My Trouble, My Blessing.

- A crack in the vase and the roses all scattered, A gnarl in the knitting, a hunt for the ball; The ink-bottle shattered, the carpet bespattered, Dirt pies in the hall.
- The fruit on the table by tiny teeth bitten Wee prints of wet fingers on window and door;
 Poor grandmamme's cap, as a frock for the
 kitten.
- Dragged down on the floor. Soft gurgles of laughter; a sunshiny glancing, As somebody fluts in and out like a bird; Strange accidents chancing wherever the danc-Small footsteps are heard.
- "Come, Ethel, my baby, your grave eyes uplift-Stand here at my side. Do you know the wee sprite
 Who into some ever new mischief is drifting
 From morning till night?"
- A smile like a sunbeam, so coy and caressing— She smiles in my face like the witch that she is, No need of more guessing, "My trouble, my
- blessing,
 Come, give me a kiss!"

 —The Nursery.

PAULINE.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLACK LIE. Having placed the poor girl in Priscilla's motherly hands, I fetched the best doctor I could think of, and efforts were at once made to restore consciousness. It was showed itself, but, at last, she awoke Need I say what a supreme moment that was to me?

I need not give details of that return to life. After all, it was but a half return, brought fresh terrors in its train. When morning dawned it found Paulin raving with what I prayed was but the

delirium of fever.

The doctor told me her state was a most oritical one. There was hope for her life. but no certainty of saving it. It was during those days of auxiety that I learned how much I loved my unhappy girl. How grateful I should be if she were given back me, even as I had always known her.

Her wild fevered words cut me to the Sometimes in English, sometimes heart. in soft Italian, she called on some one; spoke words of deep love and sorrow; gave vent to the expressions of fond endear-ment. These were succeeded by cries of grief, and it seemed as if shudders of fear passed over her.

For me there was no word; no look of

recognition. I, who would have given worlds to hear my name spoken once, during her delirium, with an expression of love, was but a stranger at her bedside.

Whom was it she called for and lamented? Who was the man she and I had seen slain? I soon learned—and if my informant spoke the truth, he had, in so doing, dealt me a blow from which I should never rally.

It was Macari who struck it. He called

on me the day after Pauline and I had visited that house. I would not see him then. My plans were not formed. For the time I could think of nothing save my wife's danger. But two days afterward when he again called, I gave orders for him to be admitted. I shuddered as I took the hand I dared

not yet refuse him, although in my own was certain that a murderer's fingers were clasped round my own. haps the very fingers which had once closed on my throat. Yet, with all I knew, I doubted whether I could bring him to

justice.
Unless Pauline reovered, the evidence l could bring would be of no weight. Even the victim's name was unknown to me. Before the accusation would lie, his remains must be found and identified. It was hope less to think of punishing the murderer now that more than three years had elapsed

since the crime.

Besides—was he Pauline's brother? Brother or not, I would unmask him, I

would show him that the crime was no longer a secret; that an outsider knew every detail. I would tell him this in the hope that his future would be haunted the dread of a just vengeance overtaking him.

I knew the name of the street to which Pauline had led me. I had noticed it as we drove from it a few nights ago, and the reason of my drunken guide's mistake was apparent. It was Horace street. My conductor had numbled up Walpole and Horace in his drink-muddled brain.

On what a slight thread the whole course

Macari had heard of Pauline's illness and delirium. He was as tenderly solicity ous in his inquiries as a brother should be My replies were cold and brief. Brother t he was answerable for everything.

Presently he changed the subject. scarcely like to trouble you at such a time, but I should be glad to know if you are willing to join me, as I suggested, in a memorial to Victor Emmanuel?"
"I am not. There are several things l

must have explained first.' He bowed politely; but I saw his lips close tightly for a moment.

'I am quite at your service," he said. Very well. Before all I must be satis fied that you are my wife's brother."

He raised his hick dark eyebrows and

tried to smile. That is easily done. Had poor Ceneri been with us he would have vouched for it.'

" But he told me very differently." "Ab, he had his reasons. No matter. I

"Then, again," I said, looking him full in the face and speaking very slowly, "I must know why you murdered a man three years ago in a house in Horace street."

Whichever the fellow felt-fear or rag -the expression of his face was that of blank astonishment. Not. I knew, the surprince of innocence, but of wonder that the crime should be known. For a moment his jaw dropped and he gaped at me in

Then he recovered. "Are you mad, Mr. Vaughan?" he oried. On the 20th of August, 186—, at No.

Horace street, you stabbed here, to the heart, a young man who was sitting at the table. Dr. Ceneri was in the room at the time, also another man with a scar on his face.' He attempted no evasion. He sprang to

his feet with features convulsed with rage He seized my arm. For a moment I thought he meant to attack me, but found he only wanted to scan my face attentively. I did not shrink from his inspection. I hardly thought he would recognize me; so great a change does blindness make in a

But he knew me. He dropped my arm and stamped his foot in fury.
"Fools! Idiots!" he hissed. "Why did they not let me do the work thoroughly?

He walked once or twice up and down the room, and then with regained composure stood in front of me.
"You are a great actor, Mr. Vaughan,"

he said, with a coolness and cynicism which appalled me. "You deceived even me, and am very suspicious." You do not even deny the crime, you

illain?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I, to an eye witness? To others will deny it fast enough. Besides, as vou

are interested in the matter, there is no occasion to do so." "I am interested!" "Certainly; as you married my sister.

Now my fine fellow! my gay bridegroom! my dear brother-in-law! I will tell you why I killed that man, and what I meant by my words to you at Geneva."

His air of hitter, callous mockery, as he

spoke these words, made me dread what was to come. My hands were tingling to throw him from the room. "That man-I shall not for obvious

reasons tell you his name—was Pauline's lover. Translate 'lover' into Italian—into what the word drudo signifies in that

language-then you will understand my meaning. We, on our mother's side, have noble blood in our veins—blood which brooks no insult. He was Pauline's, your wife's lover. I say again. He had no wish to marry her, and so Ceneri and I killed him-killed him in London-even in her presence. As I told you once before, Mr. Vaughan, it is well to marry a woman who

annot recall the past." I made no reply. So hideous a state-ment called for no comment. I simply rose and walked toward him. He saw my purpose written in my face. he said bastily, and moving away from me "what good can it do here—a vulgar scuf-fle between two gentlemen? No; on the Continent—any where, meet me, and I will show you how I hate you."

He spoke well, the self-possessed villain!

What good could it do? An unseemly struggle, in which I could scarcely hope to kill him; and Pauline the while perhaps

upon the point of death!
"Go," I cried, "murderer and coward! Every word you have ever spoken to me has been a lie, and because you hate me, you have to-day told me the greatest lie of all. Go; save yourself from the gallows by flight

He gave me a look of malicious triumph and left me. The air of the room seemed purer now that he no longer breathed it. Then I went to Pauline's room, and sitting by her bed heard her parched lips ever and ever calling in English or Italian

on some one she loved. Heard them beseeching and warning, and knew that her wild words were addressed to the man whom Macari averred he had slain because he was the lover of his sister—my wife The villain lied! I knew he lied. Over and over again I told myself it was a black,

sianderous lie—that Pauline was as pure as an angel. But, as I strove to comfort myself with these assertions, I knew that, lie as it was, until I could prove it such, it would rankle in my heart; would be ever with me; would grow until I mistook it for truth; would give me not a moment's rest or peace, until it made me ourse the day when Kenyon led me inside that old church to see " the fairest sight of all.

How could I prove the untruth? There were but two other persons in the world who knew Pauline's history-Ceneri and old Teresa. Teresa had disappeared and Ceneri was in the Siberian mines or some other living grave. Even as I though, of the old Italian woman, Macari's slander began to throw forth its first poisonous shoots. Her mysterious words, "not for love or marriage," might bear another meaning, a dishonorable meaning. And other circumstances would come to me. Ceneri's haste to get his niece marriedhis wish to get rid of her. Thoughts of this sort would steal into my mind until

they half maddened me.

I could bear to sit with Pauline no longer I went out into the open air and wandered about aimlessly, until two ideas occurred to me. One was that I would go to the greatest authority on brain diseases, and consult him as to Pauline's hope of recovery the other that I would go to Horace street and examine, by daylight, the house from top to bottom. I went first to the

To him I told everthing, saving, of course Macari's black lie. I could see no other way to explain the case without confiding fully. I most certainly succeeded in arousing his interest. He had already seen Pauline and knew exactly the state in which she has been. I think be believed as many others will, all I told him except that one strange occurrence. Even this he did not scoff at, accustomed as he was to wild fancies and freaks of imagination. He attributed it to this cause; which was but natural-and now what comfort or hope

could he give me?
"As I told you before, Mr. Vaughan," he said, "such a thing as losing the recollec-tion of the past for a long while and then picking up the end of the thread where it fell is not altogether unprecedented. I will come and see your wife; but as the case now stands it seems to me it is an attack of brain fever, and as yet no special ist is needed. When that fever leaves her I should like to know, that I may see her. It will, I expect, leave her sane, but she will begin life again from the hour that her mind was first unhinged. You, her hus-band, may even be as a stranger to her. The case, I say again, is not unprecedented, but the circumstances which sur-

round it are." I left the doctor and walked to the agent's in whose hand the house in Horace street was placed. I obtained the keys and made some inquiries. I found at the time of the murder the house had been let furnished for a few weeks to an Italian gentleman whose name was forgotten. He had paid the rent in advance, so no inquiries had been made about him. The house had been vacant for a long time. There was nothing against it except that the owner would only let it at a certain rent, which most people

appeared to consider too high.

I gave my name and address and took the keys. I spent the remainder of the afternoon in searching every nook and cranny in the house, but no discovery rewarded my labor. There was, I believe, no place in which the body of a victim could have been hid—there was no garden in which it might have been buried. I took back the keys and said the house did not suit me. Then I returned home, and brooded on my grief, while Macari's lie ate

and ate its way to my heart.

And day by day it went on working and gnawing, corroding and warping, until I was told that the crisis was over; that Pauline was out of danger; that she was

herself again.
Which self? The self I had only known or the self before that fatal night? With a beating heart 1 drew near to her bedside. Weak, exhausted, without strength to move or speak she opened her eyes and looked at me. It was a look of wonder, of non-recognition, but it was the look of restored reason. She new me not. It was as the doctor had predicted. I

might have been a total stranger to those beautiful eyes as they opened, gazed at me, and then reclosed themselves wearily. I went from the room with tears running down my cheeks, and at my beart a feeling of mingled joy and sorrow, hope and fear which words will not express.

Then Macari's black lie came out from ts lnrking place and seized me as it were by the throat-clung to me, wrestled with me—cried, "I am true! Push me away, I am still true. The lips of a villain spoke to me, but for once he spoke the truth. If not for this, why the crime? Men do not lightly commit murder." Even then, moment I had prayed and longed for had come-when sense, full sense, was given back to my poor love—I was invaded, conquered and crushed to the ground by the foul lie which might be

"We are strangers—she knows me not," I cried. "Let me prove that this lie is a lie, or let us be strangers forever!" How could I prove it? How could I ask Pauline? Or, asking her, how could I expect her to answer? Even if she did, would her word satisfy me? Oh that I could see Ceneri! Villain he might be,

but I felt he was not such a double-dyed villain as Macarı.

Thinking thus, I formed a desperate I am not told that the obstacles are insuresolve. Men are urged to do strange and desperate things when life is at stake perable. I must wait patiently for days, it may be weeks, but I can be sure that with me it was more than life. It was the honor, the happiness-everything, of two

Yes, I would do it! Mad as the scheme seemed, I would go to Siberia, and it money, perseverance, favor, or craft could bring me face to face with Ceneri, I would Meanwhile, who is the prisoner, and where is he? wring the truth, the whole truth from his

CHAPTER X. IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH. Across Europe-half way across Asia-

for the sake of an hour's interview with a knew him by. I supposed this to be a Russian political prisoner! It was a wild scheme, but I was determined to carry it false one. Lord — was certain that no one of that name has been sentenced within the last few months. That mattered little. out. If my plan was a mad one, I would at least, insure a chance of its success by putting all the method I could in my pre-Permission accorded, with the data I had parations. I would not rush wildly to my given, the man would at once be identified journey's end and find it rendered fruitless by the police. Now, good-morning—as secon as possible I should hear from the by the police.

by the stupidity or suspicion of some one vested with brief authority. No; I must go armed with credentials which no one embassy. "And one word of caution, Mr. Vaughan," said his lordship. "You are not in Englang. Remember that a hasty word, even a look; a casual remark to any stranger would dare to dispute. Money, one of the most important of all, I had plenty of, and was ready to use freely; but there were others which were indispensable; my first step would be to obtain these. I could go you sit next at dinner, may utterly defeat your ends. The system of government quietly and systematically to work, for it would be days before I could venture to here is different from ours." I thanked him for his advice, although I needed no warning. The truth is that an Englishman in Russia has an even exagge-

leave Pauline. Only when all chance of danger was at an end could I begin my rated dread of spies and the consequence iourney. of a loose tongue. More of us are looked upon with suspicion from our taciturnity So during those days whilst the poor girl was gradually, but very, very slowly, regaining stength, I looked up what than from our garrulity. I was not likely friends I possessed among the great people of the land, until I found one whose posito err on the latter point. I went back to my hotel, and for the next few days whiled away the time as best tion was such that he could ask a favor of a far greater man than himself, and, morecould. Not that, under ordinary circumover, expect that it should be granted without delay. He did this for my sake tances, I should have found much difficulty in so doing. St. Petersburg was one of the places I had always wished to visit. with such efficacy that I received a letter of introduction to the English embassador Its sights were new and strange to me ; its

Vet I knew it must be carried out

never meet again!
Pauline would be left in good hands

Priscilla would do my bidding faithfully and fully. The old woman was by this

awakened to both memory and new forget-

fulness. She knew the reason that for days and days I had not even entered the

room. She knew that I considered Pauline

n her present state, no more my wife than

when I first met her in Turin. She knew

bound upon a long journey to clear this up. She was content with this knowledge or

sought to obtain no more than I chose to

My instructions were minute. As soon

as she was well enough Pauline was to be

taken to the seaside. Everything was to

be done for her comfort and according to

her wishes. If she grew curious she was

to be told that some near relation, who

was now journeying abroad, had placed her

in Priscilla's hands, where she was to stay until his return. But, unless the recollec-

tion of the past few months came to her.

she was to be told nothing as to her true

position as my wife. Indeed, I doubted

now if she was legally my wife—whether

if she wished, she might not annul the

marriage by stating that at the time it

took place she was not in her right mind.
When I returned from my expedition—if
things were right, as I told myself they
must be, all would have to be begun again

from the beginning.
I had ascertained that, since the depar-

ture of the fever, Pauline had said nothing about the terrible deed she had witnessed three years ago. I feared that when her

health was re-established her first wish

would be to make some stir in the matter

It was hard to see what she could possible

do. Macari, I learned, nad lett Lugaretthe day after I had accused him of the

orime: Ceneri was out of reach. I hoped

that Pauline might be induced to remain

quiet until my return; and I instructed Priscilla, that in the event of her recurring

to the subject of a great crime committed

deserts.

was done.

by persons she knew, to inform her that all

vas being done to bring the guilty to their

usual docility, rest contented with this

Priscilla was to write to me-to St.

be posted. And then all I could think

All except one thing. To-morrow morning I must start. My passport is duly signed; my trunks are packed—everything ready. Once, once for a moment, I must

see her before I sleep to-night-see her it

may be for the last time. She was sleeping soundly—Priscilla told me so. Once more I must look upon that beautiful face

that I may carry its exact image with me

I crept upstairs and entered her room. I

stood by the bedside and gazed with eyes

full of tears on my wife-yet not my wife

I felt like a criminal, a desecrator, so little right, I knew, I had to be in that room.

bosom rose and fell with her soft regular

breathing. Fair and white as an angel she locked, and I swore as I gazed on her, that

no word of man should make me doubt her innocence. Yet I would go to Siberia.

I would have given worlds for the right to lay my lips on hers! to have been able to wake her with a kiss, and see those long,

dark lashes rise, and her eyes beam with love for me. Even as it was I could not

refrain from kissing her gently on the tem-

ple, just where the soft thick hair began to grow. She stirred in her sleep, her eyelids quivered, and like one detected at the com-

The next day I was hundreds of miles

way, and my mind was in a sterner frame.

If when I reached, if ever I did reach

Ceneri, I found that Macari had not lied—found that I had been fooled, cajoled, made

a tool of. I should, at least, have the grim

consolation of revenge. I should be able

to gloat upon the misery of the man who

had deceived me and used me for his own purposes. I should see him dragging out

is wretched life in chains and degradation

I should see him a slave, beaten and ill-treated. If this was the only reward I should reap it would repay me for my long journey. Perhaps, considering all that had

passed and my present anxiety and dread, this unchristian state of mind was not

St. Petersburg at last! The letter I

bear, and the letter already received on my

Her Majesty's noble representative in the Russian capital. My request is listened to attentively; not scouted as ridiculous. I

am told it is unprecedented, but the words

impossible to be granted are not used. There are difficulties, great difficulties,

son whom the noble lord is eager to oblige,

verything will be done that can be done.

There is, at present, or so the newspapers

say, little friction between the two Gov-ernments. Sometimes this is shown by

requests more simple than mine being

Ah! that I cannot say. I only know him

as a doctor named Ceneri-an Italian-an

apostle of freedom—patriot—conspirator. I was not foolish enough to imagine he had

efused. Still, we shall see-

etters bear the magic autograph of a

with

the way, but, as my business purely of a domestic nature, th no political tendency, and as the

account, insure me a gracious reception from

unnatural to an ordinary son of Adam.

nencement of a crime, I fled.

scarcely correct assertion.

for thousand of miles!

I trusted she would, with her

time quite aware that her charge

at St. Petersburg, and also a copy of a letter which had been forwarded him connterest in anything I saw. I was longing taining instructions in my behalf. Each to be away in pursuit of Ceneri. I was not foolish enough to perter the embassador and make myself a nuisance. letters bore an autograph which would insure every assistance being given to me. With these and the addition of a Believing he would do all he could. I waited letter of credit for a large amount on a St. patiently and in silence until I received a Petersburg bank. I was ready to start. etter asking me to call at the embassy Lord —— received me kindly. But before I left. Pauline's safety and well-being during these months of absence must be considered. The difficulties this

"It is all settled," he said. "You will go to Siberia armed with authority which presented almost made me abandon, or, at least, postpone, the execution of my plan. the most ignorant jailer or soldier will recognize. Of course, I have pledged my honor that in no way will you connive at very letter, or Macari's lie would ever stand the convict's escape—that your business is between my wife and myself. Better I purely private. I expressed my thanks, and asked for should go at once, while we were strangers; better, if Ceneri by word or silence con-firmed the shameful tale, that we should

instructions.

"First of all," he said," my instructions are to take you to the palace. The Czar desires to see the eccentric Englishman who wishes to make such a journey in order to ask a few questions."

customs worth studying; but I took little

I would right willingly have declined the honor, but as there was no chance of escaping from it, nerved myself to meet the utocrat as well as I could. The embassa dor's carriage was at the door, and in a few minutes we were driven to the Impethat some mystery was attached to our relations with each other, and that I was

I retain a confused recollection of giganic sentries, glittering officers, grave-look ing ushers and other officials; noble stair ases and halls, paintings, statues, tapestry and gilding; then following my conductor, I entered a large apartment, at one end of which stood a tall, noble-looking man in military attire; and I realized that I was in the presence of him whose nod could sway millions and millions of his fellow creatures—the Emperor of all the Russias—the White Czar Alexander II. The sovereign whose rule stretches from the high nivilization of Europe to the lowest parbarism of Asia.

Two years ago when the news of his bruel death reached England, I thought of him as I saw him that day-in the prime of life, tall, commanding and gracious—a man it does one good to look at. Whether —if the whole truth of his great ancestor Catherine the Second's fraities were known—the blood of a peasant or a king ran in his veins, he looked every inch a ruler of men, a splendid despot. To me he was particularly kind and

condescending. His manner set me as much at my ease as it is possible for a man to be in such august company. Lord —— presented me by name, and after a proper reverence I waited the Czar's He looked at me for a second from his

towering height. Then he spoke to me in French, fluently and without much foreign accent: "I am told you wish to go to Siberia?" "With your majesty's gracious permission.'

"To see a political prisoner. Is that so?" I replied in the affirmative. It is a long journey for such a purpose.

"My business is of the most vital importance, your majesty."

"Private importance, I understand from Lord ——

He spoke in a quick, stern way which Petersburg, Moscow, and other places I must stop at, going and returning. I left directed envelopes with her, and would showed that he admitted of no prevarios-tion. I hastened to assure him of the purely private nature of my desired intersend from St. Petersburg instructions as to with the criminal. the dates when the various letters should

ne a dear friend of yours?" "Rather an enamy, your majesty; but my happiness and my wife's happiness are

He smiled at my explanation. "You English are good to your wives. Very well, Mr. Vaughan, it shall be as you wish. The Minister of the Interior will provide you with the fullest passports and authori-

ies. Bon voyage." Thus dismissed, I bowed myself out, praying mentally that no red-tapism or bureaucracy might delay the transmission

of the promised documents.
In three days I received them. The passport authorized me to travel to the end of the Czar's Asiatic dominions if I thought it, and was worded in such a way that it Her pale pure face lay on the pillow—the fairest face in all the world to me. Her abviated the necessity of obtaining a fresh passport whenever a fresh governmen district was to be traversed. It was not until I found the trouble, annoyance and delay I was saved by this magic strip of paper, that I fully realized how much favor had been shown me. Those few words of writing, unintelligible to me, were a magic pell, the potency of which none dared to

But now, armed with power to travel, the question was where must I go? To ascertain this, I was taken to one of the heads of the police. To him I explained my case. I described Ceneri, gave him what I supposed was about the date of his crime and trial, and begged for information as to the best means to adopt to find him in

the place of his banishment.

I was most civilly treated. Indeed, for courtesy commend me to the Russian fficial when you are properly and power fully accredited. Ceneri was at once iden tified, and his right name and secret history given to me. I recognized the

name at once. There is no need to make it public. There are many men in Europe who believe in the disinterested character and noble aims of the unfortunate convict; men who mourn him as a martyr. Perhaps in the cause of liberty he was single-hearted and noble-minded. Why should I distress his followers by revealing any dark secrets of his private life? Let him, be so far as I am

concerned. Dr. Ceneri to the end. I learned from the suave, obliging Russian chief of police, that a few weeks after I had seen him in Geneva, Ceneri had been arrested in St. Petersburg. A deeply laid plot, involving the assassin-ation of the Czar and several members of the Government, had been revealed through the treachery of a confederate. The police fully cognizant of everything, had waited until the pear was nearly ripe, and then struck with dire results to the plotters. Scarcely one of the principals escaped, and Ceneri, one of the most deeply implicated, was shown scant mercy. He certainly had few claims on their consideration. He was no Russian groaning under oppression and despotic government. Although he called himself Italian, he was, in truth, cosmopolitan. One of those restless spirits who wish to overturn all forms of government, save that of republican. He had plotted and schemed—even fought like a man—for Italian freedom. He had been one of Garibaldi's most trusted workmen: but had turned fiercely against his master when he found Italy was to be a kingdom, not the ideal republic of his dreams. Latterly he had directed his attention to Russia, been tried and sentenced under the name I | and the plot he was engaged in having been

betraved, his career, in all human probability, was ended. After lying many months in the fortress of St. Peter and St Paul, he was tried and condemned to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia. Some months ago he had been despatched to his destina tion, and, my informant added, was con sidered to have been dealt with mos

leniently. Where was he now? That could not be said for certain. He might be at the Kara gold washings, at the Ustkutsk salt works, at Troitsk, at Nertschinsk. All convicts were first sent ro Tobolsk, which was a kind of general rendezvous; thence they were drafted off, at the pleasure of the Governor General, to various places and had been entirely cut or bitten off, and various occupations,

(To be continued.)

A STUDY, OF HEADS.

The Horrors and Ghastly Attractions an Anatomical Museum. One of the most ghastly sights in Munich is to be witnessed in the Anatomical museum, on Schiller strasse. It consists of the heads of persons who have been guillotined in Bavaria for a good many

years back.
I dropped into the museum yesterday and paid for my prurient curiosity by the loss of my appetite for the rest of the day The museum contains a good many attractions, but these heads are the great drawing-card. Nothing is said about them n the guide-books, and so the average tourist goes and comes without the slightest suspicion that so remarkable a spectacle is to be seen for a very small fee. The heads to be seen for a very small fee. The heads in question are just inside of the door, to the right as you enter. They are inclosed in rows of glass jars filled with alcohol. There are seven in a single row which are made more conspicuous than the rest, for the reason, I suppose, that they are souvenirs of criminals who attempted some extraordinarily audacious thing, and therefore became specially celebrated. The eyes were all closed, and the faces expressionless I looked in vain for any that bespoke still, by facial distortion, the agony of dread which must have inspired the victim as he approached the instrument of his death. Not a few wore mustaches, but none beards: from which I infer that it is customary to shave the chin before execution. The eyes of over half the heads had

been cut out.

An examination of the places where the neck had been severed revealed skilful work on the part of the machine, as a rule. Some were as neatly cut as an apple that you halve to divide with a friend. One head had evidently belonged to a man with a short neck, as the ampatation had taken place so close to the chin as to almost pare off its under surface. A few necks were very ragged where the knife had struck, as though the machine had bungled—necessitating more than one stroke. The heads of prisoners executed in Bavaria are thus tho are disposed to be similarly awless and the bodies are lawless and the bodies are turned over to the medical stu-dents for dissection.

The anatomical collection contained

many other remarkable attractions.
There were shelves loaded down with skulls and dried heads. The various organs of the body were preserved according to several methods, some specimens being preserved in alcohol, others dried, others dried, pickled, etc. The odor was by no means savory, or else my imagination is too vivid. There were glass tanks filled with alcohol containing nearly full-length sections of the body, sawed and split so as to illustrate the functions of all the myriad organs There were dried bodies intact, hung up as skeletons are usually hung. There were also all sorts of malformations and monstrosities presented in bottles and glass retorts. The assortment of infants with an extra number of heads, arms or legs wa especially comprehensive. A series of glass jars contained beads of individuals who had evidently met with violent accidental deaths, as their cracked skulls on nashed countenances implied,

In fact, the place was such a repository of horrors that I hurried from it with feeling that I had been following some invisible Mephistopheles into the infernal regions by special permit.— Cor. Kansas City Journal

How it Feels to be in a Battle. The question has been often asked: " How do soldiers feel when in battle?" and it is one difficult to answer. A long experience amongs veterans in the ranks leads the to believe that the emotion experienced in going under fire is much the same with all men. To the raw recruit the crash of small arms and the roar of cannon were simply appalling; he felt that he was going forward to certain death. With pale cheeks and clenched teeth he held his place, determined to do his duty as best he might. If very much excited he loaded his musket, and, forgetting to put on the necessary percuesion cap, went through the motion of firing, only to ram a fresh cartridge on the top of the first one, when, for the first time using a cap, he was incontinently knocked down by the tremendous recoil of his gun, and believed he was badly wounded. Instances are known where muskets have been found on battle-fields containing six or seven cartridges. Finally, the green soldier dis-covers that he is not hurt, and that everybody does not get killed in an engagement so he regains confidence and passes success

fully through his baptism of fire. To the voteran it is far different. He knows too well that every battle reduces the average chance of his escape, yet so habituated does he become to rattling fusilades and desperate charges, he scarcely heeds the danger surrounding him. The shrick of the shells over his head, the buzz of the bullets past his ear, are now familian sounds, and, trusting to the chances of war. the infantryman fires rapidly with his musket or the artilleryman calmly rams home another charge of grape, and canister nome another charge or grape and canister as his battery opens at close range on an advancing body of the enemy. All men are naturally afraid of death, but the trained and experienced soldier learns to keep down that fear, and nonchalantly do whatever is required of him.—George F. Williams.

After the Rebellion of 1641. It is an instructive lesson in national history, says the "British Quarterly Re-

view.

' to mark the terrible retribution that

ollowed the insurrection of 1641. It led to nine bloody and distracted years, in which the country was devastated from end to end, and its population reduced by more than one-third. Cromwell came as Cromwell came as om in 1649. The the messenger of doom in 1649. The Drogheda and Wexford massacres, the execution of the 1,641 murderers in due course of law, the confiscation of the land of three provinces, and the transplantation of all the Catholics of Ireland to the bleak bogs and mountains of Connaught, tell their own impressive story. Most of the native landlords were swept away make room for a stant proprietary, who Protestant have since securely held their ground for two centuries. Before the rebeliion the Irish possessed two-thirds of the land; in ten ears they held only one-third. The native races sank down into poverty and insignificance. Twice again they made a desperate effort to shake off the dominion of England -once at the revolution, and again in the rebellion of 1798, when they were warmly supported by Protestant allies; but the only effect of the first struggle was the penal laws, and the effect of the second was the long delay of Catholic emancipa-tion. But, worse than all, the events of tion. But, worse than all, the events of 1641 still act with a living force upon the political relations of Irishmen, and are the true explanation of the deep and apparently incurable animosity which animates alike another church and several houses suffered the Nationalists and the Orangemen of the country.

another church and several houses suffered severely. Other towns escaped without serious injury. country.

NEARLY FROZEN.

A Man Lies in the Snow all Night and Almost Dies.

Early yesterday morning head turnkey McKay, of the Provincial Jail, on making ns regular tour of inspection around th premises, found a man named Alex ander Moore, who lives in a shanty adjoining the Bay Horse Hotel, Portage avenue, lying in the snow and unable to move. He left the man in charge of a turnkey, and then procured a rig and had him removed to his shanty. Moore's pants were torn at the knees, and one of his legs was badly frozen. Half of his under lin was in a very pitiable condition. On inspecting his tracks, Mr. McKay found that the unfortunate man must have wandered from the vicinity of Russell's spice mills, and crawling on his hands and knees reached the spot where he was discovered. He was taken to the hospital. -Winnipeg paper.

Concerning Sealskins "The season is just opening," said a dealer in fursto a Buffalo reporter. "It promises to be a very busy one. Sealskins will take the lead in fur goods just as they have for years. Do you know, when seal skin sacques were first introduced they were looked upon with great distavor. The first sealskin sacque ever made was. I pelieve, placed on exhibition in the store A. T. Stewart in New York city in 1862. It was made very much like our present silk circulars. The richly dressed ladies who looked at the new garment made all sorts of comments on its appearance. it was too heavy; another that it was clumey, and one lady declared it looked like faded calico. To day they are all running wild to possess a garment made cut of that ort of faded calico.

"Where do the majority of the sealskins seed come from 2 "

"From Alaska. The hunters, many of whom are employed by companies, pack the skins in casks, about sixty to each one, putting in plenty of salt to keep them. They are sent to San Francisco, thence via New York to London, where they are cured and dved. I understand from a magazine article I was reading a short time ago during the first week in September there were 1,477 casks of sealskins received in New York. This makes in all about 88,220 skins, quite a number for one week. The London people possess a secret method of dveing that their American brethren have not yet and probably never will learn, that is, it the English dealers can help it.

You Can't Make \$500 by Reading This even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of cutarrh they can not cure, yet notwithstanding that publicly preserved, for the warning of the state thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to oure was wholly due to some overlooked compli cation, usually easily removed by a modification of the treatment. The if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a perfect and permanent oure therefrom, that

> will get good advice, free of all costs. Lord Byron is said to have written the ast cantos of Don Juan on the backs of old play bills and read them therefrom to the Countess Guiccioli.

person will do well to either call upon or

write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.

., giving all the particulars and symp-

How varied the range of association upon the human mind. Memory is ever fond of preserving pictures of event, but the character of such events must be different to meet the peculiarities of the individual. The pleasant recollections of one would fail to find a place in the memory another, but to our mind the haloyon days are those that follow the use of Putnam' Painless Corn Extractor, the same safe and painless corn cure, for it promptly relieves he misery by removing the aching corns Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. and see that no substitute is palmed off as genuine.

Mrs. Cagley, the wife of an English Life don beauty. She was a Miss Campbell and the daughter of a music dealer.

This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Nerviline to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in a bouse to meet a sudden attack of illness, Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents, at any drug store.

William Taylor, Bishop to Africa, says his parishioners have only two suits—dirt and paint. The Bishop probably thinks being "clothed in sunshine" too thin.

-The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in many of our leading business houses. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is highly praised by those who have not yet been freed from the old necessity for constant standing, and is a genuine blessing in every such case, as well as to the tired out housekeeper who must be on her feet all day.

Owen Brown, the only survivor of the Harper's Ferry episode of 1859, lives in the Jay Cooke island mansion "Gibraltar," Put-in Bay Island. Owen is now 55 years of age.

Thront and Lung Diseases epecialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment.
Address World's Dispensary Medical
Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

According to the London Truth a mem ber of the aristocratic family of Cavendish has opened a tea shop at Eastbourne, 10 Kent, and is receiving a full share of public support from the inhabitants and visitors who have benefited so much by the cousenterprise of his relative, the lord of

* * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo,

He Prefers the Ladies

Before leaving the Garner House, Chatbam, where he stopped during his recent shooting trip westward, the Governor General remarked to Mr. and Mrs. Perrin who are now managing this hotel, that for the first time since coming to Canada he had been attended at table by young lady waiters instead of men, and he was de cidedly pleased with the change.

Cali and other towns in Southern Colombia report that the severest shock of earthquake experienced for three years of Sau Pedro at Cali was wrecked, and

4 7 VY C

A Great Problem. -Take all the Kidney and Liver

—Take all the Blood purifiers,

—Take all the Rheumatic remedies,

-Take all the Dyspepsia and indigestion -Take all the Ague, Fever and bilious

specifics,
—Take all the Brain and Nerve force revivers. -Take all the Great health restorers —In short, take all the best qualities of

hese, and the -Qualities of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —Hop —Bitters have the best curative qualities

and powers of all —concentrate —-In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —combined —Fail. A thorough trial will give posi-

tive proof of this. Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kin ney and liver complaint and rheumatism Since then I have been unable to b about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that noth-

ing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. Morex Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one

year ago, by the advice of my pastor, commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. know it."—A Workingman.

None genuine without a bunch of green lops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their ame

James A. Buck, a Canadian, sends out an address to the "thirsty of knowledge," as he calls them, saying that he is willing to go to any city in the United States or Great Britain to teach the true origin of our race, the true cause of human depravity, and true salvation, if his expenses

Compared with other English counties Devorshire and Somersetshire have suffered very little from the agricultural depression, the farming being dairy and root crops chiefly.

Judge Blanford, of Georgia, regards speculation as worse than poker. He says he cannot see how any man could fool away months waiting to see stocks go up or down when he might fill a flush and rake in a jack pot in thirty seconds.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S * VEGETABLE COMPOUND * * * * * * IS A POSITIVE CURE * # * *

For all of those Painful Complaints and * Wesknesses so common to our best *

* * * * FEMALE POPULATION.* * * IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FE-MALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DISFLACMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK
NESS, AND IS FARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE
CHANGE OF LIFE.

* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE UPERTS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEIGUS HUMBS THEREISCHECKED VERY SPEEDLY BY ITS USE.

*IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CIRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAK-NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAD ACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

*THAT FRELING OF BRARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIM, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS FERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

*IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT

*TO WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARRONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

* ## TITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, "MO THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TENTIFY."

* #FOR THE CUIPE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN HITTER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED. EITHER SEA THE REAL IS INSTRUMENT SECRETABLE COMPOUND to prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$8. Sold hy all draguists. Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Logenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "duide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without IXDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation. Billousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box. D. UN. L. 47 n4.

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a time and then have them return again. I mean a radial calcure. I have made the disease of FTES, EPLEFS or FALLING SIGNASSA discharge study. I warranting remedy to cure the worse of the period carrier, and added as no reason for a facility of the control of th

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