You'll come to-morrow, then;" light words lightly said.
Gayly the waved her little hand, gayly he bared his head.

"You'll come to-morrow, then," and the man or his errand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his
work intent.

The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?" Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household burden took.

"You'll come to-morrow, then," and when the

morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway accident" spoke; A strong man in a stranger's home, in death'

dread quiet lay,
And a woman subbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away. So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan, While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man—

Discounting the dim, strange future, while his

blind eyes cannot see, What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be. And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and
say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

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

I do not believe one word of all your vile story," I declare, doggedly, knowing I am lying as I speak; "it flavors too much of the melodrama to be real. You are an impostor; but you calculate foolishly when you think to gain money from me by your false tale. You have been seen more than once about these grounds before now——"

"Ay"—interrupting me with a rapid shrug of her finely formed shoulders—"I pined, I hungered for a sight of your Englieh baby face -I the mistress of it all—skulked about these walls, and was hunted through your shrubberies like a common thief. Twice was I near detection; twice through my native cunning I evaded your stupid bulldogs of men. And each time I hugged myself to think I had the revenge here," laying both hands lightly on her bosom where the fatal paper once more lies. bosom where the fatal paper once more lies.
"I do not believe you," I reiterate stupidly; "it is nothing but a wicked invention of your own. I am silly to feel even annoyance. My husband will soon be in; then we shall hear the truth."
"We shall—the whole truth. His face will be tray it. Then you shall hear of the heary to you increase years in Florance, hearst in

kappy evenings spent in Florence, beneath the eternal blue of the sky, when Carlotta Veschi lay with her dark head reclined upon her English lover's breast; when words of love fell hotly upon the twilight air; when vows were interchanged; when his lips were pressed, warmly, tenderly, to

mine."

"Be silent, woman!" I cry, passionstely, breathing hard and painfully. Oh,
the anguish! the torture! I raise my head
little higher, but my hand goes out and
grasps unconciously a friendly chair, to
steady my failing limbs.

"Does it distress you, Anima, all these
loving details! From his lips they will
possibly fall more sweetly. I am but an
interloper—only the descised worm that

interloper—only the despised worm that crawls into the roses heart. Mine is the nand (unhappy one that I am) to lay waste the nest of the doves."
"Here he is!" I cry joyfully, as I hear

my husband's footsteps pass the window. The very orunching of the gravel beneath his heel rouses me. Hope once again springs warm within my breast. It is not, it cannot be true. He will send this horri ole woman away, and reduce all my ridi

culous fears to ashes.

I run to him with unusual eagerness as he enters, and, smiling, he holds out his arms. But even before I can throw myself into them, what is it that comes across his What is this awful whiteness, this deadly look of terror? Why does he stagger back against the wall? Why do his hands fall lifeless to his sides? Why do his eyes grow large with unearthly horror?
The woman stands where last the stood. She has not moved on his entrance, nor made the faintest advance. Though slightly paler, the evil mockery still lingers in her

eyes.
She raises one finger slowly, tragically, and points it at him.
"I have found you," she says. "My—

No reply. Both his shaking hands goup to

hide his face. I run to him, and fling my arms around his neck. "Marmaduke, speak!" I ory. Tell her

she lies. 'Duke, 'Duke, raise your head and send her from this place. Why are you silent? Why will you not look at me? It is only I—your own Phyllis. Oh, Marmaduke, I am horribly frightened. Why don't you tell her to begone?"
"Because he dare not," says my visitor, slowly. "Well, Marmaduke, have you no

welcome for your wife ?"

He puts me roughly from him, and, going over to her, seizes her by the wrists and drags her into the full light of the window. "You fiend!" he hisses, beneath his eath. "It was all false then the news of your death? You are alive? You are still left to contaminate the contaminate the earth? wrote the tidings that set me, as I believed,

free?"
"I did," replies the woman, quietly "I was tired of you. Your milk and watery affection, even at the very first, sickened me. I wished to see you no more. I had begun to hate you, and so took that means of ridding myself of you forever. But when I heard of the rich uncle's death-of the mony, the grandeur, all that had come to you-I regretted my folly, and started to claim my rights I an

here; repudiate me if you can. I have crept closer; I am staring at Marmaduke. I cannot, I will not still

"Marmaduke, say she is not your wife," I demand, imperiously.

"Ay, say it," says the woman, with a smile.

I go nearer, and attempt to take his

"Dake, say it, say it!" I cry, feverishly. "Do not touch me!" exclaims he, hoarsely, shrinking away from me. I feel turned to stone—not faint or sick; only numbed, and unable to reason. The

"What a situation!" cries she. "What a scene! It is a tragedy, and the peasant is the heroine. I—Carlotta—am the wife, while the white, delicate, proud miladi is

only the mist--' Before the vile word can leave her lips Marmaduke's hand is on her throat. His face is distorted with passion and mad-ness; there is upon it a settled expression of determination that terrifies me more than all that has gone before. His thin nostrils are dilated with rage. His very

hostilis are unaded with lage. Also voly lips are gray. Already the woman's features are growing discolored.

"Marmaduke!" I shriek, tearing at the hand that pinions her to the shutter, "Marmaduke, for my sake—remember—have pity. Oh, what is it you would do?" By a superhuman effort my weak fingers

succeed in dragging his hand away. He shivers, and falls back a step or two, while the Italian slowly recovers.
"Would you murder me?" she gasps. "Ah! wretch-dog-beast! But I have s

She stalks toward the door as she utters

this threat, and quickly vanishes.

I turn to my—to Marmaduke.
"It is true?" I ask.

"It is true," he replies, and as he speaks
I can scarcely believe the man who stands
before me, crushed and aged and heartbroken, is the same gay, handsome young

man who entered the room all smiles a few

is forgotten.
When I recover consciousness, I find soothing darkness. There is a general feeling of dampness about my hair and forehead somebody is bending anxiously over me. Raising my eyes in languid scrutiny, I discover it is my mother.

"Is that you, mamma?"
"Yes, my darling."

"I did not know you were coming to-Jay. How is it you are here just now? and why am I lying on my bed?'

am I lying on my bed? I uplift myself on my elbow, and peer at her curiously. Her eyelids are crimson; her voice is full of the thick and husky sound that comes of much weeping. "What has happened? Why am I here?"

repeat.
"You were not well, dearest. A mere strange.
"I acknowledge it. But how was I to faint—nothing more; but we thought you would feel better if kept quite quiet. I was

driving over to see you to day, and very fortunately arrived just as I was wanted. Lie down again, and try to sleep."
"No, I cannot. What has vexed you

mother? You have been orying,"
"Oh, no, darling," in trembling tones;
"you only imagine it. Perhaps it is the incertain light.

hear it in your voice. Why do you try to ening tale? How could I watch the deceive me? Something has happened—I changes—the dislike, it might be—that

With a nervous gesture mother raises a cup from a table near, and puts it to my hps.
"Drink this first, and think afterwards,"

shes ays; "it will do you good."
"No, I shall think first. The There is some. thing weighing on my brain, and heart. Why don't you help me to remember?"

I put my hands to my head in deep perplexity. Slowly, slowly the truth comes back to me; slowly all the past horrible

back to me; slowly all the past horrible seene revives itself.

"Ah!" I gasp affrightedly, "I remember! I know it all now. I can see her again! She said—But," seizing mother's wrists fiercely, "It is not true, mother! Oh mother! say it is not true! Oh! mother! mother!"

"Phyllus, my child—my lamb! what shall I say to comfort you?"

"Deny it!" I cry, passionately flinging my arms around her waist, and throwing back my head that I may watch her face.

Poor face! so filled with the bitterest of all

Poor face! so filled with the bitterest of all griefs, the want of power to solace those we love. "Why do you ory? Why don't you say at once it was a lie? You are as bad as Marmaduke; he stood there too,

then !-it is true!" I push her from me, and, burying my head on my arms rock myself to and fro in a silent agony of despair. Not a sound breaks the stillness, but mother's low suppressed sobbing; it maddens me.
"What are you crying for?" I ask,

eyes are dry. It is my sorrow, not yours—not any one's. What do you mean by making moan?" She makes no answer, and my head drops

once more upon my arms. I continue my ceaseless, miserable rocking. Again there is silence.

A door bangs somewhere in the distance.

"I will not see him!" I cry starting up wildly. "Nothing on earth shall induce me. I cannot, mother. Tell him he must not come in here." "Darling, he is not coming. But even if

he were, Phyllis, surely you would be kind to him. If you could only see his despair! He was quite innocent of it. Phyllis, I implore you, do not foster bitter thoughts in your heart towards Marmaduke."
"It is not that. You mistake me. Only -it is all so horrible-I fear to see him.

Yesterday he was my husband;—no, no —I mean I thought he was my husband to day what is he?"
"Oh, darling! try to be calm." "I am calm. See, my hand does not even tremble," holding it up before her.

Oh, what have I done, that this should happen to me? What odious crime have I committed, that I should be so punished? Only six months married-married, did I say?—I must learn to forget that word passion of delight that overcame me as I protocol of the control of the c

try to sleep, my poor love!"

"Shall I ever sleep again, I wonder, with that scene before me always? It has withered me. Her eyes how they burned into mine! Her very touch had venom in it! And yet why should I be so hard on her, poor creature? Was she not in the right? He is her husband, not mine. She hard? her husband, not mine. She has the prior claim. She is the deserted wife, while I

am only——"
"Phyllis! Phyllis!" "And all my life before me!" I ory, with passionate self-pity, clasping my hands. How shall I bear it? What are those words, mother? Do you recollect? Some

thing beginning-So young, so young, I am not used to tears to-night, Instead of slumber; nor to prayer With sobbing breath, and hands out-wrung.

"Phyllis, do you want to kill me?" says mother, her sobs breaking forth afresh.
"Poor mother, do I make you sad? Do your tears relieve you? I suppose so, as I have none. I think my sorrow is too great for that. It was like a dream, the whole thing. I could not realize it then. It is only now I fully understand how alone I am in the world."

"My own girl, you still have me."

"And so I have, dear, dearest mother; but I will live alone, for all that. Disgrace has fallen upon me, but I will not ask others to bear my burden. Was it not well Dora's marriage took place last month?

My position cannot affect her's now."

"Oh Phillis! do not talk of disgrace.

What disgrace can attach to you, my poor

innocent child?"
"I cannot lie here any longer," I say, abruptly, getting off the bed; "I shall go mad, if I stay still and think. And—my

hair," fretfully—"it has all come down; it must be settled again. Oh, no; I cannot have Martha; she would look deleful and sympathetic, as if she knew everything, and I should feel inclined to kill her." "Let me do it, darling. Your arms are tired," says mother, meekly, and proceeds to shake out and comb with softest touch the heavy masses of hair that only yester day I gloried in. Even this morning, when

it lay all about my shoulders, how happy I was!
"Do you know, mother," I say, drearily, "it seems to me now as though between me and this morning a whole century had

rolled?"

now there is an indifference about you that

you don't give way a little."

"Ill? with a chance of dying you mean? worth her while to be forever silent. When Why, that would be famous! But don't she returns to Italy, who then will know the truth?"

fear, mother; no such good fortune is in
store for me. I shall probably outlive
every one of you." I laugh a little.
"How nucly you use the brush! you do
not drag a single hair. And it is nearly
any Church seven months now since last you brushed my hair; and I unsympathetic, cold, almost dead." Much as I have tried during the past few hours, I cannot quite reconcile myself to the idea that it is I—I myself

that the one most to be pitied is I, Phyllis-

Phyllis what.

I have at length consented to see Marma. with unnatural calmness.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! my life! forgive me!" lessly dishevelled state, as he enters. I be cries in an anguished tone; and then the room grows suddenly dark; I fall heavily forward into the blackness and all heavily distributions are all heavily forward into the blackness and all heavily distributions are all heavily forward into the blackness and all heavily distributions are all heavily distributions and all heavily distributions are all heavily distributions and all heavily distributions are all heavily distributions and heavily distributions are all heavily distributions and heavily distributions are all heavily distributions.

from ceaseless weeping.

I half rise as he comes across the room, yet cannot raise my head to meet his gaze myself in my own room, lying upon a bed. I dread the havor despair and self-torture The blinds are all drawn down, to cause a will have wrought in his face. He moves will have wrought in his face. He moves slowly, lingeringly, until he reaches the hearthrug, and there stands and regards me imploringly. This I feel and know, though

through some other sense beside sight.
"Will you not even look at me?" he says, presently in a changed, almost agonzed, tone.

I force my eyes to meet his, but drop

them again almost immediately.

"Is forgiveness quite cut of the ques tion?' "No," I return; "of course I forgive you. It was not your fault. There is nothing to forgive. But in the first instance you deceived me; that I feel the hardest."

Even to myself my voice sounds cold and

tell this would be the end of it? It appeared impossible you should ever know the truth. It was only known to myself and one other--"

"Aud that was--" " Mark Gore. The woman, as I believed, was dead, and who could betray the secret? The whole miserable story was so hateful to me that to repeat it to you-whom I so "Nonsense," I insist angrily; "you know devotedly loved—was more than I had couryou have. I can see it in your eye, I can age for. How could I tell you such a sick-hear it in your voice. Why do you try to ening tale? How could I watch the feel it—and you are keeping it from me. would cloud your face as I related it? By Let me think—" your own confession, I knew you bore me none of that love that would have helped me safely through even a worse revelation, and I dreaded lest the bare liking you entertained for me should have an end. and that you, a young girl, would shrink from a widower, and the hero of such a

story."
"Still, it would have been better if you had spoken; I can forgive anything but deceit."

"Once or twice I tried to tell you the only secret I had kept from you, but you would not listen, or else at the moment spoke such words as made me doubt the expedi-ency of ever mentioning the affair at all. But now that it is too late, I regret my duplicity, or cowardice, or whatever it was that swaved me."

"Too late, indeed!" I repeat mechani cally. Alter a minute or two, he says, in a low

" Have you no interest, no curiosity, that you do not ask? Will you let me tell you now all the real circumstances of the

case?"
"What need?" I answer wearily. "Of course it is the old story. I seem to have heard it a hundred times. You were a boy, deaf as a stick or a stone to my entreaties. She was a designing woman, she entrapped Oh, will no one help me? Oh, it is true you; it is the whole thing."

"I was no boy; I was an over-honorable man. She was an Italian woman, with some little learning, of rather respectable parentage, and who (a wonderful thing among her class) could speak a good deal of English. She was handsome, and for the time I fancied I loved her. No thought of evil towards her entered my heart; l asked her to marry me and the ceremony was performed, privately but surely, in the ittle chappel near her home, her brother being the principal witness. Hardly a month had passed before I fully understood the horrible mistake I had made-before I learned how detestable was the woman with whom I had linked my fate. Her coarse, harsh manner, her vile, insolent tongue, her habits of drunkenness, nay, more, her evident preference for a low illiterate cousin, were all too apparent. I left her, she declaring herself as glad to see the last of me as I was to be rid of her. the whole thing disgust you Phyllis ?"

He pauses, and draws his hand wearily across his forehead.

I shake my bead, but make no further reply; and presently he goes on again in a

low tone: "I was, comparatively speaking, poor then; yet, out of the allowance my uncle had made me, I sent her regularly as much, indeed, more, than I could afford; but dread of discovery forced me to be generous. Then one day came the tidings of her death. Even now, Phyllis now, when I am utterly crushed and heart-broken—I can feel again the wild mixed with the world I had for some time avoided, and was received with open arms, my uncle's death having made me a rich

"It is sad," I say, monotonously, "but not so sad as mine." Coming over, he kneels down beside my

sofa, and gently, almost fearfully, he takes one of my hands in both his.

"Oh not so sad as yours, my poor love, my own darling," he murmurs painfully, but still unhappy enough. To think that I, who would willingly have shielded you with my life, should be the one to bring nisery upon you!"

He hides his face upon the far edge of the cushion on which my aching head is reclining. I can no longer see him, but can feel his whole frame trembling with sup-pressed emotion. With some far-off,

indistinct sensation of pity, I press the hand that still holds mine.

Presently I rouse myself, and, rising to a sitting posture, I fix my dull eyes upon the opposite wall, and speak.
"I suppose it is to my old home I must

As though the words stung him Marmaduke gets up impetuously, and walks back to his former position upon the hearthrug. noticed that his face was grown, if possible, a shade paler than before. A sudden

look of fear has overspread it. "Yes, yes; of course you shall go home for a little time if you wish it," he says

nervously.
"Not for a little time; forever," I return. A horrible pain is tugging at my heart.

"Phyllis," ories he almost fiercely,
what are you saying? You cannot mean it. Forever? Do you know what that means? If you can live without me I tell you plainly I would rather ten thousand imes be dead than exist without you. Are you utterly heartless, that you can torture me like this? Never to see you again; is that what you would say?" Coming nearer,

so close that he touches me, while his eyes

eek and read with desperate eagerners my

face, "Speak, speak, and tell me you were trying to frighten me."

"I cannot. I meant just what I said," I gasp, consumed by a sudden dread of I scarcely know what. "Why do you disbelieve? What other course is open to me?' "Phyllis," says mamma, earnestly, "I don't like your manner. I don't like the seizing hold of my hands again; "why way you are taking all this. A little while ago your grief was vehement, but natural; lio? As yet, no one is the wiser; you and I alone hold the secret. This woman, this frightens me. You will be ill, darling, if fiend, will go anywhere, will do anything,

> "The truth—ah! yes-"Are you not my wife? Has not my love bound you to me by stronger ties than any Church laws? Why should this former detested bond ruin both our lives?"

"A little while ago you spoke of your-self as an 'over-honorable' man. Is what you now propose honorable or right? Mar-maduke, it is impossible. As our lives who am principally concerned in all this horror that has taken place.

I argue in my own mind, I represent the case as for a third person. I cannot realize Phyllis, can you bear their cruel speeches?

It is not altogether for my own sake I plead though the very thought of losing you is more than I can bear. It is for you, your-self, I entreat. Remember what your position will be. Have pity upon yourself.

"No, no! I will not listen to you. I will not, Marmaduke." He flings himself on his knees before me. "Darling, darling, do not forsake me,"

he whispers despairingly.
"Let me go," I cry wildly. "Is this your love for me? Oh, the selfishness of it. Would you have me live with you as——'
"Be silent!" exclaims he, in a terrible voice. A spasm of pain contracts his face. Slowly he regains his feet.

"You madden me," he goes on, in an altered tone. "I forget that you, who have never loved, cannot feel as I do. Phyllis, tell me the truth: have you no affection

"I am not!" I ory, suddenly waking from my unnatural apathy, and bursting into bitter tears, the first I have shed to day. As the whole horrible truth comes home to me, I rise impulsively and fling myself into my husband's arms—for my husband he has been for six long months "I do love you, 'Duke—'Duke; but, oh! what can I do? What words can I use to tell you all I feel? I am young, and silly and ridiculous in many ways, I know; but yet there is something within me I dare not disobey—something within me I date not disobey—something that makes me know the life you propose would be a life of sin, one on which no blessing could fall. Help me therefore, to do the right, and do not make my despair greater than it is."
He is silent, as he holds me clasped pas-

"We must part," I go on, more steadily.
"I must leave you; but, oh! Duke, do not send me home. I could not go there." I shudder violently in his embrace at the bare thought of such a home-coming. How could I summon courage to meet all the whispers, the suppressed looks, the very kindnesses, that day by day I should see 'And here I could not stay, either," I sob, mournfully; "memory would kill me.
'Duke, where shall I go? Send me, you somewhere.'

somewhere."

I wait for his answer with my head pillowed on his obest. I wait a long time.

Whatever struggle is going on within him takes place silently. He makes no sign of agony; he does not move; his very heart, on which I lean, has almost ceased to beat. At length he speaks, and as the words cross his lips I know that he has conquered, but at the expense of youth and joy

"There is Hazleton," he says; "it is a pretty place. It was my mother's. Will you go there? And ---"
"Yes, I will go there," I answer,

brokenly.
"What servants will you take with you?" he asks me, presently, in a dull, subdued way; all impatience and passion

have died within him.
"I will take none," I reply, "not one from this place. You must go to Hazelton and get me a few from the neighborhood round it-just three or four, who will know nothing of me, and seek to know nothing."
"Oh, my darling, at least take your own maid with you, who has known you all your life. And Tynon, he is an old and valued servant; he will watch over you, and

take care of you."
"I will not be watched," I say, pettishly; "and I detest being taken care of. I am not ill. Even when a heart is sick unto death, there is no cure for it. And I would not have Tynon on any account. Every time I met his eyes I would know what he was thinking about. I would read pity in every glance and gesture, and I will not be made more wretched than I am by sym-

pathy."
"Then take Martha You know how attached to you she is——"
"No; I will have no one to remind me of the old life. Do not urge me, Duke. Give. me my own way in this. Believe me, if you do, I shall have a far better chance of -peace."
"I wish, for your sake, I was dead," says

'Duke, hoarsely.
At this I begin to ory again, weakly. am almost worn out. "You will at least write to me, now and

then, Phyllis?" "It will be better not." "Why? I have sworn not to see you again, but I must and will have some neans of knowing whether you are dead or alive. Promise me that twice a year, once in every six months, you will let me have a letter. It is only a little thing to ask, out of all the happy past."

"I promise. Bus you—will you stay here?"

"Here?" he echoes, bitterly. "What every room and book and flower would remind me of your sweet presence? No, we will leave it together; I shall look my last on it with you. I will not stay to see it desolate and gray and cold without its mistress. You must let me be your escort to your new home, that people may have

less to wonder at.' "And where will you go?"
"Abroad—India, Australia, America

anywhere; what does it matter? If I travelled to the ends of the earth, I could not fly my thoughte."
"And"—timidly—"what of her?" "And"—timidly—"what of her?"
"Nothing," he answers, roughly; "will not talk of her again to you."

(To be continued.) TARTAR MARRIAGES.

Wedding Customs Among the Kirghese-How Polygamy is Carried on.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains, says the Leisure Hour. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wile. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called baibiche. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also the other females of the family. The head of a household will often send a portion of his herds several hundreds of miles away under the care of this wife, while he him self will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In the winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are times to wait for a year or more before he can bring the remaning portion of the kalım. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her prents are bound to give instead their mxt daughter or in default to return the alim and pay also a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she me do on account of the suitor's ill health c his poverty or, in some localities, her personal dislike. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to mary the girl, the parents are bound to take ler for their next son, paying a fine, usualy a camel, in ease of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at a end the bridegroom, dressed and mountd at his best, goes with his friends to the all or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from th bridegroom whatever he pleases; but no the bride's relatives

Owing to the psence of cholera, all fairs, markets, pube festivals and proces-forbiden throughout Italy. Troops will guard il outlets from the cholera ravaged distris.

come and take as resents almost every-thing he has—his cat, hat, girdle, horse

and saddle, saying ach one that they are

for the education o the bride—a seizure that is afterwards roaid by the relatives of

the bridegroom on te visit to their aul of the relatives of the ride.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE plan of using the enormous water power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland is about to take a definite shape, the idea being to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway four and three-quarter miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams; the line, in case the plan proves a success, to be extended a considerable distance.

Mrs. E. M. King, the London dress reformer, wishes to know what is more beautiful, among all God's created things, than the figure of a woman? Of course the answer to this must depend upon the woman. It is by no means difficult, while walking along the principal street of any city to count by the score women whose figures are unbeautiful beyond redemption and made so by tight lacing. CANADIANS going abroad for the first time are advised by a correspondent to make up

the outside, or five shillings when no special service is rendered, are declared to be the right amounts. The sovereign fee is a mistake, unless some attentions are required. THE late Duke of Wellington was not wealthy for a British peer. The Strathfieldsaye property, the nucleus of which was purchased by the nation, extends over 16,000 acres, and produces a rental of about \$5 an acre. Three or four thousand more acres in Herts, Somerset and Berks make up the whole of the entailed property, which is worth some \$110,000 a year. The Duke had also an estate in Spain voted to his father by the Cortes, and described in

though not worth much. THERE are now about a dozen bridges across the Thames at London, and the corporation has just decided to build another. Two centuries ago London bridge was the only one, and the bold proposition to throw across another as far up as Put-ney was kicked out of the House of Commons. The people were afraid that another bridge would "make the skirts of the metropolis too big for the whole body,"and would ruin the property on which the maintenance of London bridge depended. One statesman went so far as to urge that the second bridge would be an end of London's prosperity.

A REMARKABLE private Act, the Earl of Devon's Estate Bill, was recently introduced in the House of Commons. It empowers Lord D. and his son, Lord ourtenay, to sell every acre of family estates, preserving no other house but Powderham, and deals with mortgage debts amounting to \$1,250,000. The Bil has become a necessity through the conducof Lord Courtenay, who a few years ago passed through the Bankruptcy Court with debts amounting to \$3,500,000. The Courtenays, who are of royal descent owned in time past no inconsiderable por tion of Devonshire, besides holding one of the largest properties in Ireland. Much o their Irish property has been sold.

At the National Veterinary Associa tion's general meeting at Manchester, or July 31st, an animated discussion arose during the afternoon on a paper read or the subject of docking horses of their tails Several speakers defended the practice and it was strongly condemned by others particularly in the case of the "polo" and mals. Dr. Fleming, chief veterinary sur-geou in the army, said that for twenty years dosking had been topped in the ser-vice, and his experience was that horses which were allowed to retain their tails were more useful. The following motion proposed by Frofessor Ake, was adopted unanimously: "That in the opinion of this meeting the operation of docking horses a means of averting danger to man, and not a cruel operation when shown to be necessary." THE London Truth, referring to the an

nouncement that the Queen is about to make a new will, says: "Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of Her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with reversion to the country; and Her Mejesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Cobourg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property, place. With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600. 000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a strict secret, and the document has never been 'proved.' The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Frince Consort the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Sydney, who is a consummate man of tusiness."

Barbarian Geography.

What holds the visible world together. and what supports the earth in it, are also questions that have occurred to primitive men; and their attempts to solve thes questions also carry with them efforts to account for particular phenomena of the earth's surface, and such convulsions as eatthquakes. Some have tried to compare the earth with an egg in a vessel of water, or with the yolk in the egg; and cosmolo-gies involving this idea are widely spread with marriage amorg the highest the gies involving this idea are widely spread payment of a kalin besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as the carth on his back, and the payment of the match makers, and call Maui carries the carth on his back. and whenever he moves, to turn the other side, or falls asleep, there is an earthquake and the people were accustomed to best the ground, with a great cry, to make Maui be quiet. The Khasias, in Assam, say that everything would be destroyed by earthquakes if God did not hold the earth in his hands. The priestly philosophy of the Hawaiians figured the earth as a great mass which the earth-shaker, or great mass which the earth-shaker, or earthquake-god, laid upon the central fire. The earth on its side supported the sky by means of two or four pillars. The heaven of the Maories and the Soma of the Vedas are also supported by pillars. The manner in which the sky was in the beginning lifted up on these pillars is conbeginning lifted up on these pillars is carefully described in the Polynesian myth, which relates that the gods Maui and Rua together held the sky on their knees, then lifted it upon their backs, and then on their hands. Other stories relate that, while the sky was resting on the broad leaves of the teva plant, Rua raised it a little higher up by putting sticks under it, and then the stalwart Maui put his hands to it. In Celebes an earthquake is fabled to take place whenever Eber, who is supposed to be the carth-bearer, rubs himself against a tree and shakes his load. The world-bearing frog of the Mongol lamas, the world-ox of the Moslems, and the gigantic Omophore of the Maniohean cosmogony, are all creatures that carry the world on their back or head, and shake it whenever they stretch themselves or turn around.—G. Muller Frauenstein, in September Popular Science Monthly.

GREAT RICHES.

Charles F. Wall, of Brooklyn, recently

inherited \$50,000, and was so elated by hi

good fortune that he become insune, and is

now looked up in an asylum. The sudde

possession of money seems to have a strange

effect upon some men's minds. A dealer in druggists' sundries was telling me, the

other day, of a man who invented a certain lotion that attained great popularity, and money came in so fast that he did not

know what to do with it. He spent it as fast as he could, but it still kept increasing

as the popularity of his article increased. Then he took to drink and to leading a very

fast life, and finally his mind becam affected by his excesses, and he lost his reason, and was locked up in a mad-house,

and, what is more, the receipt of his lotion died with him. No one knows what it was

The Strange Effect the Sudden Posses sion of Wealth Has on Men's Minds.

made of, nor can a drop of it be found anywhere to analyze. The money made in patent medicines and "proprietary articles" is so enormous that one is hardly surprised that there are so many people in the business. I heard it estimated the other day that nearly \$200,000,000 transfer made in the actions. their minds, if they are of moderate means, to look to their pennies. The servants on board transatlantic steamers have been 000,000 a year was made in these things.
When an article is once a success the profit
is enormal, because the cost of manufacoverfed. They should be only moderately tipped. Ten shillings, English money, a ture is very little. There are men that you and I never heard of who are worth their millions, all made from some quack medicine that appeals to the credulity of pertain classes of the community. Most of these medicines are made under assumed names. This is for various reasons; one being that a man naturally dislikes to have his name associated with a liver pad or an ague pill, but he is not averse to being made rich from the money that is accumulated by their sale. Some of these patent medi-cines are made popular by enormous advertising. I know of one firm that spends al of \$1,000,000 every year advertising a cure-all, while others again never advertise a line. A friend of mine met a woman magniloquent language by Spanish writers whom she had known a good many years ago, when she was very poor, and was sur-prised to see her glastening in diamonds and rustling in silks. She thought that she noticed an expression of curiosity in my friend's face, and she at once unburdened herself and told her just how she had come by her money. She said that her husband, when she married him, was a poor country doctor; that there were a good many other doctors in the same town and that his practice was not sufficient to pay for food and clothing. So she said to him one day: "Why not got up some patent medi-cine, and see what you can do with it." He thought the idea a good one, although against the code of medical ethics, and he set to work and invented some article that struck the popular fancy. "Now," said the woman, "we are making so much money that we don't know what to do with it. We have no children, and we just spend our time in trying to think how we can get rid of the money that keeps coming in every day. We travel all over Europe, and we buy the finest diamonds and precious stones and live in the most costly manner, but we cannot get ahead of our income." "That is a rather peculiar sensation, is it not?" my friend asked.
"Yes," she said, "I suppose it is; and, strange as it may seem, it is not a particularly happy one. I don't know but what we were happier on nothing a year than we are now with such an enormous

WAX EARS FOR BEAUTIES.

we were napper on nothing a year than we are now with such an enormous amount." This only goes to prove what an inexhaustible mine public credulity is.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.

One of the Most Singular Callings Knows Followed by a New York Man. A New York Journal reporter who wa passing along a small street just off the Bowery, the other day, discovered a unique sign which hung from a secondstory window of an old wooden house. The inscription in black letters upon what had once been a white background was "David Dobson, Ears and Noses Repaired." Mr. Dobson, a small man with a red heard and a nose of like hue, greeted the visitor affectionately, and glanced over his physiognomy to see what part was missing. His disappointment at not seeing

a job was somewhat allayed by an invi

tation to try a fine Havana cigar. Mr. Dobson gradually became communicative and said : "Although my business is not what it once was, still I get a good job occasion ally. It's only last week that a beautiful lady drove up to the door in a fine carriage and came quickly up the stairs. Her head was wrapped around with a silk cloth, and when she discarded it I found that her left ear was cut off near the base. It had been done several days before, and was hardly healed. I took a plaster cast of her other ear, and made one to order just like it. The lady paid me several visits, and was delighted when the work was done. The false ear was delicately painted to resemble the natural one, and was then fastened on by a spring to the shreds still remaining. It can be taken off at night and easily refastened. She paid me \$200 for the ear, and she could afford it. The lady would not tell me how she met with such a pecu-liar accident, but her maid informed me that her mistress was jealous of her hus that her mistress was jealous of her hus-band, a well-known physician, and while eavesdropping at the door of his study, where he was attending a female patient, the door was suddenly opened and her ear was jammed to a jelly. Nobody not in the secret would believe it to see her now."

Vital Questions ! ! ! !

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the vinary organs; such as kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically" "Buchu!!!"

Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest
ours for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you: Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! !!!

Hence, we are these remedies are combined with others equivalence and compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use. CHAPTER II. "Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured. Women gone nearly crazy !!!!! From agony of neuralgia, nervousness,

wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

Paople drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from serofula,
Eryeip-lasi
"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigetion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"
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Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

world.

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To Cure Pain.

The means which may be readily and successfully employed to relieve pain are important and should be known by all. We give you the name of the best remedy in the world for pain, and the information that a 10 cent sample bottle can be purchased at any drug store. Polson's NERVI-LINE, the new and sure pop pain cure, will never fail you in time of need. Nerviline is a safe and prompt cure of all kinds of pain, neuralgia, cramps, toothache, head-ache. Sure always. Ten and 25 cent bottles at drug stores.

Women and girls own nearly one-half the deposits in the savings banks of Massachu-setts, having to their credit \$117,932,399.

St. John, N. B.

Falls into line as Mr. Hawker, one of its leading druggists, writing regarding the corn cure, states—"I don't think I ever sold a bottle, but that I received a good report in return, and consumers recom-mend afflicted friends to try it. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sure, safe and painless—and therefore the opinion expres-sed by Mr. Hawker above is the opinion of all druggists in the Dominion. Beware of substitutes. Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, sure pop oure every time. N. C. Polson & Co., proprieters, Kingston.

The Commissioners of Public Highways at Pittsburg have issued orders that all iron bars on which signs hang shall be taken down.

- Inc : E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease poculiar to their sex. Her remedies are put up not only in liquor forms but also in Pills and Lozenges, in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

Slim lady in the Highlands-"Farmer could you let me have sixpennyworth of new milk?" Farmer (doubtingly)-"Saxpennyworth, did ye say?" Slim lady tour-ist—"Yes." Farmer—"I'll gi'e ye a pennyworth; I think it's as much as ye'll

The United States consume nearly \$100,000,000 worth of sugar every year.



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IT WILL CURE ESTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FE-IT WILL CUIE ENTIRELT THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FAILING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE
CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * *

* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE
UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE
TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THEREIS CHECKED
VIEW FOLDER. LT ITS USE. * *

* IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS
ALL CRAYNOL FOURTHMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAK-* IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTIOY ALL CRAVING FOR STIBILIANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAK!
NESS OF THE GLOCAL IT CLUES BLOATING, IBADACHE, FLEWOUTS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY,
DETHES SIGN AND INDIGISTION. * *

* THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN,
WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY
CURLD BY ITS USE. * * * * * *

* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CICCUMSTANCES, ACT HE HARMOLY WILL THE LAWS THAT
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HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN. AND HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ** For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this lemedy is unsurpassed. **
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