Hasband and Wife.

Husband loquitur : It's the strangest thing that ever I knew. And the most provoking, twix me and you for a woman who's got a man like me, A good provider, and steady and free. With all her folks with funds salted down, And as fine a house as any in town,
To be lamenting 'cause one child in ten
Ain't quite so good as he might have been.

"It's a pretty good showing, it seems to me. That only a tenth of the lot should be A little off color, and that's what I say To their mother twenty times in a day, But I can't make her see it in that light,

"She ought to live for the others, you know, And let the tormenting vagabond go And follow his ways and take the pain— But I turn him out and she calls him again,

"I've argued and scolded and coaxed withou end;
Her answer is always: 'My boy has one friend As long as I live, and your charge is untrue
That my heart holds not equal love for you
And all the rest. But the one gone astray
Needs me the most, and you'll find 'tis the way
Of all mothers to hold close to the one
Who hurts her the most. So love's work is done,'

"Now what can I say to such words as those? I'm not convinced, as the history shows,
But I often wonder which one is right,
As I hear her light step night after night,
Here and there, to the window and door,
As she waits with aheart that is heavy and sore.'
I wish the boy dead, while she gives her life
To save him from sin. There's husband and
wife".

PAULINE.

Presently a sudden, fierce longing to b out of doors came over me. It was night -very few people would be about. There was a broad pavement in front of the row of houses in one of which I lodged. Up and down this I might walk in perfect safety. Even if I only sat on the doorstep it would be better than lying in this close, hot room, tossing from side to side unable to sleep.

The desire took full possession of me

that I was on the point of calling old Priscilla and making her aware of it; but knowing she was sleeping soundly, I hesitated. I had been unusually restless, cross and exacting during the day, and my old nurse—Heaven reward her!—was serving me for love, not for money. Why should I disturb her? Let me begin to learn to help myself like others in my wretched plight. I had already acquired the much, to dress without assistance. If I could now do this and leave the room unheard, I could, I felt sure, grope my way to the front door, let myself out, and whenever I chose, return by the aid of the latch key. The thought of even a temporary independence was attractive, and my spirits rose as I resolved to make the attempt.

I orept softly from my bed and slowly but easily dressed myself, hearing all the while the sleeper's regular breathing. Then thief, I stole to the which led from my bed-room to the landing. I opened it without noise and stood on the thick carpet outside, smiling as I thought of the sleeper's dismay if she awoke and discovered my absence. I closed the door, then, guiding myself by the balustrade passed lightly down the stairs and reached the street door without accident.

hours, so, the door being always left on the latch, I had no bolts to contend with. In a moment I was on the doorstep, with the

street-a quiet one-was deserted. The pavement was broad, I could walk up and persons, by tapping my stick against the been cautioned many times to keep my curbstone or the railings. Still I must head from knocking against it. I could take a few precautions to enable me to settle all my doubts by going on and feeling

reached my limit. I turned, counted back

There I began to war and to count you be stope, sixty-two of which brought my creep out as quietly as I had entered and try my luck next door.

As I turned to grope my way back I the sixty-two paces, and then sixty-five more in the same direction before I found myself again off the pavement. My calculations were verified by my knowing that my house was very near the centre of the row. I was now quite at my ease; I had determined the length of my tether; I could walk up and down the deserted street, yet, at any time I wished to do so, could walk up and length of the more of the inmates of the room? I stood the country time I wished to do so, could be country to the mercy of the inmates of the room? I

I heard one or two cabs pass me, and also one or two persons afoot. As these latter seemed to pay no attention to me, I felt haps each house in the row had an equally glad to think that my appearance and gait common look and my key might open all were not such as to attract notice. Most If so, the end would be that some alarmed

The night excursion did me a great deal f good. Perhaps it was finding that I was not altogether so helpless and dependent that changed in a few minutes my whole voice. It seemed to come from the back frame of mind. The mental rebound took place. I went from despondency to hope— extravagant hope—even to certainty. Like a revelation it came to me that my malady was curable; that, in spite of my presentiment, what friends had been assuring me would prove to be the truth. So elated grew that I threw my head back and walked with a firm, quick step, almost for those weeks of darkness and uncertainty getting that I was sightless. I began to would have driven me mad. Had it no think of many things, and my thoughts been that I could pass many weary hours were happier ones than I had known for away playing to myself, that I could be months. I gave up counting my paces, I walked on and on, planning what I should do; where I should go when my darkness and I shudder to think of what aid I might was removed. I do not know whether l Bome wall or the pavement edge; but if so I did it mechanically and instinctively, without noticing the action or remembering it

for a blind man, who can divest himself of the fear of encountering unseen obscacles, to walk as straightly and accurately as one who can see. I only know that, in my preoccupied and elevated state of mind, I must have done so. Intoxicated and carried away by the return of hope, I may have walked as a somnambulist in a trance. Any way, forgetful of all save skill and dormant power, and imagine my brighter thoughts, I went on and on, what, under favorable circumstances, that of the missing sense, until coming full against a person walking in the opposite direction recalled me from my visions and brought me baok to my misery. I felt the man I had encountered shake himself free; I heard him mutter "Stupid fool!" All the better for me! Bohemians themand go swiftly on his way, motionless on the spot where the collision might not frighten them out of their wits. had occurred, wondering where I was and

It was no use attempting to find my way back unaided. Not having brought my repeater with me I could not even say how long I had been walking. It might have been ten minutes, it might have been an subdued words of passionate love!--I Judging by the number of things I had thought of since that rapturous exaltation of mind commenced it seemed more likely to be the latter. Now that I had come back to the earth I must be content to remain on this particular spot of it until I heard the step of a policeman or some one else who might happen to be abroad at this unusual hour-unusual, at least in this quiet part of London. I leaned my back

of step, that from the sound of the feet alone I was able to determine the condition of their owner, and I was obliged to decide that he was not the man I wanted. I must et him pass and wait for another. But the feet staggered up to me and stopped near me, whilst a voice, jolly, but like the feet unsteady, oried—

" 'Nother feller worsh than me! Can't get on at all-eh, old chap? Comfort t' think some one's head'll ache worsh than mine to-morrow! "Can you tell me the way to Walpole

street?" I asked, standing erect to snow him I was sober. "Walpole street-course I can-closh by -third to left I think."

"If you are going that way would you lead me to the corner of it. Unhappily I am blind and have lost my way." "Blind, poor beggar—not screwed then. Guess I'm in a nice state to lead any one. Blind leading blind—both tumble into ditch. I shay, though," he added with drunken gravity, " make a bargain-I lend you eyes, you lend me legsh. Good idea.

Come 'long.' He took my arm and we went yawning up the street. Presently he stopped.
"Walpole street," he hiccoughed. "Shall

take you to your house!" "No thank you. Please put my hand on the railing of the corner house. I shall be all right then."

"Wish I were right. Wish I could borrow your legs to take me home," said my bibulistic conductor. "Good night—Blesh

I heard him tack away, then turned to

complete my journey.

I was not quite certain as to which end
of Walpole street I was starting from;
that mattered little. Either sixty two or sixty-five paces would leave me in front of my door. I counted sixty-two, and then felt for the entrance between the railings not finding it, I went on a step or two unti I came to it. I was glad to have reached home without accident, and, to tell the truth, was beginning to feel a little ashamed of my escapade. I hoped that Priscilla had not discovered my absence and alarmed the house, and I trusted I should be able to regain my room as quietly as I had quitted it. With all my elaborate calculations, I was not quite sure that I had hit upon the right house; but if they were incorrect I could only be a door or two away from it, and the key in my band

vould be a certain test. I went up the doorsteps-was it four or five I had counted as I came out?-I fum bled for the keyhole and inserted the latet key. It turned easily and the door opened.

I had not made a mistaks. I felt an inward
glow of satisfaction at having hit upon the
house at the first attempt. "It must have
been a blind man who first discovered that necessity is the mother of invention," I said, as I softly closed the door behind me and prepared to creep up to my own room.

I wondered what the time was. All I knew was that it must be still night, for I

was able to distinguish light from darkness As I had found myself so close to Walpole street I could not have walked for any length of time in my costatic state, so I fancied is must be somewhere about 2 o'clook. Even more anxious than when I started o make no noise which might awaken peo-

ole, I found the bottom of the staircas

and began my stealthy ascent. Somehow, blind as I was, the place eemed unfamiliar to me. The balustrade was touching did not seem the same. The ery texture of the carpet under my feet There were other lodgers in the house, among them young men who came in at all I had entered the wrong house? There are plenty of instances on record of a key hav ing opened a strange lock. Could I, through such a circumstance, have strayed into a neighbor's house? I paused; the perspi I stood for a short time irresolute, almost trembling at my temerity. This was the first time I had ventured beyond the house without a guiding hand to trust to. Yet I knew there was nothing to fear. The hand to trust to the placed if it were so. For a moment I resolved to retrace my steps and try the knew there was nothing to fear. The was wrong. Then I remembered that is my own house a bracket, with a plaste down without let or hindrance, guiding figure upon it, hung near the top of the myself, after the manner of other blind stairs. I knew the exact place, having

ascertain my latitude and longitude at will.

I came down the four steps which led

I ran my fingers softly along the wall. from the front door, turned myself to the but no bracket could I find. My hand right, and, by aid of the line of railings, touched the lintel of a door instead. Then set my face toward the end of the street. I knew, for certain, I was in the wrong There I began to walk and to count my house. The only thing to be done was to

could by counting from either end, arrest could apologize and explain. My blindmy steps in front of my abode. So, mightily proud of my success, for a one would account for the mistake. Some while I went up and down—up and down—in one would, no doubt, be kind enough to put while I went up and down—up and down—in one on the right road home. Yes, this was me on the right road home. Yes, this the best to do. I could not go on creeping into strange houses like a midnight thief. householder would put a bullet into me before I had time to assert my innocence
Just as I raised my fingers to tap at the

> played softly on the piano. I paused and I have been so occupied with complaining of the hardships of my lot I have not told you I had one solace to my misery; that mer ciful gift, so often bestowed on the blind have called in to render them less burden

room and was singing to an accompanimen

I waited and listened to the song. I was taken from an opera recently produced on the continent, a larly known in England, and the song was I cannot say whether it may be possible one that few amateurs would dare to a blind man, who can divert himself of attempt. The singer, whoever she might be, sang it softly and under her voice, as though fearing to throw it out with full force. The lateness of the hour might well account for this restraint. Nevertheless, any one capable of judgment must have known he was listening to no ordinary singer. It was easy to recognize the trained voice might accomplish. I was enchanted. My idea was that I had stumbled into a selves, my unexpected nocturnal intrusion

> The singer had now commenced the second verse. I placed my ear close to the door to catch every note. I was curious to know what she would make of the effective but trying finale, when—oh horrible con-trast to the soft sweet liquid notes and eard a gasp, a spasmodic, fearful gasp, which terminated in a gurgling sound which froze my blood. I heard the music stop suddenly, and the cry, the piercing ory of a woman ring out like a frightful change from melody to discord, and then I heard a dull, heavy thud on the floor!

I waited to hear no more. I knew that some dreadful deed had been perpetrated against the wall and waited patiently.

I soon heard an approaching step; but heart beat wildly and fiercely. In the such a staggering, uncertain, lurching kind excitement of the moment I forgot that

I was not like others-forgot that strength and courage could avail me nothing-forgot everything save a desire to prevent the accomplishment of crime—the wish to do a man's duty in saving life and succoring the ones in peril. I threw open the door and rushed headlong into the room. Then, as I became aware of the presence of strong light, but light which revealed nothing to me, the folly and rashness of my proceedings came fully home to me, and like a flash it crossed my mind that unarmed, blind and helpless, I had

rushed into that room to meet my death. I heard an oath—an exclamation of sur-prise. In the distance I heard the cry of the woman, but it sounded muffled and faint; it seemed to me that a struggle was going on in that part of the room. Power less though I was to aid, I turned impul sively and took a couple of steps in the direction whence the cry came; my foot caught in som thing and I fell prostrate on the body of a man. Even in the midst of the horror that awaited me I shuddered as I felt my hand, lying on the fallen man, grow wet with some warm fluid which slowly trickled over it.

Before I could rise strong muscular living hands were upon my throat, holding down, while a short distance off I heard the sharp click of a pistol lock. Oh, for a light for a second! If only to see those who were about to take my life, if only-strange fancy-to know in what part of me to expect the fatal bullet. I, who some hour or two ago lay and dared wish for death, felt at this moment that life, even my darkened life, was as dear to me as to any creature under the sun. So I cried aloud, and my voice sounded to me

like the voice of a stranger:
"Spare me! I am blind! blind! blind!"

CHAPTER II. DRUNK OR DREAMING!

The hands pinning me down did not for an instant relax their grasp; yet they might safely have done so. Situated as I was I felt that my only chance of life was to lie still and convince, if I could, the per sons in the room of the truth of my asser tion. Nothing could be gained, but every thing would be lost by resistance. I was strong, but, even if all the senses had been mine, I doubt if I could compete with the man who held me down. I could feel the ervous power of his hands and arms. Certainly, now that I was blind and helpless the struggle would be a short one. Besides he had companions, how many I knew not, ready to help him. The first movement I

as I was concerned. I made no further attempt to rise, but lay as still and unresisting as the pros-trate form across which I had fallen. Every moment seemed an hour!

made would be the end of everything so far

Think of my situation. A blind man in a strange room in a strange house—held down on the body of a man whose last groan he had just heard—held down and at the mercy of those who it was certain had just taken part in a black and cow-ardly crime! Unable to look into the faces of the murderers around him and learn whether their looks meant life or death t him! Expecting every moment to feel the sharp stab of a knife or the fiery sting of a bullet! Seeing nothing and feeling nothing save the hands upon his throat and the dead body beneath him! Even hearing nothing save that stifled moaning in the distance! Can the wildest flights of fiction show a parallel to

Since that night I have quite disbelieved in the possibility of people's hair turning suddenry gray. If such a thing can be I must have left that room with the looks o

I can only say that even now as, after the lapse of years, I write this; even as I see everything around me safe, still and at peace; even though I know the ones I love are close at hand, my pen trembles, my blood feels chilled and a faintness steals over me as the recollection of the most terrible moments in my life comes to me with a

vividness I cannot describe.

It was well for me that I could keep still and cry again and again, "I am blind-look and see!" My quiescence, the tone of my voice, may have turned the balance on which my life hung—may have carried conviction to my hearers. Presently the strong light of a lamp was perceptible to my obscured vision; a lamp placed so close to me that I could feel its hot glow upon my face; and I was aware that some one was stooping or kneeling down and peering into my eyes. His breath struck against my oheek; a short, quick, excited could it be otherwise after the deed in which he had just taken part At last he rose; a moment afterwards the restraining hands moved from me and then, for the first time, I began to

hope that my life might be spared. As yet none of those around me had spoken. Now I heard voices; but whis-pering so softly that even my sharpened ears could not catch the purport of a single word, although I could gather that three

persons at least were engaged in that hushed consultation. All the while, like a dreary and fitting coompaniment, I could hear that stifle moaning—a woman's moaning. I would have given all I possessed—all save life in exchange for a minute's sight, that I might have been able to comprehend what had passed and what was passing around me. Still the whispers continued. They came thick and fast, running into and

interrupting each other, as from men in hot but guarded discussion. It needed little intelligence to guess the subject of that debate! Presently they died away altogether, and, for a time, the only sound I heard was that terrible, muffled moan-

continued with a dreary monotony.

A foot touched me. "You may stand up," I heard some one say. When I burst so recklessly into the room I fancied the exclamation with which I was greeted came from foreign lips, but the man who now addressed me spoke in pure English. By this time I was beginning to recover self-possession and was able to make a mental note of these facts.

Thankful for being allowed to quit my

ghastly couch, I rose. As I could think of nothing better to do I stood motionless. "Walk this way-straight on-four paces," said the voice. I obeyed. The third step brought me in collision with the

wall. No doubt this was an extra test as to the truth of my statement. A hand was placed upon my shoulder and I was guided to a chair. "Now, sir, said the speaker who had before addressed me, "tell us, in as few words as possible who you are-how and why you came here Be quick, we have no time to spare."

I well knew they had no time to spare They had much to do—much to hide. Oh, for the gift of sight for one moment: I would purchase it even if the price wer years of darkness! Shortly and simply as I could, I told them what had brought me into such

straits. The only thing I concealed was my true name. Why should these assasmy true name. Why should these assassins know it? If I revealed it they might set a watch upon me and at any moment their safety demanded it I might share the fate of him who lay within a few feet of my chair. So I gave a fictitious name, but everything else I told them was true.

All the while I was speaking I heard that distressing sound at the other end of drove me nearly believe could I have made sure of reaching through my darkness and catching one of those men by the throat, with the certainty of crushing life out of him, I should have done so, even had such an act sealed my

own fate. When my explanation was over another whispered consultation took place. Then the spokesman demanded the key which had so nearly cost me my life. I suppose they tried it and found it acted as I said.

It was not returned to me, but I heard the

voice once more.

"Fortunately for you we have decided to believe your tale. Stand up." I did so and was led to another part of the room and again placed in a chair. As, after the manner of the blind, I stretched out my hands, I found I was in a corner of the coom, my face turned to the angle of the "If you move or look around," said the

voice, "our belief in your blindness will vanish." It was impossible to misunderstand the grim threat conveyed by the last words. I could only sit quiet and listen with all my

ears. Yes, they had much to do. They moved Yes, they had much to do. They moved about busily and rapidly. I heard cupboards and drawers opened. I detected the sound of papers being torn and the smell of papers burning. I heard them raise some dead weight from the floor—heard acquid as of rank eight and liven heard a sound as of rent cloth and linen —heard the jingle of money, even the tick of a watch as it was drawn from somewhere and laid on the table near me. Then I felt a breath of air and knew that the door had been opened. I heard heavy footsteps on the stairs—the steps of men bear ing a weighty burden, and I shuddered as I ought what that burden must be.

Before the last task was completed the woman's moan had ceased. For some time it had been growing fainter and only sounding at recurring intervals. Now I heard it no longer. This cessation was a great relief to my overwrought nerves, but my heart grew sick as I thought it may be there were two victims instead of one.

Although at least two men must have borne that weight away, I knew I was not left alone. I heard some one throw himself into a chair with a half weary sigh and guessed he had been left to guard me. was longing to make my escape—longing to wake and find I had been dreaming. The suspense or the nightmare was grow ng unbearable. I said, without turning my

"How long am I to be kept amid these horrors?' I heard the man move in his chair, but he made no answer. "May I not go?" I pleaded, "I have seen nothing put me out into the street—any where. I shall go mad if I stay here longer."

Still no answer. I said no more.

By-and-by the absent men returned to their companion. I heard the door close after them. Then came more whispers, and I heard the drawing of a cork and a jingle of glasses. They were refreshing them

selees after the night's dark work. Presently a curious edor—that of some drug was perceptible. A hand was laid on my shoulder and a glass full of some liquid was placed between my fingers. "Drink," said the voice—the only voice

"I will not," I oried, "it may be poi-I heard a short harsh laugh and felt a

old metallic ring laid against my forehead.
"It is not poison; it is an opiate and will do you no harm. But this,' spoke I felt the pressure of a little iron circlet, "this is another affair. Choose!" I drained the glass and was glad to feel the pistol moved from my head. "Now," said the spokesman, taking the empty glass from my hand, "if you are a wise man, when you awake to-morrow you will say, 'I have been drunk or dreaming.' You have

He left me, and in a short time, do what I would to struggle against it, heavy drowsiness came over me. Thoughts grew incoherent and reason seemed leaving me. My head fell first on one side, then on the other. The last thing I can remember is a strong arm enoiroling me and keeping me from tumbling out of my chair. Whatever the drug was, its action was strong and swift.

heard us but not seen us, but remember w

For hours and hours it held senseless, and when at last its power faded and my mind, struggling back to a clouded sort of conscious ness, made, after many attempts, the fact apparent to me that I was lying on a bed, and, moreover, as I found, by stretching out my arms and feeling around, my own bed, is it to be wondered at that I said to myself, "I have dreamed the most fright ful dream that ever came to a tormented mind." After this effort of mind I sank back once more into a semi conscious state, but fully persuaded I had never quitted my bed. My relief at this discovery was

Yet if my mind grew easy, I cannot say the same for the body. My head seemed preparing to split in two, my tongue was dry and parched. These unpleasant facts became more and more noticeable as consoiousness gradually returned. I sat up in ped and pressed my hands to my throbping

"Oh, dear heart!" I heard my old nurse say, "He is coming round at last." Then another voice—a man's voice, soft and bland.

"Yes, your master will soon be well again. Kindly let me feel your pulse, Mr. A soft finger was laid upon my wrist.

Vaughan." "Who is it?" I asked.
"I am Doctor Deane, at your service,"

said the stranger.
"Have I been ill? How long? How many days?"
"A few hours only. There is nothing to be alarmed at. Lie down again and keep quiet for a while. Are you thirsty?"

They did so. I drank greedily, and felt somewhat relieved.
"Now, nurse," I heard the doctor say, make him some weak tea, and when he wants anything to eat, let him have it.

water.

'Yes, I am dying with thirst-give me

will look in again later on." Doctor Deane was shown out, and old Prizoilla returning to my bedside patted and punched the pillows to make me more comfortable. By this time I was wide awake, and the experiences of the night were coming back to me with a distinct ness and detail far above those of a recalled

"What is the time?" I asked. "Nigh upon noon, Master Gilbert."
Priscilla spoke in a sorrowful, injured

manner.
"Noon! what has been the matter with me ?" The old servant was weeping. I could

hear her. She made no answer, so l repeated my question.
"Oh, Master Gilbert!" she sobbed, "how could you do it? When I came into the room and saw the empty bed I

thought I should have dropped."

When she saw the empty bed! I trem bled. The horrors of the night were real! "How could you do it, Master Gilbert?" continued Priscilla. "To go out without a word, and wander half over London, all alone and not able to see a thing!" "Sit down and tell me what you mean-

what has happened?"
She had not quite aired her grievance.
"If you wanted to get tipsy or to take any of them stuffs to send you asleen and make you insensible, you might have it at home, Master Gilbert. I shouldn't have minded it once in a way." "You're a kind old fool, Priscilla. Tell

me all about last night." It was not until she saw I was getting quite angry that her tongue would consentto run pretty straight, and when I heard her account of what had occurred my head was whirling. This is what she told

It must have been about an hour after my stealthy exit that she awoke. She put er ear to the door to make certain that I was asleep and wanting nothing. Hearing no sound of life in my room she entered it, and found the bed untenanted and me gone. Probably she was even more frightened than she owned to being. She knew all about my despondency and complain-

ings of the last few days, and I have no doubt but her first fear was that I had destroyed myself. She started in search of me, and at once recognizing the impossibility of finding me without assistance. turned to that first and last resource of an Englishwoman in such a difficulty-the police. Having told her tale at the nearest station, and by entreaties, and by enlarging on my infirmity, made known the urgency of the case, and secured sympathy, telegraphic messages were sent to other police stations asking if any one answering to my description had been found. Priscilla upon thorns until about 5 o'clock in the morning, when a reply came from the other end of the town. a young man who appeared to be blind, and who was certainly drunk and incap ble, had just been brought in.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Her Eventful Life Apparently Drawing Rapidly to a Close.

The Queen has invited the Empres Eugenie to pay another visit to Scotland this autumn, and it is probable that she will occupy Abergeldie Castle for a shor ttime in Octo-ber, after the Prince and Princess of Wales have left for the south, says a London paper According to the European gossips th of the ex-Empress Eugenic is drawing very near to a close. Were it otherwise there would be still greater grounds for surprise. If the ex Empress' life has not been a long one, at least it has been prowded with events exciting and sorrowful fter a manner unparalleled in modern history. Such writers as Irving and Merimee have presented to us the little child in frocks, and as well the graceful girl in her teens, unconscious of the fate which the future held in store for hergrand and gloomy. Splendid as was her career during the second empire—so fair and so familiar in all its features that the sewing girls of Paris put aside their braziers of charcoal and resolved to live and become empresses—it was by no means one of unalloyed enjoyment. Her life was spent under the aim of the assassin, or she was made the target of foes still more merciless-of paragraphers and of polemics, who did not shrink from libelling with impartial malignity the sovereign, the wife and the mother. Even about the days when the second empire was crumbing into the abyes, history has twined a gar-land of dishonoring invention, and we have the Empress declaring: "This is my little war!" or dismissing the faithful of the Tuileries with the flippant adieu: "My friends, we have played out the farce when, all the time, she was engaged wit the crowding affairs of a disorganized state, or trembling for her husband and son, or flying for her life from a fate worse

than that of the Princess Lamballe.

The life of the ex-Empress Eugenie since the disaster of Sedan has been mournful in the extreme. The orumbling of the fabric of the second empire was followed by the death of her husband, and to this ceeded closely the death of her mother and the taking off of her only child, the gallant and ill-fated Prince Louis. Since he fell, thrust through with Zulu spears and the hopes of a Bonapartist restoration were smitten by the shock, she has remained a mother of sorrow, mourning for her dead with a sincerity that malignity could not impeach, and that has acquired for her the respect and pity of the world. Rarely, if ever, in the world's history, has so fair a noonday been followed by so black a night. That the end of her days is near at hand no one who has noted the condi-tion of the ex Empress' health can doubt She will go down to the grave a woman misunderstood and misrepresented, to her generation a flirt, a fanatic and a dictator of foolish fashions, and to the few who have read the lines of her strong character a woman of real talent, of fervid affections and of virtues beyond the reach alike of denial and of detraction.

POSTPRANDIAL SPEAKERS. Characteristics of Clever Imprompts Talkers, at Home and Abroad.

Lord Coleridge, at the Irvine banquet at St. James' Hall, before our popular trage-dian went to America, intimated that an after-dinner speech " consisted of platitudes and anecdotes;" and I remember hearing Mr. James R. Lowell, poet, humorist, and American Minister at the Court of St. James, say that if suddenly called upon after dinner to speak, his mind was more or less a blank, but that on the way from the feast he thought of ever so many good things he would like to have said. This implied a lack of ready wit, but I fancy Mr. James B. Lowell did himself an injustice by this confession, as his speeches usually have an impromptu air and abound in point and interest. Charles Dickens was an admirable after dinner speaker, but I have no doubt he knew tolerably well before-hand what he was to talk about, and since the lamented death of "Boz" I fancy George Augustus Sala bears away the palm. When this notable journalist rises, poises his chin in the air. rolls his dark eyes upward and sends out his clear metallic chest notes, one feels an assurance that a clever speech is forthcom ing, delivered with fluent case and felicity of expression. I once heard a poble lord who very frequently makes excellent speeches in the Upper House, declare that ne would part with half of his worldly possessions if he could roll off a speech with the facility of G. A. S. This may have been a facon de parler, but it certainiy implies a large measure of admiration for the cratorial ability of our prince of jour nalists. To my mind the most wonderfu speaker in the world is Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated Brooklyn divine. He can speak at any time, at any place and on any subject. His pyrotechnic brain, incessantly whizzing and whirling, shoots out thousands of bright thoughts, which he readily clothes in most musical and expressive lan guage. The worst speaker I ever heard is Dving" Boucieault, who, though a capable Irish comedian and adapter of French plays boggles and stammers, hesitates and trips when he "rises to respond," and resumes his seat without having produced the slightest effect, except that of disappointment, On the whole I think the Americans are more telling after dinner speakers than the English. There is Daniel Dougherty, the eminent advocate of Philadelphia Sunset Cox, Oakley Hall, Ben Butler and Chauncey M. Depew, whose names are well known on this side of the ocean, and who, when they get on their legs, usually corruscate to the edification of their hearers .- Howard Paul in Hotel Mail.

New York Star: A Grand street dentist was recently asked by one of his lady patients if he would make a set of false teeth for her dog, who, being old, had lost his own. She said she was willing to have the experiment made on her darling, whose digestion was now greatly impaired, and that many other people she knew would be glad to have their pet's absent teeth replaced if her dog's set was a success The dentist declined to try.

The big stone tower of the Philadelphia public building, now in process of construc tion, will be finished by the end of 1886 and will then be 340 feet high. From that elevation the iron work commences and goes 195 feet higher, until the crown of William Penn's hat, the height of 535 feet, is reached. The crowning piece in the circle forming the lower part of the tower is a single stone weighing 32 tons.

A 114 pound squash is one of the attractions of Walla Walla, Washington

THE HUMOROUS JOURNALISTS OF AMERICA.

Who They Are and What They Do. The only two old newspaper humorists

who have held their own before the public are C. B. Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, and Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye. Lewis is a veritable prodigy. He has written constantly for ten years, and he has not weakened in the least. Burdette does not write as much, but he has improved, and he has yet to do the pest work of his life. We believe Burdette is drifting toward verse-making: if this be true we may look for some exquisite work at his hands after he has learned the diference between a spondee and dactyl, and is brave enough to put his thoughts into rhyme. The foolish fear of being laughed at has aborted many a beautiful poem Ot the more recent humorists, the best are Joel C. Harris, E. W. Nye and Opie Reed. Nye is the most popular, but Reed is undoubtedly the most versatile. Harris' work is simply perfect ir its way, but the fact that it is largely confined to dislect sketches prescribes the extent of its popularity, and this extent of popularity will, we believe diminish year by year. James Whitcomb Riley is beyond all question the best of our numorous poets. Thomas B. Chrystol, of the New York Morning Journal is the most promising of the young verse writers, and he is undeniably the mos prolific and most fashionable; it is hard determine as so the versatility of his humor, as his verses have hitherto been wholly confined within the limits of comicality. When we come to consider the demand for humor which exists in this country, we are amazed to find that there are so few writers

be nursed and fostered and cultivated and improved. The trouble with the average writer-be he humorously inclined or not—is that he spends the principal of his ability instead of husbanding that principal and subsisting upon the interest. The graveyards of jour-nalism are full of intellectual paupersthose who had all that genius could give a man, but who foolishly and extravagently lavished their wealth of brilliancy, with no thought of the professional to-morrow, till they found themselves suddenly bankrupt and benighted and objects of universa compassion.—Eugene Field.

capable of answering that demand. It is complained that the humorist writes him-

self out, but we do not believe it necessarily

follows that because one has a talent h

must exhaust that talent in two, five or ten years. We do not see why that talent

should not endure a life-time. But it must

Mr. Stanley has with him his favorite servant, Dualla, a slim Somali cf 23 picked up at Aden, who has acted as his confidential attendant for the last five or six years, says the Pall Mall Gazette. No one could fail to be attracted by his pright, intelligent face, his genial smile and his nswers to some pleasant badinage which his master exchanged with him at luncheon showed a surprising readiness and grasp. With the various points of the Congo question he is thoroughly conversant, expressing his opinions with much decision; of De Brazza, of the missionaries, of the Portuguese and so on. The length of the Congo, from Leopoldville to Banana Point, he is known, and when he appears at a station he is at once recognized as the representative of Mr. Stanley, as whose ambas-sador in advance he often acts. In fact Dualla is a diplomatist of consummate tact, which does credit to his teaching. His English is wonderfully good, and at present he is acquiring the art of writing.
"Dualla is getting whiter every day. Do you use Pear's soap, Dualla?" asked Mr. Etanley, laughing out. Dualla had not tried its virtues. This is not his first visit to London; though it possesses great attractions for him, I am atraid he prefers the gayetics of Paris. Dualla is getting homesick, and is going back to Aden, for getting time at least, to friends. "Dualla thinks the white girls very pretty, but I know there is a dusky Somali maiden in the case eh, Dualli?" Dualla bluehed, laughed and heat a hasty retreat. That he has faith in Eugland is evident from the fact that out of the £350 he has saved out of his wages of £80 a year he has invested £250 in consols. The odd £100 he has spent in presents for his friends, like the thoughtful

An Electric French Girl. Meunier are responsible for the following extraordinary account of an electric girl The girl, a peasant of 13, called Angelique Cottin, was, M. Meunier tells us in his weekly scientific article, working in a factory, when a small table next to her was violently upset without estensible cause. Subsequently, in the presence of M. Meunier, she sat on a chair held by several people, when the chair was burled from hands. This was tried more than once, with like results, the chair being in one case broken when its holders were strong enough not to let it go. When isola tion from the ground was produced by glass none of these effects occurred. The only discomfort which the girl ever feels is a pain in the hollow of the elbow. Before a commission of engineers none of these experiments succeeded, but it is alleged in explanation that the electric properties of her system have through repeated dis-charges lost their force and finally become exhausted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Advertising Chents!!!

" 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

THE REALLY SOLVEN THE REALLY S

"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!"

"How thankful we should be for that A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on bed of misery,
"From a complication of kidney, liver,

rehumatic 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

health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bit-ters, that we had shunned for years before using it."-THE PARENTS. Father is Gerting Well.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."-A LADY of Utica, N. Y. None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their ame. The Wheel of Fortune.

Moves incessantly the most buoyant to day may be loaded down by adversity tomorrow. One peculiarity of that famous alleviator of human suffering—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is the fact that in spite of hundreds of imitations and substitutes it has retained its place in the very front rank as a remedy for corns. Th must ever be the case as every person who has used it testifies that it is prompt, painless and certain-three grand essentials which, when combined, as is the case with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, insures a sure pop corn cure. Sold everywhere.

A Paris novelty is a magnifying fan. Two sticks are bored and the holes filled with small lenses of the finest crystal. The wearer covers her eyes with the lan and uses the sticks as an opera glass.

Everybody Ho! Ho!

Read this carefully. If you or any riend are suffering from any kind of pain. nternal, local or external, try Polson's NERVILINE, the sure pop pain cure. Nerviline is one of the most elegant combinations ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. Pleasant to take, powerful in effect, sure in results, and cheap because the strongest, purest and most certain pain remedy in the world. You can test this great remedy by going to a drug store and buying a 10 cent sample bottle. Try it at

Another danger is added to modern housekeeping. Dr. Austen has discovered that water containing organic matter will, when under pressure, dissolve compounds of lead, zine and copper more rapidly and in much larger quantities than when pure and under ordinary conditions. He claims that many cases of dysentery result from drinking such water that has stood all night in lead or zinc pipes.

-Dr. S. B. Brittan says: "As a rule physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to estore organic harmony and to atrengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Piukham's Vegetable Compound.

Among the interesting exhibitions prom-sed for the year 1885, that of Russian historical furniture, which is to be held at St. Petersburg, will be much appreciated by antiquarians and artists. The primitive chairs and tables of the ancient Slave, as well as the costly furniture which at present adorns the residences of the rich, and the bright-colored deal goods in the moujik's cottage, will be exhibited, and appeals are at present being made to furnitu and others possessing antique furniture to send their goods to the committee.

Marion Crawford, the American novelist will marry a daughter of Col. Berdan, the inventor, in October.



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For all of those Painful Complaints and * * * * FEMALE POPULATION. * * * IT WILL CUIE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INPLANMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK
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CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * * * * *
* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS PROW THE
UTERINS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE
TENDENCY TO CANCELOUS HUMORS THEREIS CHECKED
VERY SPEEDLLY BY 175 USE.
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** FITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITHMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ** * *

* * FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN
EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED. **

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to step them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radi-cal cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEFSY or FALLING SIUKNESS all 10 long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst c ss. Recause others nave failed is no reason for its receiving a cure; once for a treather as its receiving a cure. The remedy. Give reason for its receiving a cure. The contract of the contr

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