Only a Dog.

Only a dog." You wonder why I grieve so much to see him die Ah, if you knew How true a friend a dog can be

"Only a dog—a beast," you sneer,
"Not worthy of a sigh or tear."
Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor dumb friend,
While I have language to defend His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and My boon companion he has been For years and years.

Before my children came, his white, Soft head was pillowed every night Soft head was pillowed every night
Upon my breast.
So let him lie just one time more

And when a tenderer love awoke,
The first sweet word my baby spoke
Was "M-a-t." Poor Mat!
Could I no other reason tell,
My mother heart would love you well
For only that.

Together boy and dog have laid
Upon my lap; together played
Around my feet,
Till laugh and bark together grew
So much alike, I scarcely knew
Which was most aweet.

Ahl go away and let me cry, For now you know the reason why I loved him so. Leave me aloue to close his eyes That looked so wistful and so wise, Trying to know.

At garden gate or open door You'll run to welcome me no more Dear little friend. You were so good, so kind, so true, I question, looking down at you, Is this the end?

Is there for you no "other side?"
No home beyond death's chilly tide
And heavy fog,
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward, although you be
Only a dog?

My dog had love, and faith and joy As much as has my baby boy— Intelligence— Could smell, see, hear and suffer pain. What makes a soul, if these are vain? When I go hence,

Tis my belief my dog will be Among the first to welcome me.
Believing that
I keep his collar and his bell,
And do not say to him, farewell,
But good-bye, Mat,
Dear, faithful Mat.

-PEARL RIVERS.

PHYLLIS.

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

Somebody says, "Thank you," and then we all follow suit. Chandos alone is silent. "Why will you sing sad songs, Bebe?" exclaims 'Duke, impatiently; and Bebe

"I suppose because I am such a dismal animal myself," she replies lightly, and, rising, comes over to me.

The moonlight streams across the carpet,

rebuking the soft radiance of the lamps. hush has fallen upon us. Her song's refrain almost repeats itself aloud through the stillness. Two tears fall quietly upon my clasped hands. The love once ours-Pushing the curtain aside with one hand,

Chandos says in a low, determined tone: "Will you come and see how the garoks by moonlight?"

He addresses no one, he mentions no name, but his eyes are fixed on Bebe; he has forgotten all, everything, but her. Putmy own thoughts from me, I listen breathless eagerness for her answer. Well do I know it is the third and last appeal. Should she reject this she will indeed lose forever the heart that truly loves her. At length she speaks. she says, letting Yes, if you wish it,"

the words fall from her lips with singular She joins him, and together they go out on the balcony, down the steps, and so

disappear. am so rejoiced!" exclaims Harriet, plaintively, when they are well out of hear ing. "Now I do hope they will marry each other, and bring their little comedy to a

successful close. I am sure we must all confess it has had a sufficiently long run." "Yes, I sang it on purpose. I don't mind anknowledging it to you," cries Bebe, hours afterwards, flinging her arms around my neck, and hiding her face out of sight. "And was it not well I did?—was it not well? Oh, Phyllis, though I sang it so bravely, there was a terrible fear at my heart all the time. I wished him to know,

yet I dreaded his knowing. Can you under stand? I dreaded his guessing my motive too clearly, and yet it was my last chance.' "Dearest, I am so glad."

"Ah! what tortures I have endured this past fortnight? I felt convinced he no

longer cared for me, and I know I could not be happy without him. But he does love me-more than ever, he says, and now I shall have him always." She pauses to indulge in a little rapturous sob. "Phyllis, never mistake obstinacy for pride!"

Harriet and I agree in thinking them the most charming of lovers. Indeed, as an engaged pair, they are a pattern to all lovers similarly afflicted. They never glower at us when we enter the room unexpectedly, and they don't blush. They get rid of all inevitable spooning by going for long walks together, where no one can witness or be distressed by their absurd appreciation of each other's society. And they actually refrain from making eyes at each other across the diging table. When I say that they manage to keep themselves alive te the fact that there are other people in the world beside themselves, I consider I have spoken volumes in their favor and have done them every justice.

When they leave at the end of the week

I positively miss them, and wish them back again; but, as the wedding is to take place almost immediately, further delay in

the country is impossible.

Marmaduke and I fall once more into our old ways, seeing as little as may be of each other.

Although I will not confess it even to myself, I am sick at heart. With the return of my good health has come back my old horror of loneliness, and the girlish longing for some one to sympathize with me in all the pleasures and troubles of my daily life. Not even the frequent visits of mother and Dora-who with her husband is staying at Summerleas—can make up to me for what

I believe I have lost.

When it is too late, I learn how precious a thing I have cast away. By my own capricious folly, and through wilful temper, I have forever alienated 'Duke's affection. Very rarely does he speak to me; still more rarely of his accord does he seek my presence. I no longer afford him any joy. It is only too apparent that he has ceased to care for

me.
Full of such thoughts and misgivings, I one day creep upstairs to the little turret chamber, where—while still Phyllis Vernon-I once stood with Marmaduke to gaze down upon the crowded parterre beneath In another tiny apartment, opening off this is a deeply-cushioned window, in which it is my usual practice to sit and read such works as serve to distract my mind from the vague regret; that now for-

I have at length brought myself to feel some interest in the hero of my tale, when approaching voices warn me that fees to my solitude draw near. Not wishing to be disturbed I move still further into my window, and pull the curtains across me, so that no one in the adjoining room could by

any chance see me.

though low. There seems to me something argumentative in their discourse, and the footsteps come slowly, as though every now and then they stood to dispute a point. Suddenly now my own name is men-

studenty now my own maine is men-tioned, and putting down my book, I wait to hear what will follow. Of course I know perfectly well in my own mind that I ought to rise at once and honorably declare myself, but decide equally well in my own mind that I will do no such thing. What can 'Duke be saying about me? As they enter the turret, his words ring out plain and stern.

" I tell you, Ashurst, I can stand the life I am leading no longer. You cannot understand what it is to see the woman you love to see your wife—treat you as the very commonest stranger. Good feeling alone, I honestly believe, prevents her from showing me absolute hatred."

Pooh! my dear fellow," says George 'I don't believe a word of it. She is too kind a little soul to hate any one; and you least of all. Of course the whole thing, you know, was unfortunate, you know, and tat, but it will all come all right in the

"I dare say. When I am in my grave," says Marmaduke, bitterly. "You are s good fellow, George, but you can't know everything, and I am not to be persuaded in this matter. She is right: I should never have insisted on the second marriage; it has only made her life more miserable, placed a fretting chain around her But, indeed, I meant it for the

"What else could you have done, you know?" interposes kindly George.

I have gained my feet, and am standing, trembling with hope and fear, in my hiding-place, my hand grasping the shelter-ing curtain for protection and support. At this moment I no longer deceive myself: by my passionate eagerness to hear what more Duke may say I know that all my heart is his. And he loves me! Oh, the relief—the almost painful rapture—this certainly causes me! Hush I he speaks

"I shall torment her no longer with my presence. I have delayed here too long already; but I hoped recovered health, and the old associations, might give her a kindlier feeling toward me. Now I feel convinced she never loved me. Let her live her life in peace. She will grow gay and bright, and like the child Phyllis I first knew when she feels sure the health of me."

Let her live her life in peace. She will grow gay and bright, and like the child Phyllis I first knew when she feels sure my aching head on my hands and try to think but always his saddened face and

this charming place, with the best fellow in the world for her husband, is more than I can fathom. But it seems to me now, Carrington, really, you know—that you very seldom speak to her; eh?"

(Good George - dear George.) "Why should I put myself in the way of a cold reply? I detest forcing myself upon any one—and when she is by her own avowal happier when absent from me. Bah! let us forget the subject : to me it is a hateful

"Then why on earth, when you knew all this beforehand, did you insist on marrying her again?"

"Boosuse there was nothing else to be

done. Batter to bear a name distasteful to her than to bear none at all. I did it for her sake."

that you yourself had no interest in the There is a pause—a long one—and my

heart actually stops beating; at length:
"Do not think that," says 'Duke, in a
low tone. "The love I felt for her on our first wedding morning is, if possible, deeper and truer now. Though at times my chains gall and almost madden me, yet I would not exchange them for fetters soft as down. At least she is nine, insomuch that no other man can claim her. And I have this poor consola-tion in my loneliness, that, though she does not love me, she at all events cares for no

Poor little Phyllis!" murmurs George Ashurst, tenderly.
"You are a happy man, George," says

'Duke, adopting a lighter tone. "Do not let my troubles depress you."

row morning early."

When he has been gone at least five minutes I steal from my concealment and, entering the turret chamber, walk softly towards Marmaduke, who is standing with his back turned to me, gazing down the minutes of the minu his back turned to me, gazing down through the window upon the lawn beneath. His Ther attitude betokens deep thought. I go lightly to his side, and let my eyes follow the direction his have taken.

"Dreaming, 'Duke ?' I ask, gayly. He starts violently as I wake him from

also at my altered demeanor.

"Almost, I think," he says, after a moment's hesitation. It is so long since I have addressed him with anything approaching bonhomie.

"Almost, I think," he says, after a moment's hesitation. It is so long since I have addressed him with anything approaching bonhomie.

"You are trembling.

"You are trendling.

"I be says, soothingly. "Lie still here and you will be better presently."

"It is not that," I ory passionately,

"How short the evenings are getting!" I go on, peering out into the dusk. "Marmaduke, do you remember the large party you had in these gardens before we were married?'

" And how we two stood just here and looked down upon them?"
"I remember well." He is evidently intensely puzzied by my manner, which is cordial to the last degree. " How long ago it seems now! does it

"You are dressed for dinner," I remark, presently. "So early?"

"Not so very early: it is half-past six."

"Indeed! how the time has flown! Well, let me add this to your appearance to make you perfeot." I detach a little rose, bud from the bosom of my dress, and place

"Is this the truth?" he asks. "Are you sure you are not deceiving yourself. t with lingering carefulness in his coat.

pelieve as I do so he imagines I have and me?"

"Must I say it again? Can you not see it with lingering carefulness in his coat. I developed the crowning phase of my malady by going mad. "'Duke," with perfect by me how it is?" I answer, still orying; I unconcern, and with my head a little on one am a perfect Niobe by this time, and am

"I think you would be very foolish, Phyllis, to try any changes just yet."
"But don't you think me much better and stronger in every way?"

"Very much better. Your face has gained its old color, and your arms have regained the pretty soft roundness they had when you were—that is—before we were mar-ried."

I pull up the loose sleeve of my dress and look with some satisfaction upon the look with some satisfaction upon the "pretty soft roundness." My old weak-ness for compliments is strong upon me. "Why did you not finish your sentence?"
I ask, slyly; "you were going to say when
I was a girl."

"Because you look such a girl still— such a mere child, indeed—that I thought it would sound absurd." "I am glad of that. I would wish to be

young and fresh always."
"There was a time," with a faint smile, "when you longed with equal vigor to be old and worldly-wise."
"Ah, yes! what a goose I was then! But

really, though, I am growing horribly fat.
My hands, even—see how plump they are." indow, and pull the curtains across me, so ist no one in the adjoining room could by open and inding the state of the mere fiding to the mere fidi

tones, and then Marmaduke's, distinct, side, and then turns them back again, but voice outside the door, a heavy footstep, a he does not speak; very slowly, but with rapid turning of the handle, and George determination, he lets them go.

"No fear of my wedding-ring coming off now," I say, cheerfully, though somewhat lisconcerted at the failure of my last ruse not even when I wash my hands does it tir. I won't be able to get rid of it in a hurry.

"That seems rather a pity, does it not?" remarks he, bitterly.
"A pity? Why, I would never forgive myself if I lost it."
"Would you have nothing in the past

altered, Phyllis?" he asks, suddenly, and curiously, turning for the first time to confront me.
"Some things—yes. But not my wed-

ding-ring, certainly."
"Good little Phyllis," murmurs he somewhat sadly, "your recoverd health has restored to you your good-nature." "It was not good-nature." I protest eagerly, feeling strangely inclined to cry.
I said it because I meant it. But come," nastily, fearing I have said too much, dinner must be ready; we had better go

downstairs." Marmaduke leaves the window, and moves towards the door, allowing me to

" Have you forgotten your manners?" I ory, playfully. "Will you not conduct me downstairs? Give me your arm, 'Duke." "Your spirits are very high to-night, are they not?" he says, smiling. "I am glad to see you so like your old self, as now I can with a clear conscience leave home."

'Are you leaving?" "Yes. You know I promised myself to go abroad in the autumn. I will arrange with Billy or your mother to stay with you while I am away.'

"If you are going, well and good," I return, quietly, "but do not arrange matters for me. I will have no one to stay with me in your absence."
"What! not even Billy?"

"Not even Billy," I say firmly. We get through dinner almost without s comment. My sudden overflow of geniality has entirely forsaken me. I am as mute, as depressed, as in those first days at Rising from the table as soon as custom

well, well," says George, "I think; but always his saddened face and suppose there is no use in any one's speaking; but to me it is incomprehensible; close, yet so divided. Only a well or the why she cannot be content and because to separate us, so far apart ara we in sym-

pathy. At this moment I know he is sit-ting in the library, silent, companionless. And then a great desire rises within me. Throwing aside my book, with a nervous determination, I walk down the drawingroom, through the door, across the hall, never pausing until I find myself before the I knock hurriedly, lest by any chance my

ebbing courage should entirely evaporate; and my heart almost dies within me, as the well-known voice calls out. "Come in." I open, and advance a few steps into the room. A slight fire is burning in the grate -it is the beginning of September, and already the evenings show symptoms of

coming cold; Marmaduke is seated at the table, busily engaged, with writing materials all around him. "What is it, Phyllis?" he asks, expectantly, the pen still in his hand. "Oh, nothing," I return, awkwardly, failing miserably as I come to the point;

"nothing to signify; another time will do. You are busy now. What are you writing, 'Duke ?" 'I was drawing out my will," he replies smiling. "I thought it better to do so before leaving home for—for an indefinite time. No one knows what may happen. I

am glad you have come in just now, as you may as well near what I have written and see if you wish anything altered. Now "I will not!" I cry petulantly. "I hate wills and testaments, and all that kind of

thing, I won't listen to a word of it; and —and I hope with all my heart I shall die before you "My dear Phyllis," then quickly, "you

"Yes, Dora is a perfect wife," declares my brother-in-law, with honest content. "Good-bye, Carrington; I will come over about that house either to-night or to-mor."

"My dear Phylis," then quickly, "you my dear chylis," then quickly, "you have something on your mid. What did you come to me for just now, Phyllis? tell me."

Now or never I am conscious of a chill feeling at my heart, but I close one hand

"Better come to night and sleep," urges over the other tightly, and, thus supported, Duke, and George, half consenting, goes go on bravely.

noiselessly down the stairs.

"Yes, I did come to tell you something.

There is not a movement in the room, not a sound, except my heavy bursting sobs. Then some one puts an arm round me, and presses my head down upon his breast. I look up into Marmaduke's face. He is white as death; and, though he is evidently his reverie, and betrays astonishment not putting a terrible restrain upon himself, I only at my presence at this moment, but can see that his lips, beneath his fair mous-

not that at all. Ob. Marmaduke, hear ne now; do not punish me for my past ooldness. I love you with all my heart; try to believe me." "I cannot," he whispers, huskily, "I have

been too long living in the other belief. To hope again, only to be cast down, would be my death. I do not dare imagine it possible you love me."
"But I do! I do!" I sob piteously, flinging my arms around his neck. "I always, always liked you better than any one else,

"How long ago it seems now! does it always liked you better than any one else, not?"

"Very long."
I am not progressing; I feel this, and pause for a moment.

"You are dressed for dinner," I remark, presently. "So early?"

"I seems now! does it always liked you better than any one else, one of the leave past few months I have learned to love you so well that I cannot be happy without you. When I heard you say this evening you intended leaving me again, I thought my heart would have broken."

side to mark the effect made by my rose—
'.'Duke, don't you think it is time now I should give up my invalid habits, and learn to change my dress every evening, like a civilized being?"

dismally conscious that the tip of my nose is degenerating into a warm pink. "I am should give up my invalid habits, and learn to change my dress every evening, like a civilized being?"

closer to him, and, stooping his head, presses his cheek to my wet one. "My love! my life!" he whispers, and holds me as though he never again meant

to let me go. We are quite silent for a few minutes luring which a great content, such as I have never before known, creeps into my heart. Then 'Duke, with a long, happy sigh, partly releases me. His eyelashes, I can see, are wet with tears, but there is the very sweet-

est and tenderest smile upon his lips.
"I have not waited in vain," he says At last I can call you mine; at last; and just when I had given up all hope—darling darling! It is half an hour later, and we are now thoroughly comfortable, full of rest and

quiet joy.

We are sitting before the library fire, I on a low stool, with my head leaning against 'Duke's knee, he with one hand round my neck, while with the other he very now and then ruffles, or as he foully believes, smoothes, my "nut-brown locks. For the last three or four minutes no words have been passed between us. I think we

Ashurst is in the room.

I make one disperate effort to rise and recover the dignity my attitude has destroyed, but 'Duke, with a strong detaining grasp, prevents me. I get only as far as my knees, and from that position glare at my brither-in-law as though I would willingly layous him. would willingly levour him.

"I took your offer of a bed, after all," he is beginning, when something in the situa-tion strikes him as odd. He meets my eyes, and breaks down. "Oh, ah! I had no idea-I didn't know, you know." He stops, hopelessly, looking as ludiorously silly and puzzled as even I could wish him. "Neither did I," declares Marmaduke, with a laugh, "until half an hour ago. But it is all right, Ashurst; we have made it up; and when I do go abroad, I will take

my wife with ma."
"Didn't I tell you all along how it was!" ories George, enthusiastically (he had not; but by a superhuman effort I refrain from contradicting him). "I declare to you," says he, subsiding nito a chair, "I was a contradicting him, and the subsiding not be subsidied in all wife. never so glad of anything in all my life before.

wife with ma."

There is a minute's pause. Then 'Duke turning, lays a light caressing touch upon my shoulder as I kneel beside him. He Ppeaks in a very low tone.
"We are all very glad, I think—and thankful," he says, with the softest, tender-

est smile. All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow; All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied

longing: All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of THE END.

ABOUT LAUGHTER. Various Kinds of Cachinnations

What They Signify.

"Mun," says Greville, "is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not the only one that deserves to be laughed at?" A laugh may convey all manner of sentiments, says the New York Star-joy, soorn or anger; it may be the most musical and it may be the most discordant of sounds, the mos delightful or the most horrible that can deligntful or the most forrible that can fall upon our ears. Contrast the happy laughter of merry children with the gib-bering cry of the manisc or the hoarse laugh of a defiant oriminal—the musical ripple of cultivated mirth with the roars of

a tipsy crowd at a fair.

A really musical laugh is perhaps rarer than a really musical voice. The giggle, the snigger, the half-choked laugh are common enough; but how seldom do we rear the melodious sound—the laugh in its perfection. It should not be shrill, nor too loud, nor too long. It should not bear any double meaning, any hidden sarcasm in its to exhaust the laughter and deafen the lis-

Peg Woffington is said to have been celebrated for the music of her laughter on the stage—a most difficult accomplishment, for nothing, except, perhaps, a sneeze, is harder to counterfeit than a laugh. There are many varieties of laughs. There is the musical, cultivated and extremely rare one pleasant to listen to as a chime of bells. There is the glad, if somewhat shrill, merriment of children, the happiness of which condones its noise. There is the loud guffaw of the vulgar, and the laughter which appears likely to tear the laugher in pieces, causing him to wipe his eyes after the explosion is over. There is the laugh of embarrassment, when a shy person, at a loss what to say next, "remarks to he," loss what to say next, "remarks to he," as Artemus Ward describes it. There is the schoolgirl's giggle; and the schoolboy' snigger, as he reflects on some recently perpetrated, but still recollected piece of mischief. There is the chuckle of the suc-

cessful man. All these laughs bear some family resemblance to each other; they all, in their degree, express sensations of pleasure. There are darker descriptions of laughter. There are laughs more cutting than the bitterest speeches, more alarming than the oruelest threats. Satirical laughter is most offensive. A laugh can convey contempt which words would fail to express. Is any one proof against being annoyed by ridicule? Even a dog is sensible when he is laughed at, and resents the imperti-nence. Some of the lower animals are

indeed quite as sensitive to derision as eings. Then there is the laugh of incredulity When Tom goes to his rich old uncle, full of glowing descriptions of the perfections appointment which he expects to obtain. appointment which he expects to obtain, does the old gentleman damp his nephew's ardor by a long harangue? No, he only gives a dry laugh, and Tom's hopes of a check fall rapidly.

Too rare laughers are as popular as too eady ones. A teller of good stories never forgives the man who does not laugh at his jokes. Many persons have made their for-tunes by laughing at judicious moments; applauding a poor jest, or becoming convulsed with mirth at a dull pun. To be duly appreciative of his patron's wit was an important part of the duty of a hanger on. With what ready laughter are a schoolmaster's wittioisms received by his class!
There is a story of a dramatic author,

whose play had been accepted, being requested to make sundry alterations to suit the taste of the actors. Among other changes, the manager suggested that "a augh "should be introduced at the conolusion of a speech of an out-going per-former; "it would give him a better exit." The author pleaded that to admit this alteration would spoil the whole dialogue, but the manager was urgent still. "Think it over and do what you can. B—"s position in the theatre demands it! When laughs are thus prized it is not wonderful that persons who rarely use their risible muscles are unpopular.

Flemish Social Life.

Our visit to this seaport of Belgium wa nore socially successful than falls to the lot of summer travellers. Flemish life differs from the German in that it is more permeated with Freuch customs. Women of the higher classes have a certain chic which gives them a presence, a more definite personality than falls to the fate of their well-born German sisters. They converse more spiritedly, and do not open their eyes and look confounded if a woman smokes a cigarette in their presence, as sometimes happens when a Russian or Mol-davian countess enters their social world. At the Cercle d'Harmonic garden concerts to which one is admitted by card of invitation from the members, they are not seen drinking beer at the furious rate German hausfrauen swallow that beverage in Munich and Vienna. They go to promenade in the pretty, shadowy pathways, and show their pretty Parisian toilets in the "rond point," where the orchestra kiosk stands. They reseive gracefully at their private recep ions, converse intelligently, and are grace ful, gay and womanly. Gentlemen prefer their own society—they belong to the heavy artillary order of humanity—and it takes a Clydesdale team of brain power to move them; but they can be moved to love or anger with ϵ qual ferocity, so that, on the whole, it is best to leave them and admire their tall forms and fascinating mustaches from a distance.—Cologne, Germany, Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

tributions made last year to the missionary work of the Protestant Episcopal Church Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, asserts that cannibalism took place as surely among some of Sir John Franklin's people as it did among the Greely party. His authority for the charge is the testimony

of some Esquimaux whom he met while in in the constantly decreasing price of steel.
In 1810 it cost about \$200 per ton; to-day the same quality can be bought for \$27

THE SOFTER SEX. Notes of Interest for and About Ludies.

No woman without a male escort ventures out after dark in Naples or Rome, such has been the increased license given to crime of late.

Mrs. Anna McIntvre. of Fonda, N. Y. aged 82, is learning to play the piano. The neighbors think she is old enough to know Mrs. Cairna, a Scotchwoman, died at

Hackensack the other day of too much pining for purple heather—homesickness, or, as the books have it, nostalgia. Of 4,692,348 persons returned by the census of Germany in 1882 as engaged in agricultural work, 1,230,080, or nearly a

million and a quarter, are females. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is out with plea for new divorce laws in which the rights of father, mother and child shall be

equally guarded. An Indian newspaper gives as a reason why widows should be allowed to remarry that the Empress of India (Queen Viotoria is the off-pring of the marriage of a widow. Miss Florence Marryat is coming over

from England to lecture on the subject. "What shall we do with our men?" A newly wedded benedict advises her to "talk marry at them." Mrs. Van Cott, the revivalist, has been engaged in her special work for nineteen years. She is now in her 54th year, and says that she is the spiritual mother of

Miss Kate Field has dropped the Mormo discussion long enough to definitely declare that women primarily dress to please them selves, and the additional adornment i sometimes put on for male admiration. Mrs. Bridget Farley celebrated her 103rd birthday on Wednesday at West Stratford

Conn. She was born in Ireland, and came this country in 1820. Her physical condition is good, and she does more or less Women are coming more and more t the front in the matter of education. Mme Kowabloski has recently been appointed Professor of Mathematics at the University

at Stockholm, and a Miss Clara Dawes has taken her degree of A. M. at London Uni versity, being the first woman in England who has attained that honor. For her recent visit to Heide berg the Empress of Austria engaged the whole of the well-known and expensive Schloss Hotel for a month, brought a suite of seventy persons (including four fencing-masters, with whom Her Majesty prac-

ticed for two hours daily), and spent several thousands of florins in the town. The official hard-heartedness of the British treasury is sharply animadverted npon by a correspondent of the London Times, in the case of Mrs. Ellen Blake whose estate of \$730,000 has just reverted as a windfall to the Crown. The treasury officers, it appears, refuse to recognize the claim of a person who lived with Mrs. Blake for many years as companion, to some articles of jewellery, valued at \$225, belonging to this lady, but which was ctained by Mrs. Blake for safe custody; and although the solicitors to the treasury are satisfied that the jewellery actually pelongs to the lady in question, they refuse to hand it over on the ground that her claim to the articles is barred by the statute of limitations.

The latest accession to the list of Presi dential candidates, from among whom the intelligent citizen will have to choose, is Mrs. Belva Lcckwood, a well-known lawyer now practicing in the city of Washington. This lady possesses great force of character and indomitable perseverance. Her legal attainments are of no common order, and her practice at the bar has been entensive. She was for years the editor of the Legal News of Chicago, a journal founded by her husband, and coninued successfully by her. Mrs. Lockwood has for some time been a resident in Washington, and is the only lady admitted o the bar of the Supreme Court. letter of acceptance she promises, if elected to make "a fair distribution of offices to women as well as men." This would include the appointment of a reasonable number of women as district attorneys, marshals and judges of the United States. and of a competent woman to any vacancy that might occur on the United States Supreme Bench.

DISSECTION OF THE TAY WHALE

Given tiver to a College Protessor. Exactly seven calendar months after the date of its capture, the huge finner whale belonging to Mr. John Woods, of Dundee, and popularly known as "The Tay whale," was dissected by Prof. Struthers, of Aberdeen University. It will be remembered that the whale, after disporting itself in the Tay for about a month, and successfully evading the whaling boats that from time to time pursued it, was ultimately harpooned on the 31st of December last, but broke away with the lines, and on Jan.
7th was found dead at sea by a Gourdon fishing-boat and brought to Stonehaven where it was bought for upwards of £200. by Mr. Woods. The huge mammal was towed to Dundee, where it was exhibited for some time, and was afterwards embalmed with a view to its preservation and exhibition elsewhere. Since then the and exhibition elsewhere. Since then the finner has been on exhibition in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle and Edinburgh, and has been visited by immense numbers of people. Recently, however, the process of dissection was begun under the supervision of Prof. Struthers, of the Aberdeen University, who was also present at the embalming, and who has taken so great an interest it it. Mr. Robert Gibb, the attendant at the Aberdeen anatomical museum, conducted the surgi-cal operations, and was assisted by a large number of workmen. When the whale was opened it was found that the work of embalming had been so well performed that Prof. Struthers declared it would have kept a still longer time. The head was the first part operated upon, and it may be mentioned that it took a dozen men to lift the skull. Incisions were then made in the back and other parts, and the flesh stripped off the bones and put into barrels. Several lorry loads of the flesh and bones were then packed up and consigned to Aberdeen University, to which the remaining parts will also be dispatched. The skeleton will then be cleaned and purified and we believe that the winter will be well over before it is in a state to be returned to Dundee to be placed in the museum, to which Mr. Woods so generously presented it. In order further to enhance the value of the skeleton, and make it complete in all

respects, Mr. Woods has made a further presentation of the whole of the whalebone

to the town; and the skeleton, when Prof. Struthers and his assistants have put it

into shapes will be well worthy of a place in the museum.—Glasgow Herald, Aug. 9th.

A secular paper says a good thing about the Jews. They are never found in the liquor business. It is believed that out of 50.000 Hebrews in New York city not one is the keeper of a grog shop. It is worthy of note that the largest con-

was made by a Chinamen, Mr. Charles Ping Lee, of Shanghai, who gave \$5,000 to St. Luke's Hospital in that city. Dr. Samuel Hall, of New York, has donated \$100 in aid of the Crumlin Presby terian Church. Dr. Hall was formerly a

ONLY THREE MEN.

There were three of them. They were Emperors; three Imperial monarchs, ruling by divine right. One is a very old man, one just past his prime and the third a young man, but they are all men, all men mortals. They sat in a palace at a little Polish town with the wild, shricking name of Skierniwics, a name that sounds like a loor grating on its hinges or the filing of a saw. They were feasting at a banquet at which ninety persons participated and every one of the ninety was a high mightiness of some sort or other. But the highest mightinesses at the feast were the three Emperors. There were no toasts, say the the three monarchs drank wine together And as those three goblets were raised to the six Imperial lips, not the others of the ninety only, but the millions of Europe looked on. Some were interested in the scene only as they are in any gorge-ous entertainment. A few were impressed by the crowns and sceptres, albeit the former seem to tremble on the heads that wear them and the latter sway ominously in shaky hands. But back of all these is a vast cloud of witnesses who wonder how it came about that these three men are invested with authority, absolute power in the case of one and a power approaching absolutism in the other cases, over the destinies of millions of the human race. The three men say that they have a divine righ to rule, and they quote an apostle who said The powers that be are ordained of God, Because they do reign they are divinely appointed to reign. That is th logic of it. By the same sign Caligula and Nero were the appointees and ministers of the Almight in imperial Rome; and authority once estab lished, even if it be that of Jack Cade it must be reverently recognized as divinely commissioned. So the three Emperor drink wine together while the princes and ladies in attendance look on, counting them selves to be unworthy to participate in the ceremony of such an imperial sacrament. But outside the palace stand the guards with bayonets fixed and their pieces loaded, while every visitor to those precincts is challenged to show his permit before he is allowed to tread upon that sacred ground. Beyond the guards are the people, and among the people are the thinkers and the plotters. The Empercrs know that they are living in perilous times; an age that challenges their titles as rulers; in an atmosphere that threatens to become fatal to monarchs who, like themselves deny to their reople the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They are but three men, while millions of others as good as they, greater than they in all the attributes of manhood, possessing by divine right, inclienable, except through fraud or tyranny, every attribute of sovereignty, are crushed to minister to their pride and caprice. There are also three other men at that conference They belong to the same privileged caste They are the but they wear no crowns. Ministers of the imperial trio. After all they are the true rulers. They, or at least one of them, possesses more brains than the three monarchs combined. Though not chosen by the people they have riser ence and power they now occupy. Despite all the magnificence of this gathering at Skierniwice there is a lurid light resting upon the scene. The Nihilists are feared as much as they are hated and the fate of the Russian Emperor's predecessor gives them good cause for dread. Absolutism has had its day. A storm is gathering that will in time sweep it from the face of Europe and then the people's day will dawn .- Rochester Herald. THE BEST MEDICINE.

Nature's Remedies the Best.

Speaking generally it is not to the laboratory of the chemist that we should go for our potash salts, but to the laboratory of nature, and more especially to that of the regetable kingdom. They exist in the green parts of all vegetables. This is illustrated by the manufacture of commercial potash from the ashes of the twigs and leaves of timber-trees. The more succulent the vegetable the greater the quantity of potash it contains, though there have already stated, we extract and waste considerable proportion of these salts when we boil vegetables and throw away the potage, which cur wiser and more thrifty neighbors add to their every-day When we eat raw vegetables, as in menu.salads, we obtain all their potash. generally contain important quantities of potash salts, and it is upon these especially that the possible victims of lithic soid should rely. Lemons and grapes contain them most abundantly. Those who cannot afford to buy these as articles of daily food may use cream of tartar, which, when genuine, is the natural salt of the grape, thrown down in the manner I shall describe when on the subject of the cookery of wines.—From "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams in Popular Science Month'y for October.

The drink crop of Tennessee is \$2,000,000 arger than the wheat crop. Mexico owes American creditors \$20 .-

Richard Grant White deplores that the letter " r " is disappearing from the Ameri-

Advertising Cheats !!!

" It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,
"Then run it into some advertisement
that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible. " To induce people "To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use any-

thing else.' "THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the

Did She Die? " No ! " She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;" "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"

medicine.' A Daughter's Misery.

"How thankful we should be for that

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility, "Uunder the care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief,
"And now she is restored to us in good

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Father is Gerting Well. "My daughters say :

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Reaches us that counterfeit bank bills are in circulation, we carefully examine every bill in order to protect ourselves agains loss. How much richer would we be much suffering would we escape, did we excercise in all things the same careful corutiny. Imitations, cheap and dangerous, are being offered for that great corn remedy—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of all remedies offered you as being "just as good as Putnam's." It is not proof positive that it is the best when such arguments are used to effect the sale of substitutes. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists every-

Cetewayo's son has abandoned monarchy for which his father lay so long in captivity. He has given his sanction to the proclamation of a Dutch Republic by

Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's Nervilne, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nerviline to o myn e every purchaser that it is the best most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerviline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nerviline. Take no other.

Among the last words of the late Secretary Folger were these: "I cannot give up my work; I have great responsibility and the people expect me to do my duty. my work; I have great responsibility;

-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys nd aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes.

Nothing in a Name.

Bangor Journal: "Edith!"
It was a woman's voice that called, soft, low, musical. "Edith!" she called again, and I could not but stop and listen. Sweet Saxon "Edith." It should be the name of the voice, so full of tender music were they both. "Edith." Blue eyes and fair hair, a faultless complexion of pearl and pink, an oval face, a figure tall and mellow-

"Yeth'm, yeth'm, I gwanten quick's I kin git my hands outen de soapsuds! 'Fore goodness, I jes' wisht I could done drop so deep I could nevah heah my name again in lish yer livin' worl'. Wha' you want, Miss Tabitha? And a sweet young girl, fair as a dream of June, petite and graceful, came to the door and gave an order to a coal-black woman five feet eight inches in height, with

arms like John Sullivan's and a red-and-The Shah of Persia, in returning for the curtesics shown to him while in Paris. has presented the municipality with fwe camels of a variety no larger than Shetland



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DEPRISSIONAND INDIGESTION. * * * *

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WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANESTIST
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