Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
he window vines, which clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?

Sappy the man who tills the field. Content with rustic labor; Content with rustic labor; Earth does to him her fulness yield, Hap what may to his neighbor. Well days, sound nights—O can there be A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of childand man ! That with the earliest race began,
That has outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago,
Who the first farmers were to know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall; If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;

PHYLLIS.

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

"I think you must be raving," Duke, his own vehemence quieted by mine. "A letter—yet stay," a look of intelli gence coming into his face; and, going over to a drawer he rummages there for a moment, and at length produces the very three-cornered note that has caused me so many jealous pangs. "Is this the note you

"Yes, it is," coming eagerly forward. "I now recollect finding this in my room, when I returned from shooting yester-day. She asks me to do a commission for her, which, as it happens, quite slipped my memory until now. Take it and read it and see how just were your suspicions."

As I put out my hand, I know that I am acting meanly, but still I do take it, and openingit, find my three closely-written pages have dwindled down to half a one.

Five or six lines, carelessly scrawled, are t efore me. "Are you satisfied?" asks 'Duke, who. hal feitting on the table with folded arms,

is watching me attentively.
"Yes," in a low voice; "I was wrong.
This is not the note I saw with her. I now I iderstand she must have meant that one for—for somebody else, and, knowing I saw it, sent this to you to blind me."
"More suspicions, Phyllis? As to what

other charges you have brought against me, I can only swear that when I told you s year ago you were the only woman I had ever really loved, I spoke the truth."
"From all you have said to me to-night I can scarcely imagine you would now repeat those words," I say, in trembling

"Yes, I would. If I live to be an old man, I shall never love again as I have loved, and do love, you."
"Yet you are always meeting Blanche

you are always with her. Only this very morning I found you both together in the corridor in earnest conversation. 'It was quite by accident we met; I had no idea she was there."

'She was speaking to you of me?"

"She said something about your manner towards Gore the night previous. It was something very kind I remember, but it angered me to think any one had noticed you, though in my heart I knew it must be so. It was too palpable. She meant nothing hurtful."

"The wretch! 'Duke, listen to me and believe me. If I had not felt positive that note," moving a little nearer and laying my fingers upon it, "was the one I saw with her, I never would have acted towards with her, I never would have acted towards with her, I never would have acted towards with her with the same acted towards with her wretch! 'Duke, listen to me and versation. Consequently, I am doubly put out and annoyed by this rencontre—conscience telling me he cares more for me than is at all to be desired.

Seeing me, he flings the cigar over the Mark Gore as I did last night. But I felt wounded and cut to the heart, and tried to torture you as I was being tortured. It was foolish, wicked of me, I know, but it made no one so miserable as myself."
"But then—the rink." He He speaks very

quietly now, but he has come off the table, and is standing before me, one hand resting on it very close to mine, but not touching I am gazing earnestly into his face with large, wistful eyes.
"It was the same longing for revenge

made me go thers-nothing else. I had tried to make up with you by asking you to take me to the rink in the evening, but you would not meet my advances, and answered me very cruelly." My lips tremble. "Your laughing. "Don't you pity me? Cannot words restored all my anger. I was determined to show you I could go there without laid out for myself? No, I think you had Throwing myself upon a sofa, I summined to show you I could go there without your permission. Sir Mark was on the spot, and asked me to go with him; it was all the same to me whom I went with, so long as I could defy you, and I agreed to accompany him-not, as you thought, because I wished to be with him, but only to vex you. I thought of no one but you. It would not trouble me if I never saw Mark Gore again. You believe me, 'Duke i I never told you a wilful lie, did I?" Tw heavy tears, long gathering, roll down my

"Never," replies he, hoarsely. Silence follows his last word. We stand very near, yet separate, gazing into each other's eyes. Presently, impulsively, his and moves, and closes firmly upon mine For an instant longer we gaze, and then I am in his arms, crying as if my heart would break.
"You don't care for her; say you don't

care for her," I sob, entreatingly.
"Phyllis, how can you ask me? To care for that worldly wise woman, when I have you to love, my own darling, my angel! This is comforting; it almost sounds as though he were calling her bad names, and I sob on contentedly from the shelter of his

And you will never speak to her again, will you, dear 'Duke?"
"Oh, my pet! You forget she is a guest in the house. How can I avoid speaking

and being civil to her?"
"Of course I don't mean that. But you will have no tete-a tetes, and you won't be so attentive to her, and you will be very glad

when she goes away ?'' "I will, indeed, be most sincerely delighted, if her staying causes you one moment's unhappiness. She speaks of leaving next week; let us be polite to her

for these few remaining days—poor Blanche!—and then we will forget she ever "Yes." I acquiesce, and then there is a pause in the conversation. Is he not going

to touch on the other cause of war? For a little time I am filled with wonderment; then I say, shyly, "You do not ask me about Mark Gore?" "No," replies he, hastily, "nor will I. I understand everything; I believe all you

said. A misconception arose between us; now it is at rest forever, let us refer to it no more. Now that it is at an end, I feel rather flattered at your being so jealous: it tells me you must be getting to care for me

"Oh, caring is a poor thing. I think now I love you better than any one in the world, except — "
"Billy, and Roly, and mamma," he

mimics me, laughing, though he bites his lips, "the old story"

"Wrong; I was going to say mother only. Somehow, Billy and Roly of late do not seem so dear as you." I stroke his

face patronizingly.
Only mother !" he says, with a gay

laugh (how many weeks have passed since last I heard that laugh!) "why, that is much better. Billy always appeared the most formidable rival. I am progressing in your good books. In time I may even be able to vanquish mother."

"I am so glad I made that onslaught on

horrible pain?"

And to be wroth with those we love Doth work like madness on the brain, quotes 'Duke softly.
"It all began by Mark Gore telling me

you were once engaged to Blanch Going."
"What a lie!" cries 'Duke, so eagerly
that I cannot choose but believe him. "How often am I to tell you I never loved any one but you?"
"That is another thing. Men always

imagine when they form a new attachment that the old one contained no real love. What I should like to know is, how many what I should like to know is, now many you asked to marry you." My words are uttered jestingly, yet his face changes, very slightly, ever so little, yet it certainly changes. Only a little pallor, a little faint contraction—nothing more. It is gone almost as soon as it is there.

"I never asked Blanche, at all events." he laughs, lightly. And not until many days has come and gone do I remember his singular hesitation.

CHAPTER XXVII. Two days have passed-two days that have brought back to me all the light and life and gladness of my girlhood. Never since my marriage have I been so happy as

Marmaduke and I are the best of friends, there is not so much as a shadow of a cloud between us, and I have convinced myself that, as I was the most foolish girl in the world, so I am now the luckiest, and that 'Duke is the dearest old boy to be found anywhere. If I still feel guilty of having no passionate attachment for my husband, I console myself with the thought that I am probably incapable of a grand passion, and that happily I shall get through life all the more comfortably in onsequence.

Harriet and Bebe notice the new relations existing between me and my husband with undisguised pleasure, but wisely make no comment. Sir James sees it too, and once, in passing me, smiles, and pats me approvingly on the shoulder. Dora and George Ashurst are too much taken up with each other and their approaching nuptials to notice anything but their own tastes and predilections. But Blanche Going sees it

with an evil sneer.

It is 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Outside, the world is looking cold and uninviting; inside all is warmth and apparent con-

tentment.
Some of us are in the billiard-room, knocking about the balls, but doing more talk than honest work. I for my part am starting for a brisk run to the gardens, with

a view of bringing Cummins to order. Cummins is an ancient Scotchman, old, crusty, and valuable, who has lived as head gardener at Strangemore for more years than he can remember, and who has grown sour in the Carrington service. Having made himself more than usually obnoxious to-day, and declined to part with some treasured article of his rearing for any one's benefit, the cook has tearfully appealed to me, and I have promised to exert myself and coax my own gardener into giving me some of my own property. Throwing round me, therfore, a cozy shawl, fur lined, and covering my head with the warmest velvet hat I own, I sally forth, bent on conquest.

The air is keen and frost bitten. As I

hurry along one of the smaller paths. hedged in on either side by giant evergreens, with my chin well buried in my fur, I come suddenly upon Sir Mark Gore, leisurely strolling, and smoking a cigar. Ever since my explanation with Marma-

duke I have carefully avoided Sir Mark.
Not once has he had an opportunity of
speaking with me alone. Not once have I
suffered him to draw me into personal conthan is at all to be desired.

Seeing me, he flings the cigar over the

hedge amd comes more quickly forward.
"Oh, don't do that," I say, as unco I say, as unconcernedly as I well can; "you have reck-lessly wasted a good cigar. I am in a des-perate hurry, and cannot stay to interfere

light another," replied he, coolly. "But what a day for you to be out! I heard you say at lunch you meant going, but felt posi ve this bitter wind would daunt you. May I accompany you in your desperate hurry Is it an errand of mercy—a case of life or

His easy manner reassures me. better not come. I shall be able to use more persuasive arts if left to deal with hım alone.'

least be your escort to it?"

I can see he is obstructely bent on being my companion, and grow once more dis-"Ye-es, if you wish it," I say with obvi-

ous unwillingness; but it is such a little way now it scarcely seems worth your while." "I think it very well worth my while, and accept your gracious permission," with a quiet stress on the adjective, and a determination not to notice my evident objection to his company. So there is no help for it, and we walk on side by side in

you in any way?"
"Offended me?" I stammer (when people are unexpectedly asked an obnoxious question, what would they do if they could not repeat the questioner's words?). "Of course you have not offended me. How could you? What can have put such a ridiculous idea into your head?"

"Your own conduct. Do you think I

have not seen, and felt your changed man-ner?" He is speaking almost in an under-tone. "Were I your greatest enemy, you could not treat me with more distant cool-ness. You scarcely deign to speak to me; your eyes carefully avoid mine; you hardly answer when I address you. Surely you must have a motive for all this."

"In the first place, I do not acknowledge your 'this.' You only imagine my manner changed. I certainly have no motive for being rude to you."

"Then I think you have treated me very

oruelly-very capriciously, considering all things. The last words are barely distinct; he is evidently using great self-control; but in my

present nervous state, all sounds are very clear to me.
"What things, Sir Mark?" I demand. with an irrepressible touch of hauteur. He is looking steadily at me—so steadily that in spite of myself, to my mortification and disgust, I feel I am blushing furiously. Still I hold my ground; I absolutely decline to let my eyes fall before his.

"I suppose," says Sir Mark, very quietly still, "when a woman has led a man on to love her until he is mad enough to lose his head, and imagined he has awakened in her mind some faint interest in himself she is not to be held responsible for any mischief that may come of it. I say I suppose not. But it is, perhaps, a little hard

"I do not understand you," I say, with as much calmness as I can summon, though, in truth, I am horribly frightened, and can feel my heart beating heavily against my

side.
"Do you not?" exclaims he with a rapid vehement change of tone. "Then I shall everything to 'Duke; to conceal the real explain. I am not so blind but I can see facts of the case from him, even for so short your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-rily, "and I think you were very und-cided about letting me in. How good it is to be during the past month. Were you jealous

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-now all that has been happening here about letting me in. How good it is to be during the past month. Were you jealous

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-now all that has been happening here a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-now all that has been happening here a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-now all that has been happening here a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-now all that has been happening here | Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.

| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.
| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.
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| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.
| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.
| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.
| Your door a little while ago," declare I, mer-| a time, grieves me sorely.

quite friends again! and we have not been | of Marmaduke? Did you imagine he could that for a long time. Oh, is not jealousy a live another, when you were ever before him? Did you seek to revenge yourself upon him by turning your sweet looks and sweeter words upon me, by showering upon me all the childish, maddening graces of which you are capable, until you stole the very heart out of my body?"

"Oh, don't !" I cry, tremulously, recoiling from him, a look of horrified amazement on my face. "You do not know what you are saying. It is terrible. I will not listen to you."

"Yes you will," fiercely. "Does it hurt

you to hear me? Does it distress you to know that I love you? I, who have never loved any one—that I love you with a passion that no words could describe? You have ruined my life, and now that you have attained your object, have satisfied your-self of Marmaduke's affection, you throw me, your victim, aside as something old, worn out, worthless, careless of the agony you have inflicted. It is cold, cruel, innocent children like you, who do all the real mischief in this life. Do you remember those words of Moore's? they haunt me every time I see you:

Too bright and fair To let wild passions write One wrong wish there.

I believe you are incapable of loving, though You have said enough; is it manly of you to compel me to hear such words? Surely you must have exhausted all your bitter

ness by this." "'Reproach is infinite and knows no end.' Yet of what use to reproach you? You have a heart that cannot be touched. Possibly you do not even feel regret for

what you have done."
"Sir Mark, I entreat—I desire you to

cease.' "You shall be obeyed; for I have finished. There is nothing more to be said. I was determined you should at least hear, and know what you have done. Now you can go home happy in the thought that you have added one more fool to your list. Yes, I will cease. Have you anything to say?"

"Only this; I desire you will leave my house without delay."

My lips are white and trembling, but it is anger, not nervousuess, that affects me now. "This moment, if you wish it," with a

"No: I will have no comments made. You can easily make a reasonable excuse out of your letters to-morrow morning. After all you have said, I hope I shall never see your face again."
"You never shall, if it depends on me."

"You never shall, if it depends on me."
"I regret that I ever—"
"Oh, pray leave all the rest unsaid, Mrs.
Carrington," he interrupts, bitterly. "I
can fancy it. You regret, of course, you
ever admitted such a fallen character within your doors; I have insulted and wounded you in every possible way. So be it. You say so, therefore it must be true. At the same time I would have you remember, what is also true, that I would die to save you from any grief or harm. If," sinking his voice, and speaking in a slow, peculiar tone, "if you are ever in deep trouble, and I can help you, think of me.'

I am impressed without knowing why.
It is as though some one had laid a curse upon me. I grow as white as death, and my breath comes from me in short, quick gasps. At this moment, a deadly fear of something intangible, far off, of something lying in the mystic future, passes over me

like a cold wind.
Sir Mark, raising his hat, draws near.
He takes my chilled, gloveless hand.
"May I?" he asks, humbly, and with the natural grace that belongs to him. "It is a farewell."

Oppressed with my nameless terror, I cannot reply. I soarcely hear him. Stooping, he lays his lips lightly on my hand.

The touch recalls me. With a shudder I snatch away my fingers, and drawing back, sweep past him in eager haste to rid myself of him and the evil fears to which

his words have given rise.

I hurry on with parted lips and trembling pulses, anxious to escape. Crossing the rustic bridge that spans a small stream at the end of a pathway, I glance instinctively backwards. He is still standing motionwith your smoking."

| less on the exact spot where we parted, his
| "It is the simplest thing in the world to arms folded, his head bare, his eyes fixed upon my retreating form. Again I shudden and hasten out of sight.

I have said, "I will never see his face To carry out this design I determine on suffering from headache for once in my life, and by this means absens myself from dinner. Armed with this resolution, I go swiftly to my room as the early night closes

Throwing my elf upon a sofa, I sum-moned the faithful Martha, and declare myself unwell. They hardly constitute a im alone."

lie, these words of mine, as my temples, "I would back you to win were he the through excitement and uneasiness, are King of the Cannibal Islands himself. If I throbbing painfully. I feel feverish, and must not witness your triumph, may I at miserably restless, though my foolish superstition of a few hours since has resolved itself into thin air and vanished. Still, how can I draw breath freely while "that

man" continues to haunt the house? "Dear, dear me, m'm," says Martha, coming to the front, as usual, with mournful vehemence, and an unlimited supply of remedies. "You do look bad, to be sure. You really should get advice, m'm. There is young Dr. Manley in the village, as is that clever, I do hear, as he can cure any thing; and you are getting them headached dreadful frequent. Only two days since I used a whole bottle of odycollun upon your

silence.

Presently, in a low voice, he says suddenly and without preface:

"Why do you avoid me, Mrs. Carrington?
What have I done to be tabooed as I have been for the last two days? Have I offended you in any way?"

"Offended me?" I stemmer (when not).

Marmaduke comes softly in.
"A headache, darling," he says, with tender commiseration; "that is too bad.

Martha give me the bottle. I will see to your mistress.
"The delicatest touch possible, if you please, sir," says Martha, warningly, who doesn't believe in men, as she leaves the room. She is dreadfully old maidish, this favorite attendant of mine, but she adores me, and with me to be loved is a necessity

I have made up my mind to say nothing to 'Duke on the subject of Sir Mark until the latter is well out of the house. So for the present I permit my husband to think my slight indisposition about the worst of its kind ever known.
"What can have given it to you?" he

says, damping my hot brow with more than a woman's, gentleness. "I told you, Phyllis, it was very foolish of you to ture out of doors to-day; I hope you have not got a chill." "I don't think so. I put on very warn

things. But, Marmaduke, I would like not to go down to dinner. Do you think my staying away would appear odd?" "Certainly not, pet. I will explain to every one. Bed is the best place for you. Promise me you will go to sleep as soon as

embroidered with gold thread forming im-possible varieties of flowers. At the Casino ball the "carnation" dress was really a pretty thing. A profusion of small flounces "As soon as ever I can. Oh, 'Duke, there is a quarter-past chiming, and you not dressed yet. Hurry; it will be dreadful if neither of us can show at the proper

moment." "I won't be an instant," says 'Duke, and scrambles through the performance with marvellous rapidity, getting down to the drawing-room before the second gong sounds.

I have accomplished my purpose, and will probably, nay, certainly, not be called upon to see the dreaded features of Sir Mark again. Early to-morrow morning, I trust, he will be beyond recall. It never occurs to me to think what hours the trains leave Caraton, which is our nearest railway station. To-morrow, too, I shall explain everything to 'Duke; to conceal the real

MELTON PRIOR. be saying and doing down in the diningroom; and, so fancying, it suddenly comes to me that I am healthy and decidedly

hungry. When going in for a violent head

I ring the hell and summon Martha.

'Well, m'm, are you anything better?'

asks that damsel, stealing in on tiptoe, and

and will you take Moselle, m'm, or Cham-

the pleasureable excitement of long ago, when Billy used to smuggle eatables into my chamber of punishment; "and Martha,

there is any orange pudding, or iced pud-

lainty a little dinner as Martha's love could

have made his excuses and taken his de-

"Mark Gore."
"No, not yet. Did you know he was going?" looking much surprised, and seating himself on the edge of the bed.
"I did. I desired him to go. Shut the door close; and I will tell you all about it. But, first, 'Duke, before I say one word,

make me a vow you will not be angry with him or take any notice of what he has

"What has he done?" demands 'Duke,

"No harm to any one. Make me your

"I vow, then," says he, impatiently.
And I forthwith repeat to him word for
word all that passed between Sir Mark and

"The scoundrel!" says 'Duke, when I

have finished.
"Yes, just so," say I. "I really think he must have gone mad. However, there was no excuse for it, so I simply ordered him out of the house. He looked dreadfully

unhappy. After all, perhaps he could not

'Duke laughs in spite of his anger, which

"Of all the conceited little women!" he

"What gave you the headache last night? Was it his conduct?"
"Well, I think it was founded on a deter-

mination not to see him again. But I was afraid to tell you anything then, lest you

might refuse to sit at the table with him. You will remember your promise, 'Duke, and let him go quietly away. An explanation would do no good. Once he is gone, will not signife."

will not signify."
"He used to be such a good fellow," says

'Duke, in a puzzled, provoked tone.

"Well, he is anything but that now," reply I, with decision. "If you go away now, 'Duke, I think I will get up. I dare say he will be on his way to London by the

time I am dressed."
I get through my toilet with a good deal of deliberation. I am in no great hurry to

find myself downstairs; I am determined to afford him every chance of getting clear

of the premises before I make my appear-

When dressed to Martha's satisfaction, I

go cautiously through the house, and, con-trary to my usual custom, make straight for

Marmaduke's study. Opening the door without knocking, I find myself face to face with Marmaduke and Sir Mark Gore.

I feel petrified and somewhat guilty. Of what use my condemning myself to solitary confinement for so many hours, if the close of them only brings me in contact with

Marmaduko's blue eyes are flashing, and

his lips are white and compressed. Sir Mark, always dark and supercilious, is

looking much the same as usual, except for a certain bitter expression that adorns the

corners of his mouth. Both men regard

ent feelings!

Marmaduke holds out his hand to me.

and the flash dies in his eyes. Sir Mark's lips form the one word "false."

"No, I am not false," I protest, vehe-mently, putting my hand through Marma-

duke's arm, and glancing at my opponent defiantly from my shelter; "'Duke is my husband; why should I hide anything from him? I told you I would conceal pathing."

"What charming wifely conduct!" says

Sir Mark, with a sneer; "not only do you confide to him all your own little affairs, but you are ready also to forgive him any

I feel 'Duke quiver with rage, but laying

warning pressure on his arm. I succeed

(To be continued.)

Some Latest Fashions.

London Truth says: "The young Duchess of Feltre and her sister, the Countess d'Albufera, have set the fashion of wearing

white muslin dresses once again. The skirt is made with innumerable tiny box pleats, edged with Valenciennes lace. The bodice, also pleated, with a V-shaped opening and short sleeves, is veiled by a fichu of Valen-

ciennes lace, of which the ends, tied behind, form a very pretty pouff. A straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and wild flowers, is 'your only wear' with this dress of Aradion cienticity."

Arcadian simplicity."

A new kind of jacket for evening wear at

of gray or blue, is tight-fitting, with dark velvet collar and cuffs. Very smart jackets of the same kind are made in white cloth,

with chestnut velvet collar and cuffs and gold buttons. For very slender figures there

same color, and as long as the dress.
At Vichy, the other day, several blue and many red dresses of some light material, trimmed with Bulgarian scarfs of batiste.

A little girl who was watching a balloon

shouldn't think God would like to have the

A prize of 100,000f. awaits the lucky dis

coverer of an infallible remedy for cholera.

This sum lies at the disposal of the French

scension saddenly exclaimed:

men go up to heaven alive."

his last foot"

peccadilloss of which he has been guilty.

nothing."

in restraining him.

me fixedly as I enter, but with what differ-

what I have so striven to avoid?

" Mark Gore."

growing a trifle paler.

me, in the evergreen walk.

vow first."

help it

is extreme.

have finished.

Moselle," I reply, feeling something of

Life and Adventures of a Noted War Cor respondent-The Campaigus of Africa and Europe as Described by a Man of I certainly had not counted upon this, the Pen and Pencil-Graphic Touches and laugh to myself at the trap of my own making, into which I have fallen. Ill or not itl, however, dinner I must and will have.

Mr. Melton Prior, of the Illustrated Lon don News, may be regarded at the present moment as the doyen of English war correspondents in active work. Dr. Russell of Crimean renown, is long out of harness Mr. Archibald Forbes is in retirement and asks that damsel, stealing in on tiptoe, and speaking in a stage whisper.

"I am," I respond, briskly, sitting up; "and oh, Martha, it is odd, is it not, but I do feel so awfully hungry."

"No, do you really, m'm?" exclaims Martha, delighted; "that's a rare good sign. I don't hold with no appetite, myself. Lie down again, m'm, quiet-like, and I'll bring you up a tray as 'l tempt you in two minutes. A little bit of fowl, now, and a slice of 'am, will be the lightest for you; and will you take Moselle, m'm, or Cham. Mr. Cameron, who in many respects is the first man of his day, did not enter the field first man of his day, did not be until after Mr. Melton Prior had gone until after Mr. Melton Prior had gone through half a dozen campaigns. Mr. Prior, says the Pall Mall Gazette, entered the profession at the end of 1873, when he left England for the Gold Coast in Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition, together with Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. Henty and others. Since that time he has been constantly on the run, travelling round the world at least once and taking part in no less than eleven campaigns in ten years and a half. He has gone through all his wars without harm, save one wound. In the Russo-Turkish war he had his boot torn off by a shot or shell, inflicting a slight scratch but it healed much more rapidly than the ugly cut which he received from a fall ding, you know, you might——"
"I'll bring it, m'm," says Martha. And presently I am doing full justice to as when at Suakim, and the wound of which was unhealed for months. He has thrice been down with quinty, and once came home with rheumatism, which lald him up for three weeks. On one occasion Mr. I sleep well, but permit myself to be persuaded into staying in my room for breakfast. After that meal downstairs, Prior's horse was shot through the nose, and at another time a bullet embedded Marmaduke comes tramping up to see how I am. It is 11 o'clock; surely Sir Mark can itself in his saddle. But with these exceptions Mr. Prior has come scathless through eleven years of probably as much excite-ment as has fallen to the lot of any mortal parture by this time.

"Is he gone?" I ask, in a hollow whisper, as 'Duke enters my room.

man in our day.
"My first campaign," said Mr. Prior
"was that in Ashantee, and it was one of the prettiest campaigns in which I have been engaged. It was not without some stiff fighting. I have seen Ashantees, Basutos, Fingos and Zulus in the field, but none, for headlong, desperate valor, were equal to the men who fought under Osman Digna. The Zulus were brave, but when a hundred of them charged, if fifty of them were shot down the other fifty deemed it prudent to retire; whereas at Tamesi, when a hundred Arabs charged, if ninetynine were killed the solitary survivor charged just as steadily as if all his comrades were fighting around him. Hence you had to kill them all, whereas in the other cases I have mentioned there was need to kill half or even a quarter of the

"My second campaign was in Spain. went from Madrid to the seat of war near Pampeluna with King Alfonso. The train passed through the Carlist country, and at one point it was very smartly peppered by the Carlists from the neighboring hills. Several bullets crashed into our carriage, in spite of our barrioading it with cushious. but fortunately no one was hurt. Why the Carlists did not throw the train off the line and capture the King I never could understand. Living in Spain is about the worst of any civilized country. Outside the best hotels in Madrid every-thing swims in oil. After the Carlist war was over my next experience of absolute fighting was in Herzegovina. Nothing could be kinder than the conduct of the insurgent leaders, but the conditions of campaigning were very severe. On one cocasion, when I was coming down to Ragusa, I travelled five days without food.

MONTENEGRIN WARRIORS. Splendid savages were some of those in surgents; although some were perfect gentlemen, others were magnificent brutes. Peko Pavlovitch was one of the latter. He could neither read nor write, stood about six feet six inches, wore armor on his body, and, although personally most courteous to me, was the purest savage I have ever seen in a white skin. I was sitting beside him when a soldier came with a flag of true from Moukhtar Pasha asking permission to send victuals to the beleagured fortress of Govansko. Peko Pavlovitch could not read, but he looked at the paper while the contents were being interpreted to him. He contents were being interpreted to him. He then tore it into fragments, flung the paper into the messenger's face, and, waving into the messenger's face, and, waving his hand with a savage expression, declared: "That is my answer." The messenger went downstairs. Before he reached the landing I heard a groan. The man was

killed. SERVIA AND BULGARIA. campaign. Servia is a picture sque country, but the Servians were poor fighters. Their Russian officers were gentlemen. The Russian volunteers were brave enough, but many of them were not proof to the seductions of raki, any amount of which could be bought at a penny a glass, and six glasses were quite sufficient to make any one drunk. There was one terrible scene which I witnessed there. When the Servian army was in full retreat from Deligrad it dashed through Porachin. It Deligrad it dashed through Perachin. It was a regular sauve qui peut, and the artillery gallopad full speed through the helpless fugitives. I saw a child knocked down and ground to death beneath the wheels of the cannon as I was watching wheels of the cannon as I was watching the rout. After Servia my next cam-paign was in Bulgaria, where I was attached to my Turkish headquarters on the Lom. That was much the most terrible war in my experience. All terrible war in my experience. All that is worst in campaigning was concentrated in Bulgaria. Bulgaria is the flower garden of Europa. The loveliest roses skirt every cornfield. The inhabitants are industrious, although suspicious. But during the war of 1877 it was converted into a hell. In no other campaign have I seen towns looted and burned, villagers burned out of their houses, women outraged, prisoners tortured and all the other incidents of Turkish war. For the Turkish soldier individually I have the greatest regard; kind, hospitable, he bears hardships without a murmur which would have driven ther soldiers to mutiny. He drinks nothing stronger than water, and waits death at the hands of his incompetent physicians with unflinching courage. His abstemiousness enables him to survive wounds which would have carried off any one else.

the seaside has made its appearance, and is worn with a skirt of batiste and lace or vicugna, as the case may be. The jacket, WOUNDED PROPLE. " It is surprising what difference there is in individuals in the bearing of wounds. I and the United States in particular, will have seen a man need to be held by eight have occasion to bless the day that once persons while a whitlow was being lanced. goid nutions. For very stender lightes there are pretty Hungarian vests, short and tight, and covered with gold lace. The old-fashioned cache-poussiere is now quite exploded, and is replaced by the Grand Duchess redingote or pelisse, of a light gray material, covered with embroidery of the same color and as long as the dress I have seen another smoke his pipe while his leg was being cut off. Of course, it is easier to bear the pain of an amputation when you are already suffering intense agony than if the operation were inflicted upon a perfectly sound limb. When a man is struck by a bullet he seldom feels any pain. He feels the blow as if some one ad struck him with a fist, but it is not for an hour or two that the wound begins to smart. One English officer in Ashantee went about for some time with a couple of

on the skirt, pinked out and striped (generally in two shades of pink) so as to produce the effect of the flower. The bodice, which had a square opening in front and behind, with short sleeves, was of crepe de chine of the darker shade of pink, with velvet carnations on the shoulders, on the bosom and at the left side of the waist. fortunately woke in time to scare him with my revolver, hitting what I thought was himself, but which was only his shadow, with three bullets. My Circassian and dragomans blazed after him with their Winchesters, but he got off scot free, dropping his sword, however, close to my couch. That outrage upon a representative of the A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out press was averged by his house being burned to the ground by order of the Turkish commander. But all erward, I need hardly a lawyer; in ten years he had paid off the where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on remark, I did not prolong my sojourn in the Bulgarian village.

"Another time, at New Year's eve, at the time of the conference, I was in Stamboul at night with a fellow correspondent of the name of Dow. A fanatic touched after the election,

me. I turned around and he spat full in and, without thinking of what I was doing I struck him across the face as hard as could drive. In a moment the situation dawned upon me, and we took to our heels as fast as over wo ran in our lives. cry, Giaour I' rose on every side, and the entire population, dogs and men, gave chase. It was an exciting moment, but I reached the Galata Bridge in safety, resolving next time to take all things, even spitting upon, without resentment, when I was alone in a Turkish quarter of Con-

stantinople. "Apropos of the Constantinople Conference, I may mention that I also attended the Berlin Congress, where, thanks chiefly to Count Herbert Bismarck, who was exceedingly kind, I was able to sketch the Plenipotentiaries as they entered the Congress Hall in the Radzıvill Palace at Berlin. He also took me over his father's palace, and enabled me to take a sketch of is father's study."

MEXICAN TRAIN ROBBERS. Thilling Adventure of an American

The advent of Diaz to the Presidentia chair is hailed with delight by the entire population of Mexico-natives and foreign ers alike-writes a correspondent to the San Francisco Alta. The programme set forth by the future President exhibits a vast series of reforms which will greatly tend to make the country a safe and profitable one for the investment of foreign enterprise. The Mexican tariff is to be thoroughly revised, and the influx and efflux of money will be unhampered by the duties now on them. The railroads and telegraphs will have due attention given to them, and the system of brigandage now widely practised to the great detriment of travel will be entirely wiped out. Apropos of train wreckage, I may as well give my personal experience on one of the wrecked trains, to show the determined character of the lawless wreckers on the Mexican Central and other roads traversing the territory. While en route to the City of Mexico, and within about ten or eleven hours of our destination, at a place a little above Queretaro Oity, and between 8 and 9 o'clock at night, a sudden shock was felt on board the express train, the cars overturned, and a number of rifle and pistol shots were heard in rapid succession. The train had been going at about 22 to 23 miles an hour when the shock was experienced, and all the occupants of the cars elt assured that train wreckers were on the alert. I was violently thrown from my seat on the left-hand side of the Pullman oar, and, as the car turned a complete side somerset, I was precipitated from the cp-posite window and landed in a ditch of soft mud, fortunately sustaining no other injury but that of soiling my clothes and losing my watch in the mud. I, however, had a narrow escape from losing my life by being shot, as, when I landed in the mud, and had burely risen to my feet, a full bearded desperado presented a pistol to my face, the cold muzzle touching my forehead, and this contact, cold and sudden as it was, coupled with the dimly discernible determined visage in front of me, made me feel anything but pleasant. time than it takes me to tell it, I raised my head, drew it back and slightly to the right, when the pistol exploded alongside of my left cheek, the powder burning the side of my face. I knew that I had my revolver in my little satchel which I kept slung over my shoulder at my side, and I instinctively felt for it there. I had just got it out of the satchel and cocked it as the desperado pre-sented arms again. I raised my hand to fire on him, but before I could get sufficient elevation my arm was struck down and the

exchanged, and no less than thirteen persons were killed, eleven of whom were Americans. The engineer and fireman were both seriously wounded, but the conductor escaped with a few bruises. Eight of the train wreckers were captured on the spot, and, from what was gathered aftercomprised the ward, fourteen in all comprised the gang. The eight men, including my "From there I went in 1876 to replace a colleague at the close of the Servian compaign. Servia is a picturesque country, but the Servian were poor fighters. Their means of a gang of laborers, brought on by the construction train which had been tele-graphed for. Four more of the wrockers were caught the next day about sixteen miles from Queretaro by the rurales, and they shared the same fate as their con-freres, only in a different and more summary manner. The fate of these four men was singular, to say the least, and, though their punishment was well merited, it was executed in a peculiar manner. The rurales, having captured their prisoners at a considerable distance from the town, knew that they would have a long journey before them, and that, when they reached the town, they would have to romain several days before the trial and identification of their prisoners took place; so they proposed to their prisoners, as they were unobserved, to go "leg bail" and "skip," or, in other to go "leg bail" and "skip," or, in other words, to escape. The prisoners, nothing loath to regain their liberty, made double quick tracks for the woods, shouting merrily at their escape from durance vile. Their bilarity, alas! for them, was premature, for hardly had they gone a dozen paces when the rurales levelled their Winohes-ter repeating rifles and sent death-messengers through the bodies of the would-be runaways, killing them on the spot. The rurales then took the dead bodies and brought them into Queretaro, stating to the authorities that they had to shoot their prisoners in order to prevent their escape, and pointed to the bullet holes in their backs in verification of their statement. This is no romance, but an actual fact. Gen. Diaz proposes to have train-wrecking episodes such as I have just related, matters of very rare occur rence, and what with these and other reforms of alike nature, foreign powers

What a Song Did for a Gawky Boy. In his speech at the recent meeting of Cuyahoga county (Ohio) pioneers, Judge R. P. Spalding told a story about Gov. Tod. He was at one time visiting Judge Tod and commented upon the beautiful voice of the latter's daughter. "Yee," replied the judge, "my children all sing," and he called his sou David. "A greener lad I never saw," slugs in him without knowing that he had said Judge Spalding; "a great, awkward been touched, and it was only when his | lcut, dressed in jeans and home-spun, with aware that he had been wounded.

"In Turkey I had one or two narrow escapes. I had chucked a pretty Bulgarian girl under the chin, and that night her father went for me when I was asleen."

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more placed Porfirio Diaz in the presi-

dential chair of Mexico.

'Old Grimes is dead, That good old man,'

and carried the air through. I was impressed and much amused. 'Ah,' said my friend, there is more in my boy than appears on the surface, if it could only be developed. My farm is mortgaged, and I can't afford to give him an education.' mortgage on the old farm; and later, as Governor of Ohio, he saved the nation from dishonor."

Butler will be 66 years of age the day

About our lot in life, we cannot deny that any are exempt by their position from the common le of pain and suffering. The highest, as well as the most recoble, must be ever on the ser to take advantage of such means as will relieve when pain makes rollof a necessity to our comfort. By a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, we are reminded of two things: first that corns are universal, and secondly that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most certain, painless and non-poisonous remedy for corns. Beware of the article just as good, and use only Putnam's Extractor.

Revenge must be sweet to one who has lived long on pickles.

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The fall overcoat belongs to the clothes

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A special train made up of thirty trucks, built expressly for the Germano-Russian Company, of Berlin, left Cologne station a few days ago. On each of the trucks is a tank of the capacity of 3,000 gallons. The train is to be used for carrying petroleum from the wells in the Caucasus to Germany.

Talk about a man turning a woman's head! It is passing another woman with a new bonnet that does it.

Mosquitoes are beginning to bunch their hite.



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