Hot Wenther Song.

De chatter-jacks er singin' from de top o' de ItOh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; de mustard an' de radishes is dun gon

Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

De mawkin' hirds hatched au' hab gun fur ter

fly, Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; An' on de young chickens de hawk hab got his eye, Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Ob, de fat white man am er huggin' o'

shaade, He's mos' ter lazy fur ter eat; But de po' nigger's handlin' o' de shovel an' de

spade, Er rakin' up de dust in de heat.

It's er mighty long time 'fore de comin' o' de

Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; An' da'll hafter pay dear fur de sweat der nigger's

Ob, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Do Democrats er bilin' and de 'Publicans is hot, Oh, de sun am er flingin' down his beams; But da'll cut er sorry figger ef my name sin't in

do pot, Ob, de sun am er flingin' down his beams.

Oh, de slick party man am er smilin wid his

An' he's got er mighty twinkle in his eye, An' he's got a mighty likin' fur de nigger in de

Da's er teedin' him de sweet pertater pie. -Arkansaw Traveller.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"He has been guilty of none," I cry, indignantly. "He never carcd for any one but me, as you well know."

Sir Mark looks down, and smiles mean-

ingly; I redden with anger. "Why are you not gone?" I ask, inhos-

"Why are you not gone ?" I ask, inhos-pitably; "you promised you would leave early this morning." "Grant me a little grace, Mrs. Carring-ton. Had I had time, I might, indeed, have ordered a special train, but, as matters stand, I am compelled to be your guest until one be allowed by the authorities to start. But for your enterpace here just now which But for your entrance here just now, which not anticipate, I would not have troubled you with my presence again. However, it is the last time you shall be so annoyed. Perhaps you will bid me goodbye and grant me your forgiveness before I You at least should find it easy to pardon, as it was my unfortunate and undue admiration for yourself caused me

His tone is light and mocking, there is even a half smile upon his lips. He treats Marmaduke's presence as though he were utterly unaware of it. Yet still something beneath his sneering manner makes me know he does not repent, either his false

It is with amazement I discover I bear him no ill-will. Indeed, I might almost be said to feel sorrow for him at this present moment. I shall be intensely relieved and glad when he is no longer before me; but e has been kind and pleasant to me, in many ways, during these past two months, and I forgive him. I put my hand in his and say "good-bye," gently. He holds it tightly for an instant, then drops it

"Good-bye, Carrington," he says, coolly ; "I hope when next we meet time will have softened your resentment." He moves toward the door with his usual

careless, graceful step. "And I hope," says 'Duke, in a voice

clear and quiet, yet full of suppressed pas-sion, "that the day we meet again is far distant. I have no desire to renew acquaintance in the future with a man who has so basely abused the rights of friendship and hospitality. You have chosen to act the part of a scoundrel. Keep to it, therefore, and avoid the society of honest men. For myself, I shall endeavor to forget I ever knew one so contemptible." "Take care," says Sir Mark, in a low,

fierce tone. "Don't try me too far, 'Honest men !' Remember oue thing, Carrington; you owe me something for my forbearance. For a full minute the two men glare at at each other, then the door is flung open,

and Mark is gone. "What did he mean by that ?" ask I, frightened and tearful. "What was that he said about forbearance? Tell me, Marmaduke's face is white as death.

"Nothing," he answers, with an effort. "It is only a stagy way he has of speaking.

demand, rather sharply, feeling nettled at their heartless mirth. "No; I am afraid we have nothing belonging to us half so respectable. All the ancestors I ever heard of died most amiably, either on the battle-field, or on

that

Ashurat.

existence.

hate the outer world.'

dressing yet." "Had you a good day ?"

be nothing."

could not be so deceived."

'Duke from the doorway. "You make one

"I am quite clean, if you mean that,"

mas

the gallows, or in their beds. We cannot lay claim to a single murderer or suioide; there is not even a solitary instance of a duel being fought within these walls. I doubt we are a tame race. There is not spark of romance about us. Bebe's imagin-

ation has run riot." "I tell you I saw it," persists Bebe, indig nantly. "Am I to disbelieve my own sight? I was walking along the corridor off the subjects, when all at once, as I got near the window. I saw a face looking in at me from the balcony outside." "Oh, Bebe!" I cry, faintly, casting a

ermolu toy upon the mantle-piece has nervous glance behind me, as I edge closer to Lord Chandos, who happens to be the chimed out a quarter to five; it is almost one nearest me. "It was a horrible face, wicked but hand-

some. The head was covered with some-thing dark, and it was only the eyes I noticed, they were unearthly—so large, and black, and revengeful; they had murder in nem." Bebe stops, shuddering. "Really, Carrington, it is too bad of

"and in time for tea. That is right. Have you taken off your shooting things? I canyou," says Chips, reprovingly. "If you keep them at all they should at least be amiable. I wonder Miss Beatoun lives to not see anything distinctly where you now are ? tell the tale. Pray go on; it is positively enthralling. Did the eyes spit fire?"

"The head vanished while I stared, and then I dropped my candle and ran down-stairs, as though I were hunted. Ob, I shall never forget it !"

"Probably some poor tramp prowling about," says 'Duke, seeing I am nearly in lears.

"It was nothing living," declares Miss Beatoun wich a settled conviction that sends a cold chill through my veins. "Bebe, how can you be so sturid?"

darling? How have you occupied yourself all day ?" "Very, happily," I say, surrendering one "Bebe, how can you be so stufid" exclaims 'Duke, almost provoked. "Gnosts, indeed!—I thought you had more sense. Come let us go in a body and exorcise this thing, whatever it is. I believe an appari-tion should be spoken of respectfully in capitals as IT. She may still be on the employed during his absence. But oven as I speak the words freeze

balcony." "I think it improbable," says Chips; "she would see by the aid of Miss Bea-toun's candle that it is an unlikely spot for

ilver spoons." "Well, if we fail, I shall give orders for a couple of men to search the shrubberies. And whatever they find they shall bring

And whatever they had they shall bring straight to Bebe." "They will find nothing," says Bebe, with an obstinacy quite foreign to her. I take Marmaduke's arm and cling to

him. He looks down at me amused.

"Why, you are trembling, you little pose. Perhaps you had better stay here." What! all "What ! all alone !" I ory, aghast. 'Never, I would be dead by the time you name back. No. I would rather see it out."

So we all march solemnly upstairs, armed with lights, to investigate this awful

mystery. Sir James and Thornton take the lead, as I decline to separate from Marmaduke or to go anywhere but in the middle. Not for worlds would I head the procession and be the first to come up with what may be in store for us. With an equal horror I shrink from being last-fearful of being grabbed by something uncanny in the background. The whole scene is evidently an intense amusement to the men. and even Harriet, to my disgust, finds some element of the burlesque about it. The lamps upon the staircase and along the corridors throw shadows everywhere, and are not reassur-ing. Once Mr. Thornton, stalking on in front, gives way to a dismal howl, and, stopping short, throws himself into an atti-

weep; so I entreat him, in touching accents not to do it again without reason. Another time either Harriet or Bebe-who re walking close behind me (having ordered Lord Chandos to the extreme rear, as a further precaution)-lays her hand lightly on my shoulder, whereupon I shriek aloud and precipitate myself into Marmaduke's armi

tude of abject fear that causes me to nearly

the room. At length we reach the dreaded spot, and extreme. A storm is steadily rising, and the wind is soaghing mournfully through the trees. Great sullen drops of rain fall Thornton, after a few whispered words with Sir James, flings up the window, and, with what appars to me reckless courage, steps with vindictive force against the panes. out up

t upon the darksome balcony alone. "He is a long time absent. To me it child in the world," says 'Duke, cheer-fully, seeing I am still depressed. "Who seems ages. We three women stand waiting in breathless suspense. Bebe titters

nervously. "He is without doubt making a thorough examination," says Sir James, gravely. We strain our eyes into the night, and much sense."

Then follows Dora's wedding, a very | entrance, and we now stand-my strange visitor and I-staring at each other in silence, with only the little work-table quiet but very charming little affair, emarkable for nothing beyond the fact during the inevitable breakfast between us.

She is dressed in the deepest black of a speeches my father actually contrives to She is dressed in the dropped and good texture; I am in rich brown velvet. She is tall and full-truly, as Typon had described her. "a woman of fine presqueeze out two small tears. The happy pair start for the Continentthe bride all smiles and brown velvet and lace, the bridegroom, perhaps, a trifle pale sence;" I am small and very light. Ĥer eyes are large, and dark, and burning-such eyes as belong to the South alone; -and we at home fall once more into our usual ways, and try to forget that Dora Vernon was ever anything but Lady mine, large too, are gray-blue, and soft and calm.

Marmaduke and I, having decided on I feel fascinated, and slightly terrified. At last I speak. "Is there anything I can do? I believe accepting no invitations until after Christ being filled with a desire to spend

you wished to speak to me!" I venture, weakly, and with hesitation. this season (which will be our first together) in our own home, settle down for "I do," says my strange visitor. never short time into a lazy Darby-and-Joan

removing her pieroing gaze from my face. "I also wished to see you close. Bo you are his wife, are you? A ohild, a mere It is the second of December; the little I am so taken aback I can find no reply

quite dark, yet there is still a glinmer of daylight that might, perhaps, be even more pronounced but for the blazing fire within that puts it to shame. "What a cozy little room it is l' says to make to this speech; every moment renders me more amazed, more thoroughly frightened. "You are Mrs. Carrington of Strange

more," she goes on in the purest English, but with an unmistakably foreign accent. "Well, Mrs. Carrington, I have come here "Ob, you have come," I cry, well pleased, to day to tell you something I fear will be unpalatable to your dainty ears." At this instant it occurs to me that I

have admitted to my presence, and am shut up with, an escaped lunatic. At this thought my blood ourdles in my veins; I move a step backwards, and casting a lingering, longing glance at the bellhandle. says he, laughing and advancing. "I shall do no injury to your sanctum. But it is too early to go through the regular business Watching my every gesture, she immedi-ately divines my intention. "If you will take my advice," she says,

"Very, indeed, and a pleasant one alto-gether. Jenkins was with me, and would have come in to pay you his respects, but you will not touch that bell. What I have to say might furnish too much gossip for your servants' hall. No.I am not mad thought he was hardly fit for so dainty a Pouf! what a fool it is, trembling in every limb. Pray restrain yourself, Mrs. Carlady's inspection. Have you been lonely,

rington; you will require all your courage to sustain you by and by." She is speaking very insolently, and there is a fiendish triumph in her black eyes; I can hear a subtle mockery in her tone as of my warm hands into his cold ones. And then I proceed to recount all the weighty affairs of business with which I have been she utters my married name.

"If you will be so kind as to state your business without any further delay," I mon my lips. Between me and the dreary ndscape outside riscs something that remark, with as much hauteur as I out summon to my aid, "I shall feel obliged. chills every thought of my heart. It is a head, closely covered with some dark clothing-the faintest outlines of a 'Good," says she, with a vicious smile : "you recover. The white mouse has found its rqueak. Listen, then." She seats her-self before the small table that divides us, face - a pair of eves that gleam like living coals. As I gaze, horror-stricken, it disappears, so suddenly, so utterly, as almost to leans her elbows upon it, and takes her face between her hande. Her eyes are still make me think it was a mere trick of the

imagination. Almost, but not quite; the riveted upon mine; not for a second does she relax the vigilance of her gaze. eves still burn and gleam before me, but to do you think I am ?" the asks, slowly. "I have not the faintest idea," I reply

my memory comes Bebe's marvellous tale. "Duke, Duke," I cry, rising, "what is it? What have I seen ? Oh, I am horribly still haughty, though thoroughly upset, and frightened !" I cling to him and point eagerly towards the window. "Frightened at what?" asks 'Duke, nervous. "I—am—Marmaduko—Carrington's law

ful wife," she says, biting out the words with cruel emphasis, and nodding her head startled by my manner, and gazing igno-rantly in the direction I have indicated. "A face," I say nervously. "It was there only a moment ago. I saw it quite

with cruel emphasis, and nodding her head at me between each pause. I neither stagger nor faint, nor cry out; I simply don't believe her. She is mad, then, after all. Oh, if Tynon, or Harris, there only a moment ago. I saw it quite distinctly, and eyes so piercing. Marma-duke," shrinking closer to him, "do you remember Bebe's story?" 'My darling girl, how can you be so absurd," exclaims 'Duke, kindly, "letting that stupid tale upset you so? You only imagined a face, my dearest. You have been too much alone all day. There can be nothing." or any one, would only come! I calculate my chance of being able to rush past her and gain the docr in safety, but am dis heartened by her watchfulness. I remem-ber, too, how fatal a thing it is to show symptoms of terror before a maniac, and

with an effort collect myself. "If you have nothing better to say than such idiotic nonsense," I return, calmly, "I think this interview may as well come to an end." As I utter this speech in fear "Nonsense, Phyllis! Come with me to the window and look out. If there really and trembling, I once more go slowly in the direction of the bell. "Oh! must you then see my marriage-

He leads me to the window rather against lines ?" says the woman with a sneer, draw ing from her bosom a folded paper. " my will, and makes me look out. I do so to please him, standing safely ensconced chind his arm. "The lawn is bare," he says, convincthere too much of the stage about my little declaration? Come, then, behold them ;

ingly; "there is no cover until one reaches the shrubberies beyond; and no one could but at a distance, carita, at a distance.' She spreads open the paper upon the table before me. Impelled by some hide-ous curiosity, I draw near. With one brown but shapely finger, she traces the characters, and I read—I read with dull have reached them since. I think, Now I follow him submissively with the same result; and finally we fluish our researches in the bow-window, at the farthest end of eves the terrible words that seal my fate. b thought of forgery comes to sooth me The prospect without is dreary in the I know in that one long, awful moment that

my eyes have seen the truth. Mechanically I put out my hand to seize the paper, but she pushed me roughly "No, no, ma belle," she laughs coolly

not that !" 'It is a lie," I ory, fiercely; a "lie!"

Where now is all my nervousness, my childish terror? My blood flames into life. For the time I am actually mad with paswould willingly be out such an evennig as this? Not even a dog, if he could help it; n as mad as I imagine ago. A cruel, uncontrollable longing to kill her-to silence forever the bitter mocking tones, to shut the vindictive eyes that seem to draw great drops of blood from my heart -takes possession of me. I catch hold of a heavy ruler that lies on a Davenport near, and make a spring towards her. But I am as an infant in the hands of my opponent; I feel myself flung violently to one side against a wall, while the ruler "Gan English blood get warn? I did not believe it until now. So you love the hand. some husband, do you? That, after all, is not a husband, see you, but a lover. This is my house, Mees! This is my room! Leave it. I command vo u!"

CURRENT TOPICS.

PRINCE BISMARCK suffers principally not from nerve pains in face and head, and the doctors tell him that if he will not have some decayed teeth removed his aches ard anguish will continue. But he is unwilling to have the old tusks drawn. He suffers slightly from sciatica, but not much. He that is worthy of attention by all Christian has entirely given up smoking, and leads altogether a healthy life, but, except taking cations for relief. Distribution of clothin and money is carried out by the executiv German waters, has no special regimen.

IN a paper read before the Californi medical corps, with a competent physician in each district. One of the best elements Wine Growers' Association an ingenious of the work is a pension system by which philological theory was propounded. "The rent is paid for poor widows and helpless families. There are nearly 500 of these pensioned families now in the city, families old Roman wine grower," said the writer found in his tube and vate the same sedi-ment that bothers us to day. He had no chemistry in those times, but he did have which, but for this aid, would inevitably be in the poor houses or other public institu a healthy profanity. So he called his substance a 'hell of a stuff,' and probably ions. system of the to regarded it. Hell in Latin is Tartarus s shown by the fact that all of the work is nd from this ancient cuss word come in done by volunteers. All the officers serve without pay, and the cost of distribution is direct descent tartar, cream of taitar and tartaric acid." never more than 10 cents for each dollar of

In New York a man has been turned mefit. In many charitable societies the out of a boarding-house because he cost of distribution is nearly half of the amount distributed snored. Some persons may suppose that

as their noses are their own they may use them as they like, provided they do not

Her Power and Influence World-Wide. pose them into other people's busine and that if they pay their board they cannot be put into the street for nasal trumpeting at night. But the police I passed many months in England, and ooked into the faces of impressive audiences in all the great towns of the British Islands; but when I sailed away from the white cliffs of Albion, I did not seem to justice before whom the snoring boarder vas taken was of a different opinion and have seen the British Empire. I floated through the Mediterranean, with many thoughts of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and decided that, nose or no nose, a man cannot insist on living where he is not wanted. THE old fashion of home brewing, which other British ports. I came to the green and black and yellow plains of the pulsashowed so remarkable a tendency to revive a few years ago, appears to be again rapidly ting Nile, over which England has practideclining in England. After the passing of the Beer Daty Act a great number of sends along that silver ribbon of water which is called the Suez Canal. I sailed down the Red Sea. Sinai on the left, the out licenses for private brewing, under the impression that they could thus obtain beer at a less cost than they could purchase it from the brewers. The operation of brewing, however, is troublesome in an ordinary domestio establishment. The English Commissioners of Inland Revenue the gate to the Indies. I sailed into the express the opinion that it cannot be con-ducted economically on a small scale, and seem to have seen the British Empire. I that no doubt many of those persons have gazed over my ship's side, southward and found it more convenient to revert to their former practice of obtaning beer direct British possessions at the Caps, and the

from the brewer.

the valley of the Congo, but did not seem to ALTHOUGH the rabbit plague still vexes have seen the British Empire. One tropithe Australian squatter, he is threatened cal morning there rose out of the purple by another plague even more deadly. This and azure seas, far to the east, queenly

Bombay, second city of the British Empire, and I studied its proud fleets, its stately time it is a once cherished friend who has gone astray. Four hundred and fifty useless dogs, said Sir Samuel Davenport at wharves and public buildings, its univer sity and schools. I crossed crowded India and saw the Taj Mahal and the Hima recent deputation of the Royal Agricul-tural and Horticultural Society to the tural and Horticultural Society to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, had been alayas looking down on a land in which Britain rules twice as many people as any Casar ever governed. I studied Calcutta, destroyed in the violity of Adelaide. All these culprits had killed sheep, some of them being concerned in a wholesale slaughter of 150 wethers. Such is the degradation of the Australian canine race. the most cultured city of Asia ; visited Madras on her blistered sands, and so came to that rustling Paradise of the tropics, Ceylon, with its palms, and mangoes, and bread-fruit trees, and tamarinds, and bamthat not only terriers, spaniels and New-foundlands do the mischief, but sheep, cattle and watch dogs join the ranks of boos, and trailing vines, and many-colcred strange birds, and troops of elephants wild in the jungle; and 1 sailed away and the destroyers, and bits and worry and destroy in their noctural attacks. looked backward, but did not seem to have CO-OPERATIVE baby farming is a success

seen the British Empire. I came to Singapore, at the foot of the Malay penir at Guise. France. In a late issue of Le sula, within eighty miles of the e and found a harbor alive with Devoir, the official organ of M. Godin, who is the governor of the familisters at that fleets, and a city busy with the richest trade place, it is stated that the birth rate under of the East Indies, under the British fleg. I sailed away to Hong Kong, and found a his communal system is about the same as in French towns of the same population, while the infant mortality is 50 per cent. in French towns of the second state of the sec mountainous island, with a beautiful city aouse and a one immense play room, ters promised as a play for the play of the play fitted up for its inmates. It I sailed southward through the play opens flush with the garden, and is sur-indices, and was almost never out of sight of the British flag. The shadows began to fall the British flag. The shadows began to fall the British flag. The days gradually rounded with spacious verandas. The the British ling. The shadows began to have administration is by a governess, with two assistants and the mothers that voluntser to serve. The obildren are generally of the sea. In July the blasts of a northassistants and the mothers that volumes, grew cool. Bit ange constitutions get to serve. The oblidren are generally of the sea. In July the blasts of a north-brought there in the morning and taken to ern December came up from the iceborge of the Southern Pole. There lifted itself, permanent home. at last, from under the occan, a continental island, slightly less large than the whole territory of the United States. I studied COBRESPONDENCE with Queen Victoria by

letter is one of the Prime Minister's regular the pastures, the forests, the mines, the and almost daily duties. When there has thriving and cultured cities of Australia.

been an important division or debate in saw verdant Tasmania and green New Zealand, and sailed away, with the Fijis over Parliament, and members are hastening the gunwale, toward the sunset; and still I did home tired, to bed, the Premier alone can take no rest until ho has written to the not seem to have seen the British Empire.

Tí you will not Menr Reason from the proverbial thrift of the race and

The true beneficence of the whole

ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

British predominance in the Soudan and in

United Hebrew Charities

from their excellent system of charities in How can you hope to escape those evils the large cities. For the past ten years the which experience has demonstrated may be avoided, if her voice be lis enel to? How Hebrew community in New York has steadily had in operation a scheme for refoolish it is to remort to dangerous drugs when a simple domestic remedy will lieving the needs of the poor among them answer the purpose. In the case of corns some resort to the razor and peril their philanthropists. The city is divided into twenty-four districts, and in each district a visiting committee investigates all appliives, as lockjaw is not impossible. While others use dangerous and flesheating substitutes for the great sure pop-corn cure-Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails, nor ever can, for it is just the thing for the purpose. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Take no other. committee, and there is also a well organized

The Paris Journal des Debats has good reason to believe that in the week in which the Divorce Act comes into force two of three million petitions will be presented to make separations divorces.

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What is termed the "bad lands " west of the Missouri River are turning out to be an El Dorado for stock raising. There are now 40.000 head of stock in that country valued at \$1,000,000. The country furnishe ample shelter, and not above 2 per cent. cf the stock has been lost from all causes

-The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.-Dr. Haskell.

The London Truth says that among the occupations which are doing the worst in England is that of the builders. Of the failures recently gazetted a large proportion belonged to that trade. Here, on the In New contrary, the builder flourishes. York the permits issued this year for new buildings are about 23,000, in Brooklyn 26,080.

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UTERIUS IN AN EARLY, STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDERGY TO CANCENDUS HIGHERIE RELEARCH VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. * * * * * * IT HE MOVES FAMINESS, FLATLERNY, DESPIROT ALL CHAVING POLETINILANTS, AND RELEVES WEAK-NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAD-ACHE, NERVOUS PROSPRATION, GENERAL DEBILIT, DEPERSION AND INDRESTION. * * * * THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PARM, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE. IS ALWAYS FERMA JENTLY HEAD BY ITS USE & * * * STANCES ACT IN BARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM. * * * AT ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LECTIMATI HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSAN LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. - CH

D. C.N. L. 35 84.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL

Let us forget him." So Mark drops out of our life for the present. Three days later Lady Blanche Going Also takes her departure. As we assemble in the hali to bid her

good-bye-I, from an oppressive sense of what is demanded by the laws of courtesy, the others through the dawdling idleness that belongs to a country house-she sweers up to me, and, with an unusually

bewitching smile, says, sweetly: "Good-bye, dear Mrs. Carrington. Thank you so much for all your kindness to me. I really don't remember when I have joyed myself so well as here at dear old Strangemore with you."

Here she stoops forward, as though she would press her lips to my cheek. Instantly dropping both her hand and my handker chief, I bend to pick up the latter ; when I raise myself again, she has wisely passed

on, and so I escape the hyporritical salute Marmaduke puther, maids, traps, and all, into the carriage. The door is shut, the horses start; I am well rid of fanother trouble some guest. I draw a deep sigh of relief as two ideas present themselves before my mind. One is, that I am better out of it all than I deserve; the second, that never is, that I am better out of it again, under any circumstances, shall she It is the night before Harriet's departure

and almost all our guests have vanished. Our two military friends have resumed their regimental duties a week ago; Sir George Ashurst has gone to London for a little while; Dora has decided on burying herself at Summerleas during his absence-I suppose to meditate soberly upon the coming event.

It is 9 o'clock. Dinner is a thing of the Even the gentlemen, having sired of each other, or the wine, or the politics have strolled into the drawing-room, and are now indulging in such light converse as they deem suitable to our feeble under

standings. Suddenly the door is flung wide, and Babe comes hurriedly in-so hurriedly that we all refrain from speech, and raise our eyes to rivet them upon her. She nervous-half laughing-yet evidently soared.

"Oh, Marmaduke !" she says, with a little gasp, and going up to him and fastening her fingers on his arm, "I have seen a ghost !"

'A what?" says 'Duke.

"A ghost—a downright, veritable ghost i Now don't look so incredulous. I am thoroughly in earnest. I was never in my life before so frightened. I tell you I saw it plainly, and quite close. Oh, how I ran !" She puts her other hand to her heart, and

waws a long breath. Naturally we all stare at her, and feel interested directly. A real spectre is not a thing of everyday occurrence. I feel something stronger than interest; I am ter ified beyond measure, and rising from my seat, I look anxiously at 'Duke.

"I never heard there was a ghost here before," I say, reproachfully. "Is the house haunted? Oh, 'Duke! you never told me of it-and I have gone about it at all hours, and cometimes even without a light !"

I conclude there is something comical in my dismay, as Marmaduke and Lord Chandos burst out laughing. Thornton fairly roars, while Sir James gets as near an outburst of merriment as he ever did in

even as we do so, something supernaturally tall-black, gaunt, with a white plume

waving from its haughty head--advances slowly towards us, from out the gloom. I feel paralyzed with fright, although instinct

"Who are ye that come to disturb my nightly revel?" says the plumed figure;

and then we all know that we are gazing at Mr. Thornton, lengthened by a sweepingbrush covered with a black garment, which he holds high above his head. Thornton, I protest you are incorri-

gible," exclaims Marmaduke, when at length he can command his voice ; "and I thought better of you, James, than to aid and abat him."

I am on the very verge of hysterics; a pinch, administered by Bebe, alone restrains me; as it is, the tears of alarm are mingling with the laughter I cannot

uppress. "My new black Cashmere wrap, I protest !" ories Harriet, pouncing upon Chips and his sweeping-brush. "Well, really Chippendale—— And the feather out of my place.

Chippendale—— And the feather out of my Chippendale—— And the feather out of my best bonnet. Oh, this comes of having one's room off a balcony. Why, you wicked boy, you have been upsetting all my goods and ohattels. Who gave you permission, sir, to enter my bedroom ?

"Sir James," replies Chips, demurely, who has emerged from his disguise, and is vainly trying to reduce his dishevelled locks "It was so convenient." to orde

"Oh, James !" says his wife, with a lively reproach, "have I lived to see you perpetrate a joke ?" "But where is the spectre ?" I venture

to remark. "You must really ask Miss Beatoun,"

says Chips. "I have done my duty valiantly; no one can say I funked it. I have done my very best to produce a respectable *bona fide* bogy; and if I have failed, I am not to be blamed. Now I insist on Miss Beatoun's producing hers. We cannot possibly go back to the domes-tics (who, I feel positive, are cowering upon the lowest stair) empty-handed. Miss

the lowest star) empty-handed. Miss Beatoun, you have brought us all here at the peril of our lives. Now where is he?" "It was not a man," says Bebe. "Then where is she?"

'I am not sure it was a woman either.'

with some hesitation. "Ye powers!" cries Chips. "Then

what was it? a mermaid? an undiscovered gender? The plot thickens. I shan't be able to sleep a wink to night unless you be more explicit."

"Then you may stay wide awake," retorts Miss Beatoun, "as I remember nothing but those horrid eyes. You have chosen to turn it all into ridicule : and who ever heard of a ghost appearing amidst shouts of laughter? How dreadfully cold it is ! Do shut that window and let us go back to the drawing room fire."

"I hope your next venture will be more successful," says Chips, meekly. And then we all troop down again to the cozy room

room until I hear Marmaduke's step naxt with a sinking of the beart, that I arm face door, I show no further cowardice. The to face with Bebe's gbost. general air of disbelief arcund mequenches "I am startled and impressed-uncom-

"If it was fancy, it was very vivid," I say, reluctantly, " and, besides, I am not fanciful at all. I was a little unlucky, I think; it reminded me of ------" " A Banshee?" asks 'Duke, laughing. "Well, yes, something like that," I admit

"Now, confess, you are the most foolish

"There was," I declare, positively.

with me to the other window.

was one, she must be in view still."

seriously. "Oh. Marmaduke, I hope no bad fortune

"Oh, Marmaduke, I hope no bad fortune is in store for us. I feel a strange forebod-ing at my heart." "You feel a good deal of folly," says my husband. "Phyllis, I am ashamed of you.

The idea of being superstitious in the nine-teenth century! I shall give you a good ecolding for this, and at the same time some brandy-and-water. Your nerves are unstrung, my dearest; that is all. Come, sit down here, and try to be sensible, while

I ring the bell.

I ring the bell." As he speaks he rings it. "Tynon, have the grounds searched again directly. It is very annoying that tramps should be allowed the run of the A stop must be put to it. glass of brandy and a bottle of soda."

"Yes, sir." "Don't give me brandy and soda-water,"

I say with some energy. I do so hate it." "How do you know?" "Because I tasted yours the other even

ing, and thought it a horizble concoction. I was tired of hearing men praise it as a drink, so I thought I would try if it was really as good as they said. But it was not; it was extremely disagreeable."

"It was the soda you disliked. I will put but very little in, and then you will like it better" ike it better."

" But indeed, Marmaduke, I would rather

not have anything." "But indeed, Phyllis, I must insist on your taking it. If we are going to be so ultra-fashionable as to encourage a real ghost on the premises, we must only increase our allowance of spirits, and fortify ourselves to meet it. By the by, have you desided on the sex? Bebe was rather

wish you would not jest shout it." Then I drink what he has prepared for me, and, in spite of my dislike to it, feel

presently somewhat happier in my mind. The world is only three days older, when as I sit alone in my own room reading, Tynon opens the door, and addresses me in the semi-mysterious manner he affects.

"There's a woman downstairs, ma'am, as particularly wants to speak with you." "A woman ?" I reply, lazily. "What sort of a woman, Tynon ?"

"Well, ma'am, a handsome woman as far as I can judge. A furriner, I would say. A woman of a fine presence—as might be a lady; but I ain't quite certain or that rount." on that point.'

"Oh, Tynon, show her up," I say, hastilv feeling dismayed, as I picture to myself a lady left standing in the hall while Tynon

we have quitted, by no means wiser than when we started. Somehow I think no more about it, and, fixes upon me her wonderful eyes, I know,

She laughs long and loudly; but all my fury has died out.

(To be continued.)

A FAVORITE ENGLISHMAN.

The Welcome to John Bright at a Great Public Meeting.

Mr. Bright had a magnificent reception, says a Manchester despatch to the London Telegraph of the 28th ult. Twenty thousand voices were unanimous in acclaim. The cheering rose and fell, and rose again, and cheering rose and fell, and rose again, and was sustained with a deafening roar, and the loud accompaniment of hand clapping lasted a long time. * * * As Mr. Bright rose to speak the obsering which greeted his first appearance burst forth anew—and the people would not allow their favorite to begin until, all upstanding, they same in unson. "For he's a july good they sang in unison, "For he's a jolly good fellow, and so says all of us !" His speech was enchanting. His clear, melodious, commanding voice filled the four corners of the huge building, apparently without an effort. When, with uplifted head and hands raised as if in devotion, recited those lines Lord's Prayer "which he the from

the Lord's Frayer "which the hazy on that point." "I don't know," I say, shuddering; "I wish you would not jest about it." Then I drink what he has prepared for me. and. in spite of my dislike to it, feel

with his right arm, he cried out : "And yet every day, in that House, that the question came up speeches were made and votes given that denied to the millions of the people of this country the daily bread The effect was for which they prayed.' electrical! The gifted orator played upon the hearts of the people, and their hearts vibrated to his every persuasive appeal. We have been accustomed to conflict, and we have been accustomed to conquer, and our triumph will be complete, he urged, and they responded with their cheers. He spoke of the House of Commons as represpot of the House of Common as repre-senting the peopls directly, and of the upper ohamber as "a House representing directly "—and then he paused for the space of a second, and added, in a voice as olear as a bell, "Nobody !" His anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield interested the audience greatly, and made the 20,000 auditors as completely silent as if they had been a knot of friends listening to a pleasant story told at a private dinner party.

The Paris Municipality has just selected the names of forty new streets. Among the names are "Darwin," "George Sand," arborst of meriment as he ever did in guests I have got to like so well cocupies is life. "Is there a ghost in your family?" I me to the exclusion of all other matters. "I am startied and impressed—uncom-the names of iorty hew streets. "I at startied and impressed—uncom-fortably impressed—uncom-the names of iorty hew streets. "I at startied and impressed—uncom-the names of iorty hew streets. "I at startied and impressed—uncom-the names of iorty hew streets. "I at startied and impressed—uncom-the names of iorty hew streets. "Sainte-Reuve," "Henry Heine' "Gustave Dore." and

Queen his official report of the proceedings. These letters are couched in the third per-son: "Mr. Gladstone presents his duty to Your Majesty, etc.," and Her Majesty's them the British flag once floated for a day replies, usually diotated to a secretary, also BOD:

is no longer wasted now as it was during the first 25 years of her reign by having to sign all commissions for the army and navy. In 1862 an Act relieved her of this tedious task. She was in that year still engaged in signing the commissions of the year 1858.

CORNWALL, the Postmaster of Dublin, who is on trial for such a hideous crime, is the

son of a landed proprietor in Meath, and

after a short service as clerk in the London office was appointed in 1850 to his recent position by the Marquis of Clanricarde, when Postmaster General, at the instance of the Marchioness, who was fascinated by his musical accomplishments and drawing room graces. He stands six feet, is of

handsome presence, but pompous and pretentious, and with a great deal of vulgar wagger both in his air and conversation There is nothing, however, repellant or re-pugnant in his appearance, or which would ive the least index of prime. He is 61 give the least index of trime. He is 61. Mr. Kirwan, who figures beside him, and who will probably be found leas of oriminal than a foolish friend, is of a Gal-way family of remarkable gentleness and purity of character, and is a nephew of Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingstone." He has that thin fair hair and creamcolored complexion which speak the slender mind. The first mention of his name in the matter killed his mother. None of the project, worthy of Colonel Sellers, or Mr Pew, or Mr. Pugsley, or St. Charles.accused are genuine Irish. They all belong to the Protestant colony. Winnipeg Sun.

HERE are some hints to the nity authori. ties who may find difficulty in disposing of

ownerless curs. At the recent meeting of

the British Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Dr. B. W Richardson described a method recently adopted at his suggestion for destroying lost and starving dogs by a painless death. This consists in submitting the animals to the influence of carbonic oxide gas in a closed chamber, the carbonic oxide being charged also with chloroform by being made over. Dr. Richardson has for a long time past been engaged in experimenting with a view to determining the best mode of killing animals without the infliction of pain, and the apparatus he describes is the fruit of his researches. He is sauguine that hy and by the humane system of slaughtering will be applied even to the destruction of anima's intended for food ; and he has him. anima's intended for food; and he has him-self applied the method with complete success in the case of sheep which are first

been sown this year than ever before, and driven into sleep, and, while thus uncon-scious, killed. The good wishes of every humanitarian will be with Dr. Richardson in this. in this.

THE Hebrews are often spoken of as "a rice without paupers." Though not River, the verdict is the same, each man certain there is no crop superior to his own."

After many days the shadows fell north ward again at noon. The Sandwich Islands rose to view, and I remembered that over ** Fon THE CURE OF KINNEY CONTAINTS IN DIFFERENCE OF KINNEY CONTAINTS IN DIFFERENCE OF A STATE OF A STATE OF A Prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price S1. Six bottles for **3**. Sold by all druggists. Bent by mail, postage paid, in form of Fills or Lozengee on receipt of price as above. Mra. Pinkhan³, "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady scaling stamp. Letters confidentially answered. * No family should be without LYDIA F. PINKHAMT INTER FILLS. They cure Considering the senses as Topholity of the Liver. So cents per box. looked backward, but even yet did not seem to have seen the British Empire. It was acknowledgments, but often enter suc-ninotly into the question at issue. The Queen devotes several hours every morning to the study of State business, and her time to never worth and a merica I remembered that British possessions stretch across this con-tion to the study of State business, and her time to never worth and a merica I remembered that British possessions stretch across this con-tion to the study of State business, and her time to have seen the British Empire. It was not seen the British Empire. It was and America I remembered that British possessions stretch across this con-tion to the study of State business and her time the possession to the set of land was once predominantly British ; it was only when, at last, my lonely eyes came to the sight of America, my own, my thoughts went back around the whole earth, that I suddenly obtained, by a com bination of all my memories, a conception

of the physical and political dignity of the British Empire as a whole.-Joseph Cook at Rosebud, Conn., July 4th, 1884.

An Alt Bail Route to Europe.

Major Kent, formerly in the service o the Wabash Railway, has projected a great scheme for connecting the Canadian Pacific with the European system of railroads. He would build a line from Port Moody northward along the coast to Mount St. Elias and then across Alaska to Behring's Strait. The Strait is 36 miles wide at it narrowest point, and Major Kent thinks transfer boats could cross it in any sort of weather in three hours. He would then carry the road from Cape East on the Asiatic side of Behring's to Vladivoski, near the mouth of the Amcor, where connection would be made with the Russian railroads. A five days' journey would land the traveller in Calass and in eight hours more he would be in London. The journey from Port Moody to London by this route would occupy about eleven days. It would be all rail, of course, with the excep-tion of the crossing's of Behring's and the English channel. It is a brilliant

The Trouble on the Sun.

The great sun storm area which has developed on the sun's face turned toward us is now nearing the sun's western limb. A

new eruption has broken through the photo sphere near the centre of the sun's disc. Small spots were just visible at intervals yesterday morning. These were alter-nately hidden or covered over by what seemed to be clouds of vapor. Around some of the spots there appeared at intervals a rosy light. The area of disturbance to pass over a porous surface saturated with that drug. The result is that the animals to be killed fall at once into a deep, painless sleep, out of which they never re-source D Bickedgap hea face large time. unday when Upper Hungary was swept by terrible storms, and the earthquake occurred along the Atlantic coast. The location of these sun storms cannot be located by the telescope alone, until the

Calgary Herald : "The reports of the orops which have thus far reached us from

opinion that fuer prospects would be hard to art cipate. From Red Deer, Elbow River, Fish, Pine and Sheep Creeks, High River, the verdiot is the same, each man

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