunderstruck to see the fine particles fly ATTENTION is given to the singular theory exhibited, is based on the muscular action of the hand. At a recent sitting of savants and amateurs an expert demonstrated, in a manner wholly satisfactory to the speciators, his interesting proficiency in muscle reading. Though he admitted that he could not succeed against determined opposition, and declared it impossible to read abstract thoughts, the success attending that the delicate muscles of the hand respond to the processes of thought, that mental action has its correspondence in muscular movement, and that where the mind is directed to the contemplation of a carticular object or material fact, there is produced a disturbance of minute muscular orces which an adept can detect, and from which he may receive a guiding impulse in his own mind, though its influence is unconscions.

THE special correspondent of the London Daily News, who accompanied Admiral Hewitton his mission to Abyssinia, writing from Adowa, gives an interesting account of the experiences of the mission so far. He says: "The other day we witnessed a wedding, and we had followed the wedding party some distance, having resolved to present the husband with a present of dollars. He received them with much pleasure but when thanking us a mounted pleasure, but when thanking us a mounted soldier rode up, snatched them from his hand, and threw them at the head of our interrreter. This was one of the many insults we had received from the troops of the Governor. Since the day of our arrival be and his officials have been most discourteous. He pointedly delayed calling on the Admiral, and when he condescended to do so was so drunk and stupid that he had to be supported by his interpreter on his road home. He forbade the people in the district and towns to bring us supplies. In Adowa there are no shops or hostelries of any description, the people getting their goods from a market held ones a week. Tedge and beer are brewed, corn converted into flour, and all cooking prepared in each household. Unless, therefore, these people household. Unless, therefore, these people are allowed to sell or give hospitality, the travellers' chance of escape from starvation

A Word With Blouscheepers. How many times in the year the mistress

of the house needs to be reminded of the admonition of a wise woman: "Drive your work, but do not let your work drive That is, plan it all out, so that each day's work will clear something from your way. Do not let work accumulate until you live under a weight of uneasiness and of hurry, which is destructive of comfort. Deliberate and calm thought will help you. A strong belief in a future will help youthat is, on a cold day do not allow yourself to believe that the boys will not need cotton blouses in July and August, or that you can get along without any summer clothes. And, on the other hand, cherish the thought that it is of consequence that the woollen stockings and wrappers are laid away clean and whole for use in a yourself to behave so badly to the dear fellow is more than I can understand. And be looked so nice all the time, and was so We all have our 'little weaknesses,' "says gayly to Sir Mark's nonsense. I see Bebe's gayly to Sir Mark's nonsense.

A SEVERNER BY WAR.

Extraordinary Story of Mr. E. C. Nathan. of Alebema-In Constant Banger of Explosion—The Doctors Pazzica and Mis Friends Dismayed - Suppose it Should Sprend!

(N. Y. Telegram.) Propositional transfer of man

sychic qualities has long been conceded. In the nature of things, continued or habitual tandencies in one direction are very likely to distort or warp the system, and, as association begets or changes character or habit, so physical contact might, in time, derange or alter the physical nature to agree with the peculiarities of the active agent employed. It is, in fact, just the same as in the instance of man and wife. who, when peculiarly sensitive and sympa hetic, gradually, as years of association roll on, become like each other in tastes, nabits, manner and, at last, even in peronal appearance. In this way, and under the same law of sympathy, we can imagine a man working in tobacco to have his nature changed in one way, and one whose duriness it is to handle sulphur to be ffected in another. And only in some suc nauner as this can we account for the following surprising case:

A MIGRATORY PRINTER. Mr. E. C. Nathan, who is the brother in aw of the present Mayor of a notable Southern city, and belonging to a family in which there never had been observed any physical or other tendencies calculated to ead up to the extraordinary conditions to be described, was a printer by trade, and three years ago was the possessor of rude and even boisterous health and spirits At that time he became inspired with the not infrequent spirit of adventure of the typo, and set forth on a journey, half for fun, half to see what might turn up in the way of business. Chance led him to

soon became interested and a worker in the construction force.

Railroad, he crossed the Rio Grande and

HE TAKES TO BLASTING. It happened that Mr. Nathan had been placed in positions in which he had learned to handle explosives and had developed a curious taste for work of that nature. So it happened that he was soon employed in blasting and became a recognized authority, consulted whenever dangerous or difficult blasts were to be exploded. At length he was appointed superintendent of a gang of 35 men, and all the hardest and most dubi ous work was given him to manage; and as ing to send his men where he would not go himself. He became so reckless in the handling of nitro-glycerine and giant pow der that the "greasers" viewed him as having a charmed life, and followed him with admiration wherever he went. To Mr. Nathan was assigned the task of blast-ing out two tunnels on the road, having to burrow through the mountain by the use of repeated charges of the powerful explosives used, the party following the blasts as

the tunnel penetrated into the mountain. AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE. It followed that the gases which were constantly collecting, and the fine explosive material with which the atmosphere became impregnated, naturally had their effect upon all the party. But upon Nathan this effect was astounding. Beginning with headaches, his entire nervous system became shattered by degrees, his arms and legs awelled, his lips turned blue, and he ceased to be master of his own physical powers. Soon his legs refused to obey the direction of his will, and when Mr. Nathan would attempt to move in one direction they would progeed to travel in another. It was the same way with his hands. If he attempted to take off his hat he would find himself scratching his knee, and a blow aimed at the rock in which he worked was more than likely to reach his companion who stood beside him. There was, in f ·c , до unity of purpose or discipline a some his members, cash one working apart and at

its own sweet will.

A HUMAN EXPLOSIVE. But this was not all. The unfortunate oung man had ky this time become so charged with the very essence of the powerful explosives he had employed, that his mere presence soon demonstrated its capacity to create a small explosion wherever he went. If he entered a railroad cutting where there was loose earth lying about, or away at his approach, while a slight, dull explosion would occur at different points Not only was this the case, but the marvellous property was exercised upon inanimate objects of all kinds. He dared not enter a store where crockery or hardware was sold, for matantly there would be the most lively commution ween shelves and counters Articles would leap into the air and fall to the floor to be smashed to pieces; glass-were, which seemed peculiarly sensitive, would fly into small bits at his approach.

BUT NOT A MAGNET.

It was not attraction that was exerted by Mr. Nathan—quite the contrary. Repulsion and a tendency to disintegration seemed almost to inspire the pots and pans in a hardware store or the bottles in a druggist's with mortal fear, and they would strive to fly from him in apparently and ludicrous consternation. He was forced to leave Mexico, and, by advice, went up to St. Louis, where he consulted the most eminent physician of that city By him it was at once discerned that M Nathan had that rare quality of sympathy with explosives which had drawn all their powerful qualities into his own system. Why," said the doctor, "if I were to bring you in connection with a galvanic battery ou would explode-precisely like a charge of dynamite, or as a spark of are would explode a powder magazine. The worthy physician, enthusiastic in science, was eve auxious to make some small experiments with Nathan to establish the soundness of his theory, but to this his patient strenuously objected. Failing to obtain relief he travelled South by easy stages, and is now in Atlanta, Ga., in charge of a well-known surgeon, who claims to have met and cured a similar case in his practice. But, thus far, Nathan has completely befiled him and the situation of the unfortunate dynamite" man is painful in the extreme

POSSIBLE USE FOR HIM. Thus far he has isolated himself as nuch as possible from society. Naturally us misfortune prevs upon his mind, rend ering him uncongenial to companionship He occupies a room in which no small objects can stay a moment. For seed or iron his system has a profound aversion, and repels a pen knife or a hair-pin with great force. For some persons he has a visible natural repugnance, and if brought into his presence they seem forced to fly from him. His most powerful force, however, strangely enough, is exerted upon gunpowder or dynamite. His system has become so charged with these deadly com-pounds, that it absolutely refuses to attract any more, and, on the contrary, on being brought within a few feet of either explosive at once fires it without contact. number of museum proprietors have sought to engage Mr. Nathan for exhibition in

their respective establishments, but without success; he abrolutely refuses to be unde a rublic above of, and becomes irritated and explosive on the mere suggestion. It is now rumored in Atlanta, however, that the agent of a secret organization of Irish patriots has visited him, and is meeting with more success. A sea voyage may therefore be arranged for the health of Mr.

Parting with Erlends

Is one of the sad necessities of life, and often mark life's milestones as we travel the path from the beginning to the end Strange to say, Dr. Scott Putnam has discovered a means by which old-time friends are separated and that without a single Putnam's Painless Corn Extrast-

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