Little old women in plenty I find, Little old belles, who, at nine and ten Are sick of pleasure and tired of men, Weary of travel, of balls, of fun— And find no now thing under tho sun.

Once in the beautiful long ago, Some dear little children I used to know; Girls who were merry as lambs at play, And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style ' of thei They never imagined the boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were

they; Splendid fellows to help them play, Where have they gone to? If you see One of them, anywhere, send her to me. I would give a meaal of purest gold To one of those dear little girls of old, With an innocent heart and an open smile, Who knows not the meaning of "firt" "style."

PHYLLIS.

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

There is a low apologetic knock at the door. Instantly I seat myself on the sofa in as dignified an attitude as I can assume, considering my hair is all awry and my eyelids orimson. 'Duke lowers the lamp prudently, and falls back to the hearthrug, behind him, before he says, in a clear, die

'Come in." "Dinner is served," announces Tynon softly, with the vaguest, discretest of coughs. How is it that servants always know everything?

"Very good," returns Marmaduke, in his ordinary voice. "Let Mrs. Vernon know." Then, as though acting on a second " Tynon."

'It may be as well to let you know that Mrs. Carrington and I are leaving home next week for some time."

"Indeed, sir? yes, sir." Tynon's face is perfectly impassive, except at the extreme corners of the mouth; these being slightly down-drawn indicate regret and

some distress. "We both feel much disappointed at being obliged to leave home at this particular time, the Christmas season being so close at hand; but the business that takes us is important, and will admit of no delay. I shall leave behind me the usual sum of money for the poor, with an additional gift from Mrs. Carrington, which I will trust you and Mrs. Benson" (the houskeeper) "to see properly distributed."

"Thank you, sir; it shall be carefully attended to."

I am quite sure of that," kindly. Then, with a return to the rather forced and stilted manner that has distinguished his foregoing speech, he goes on: "It is altogether uncertain when we shall be able to come back to Strangemore, as the business of which I speak will necessitate my going abroad: and as Mrs. Carrington's health will not allow her to accompany me, and as she has been ordered change of air, she will go to Hazelton, which she has not seen, and await my return there. You quite understand, Tynon?'

Perfectly, sir," replies the old butler with his eyes on the ground. And as I watch him, I know how perfectly indeed he understands, not only what is being said,

but also what is not being said.

Dubo, worry of lying, draws his hand across his forehead. "You will please let the other servants know of our movements. Although my absence may be more pro-longed than I think, I shall wish them all to remain as they now are so that the house may be in readiness to receive us at any moment. But," turning his gaze for the first time fully upon Tynon and speaking very sternly, "I will have no whispering or gossiping about things that don't concern them; mind that. I leave you in charge, Tynon, and I desire that all such conduct be punished with instant dismissal. You

"Yes sir ; you may be sure there shall be no gossiping or whispering going on in this

"I hope not." Then, having noticed the quavering voice and depressed air of this old servitor, who has known him from his youth up, he adds more gently, "You may go now. I know I can trust you. I do not think I have any more directions to give

you at present."

Tynon bows in a shaky, dispirited way, and leaves the room. Outside in the dusk of the corridor, I can see him put his hand to his eves. But he is staunch, and ever now compels himself to turn and say, with deference and with a praisworthy show of ignorance of what the preceding conversation may mean:

"I hope you will excuse my mentioning it, sir, but if there is one thing beyond another that raises Mrs. Cook's irritableness, and make ber perverse towards the rest of the household, it is to hear the soup was allowed to grow cold." All right, Tynon; Mrs. Harrison's nerve

shall not be upset this evening. We will go down now," says Duke, with a smile very impoverished specimen of its kind, must own, but still a smile.

I rush into the next room-my dressing room is cff my boudoir-and having bathed my poor eyes and hastily brushed my hair and given myself a general air of prosperity make for the dining-room. On the stairs we encounter mother, looking so pale and wan, and almost terrified, that I take my hand off Marmaduke's arm and slip it round her waist. It will never do for he to present such a woful countenance to the criticism of servants.

Try to look a little more cheerful, darling," I whisper, eagerly; "it will not be for long; as it has to be gone through, let us be brave in the doing it."

She looks at me with a relieved astonishment; and truly the strength of will that bears me through this interminable evening amazes no one so much as myself.

Hazelton down by the sea, I have gained your shelter at last. Only yesterday, Marmaduke and I finished our miserable journey here, and took a long, a last farewell of each other.

How can I write of it, how describe the anguish of those few minutes, in which a whole year's keenest torture was com-pressed? How paint word by word the mad but hopeless clinging, the lingering touch of hands that never more should join, the despair, the passion, of the final

It is over, and he is gone, and I have on into a settled state of apathy and indifference to what is going on around me, that surely bears some resemblance to a melancholy madness.

Hazelton is a very pretty, old-fashioned house, about half the size of Strangemore -with many straggling rooms well wain scoted almost three parts up each wall. Some of the floors are of gleaming polished oak, some richly, heavily carpeted; it is a picturesque old place, that at any other time, and under any other circumstances,

would have filled me with admiration. sea. From the parlor windows it is plainly visible; in the other rooms a rising hill and in summer the foliage, intercept the view. In reality it is only a mile and a half distant from the house, so that at In reality it is only a mile and a night when the wind is high, the sullen roar of it comes to the listening ear.

three more have been added. These have evidently made up their minds to receive me with open arms; but as a week passes, and I show no signs of interest in them, or their work, or the gardens, or anything connected with my life, they are clearly puzzled and disappointed. This I notice in a dull, wondering fashion. Why can they not be as indifferent to me as I am to

All the visitors that should call do call: it is not a populous neighborhood, but as I decline seeing them, and do not return their visits, the would be acquaintance drops. On Monday the vicar, a slight, intellectual looking man, rides up to the door, and, being refused admittance, leaves his card, and expresses his intention of coming again some day soon. Which message, being conveyed to me by the respect-able person who reigns here as butler, raises my ire, and induces me to give an order on the spot that never, on any pretence whatever, is any one—vicar or no vicar—to be admitted to my presence.

Sunday comes, but I feel no inclination to clothe myself and go forth to confess my sins and pour out my griefs in the house of prayer. All days are alike to me, and I shrink with a morbid horror from presenting myself to the eyes of my fellows. In this quiet retreat I can bury myself, and nurse my wrongs, and brood over my troubles without interference from a cruel

I find some half finished work among my things, and taking it to my favorite room, bend over it hour by hour; more often it falls unheeded on my lap, while I let memory wander backward, and ask myself,

sadiy, if such a 'being ever really lived as wild, merry, careless Phyllis Vernon.

The days go by, and I feel no wish for outdoor exercise. My color slowly fades.

One morning, the woman who has taken Martha's place, and who finds much apparent delight in the binding and twisti my hair into impossible fashions, takes courage to address me—

"The gardens here, ma'am, are so pretty,

the prettiest for miles round."
"Are they? I must go and see them."

"'Deed, m'm, and it would do you good. A smart walk now once in a way is better'n nedicine, so I'm told. And the grounds round here is rare and pretty to look at,

round here is rare and pretty to look at, though to be sure winter has a dispiritin' effect on everything."

"It is cold," I say, with a shiver.

"It is, m'm, surely"—leaving the mighty edifice she is erecting on the top of my head to give the fire a vigorous poke—" but with your fur cloak and hat you won't feel it. Shall I being them to now after break. Shall I bring them to you after break-

last, ma'am?' "Very well; do," reply I with a sigh of

resignation. Much pleased with her success, the damsel retreats, and punctually to the moment, as I rise from my breakfast table, appears again, armed with cloak and gloves and hat. Thus constrained, I sally forth, and make tour round the gardens that surround what must be for evermore my home.

And very delicious old gardens they are, as old fashioned as the house, and quite as picturesque. There is a total want of method, of precision, in the arrangement of them, that instinctively charms the eyes. I wander from orchard into flower-garden and from flower-garden on again to orchard, without a break of any sort; no gates divide them; it is all one pretty,

happy medley.

The walks, though sorupulously neat are ungravelled, and here and there a dead leaf, crisp and dry, displays itself. The very trees, though bereit of leaves, do not al pear so foolish, so melancholy, in this free land of theirs, as they always look

I feel some animation creeping in my blood; my step is more springy. At the garden gate the father of all this sweetgarden gave the father of all this sweet-ness steps up to me. He is a rosy-cheeked, good-humored-looking man, a brilliant contrast to the unapproachable Cummins; he presents me with a small bouquet of winter flowers. "I am proud to see you ma'am," he says,

with a touch of interest in his tone. am sorry 1 have nothing better worth offering you than these 'ere." He tenders me the bouquet as he speaks—a very marvel of a bouquet, considering the time of

"Thank you," I say, with a gracious smile, born of my brisk and pleasant promenade; "it is lovely. It is far prettier in my eyes than the summer one, because unexpected.'

I pass on, leaving him, bowing and scraping and much gratified, in the middle of the path, with the unwonted smile still

upon my lips.

But, as the evening draws on, this faint est glimmer of renewed hope dies, and I ink back once more into my accustomed

"What will you please to order for din-ner to-day, mum?' asks cook from the doorway. I have never yet given direc-tions for that meal, much to that worthy

creature's despair, whose heart and thoughts are in her stew pans. I glance up with languid surprise. "Anything pou please," I say; "you are always very satisfactory, I told you I would leave everything to you. Why do you ask me to day in particular?"

"Law, mum, sure it's Christmas day, and I thought maybe as 'ow——"
"Christmas day, is it!" I exclaim, curi "Then I have been a whole fort

night in this place."
"Yes, mum. A whole fortnight and one day, by five o'clock this heavening, pre-I took the liberty of asking yo

order dinner for this one night, thinking as you might put a name to something or other dainty that you funcies." "Indeed I have no choice, cook, and I am not at all hungry."

"Likely enough, mum, considering it is

now only twelve o'clock; but for a lady like yourself, as eats no luncheon to speak of, you will for certain be starved by

"I thought a Christmas dinner never varied, cook. You can have the usual thing, I suppose."

'In course, mum," says cook, undaunted. She is a fine, fat, healthy looking woman with large eyes, and slightly wheezy intonation, as though she were constantly trying o swallow some of her own good things that had inadvertently stuck in her throat It seems to me that I ought to love thi comfortable creature, who is so obstinately bent on flattering me against my will.

"But whatever folks may say, a plum pudding for a delicate lady like you is oncommon 'eavy on the 'art and mind when bedhour comes. If you would just say any thing that would please you—something light that I might try my hand on—an iceudding, now?"-this with as near an attempt at coaxing as respect will permit. But the word "ice-pudding" calls up old memories; I remember my ancient weak-ness for that particular confection. My brows contract; a sharp pain fills my

"No, no! anything but ice-pudding," I say, hastily; "I—hate it."
"Dear me, mum! now do you? Most of the quality loves it. Then what would you say? I'm a first-class hand in the pastry

"Make me-a meringue," I murmur, in despair, seeing I shall have to give in, or go through a list from the cookery book, and fortunately remembering how I once heard a clever housekeeper say there were few sweets so difficult to bring to perfection. But the difficulty, if there is any, only enchants my goddess of the range. "Very good, mum; you shall 'ave it," she says, rapturously; and retires with

flying colors, having beaten me ignomi-A month—two months—go by, and still my self-imposed seclusion is unbroken.

Now and again I receive a letter from The few servants who have had the house in charge have been retained, and From mother I hear regularly once a week,

whether I answer her or not. Poor mother! She has begged and prayed for permission to visit me, to see how time is using me, whether I am well or ill; but all avail. I will not be dragged out of the gloomy solitude in which I have chosen to hury myself.

From Dora, on her return from Rome comes such a kindly, tender letter as I had not believed it possible the chilly Dora could pen. It is wound up by a postscript from Sir George, as warm hearted in tone as he is himself. It touches me, in a faroff, curious manner; but I shrink from the invitation to join them that it contains, and refuse it in such a way as must prevent repetition of it.

Mcrotonous as is my existence, I hardly know how time flies. March winds rush by me, and I scarcely heed them. But for the hurtful racking cough they leave me as a legacy, ere taking their final departure, I would not have known they had been among us. This cough grows and increases steadily, rendering more palid my already colorless cheeks, while the little flesh that still cleaves to my bones becomes less and less as the hours go on. It tears my slight frame with a cruel force, and leaves me sleepless when all the rest of the world is

wrapped in slumber.
On, the weary days; the more than weary nights, when oblivion never comes to drown my thoughts, or, coming, only wraps me in dreams from which I wake, damply

cold, or sobbing with a horror too deep for

There are times when I fight with Fate, with all that has brought me to this pass; when I cry aloud and wring my hands and call on death to rescue me, in the privacy of my own room, from the misery that weight me down and keeps me languishing in the dust. But these times are rare, and come to me but seldom—at such weak moments as when a feeling of deadly sickness or overpowering regret gains mastery over

In very truth, my life is a sad onemistake—a blot; there is no proper place for me in the universe that seems so great There is no happines within me, no spring of hope. I appear to myself a thing apar -innocent, yet marked with a disgraceful orand. With an old writer—whom I now forget—I can truly say:

"For the world, I count it not an inn. out an hospital; and a place not to live,

but to die in."

At last I awake to the fact that 1 am ill—dreadfully ill. There can be no am in—dreaduly iii. There can be no doubt of it; and yet my malady has no name. I have lost all appetite; my strength has deserted me; great hollows have grown in my cheeks, above which my eyes gleam large and feverish. When I sit

down I feel no desire to rise again.

Towards the middle of April I rally a little, and an intense craving for air is ever on me. Down by the sea I wander daily, getting as close to it as my strength will allow, the mile that separates me from it being now looked upon as a journey by my impoverished strength. Somewhat nearer to me than the shore is a high, level plain back inland from a pracipice that overlooks the ocean. On this I sit, and drawing sometimes up to the edge, peer over, and amuse myself counting the waves as they dash on the beach far, far below.

That plain forming part of the grounds belonging to Hazelton, possesses the double charm of being easier of access than the strand, and of being strictly private.

It is the 17th of April - a cold day, but

fresh, with little sunshine anywhere. I am sauntering along my usual path to my sandy plain, thoughtless of anything in the present, innocent of presentiments, when suddenly before me, as though arisen out of the earth, stands Sir Mark Gore.

How long is it since last I saw him ?not months surely? - it seems more like yesterday. Why do I feel no surprise, no emotion? Is the mind indeed within me dead? I am more puzzled by my own calmness at this moment than even by an event so unexpected as his presence here.

We both stand still and gaze at sach

other. As far as I am concerned, time dies; I forget these weary months at Hazelton. I think of our parting at Strange-more. His eyes are reading, examining with undisguised pain, the changes in my face and form. At length he speaks.

"I hardly thought to meet you here, Mrs. Carrington," he says, advancing slowly, and addressing me in the low, hushed tone one alogt; towards the sick or dying. He appears agitated.
I regard him with fixed coldness.
"You, who know all," I say, with quiet

emphasis, "why do you call me by that name? Call me Phyllis; that, at least, still remains to me." He flushes crimson, and a pained look

comes into his eyes.
"I suppose," I go on, curiously, "that last warning you gave Marmaduke at the library door at home-at Strangemore," correcting myself without haste, "harreference to—that woman? Am I right?

"Yes; I regret now having ever utterdit."
"Regrets are useless, and your words did no harm, Thinking of things since, I knew they must have meant an allusion to

"How calmly you speak of it!" he says amazed.

"I speak as I feel," I reply. There is rather an awkward pause. Nov that he is here, the question naturally presents itself—for what reason has he come At length --

"Will you not say you are glad to see me?" ventures Sir Mark, uneasily. "I am neither glad nor sorry," is my unmoved return; "I have forgotten to be emotional. I believe my real feeting just now is indifference. Considering how unlooked for is your presence here, it astonishes even myself that I can call up so little surprise. Curious, is it not? You look thin, I think, and older—not so well

as when last we met. He grows a shade paler.
"Do I?" Then, drawing a hard, quick breath—"And you, child, what have you been doing with yourself? Except for your eyes, it is hardly you I see. So white, so worn, so changed; this place is killing

"It is a very quiet place. It suits me better than any other could." "I tell you it is killing you," he repeats, angrily. "Better to face and endure the world's talk at once, than linger here until body and soul part."

"I shall never face the world," return I, quietly. "Here is my convent; at least policeman, who was all the officer she within its walls I find peace. I see no one, therefore hear no evil talk. I have no wish new \$60 cook stove which she had just to be disturbed. So you think now; but as time goes on

you must-you cannot fail to tire of it. Is t natural to one so young to lock herself voluntarily away from people of her own age? Why, how old a: "Almost nineteen." Why, how old are you, child?" "Almost nineteen!" cries he, with an

unmithful laugh, "and you may live for fifty years! Are you going to immure yourself within these same four walls for fifty years. I shall not live for fifty years."

"But you may; without excitement of any description, I see no reason why you should not live for a century." "I shall not live for two years," returned I, impressively.
"Phyllis, what are you saying?" cries

he, with a shuddor.

"The truth. I am dying slowly, and I know it. I am glad of it. I have no energy, no hope, no wish for life. Do you wonder much? At times I have a strange fancy that I am already dead; and then-"

break cff dreamily.
"What abominable morbid fancy! It is horrible! exclaims Sir Mark, excitedly. "You must see a doctor without delay; if you were well no such mournful ideas

"Mournful!" I smile a little. "Yes,

perhaps so-when I wake again to find I

am alive."
"Nonsense," impatiently. "Why have your people left you so much alone? It is shameful, unheard of! Phyllis, promise

me you will see a doctor if I send one."

"Who shall minister to a mind diseased?" says I, still smiling. "No, I will not see your doctor. My ailment has no name; I do not suffer; quiet is my best We walk on a little way in silence.

You do not ask after your friends," says he, abruptly.
"Have I still any left? Well, tell me. I should like to know—how is Marmaduke? and where?" Do you not hear from him, then?

"Do you not hear from him, then?"
turning to gaze suspiciously in my face.
"No; why should I? We parted forever when he brought me here. Oh,"
with a sudden, sharp uplifting of my voice
—"how long ago it seems! what years,
and years, and years! Tell me you—
where is he?"

"Abroad somewhere; we none of us know where. You think of him inces-santly?" still with his eyes searching and reading my face; "it is for him the color has left your cheeks, the light has died from your eyes? Is it the old life, or is it morely him your regret?" merely him you regret?"
"I think I regret nothing but my youth,"

return I, wearily.
"Had you never at any time, any idea of the truth?' asks he, in a low tone, preently.
"Never. How should I? He kept it

from me, fearing it would cause me pain. He deceived you grossly." "Yes but, as he thought, for my good. Where was the use of enlightening me?

The story was told; the woman was dead or so he believed. He chose to hide it from me.' "Yes, he hid it from you."
"Well, what of that?" I ory impa

tiently; "it was a mistake, I think, but a kindly one. He was always thinking of my happiness. It was perhaps a worse shock to him than it was to me. He had no faintest thought of her being alive until she stood before him."

He is silent. Something in his manner,

in the very way he keeps his eyes bent resolutely upon the ground, chills me. Upon

his face a curiously determined expression has gathered and grown.

"No faintest thought," I repeat, sharply, watching him now as keenly as he watched me before; "of course he had not. He had heard of her death years before he had ever met me. Had he even doubted on the subject his treachery would have unequalled. But you cannot think that: t is impossible you can think it; therefore

Still he is silent—ominously so, as it seems to me. His eyes are still downcast the evil determination in his face is stronger; his cane is digging deep furrows

in the sandy loam.
"Why don't you speak," cried I, fiercely "what do you mean by standing there silent, with that hateful expression upon your face? Do you mean to insinuate that there was a doubt in his mind? Look at me, and answer truly. Do you believe Marmaduke knew that woman to be living when he married me?" I am half mad with suspense and fear.

Placing both my hands upon his arm, I put forth all my puny strength, and actually compel him, strong man as he is, to meet mv gaze.

For a moment he hesitates—a long mo ment—and then the right triumphs. Though in his own mind he is firmly convinced that can he but endue my mind with this doubt of Marmaduke's integrity it will substantially aid his own cause, still, being a gent eman born and bred, he finds ilty in bringing his lips to utter the miserable falsehood. "No; I don't believe he did know," he

answers, doggedly.
"You are sure of this?" I ask, feverishly "I would give my oath of it," he replies,

with increased sullenness.
"Coward!" murmur I bitterly, taking my hands from his arm, and turning away.
The excitement of the past few minutes has been terrible to my weakened frame; I feel a vague dizziness, a coldness creeping over me. I am a good half-mile from me; should I faint, there will be nothing for it but for Sir Mark to carry me there and to have that man's arms round me for so long a time is more than I could endure The bare thought of it nerves me to action. Hurriedly drawing a pin from some secret

fold of my drees, I press it deep into my arm, so deep that presently I feel a warm slugbitterly. Have you come all the way down here to tell me what I know so well

already?" "Yes, and for something more; to ask you to be my wife. Hush! let me speak. I know the answer you would make me, but I do not think you have fully weighed everything. Were you to endure this life you are now leading but for a season, for a year, even for several years, I would say nothing; but until this woman, this Carlotta, dies, you can never be his wife. Remember that. And who ever knew any one to die quickly whose death was longed Look at annuitants, for instance; they live for ever; therefore this isolation of yours will know no end."

I am motionless, speechless, from rage

(To be continued.)

BALKY COOK STOVES.

Julia Has Trouble with One and is Given

an Assorted Lot of Recipes to Choose from. Boston Globe: "Julia" writes, saying she has a new range in the kitchen that vexes her badly, because it won't draw, and asks what she can do with it. We wrote back and told her that, judging from the fact that it was in the kitchen, we inferred that it was a short range, and advised her to either go out of the business altogether or else put up a Creedmore range of 1,000 or 1,500 yards. It she erected a range of this kind, we told her, and then advertised liberally and offered a lot of \$100 medals, costing 20 cents a dozen as prizer, and hired an assortment of ancient colonels and brigadier generals to loaf around the premises in full uniform, we thought it would apt to draw and pay for the outlay, provided she run it in connection with a first-class bar-room. Then she wrcts back and told us that her range had no target and that her husband was a new \$60 cook-stove which she had just purchased, and which she could not induce to draw by any means. We board in a bean restaurant at the the south end ourselves, and are not troubled with balky cook stoves. Before coming to Boston we drove a mule team, and whenever they threw up their heads and refused to draw we got some shavings and kindling-wood and built a fire under them. It worked to perfection every time. It is understood that cook-stoves have been made to draw by the same method. It would be a good plan to try this scheme before swapping the stove away with the junk man for two man is not in bed yet.'

tin dippers and a corn-popper.

Newfoundland Looking Up. At the same time that the hope that Greenland is not an ice clad barren wild is shown to be groundless, reports come from Newfoundland that the resources of the interior of that island have been greatly underestimated. The coast fogs do not usually extend very far inland. The ther mometer ranges from 7 to 83 degrees, it has fine grazing land, magnificent forests of valuable timber, and is rich in corper

and other mineral products. A woman's smile and a soda-fountain clerk's nod are more expressive for what they conceal than what they reveal.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Some successful explorations have been made in the contral and western part of Asia Minor by Ramsay, the Scotch traveller, and Dr. Sterrett, of the American school in Athens. They made an expedition with special reference to the ruins of the onties of ancient Phrygia, Pisidia and Lycaonia, including the points to which interest is given by the travels of the Apostle Paul. They have brought back bservations on the remains and position of more than ten Greek towns of which no other modern explorer has given any

THE word "fudge" has a positive personality underlying it. Such is it, at least, if Disraeli's account be authentic. He quotes from a very cld pamphlet entitled, "Remarks Upon the Navy," wherein the author says: "There was in our time one 'Capsays: "There was in our time one cap-tain Fudge,' commander of a merchantman who, upon his return from his voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home his owners a good crop of lies, so much that now, aboard ship, the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out: 'You fudge it!' The ship was the Black Eagle, the time that of Charles II."

PROF. DougLass, of the Michigan State University, produces amateur cyclones at will by suspending a large copper plate by silken cords. The plate is charge heavily with electricity, which hangs down like a hag underneath, and is rendered visible by the use of arsenious acid gas, which gives it a green color. The formation is a miniature cyclone as perfect as any started in clouds. It is funnel-shaped, and whirls around rapidly. Passing this plate over a table, the cyclone snatches up copper cents, oith ball and other objects, and scatters hem on all sides.

THE Island of Mauritius is the home of witchcraft. The London Times asserts positively that young children are frequently tortured and killed for alleged magical purposes. One Picot was tried by the British authorities and condemned to death. He coolly told his Judges that they could not hang him. Nor did they. The house of the Chief Judge was instantly haunted by spirits, who threw stones. Night after night the missiles rattled about the slats. No watchers could discover the human hands of the flesh and blood allies. Finally, "the Judge's lady was nearly frightened to death," says the Times, and the Judge himself pleaded for Picot's life with the Executive Connoil.

THE German Military Gazette conceder that on the water Great Britain still holds first p'ace with her armored fleet; France the second: Germany the third: Italy the sixth. But at the present moment France is building fourteen vessels of the most powerful model and eight armored vessels for coast defence. Therefore, in four years France will have thirty war vessels, twelve of which will be of the first class, and England thirty-two, only one of which will b of the same strength as any one of the welve French ships. Italy is now building five first class war vessels; Russia three and three ironolad cruisers; Germany one ironclad cruiser and two gunboats; Austria one war vessel, and Denmark one ironclad for coast defence. Consequently the maritime pre-eminence of Great Britain is decidedly monaced by France. England being obliged to employ a great portion of her fleet in the Mediterrrnean, and at different distant points, it is fair to pre-sume that in 1887 or 1888 France would be able to oppose a fleet of forty-two armored vessels against an English one of thirty at the most, including even the essels for coast defences.

A CAREFUL observer of the weather pro

hability reports asks : Why are temperatures taken in the shade? Why are temperatures taken in the shade? To me it seems a roundabout way of getting at the truth—an artificial mode of reaching natural results. Grain does not grow, fruit does not ripen, nor farmers work in the shade. The difference in temperature as compared with sunshine must be infinitesimal and inconstant, varying with the breadth and depth of the shade, as can be seen in a large building or tree. Those great movements in the variable belts or winds—the hot and cold ways of which you need to get from—would surely waves of which you speak so often—would surely be sooner generally understood if sunshine and ground temperature were taken instead of shade.

To which a reliable meteorologist replies that, while these contentions are well founded, the temperature record is designed to show the temperature of the air. As different soils and different bodies on the same soil have different conductivities and radiate different amounts per square foot of the sun's heat, it follows that if ther mometers were exposed to the free radia tion from the soil or surrounding objects they would not register the actual air temperature. To give the air temperature the instrument must be so protected from radiation that it will receive no heat from bodies warmer than the air and part with none of its own heat to bodies cooler than the air. On August 9th, 1881, during a western hot spell, four thermometers in different parts of Spencer, Ind., registered 106° in the shade for five consecutive hours. But a thermometer simultaneously exposed there to the direct rays of the sun shining upon a metallic background registered 150°, and upon the roof of a woodshed registered 140°. The real temperature of the atmosphere was not above 106°. For it has been shown that if a thermometer is tied to a string and swung round the head for some minutes its reading is almost the same whether it is swung in the sunshine or in the shade.

Stratagems. THE BOY'S. Boy howling. His mother gives him an apple. "Don't want that old apple," he

"I am glad of it." the mother replies. for it is little sister's and she'll want it

when she wakes up."

Then he wants it. "Gimme!" he cries; and he is not satisfied until the apple is gnawed beyond recognition. Then he feels better. The majority of boys do not grow up to be good citizens. THE WIDOW'S.

A New York widow was taking the fresh air in Central Park with her two children, when she met a former lover, with whom she entered into conversation. "I am completely broken up, Amelia," he said, seizing her hand. "There is no telling what I might not say and do if it

"Children." said the fond mother, pushing them away, "run over yonder where the goat carriages are and play until I send for THE HIRED GIRL'S

gate. 'My own sweet!' "My dearest own!' Then the noise of kissing.
"Speak in whispers, dearest; the old

It is dark. He steals up to the garden

"And do you love me?" "Do I love you? I love you with a strength that would knock Sullivan out in one round." "These stolen meetings are so lovely! Don't you think so?" More kissing. Then

voice from the house.
"Mary! Mary!" "Mary! Mary!"
"I'm coming, ma'am."
There is a rapturous parting. Then the young man as he steals off soliloquizes:
"Mary!' I guess I made a mistake. That's the servant girl's name!'

True glory consists in doing what de serves a place in history, writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

British and Foreign Jottings.

The Empress Eugenie is at Carlsbad. The cholera microbe was discovered first ov Dr. Pacini, an Italian, in 1854.

Zululand is described as miserably dissurbed. It is expected that the Boers and Usutus will shortly fall out again. In old days the bondsmen "spoiled the

Egyptians "—nowadays the Egyptians and suro. The Queen of England's last book will

be translated into old Norman French for the benefit of the Channel Islanders. Dr. Samuel Kinns' "Moses and Geo-

logy," showing the harmony of the Bible and Science, has now reached its seventh edition. The Governor of Alsage Lorraine has een summoned to Berlin to confer with the Emperor upon important matters con-

nected with that Province. The Figaro considers it wise in time of epidemic not to wear a round topped hat bearing resemblance to a melon, for fear of attracting the attention of the cholera A historic tree of Liberty was destroyed ately at Strasburg by a thunder storm. It was a tall poplar, planted in 1792 to commemorate the foundation of the

French Republic. Prince Henry, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, has fitted up a studio near Pottsdam, where he spends most of his leisure time painting in oils; while he may often be met in the neighborhood with a small camera, photo-

graphing some picturesque spot. The attempt upon the life of Emperor William on the occasion of the inauguration of the "Germania" statue, has now been proven against the prisoner Rupsch beyond all doubt. He has himself given a circumstantial account of the fiendish plot, which his stricken conscience alone averted at the last minute.

The French have now been in Madagas par over a year, but are scarcely further advanced than they were on the first day The squadron has shelled several towns or viliages on the seaboard occupied by the Hovas, and troops have landed and taken possession of Tamatave and Majunga, the wo principal ports. But all this has no brought matters pearer a solution. A statement drawn up for the French

Ministry of the Interior shows that during the past year 1,308 wolves were destroyed in France, 32 being she wolves with young, 774 males or females, and 493 young wolves. The sums paid out as premiums amounted to 103,720 francs. The greatest number were killed in Lower Brittany. Dr. Holub, the African traveller, has

sent letters to Vienna stating that the expedition has been delayed by bad weather and the consequent indifferent state of the roads. Dr. Holub, who complains of the exorbitant prices he is obliged to pay for provisions, has made some valuable additions to bis mineralogical botanical and zoological collections, and report: that all the members of the expedi ion are well. At a meeting recently of the Smok Abatement Commutee in the London Healtheries it was demonstrated that 42 per cent. of the heat generated in the

Bull would not burn authracite if mines of it were underneath all Surrey.

domestic grates of London passed chimney wise without being utilized in warming the

rooms in which the grates burned soft coal. Yet such is English prejudice that John

Ireland is likely to come more into favor this year as a coursing ground. Mushrooms are sent from the river Liffey o England at the rate of a ton per day. Mr. Michael Doyle, the well-known yecht

builder, of Kingstown, died on the 8th August. For the first time in four years there is a rowth of mushrooms in the fields around

Mote. Recently Killashee House, the residence of Major St. Leger Moore, master of the Kildare hounds, was destroyed by fire.

kerrina, Justice of the Peace for the county Thomas McCabe, of Sutton, was found ying on the railway track, near Sutton Station, on the 7th August, with his head completely severed from the trunk.

A Sleep-Walker's Peculiar Freek. A younggirl, a servant with Mr. Lovell. at Avon Paper Works, Linlitbgow bridge, disappeared. On search being made no trace of her could be found for a consider able time. She was ultimately discovered shortly before midnight, clinging to the turbine wheel in connection with the works which a few minutes later would have been set in motion. To get there the girl had to walk up a tunnel from the tail race about 50 yards in length, and in which the water is always about four feet in depth On being questioned she could give no satisfactory account of herself for the time she had been absent, nor any reason for he strange adventure, by which she had

narrowly escaped from a shooking death. Pop corn is placarded in the Crysta Palace, London, "as sold to the nobility."

Vital Questions !!!!

"Some form of Hops!!!"

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irri-tation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unbesitatingly

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 kidneys and urinary organs; such as kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabites, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and smphatically" "Buchn !!!"

"Buchn !!!"

Will reopen on September 2nd, 1894. It is: 1 oldestaudlargest Ladies College in the Dominion leads are 180 graduates. The building cos \$110.000 and has over 150 rooms. Faculty—Five gentlemon and twelve ladies. Music and Art specialties. Address the Frincipal.

eases 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 cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria ever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with

Achoe, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wondarful 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. "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. People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism.ioflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula, Brysip-las! "Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indi-gestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

A Voice from London

Repeats the oft-repeated story that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. east harmful, most certain and prompt of all preparations ever offered for the removal The King of Sweden's first son, the Duke of corns. Kennedy & Callard, London, of Sodermanland, was baptised amid great of Sodermanland, was baptised amid great given the satisfaction that Putnum's Paintejology at Tuilgarn Cattle. less Corn Extractor has. We recommend it." Beware of chesp or poisonous substi-tutes. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere. Polson & Co., pro-prietors, Kingston. Always safe, harmless

> The wealthiest man in Oregon is living this summer for fun in the log cabin which he used to inhabit from necessity.

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nervilan E will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle o Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhoea, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline, the great pain cure. Safe, prompt and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

A Connecticut paper tells of a family reunion in which a father, son and grand son went on a spree together.

-Many ladies who for years had scarcely ever enjoyed the luxury of feeling well have oeen so renovated by the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that they have triumphed over the ills flesh issaid to be heir to, and life has been crowned with added charms and fresher beauty.

SYMPATHY FOR THE COOK.-Mother (to married daughter).—"Why, what's the matter, Clara? What are you crying about?" Clara—"Henry is so awfully about?" Clara—"Henry is so awfully cruel (sob), he is getting worse and worse every day (sob). What do you suppose he said just now? He told me I must get rid of the cook : he couldn't stand her cooking any longer (sob). And he knows well enough that she hasn't done one bit of cooking for a fornight, and that I have done all myself! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo-hoo!"—

oston Transcript. The Venus of Milo has been partially restored during the alterations in the Paris



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* Weaknesses so common to our best * * * * * * FEMALE POPULATION. * * * * * * * * FEMALE POPYLATION. * * * *

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CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * * * * *

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UPERT'S IN AM EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPENT. THE
TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THEREISCHECKED
VERY SPILLDLY BY ITS USE. * * *

*IT REMOURS FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS
ALL CRAYING FORSTIMULANTS, AND RELIEVE WEAKNESS OF TENSOWACE. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY,
DEPERSION AND INDIGESTION. * * *

* THAT FEELING OF DEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN,
WILLIET AND BLOCKACHE. IS ALWAYS FERMANENTLY

WHERE AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS FERMANESTLY
CURLD BY ITS USE & # # #

"IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUM-The Lord Chancellor has appointed Trances act in Harmony with the Laws that Dominick Lionel D'Aroy, of Mellford, Kil. Govern the Female System. # * * GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM. # # # # * &&~ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATI

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