The Voice of the Sluggard.

Have you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber door. Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on

the floor. Fight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather-pretty fine? Fight is tolerably early : I can get away by uine. Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed

at 1. Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are

nicely done t I'll be down in twenty minutes-or, if possible, in

I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin

to dress. She is gone, the brisk Jemima ; she is gone, and little thinks How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another

forty winks. Since the bard is human only-not an early

llage cock-ould he salute the morning at the hour 8 o'clock. Why sh

why should be salide the morning at the hour of 5 o'clock.
Stifled be the voice of Duty; Prudence, 'prythce, cesse to chide.
While I turn me softly, gently, round "upon my other side.
Sleep, resume thy downy empire; reassert thy sable reign !
Morpheus, why desert a fellow ? Bring those poppies here again !
What's the matter now, Jemima ? Nine o'clock !
It cannot be !

It cannot be ! Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon and the

matutinal tea? Take away the jug, Jemima. Go, replenish it

since the charm of its caloric must be very

Bearly gone. She has left me. Let me linger till she reappears

again, Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein. After sleep's profounder solace, naught refreshe

like the doze. Should I tumble eff, no matter; she will, wake me, I suppose. Bless me, is it you, Jemima? Mercy on us, what

a knock

a knock i Can it be-I can't believe it-actually 10 o'clock? I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up! Let the toa be strong, Jemima. I shall only Stop aminute i I remember some appointment

Stop a minute 1 remember some appointment by the way.
 "Twould have brought me mints of money; 'twas for 10 o'clock to-day.
 Let me drown my disappointment, slumber, in thy seventh heaven.
 You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at 11!

-Leeds Mercury.

PAULINE.

Ceneri was leaning back in his chair with a kind of dreamy look on his face, smoking slowly and placedly, taking, as it were, everything he could out of the luxury of a good cigar. I asked him to drink some good eight. I asked nim to drink some more wine. He shook his head, then turned and looked at me. "Mr. Vaughan," he said; "yes, it is Mr. Vaughan. But who and what am I?

Where are we? Is it London, Geneva, or elsewhere? Shall I wake and find I have dreamed of what I have suffered ?' 'I am afraid it is no dream. We are in

Siberia. "And you are not come to bear me good news? You are not one of us-a friend trying at the peril of your life to set me

I shook my head. "I would do all I could to make your lot easier, but I come with a selfish motive to ask you some ques-tions which you alone can answer."

Ask them. You have given me an bour's relief from misery ; I am grateful." "You will answer truly?"

Why not? I have nothing to fear nothing to gain, nothing to hope. False hood is forced on people by circumstances

"The first question I have to ask is-who and what is that man Macari?" Ceneri sprang to his feet. The name of Macari seemed to bring him back to the world. He looked no longer a decrepit man. His voice was fierce and stern.

" But "A traitor ! a traitor !" he cried. for him I should have succeeded and escaped. If he were only standing in your place ! Weak as I am, I could find strength enough to cling on to his throat till the vile breath was out of his accursed body !"

He walked up and down the room, clinch ing and unclinching his hands. Try and be calm, Dr. Ceneri," I said.

"I have nothing to do with his plots and political treasons. Who is he? What is his parentage? Is Macari his name?"

The only name I ever knew him by His father was a renegade Italian who sent his son to live in England for fear his precious blood should be spilt in freeing his country. I found him a young man and made him one of us. His perfect knowledge of your tongue was of great service ; and he fought like a man. Why did he turn traitor now? Why do you ask these questions ?"

wretched, ragged, broken down man, and object of the cruel deed. But for once and knowing what awaited him when he left me, would have filled the measure desired by the most vengeful heart.

I wanted no revenge on the man. His manner told me he spoke the truth when he denied that Pauline had ever been in love. As, when last I gazed on her fair face, I knew it would, Macari's black lie had been scouted. Pauline was innocent as an angel. But I must know who was the man whose death had for a while deprived her of reason.

C:neri was glancing at me nervously. Did he guess what I had to ask him? 'Tell me," I said, "the name of the young man murdered by Macari in London, in the presence of Pauline; tell me why be

'? helli His face grew ashen. He seemed to collapse-to sink back into his chair a help less heap, without the power of speech o movement, without the power of turning

his eyes from my face. "Tell me," I repeated. "Stay, I will recall the scene to you, and you will know I am well informed. Here is the table here is Macari standing over the man he has stabbled; here are you, and behind you is another man with a scar on his cheek. In the back room, at the piano, is

Pauline. She is singing, but her song stops as the murdered man falls dead. Do I describe the scene truly ?" I had spoken excitedly. I had used

gestures and words. Ceneri's ear's had drunk in every syllable; his eyes had fol-lowed every gesture. As I pointed to the supposed position of Pauline, he had looked here with a quick, startled glance, as if expecting to see her enter the door. He nade no attempt to deny the accuracy of ny representation.

waited for him to recover. He was looking ghastly. His breath came in spas-modic gasps. For a moment I feared he was about to die then and there. I poured out a glass of wine; he took it in his trem-bling hand and gulped it down.

" Tell me his name?" I repeated. " Tell

me what he had to do with Pauline?" Then he found his voice. "Why do you come here to ask me? Pauline could have told you. She must be well, or you could not have learned this."

'She has told me nothing." "You are wrong. She must have told you. No one else saw the orime-the mur-

der : for a murder it was." "There was another present beside the

actors I have named."

Ceneri started and looked at me. Yes, there was another; there by an

accident. A man who could hear but not see. A man whose life I pleaded for as for my own." "I thank you for having saved it."

"You thank me. Why should you thank

"If you saved any one's life it was mine

i was that man." "You that man!" He looked at me more attentively—" Yes; now the features come back to me. I always wondered that your face seemed so familiar. Yes. I can understand—I am a doctor—your eyes wer operated upon?"

ost successfully." Yes-r

"You can see well now-but then could not be mistaken, you were blindyou saw nothing." "I saw nothing, but I heard everything."

"And now Pauline has told you what happened ?"

"Pauline has not spoken."

Ceneri rose, and in great agitation walked up and down the room, his chains rattling as he moved. "I kenew it," he muttered. as he moved. "I kenew it," he muttered in Italian, "I knew it—such a crime cannot be hidden." Then he turned to me. "Tell me how

you have learned this? Teresa would die before she spoke. Petroff is dead-died, as I told you, raving mad." From his last words I presumed that

Petroff was the third man I had seen, and lso the fellow-prisoner who had denounced Macari.

"Was it Macari—that double-dyed traitor? No-he was the murderer-such an avowal would defeat his ends. Tell me how you know?

"I would tell you, but I suspect you would not believe me." "Believe you !" he cried excitedly.

would believe anything connected with that night—it has never left my thoughts—Mr. Vaughan, the truth has come to me in my captivity. I am not condemned to this life for a political crime. My sentence is God's indirect vengeance for the deed you witnessed."

all I must have everything made clear to I was spared the necessity of asking the question I was trying to force to my lips

The convict raised his head and looked a me with miserable eyes. "You shrink from me. No wonder. Yet am not so guilty as you think." "Teli me all first : the excuses may come

afterward, if anything can be urged in excuse of the crime." I spoke as I felt-sternly and contemptu

ously. "None can be urged for the murderer For me, God knows I would willingly have let that bright boy live. He forsook and forgot his country, but that I forgave." "His country ! his father's country wa

England !" "His mother's was Italy," replied Ceneri, almost fiercely. "He had our blood in his veins. His mother was a true Italian. She would have given fortune life-ay even honor, for Italy.

"No matter. Tell me the whole terrible story.' He told me. In justice to a penitent

man, I do not use his own words in re-tell-ing it. Without his accent and stress they would sound cold and unemotional. Crim inal he had been, but not so utterly black as my fancy had painted him. His great

fault was that in the cause of liberty any weapons were allowable, any crimes were pardonable. We Englishmen, whose idea of tyranny and oppression is being debarred exercise of the franchise, can neither understand nor sympathize with a man of his type. We may call the Govern-ment righteous or corrupt as we are Whigs or Tories, and one side happens to be in or out; but, at least, we are ruled by countrymen, elected by some of us for that purpose. Let us be for years and years at

the mercy of a foreigner, and we may understand what patriotism in Ceneri's ense means. He and his sister were the children of respectable middle-class people-not noble, as Macari asserted. He had been given a

liberal education, and adopted the profes sion of a doctor. His sister, from whom Pauline inherited her great beauty, lived the life of an ordinary Italian girl-a duller life, perhaps, than any of them led, as, following her brother's example, she refused to share in gayeties whilst the white-coated foe ruled the land. No doubt she would have been faithful to her mourning for her

country had not love come upon the scene. An Englishman named March saw the fair Italian girl, won her heart, wedded her and carried her away in triumph to his native land. Ceneri never quite forgave his sister for her desertion and defection; but the prospects opened before her by the marriage were so great that he made but little opposition to it. March was a very rich man. He was the only son of an only son, which fact accounts for Pauline having, so far as Ceneri knew, no near relatives on her father's side. For several years the young husband and his beautiful dark-eved wite lived in great happiness. Two children, a

When the son was twelve and the daughter ten years old the father died. The widow, who had made few close friends in England, and only loved the country for her hus-

band's sake, flew back to her native land. She was cordially welcomed by her old friends. She was considered fabulously wealthy. Her husband, in the first flush o his passion, had made a will bequeathing everything he possessed to her absolutely. Although children had since come, so perfectly did he trust her that no change had been made as to the disposition of his proher

perty. So, with such a fortune at command, Mrs. March was honored courted by all. She had, until she met her future hus band, loved her brother above every one in the world. She had echoed his patriotism sympathized with him in his schemes, and listened to the wild plots he was always planning. He was some years older than she was, and upon her return to Italy she found him, outwardly, nothing more than a quiet, hard-working, ill-paid doctor. She

marvelled at the change from the head-strong visionary, daring young man she had left. It was not until he was certain her heart had not forsaken her country that Ceneri allowed her to see that under his prosaic exterior lurked one of the subtlest and ablest minds of all those engaged in working out the liberation of Italy. Then all his old sway came back.

She admired, almost worshipped him. She,

him how the money had been spent-to beg his forgiveness, and, if necessary, bear the penalty of his fraudulent act. But so

long as any money remained he delayed doing so. The young man, if evincing no sympathy with his uncle's regeneration schemes and pursuit of liberty, fully believed in his integrity. Feeling assured that when he came of age he would succeed to a splendid inheritance, swelled by accumulated savings, he threw away money in a thousand and one extravagant ways, till Ceneri soon saw that the end of the reserve

fund was drawing near. So long as he had money in hand to meet Anthony's demands, he postponed the evil day of confession. The idea, which Macari had tried to work out with my aid, of appeal ing to the Italian Government for a return some of the amounts expended, suggested itself to him ; but to carry this out it would be necessary to let his nephew know what had taken place—the appeal must be made in his name.

-pernaps the coy was to be drugged -per-haps he counted upon his frantic state when he discovered the true position of affairs to give color to the statement that he was of unsound mind. As the inevitable exposure drew near he dreaded it more and more. He had studied Anthony's character, and felt sure that when he knew the truth his one wish would

be to take revenge on the fraudulent true-tee. Ceneri could see nothing before him but a well-deserved term of penal servitude. If the English law failed to touch him, that of his own country might be brough

against him. It seems to me that until this time he had committed no crime from which he could not absolve himself on the grounds of patriotism; but now the desire to save himself from punishment grew upon him. and he determined to avoid the conse quences of his acts. He had never felt any great affection for

the campaign was too much even for his the two children. No doubt they had latterly appeared in the light of wronged mechanical personality. It would have animated the Cardiff giant if that heavy innocents who would one day demand a reckoning with him. They were in dispo building purposes or otherwise disposed of. The dude's capers as a politician have been sition too much like their father for him to e greatly drawn toward them. He despised extremely entertaining if not entirely har-monious with his character. His wooden Anthony for his gay, frivolous life-a life without plans or ambition—and contrasted it with his own. He honestly believed he was doing good work in the world; that reception. He had schooled himself to his plots and conspiracies quickened the steps of universal liberty. In his dark, secret circle he was a figure of considerable importance. If he were ruined and mprisoned he would be missed. Had he not the right to weigh his own high puroses against the butterfly existence of his nephew?

So he reasoned and persuaded himself that. for the sake of mankind, he might do almost anything to save himself.

skin trousers, feeby wobbing and his centre of gravity carefully secured by the careful middle parting of his hair, a rebuke and a wonder to the rest of mankind who found something still left to interest them Anthony March was now twenty-two Frusting bis uncle; careless and easygoing; so long as his wants had been sup plied he had accepted, until now, the excuse made for deferring the settlement of his in society and the world. affairs. Whether his suspicions had at last been awakened or not cannot be said ; but recently he had taken another tone, and was insisting that his fortune should be at once placed in his hands. Ceneri. whose schemes called him for a time to Eogland, pacified him by assuring him that he would, during his stay in London, explain eyerything. The explanation must indeed be given

He has actually been known to drop his cane and carry a torch, and to exclaim now, as Anthony's last drafts had reduced "I say, aw, hurrah, you know, for—what's his name—our fellah, Jones?" On election the remnant of his father's wealth almost

to nothing. Now, as to Macari's part in the affair, he had been for years a useful and trusted agent of Ceneri's ; bnt most probably withpolls and lifted it into the window.and in the evening the intellectual effort required to comprehend the drift of things, to underout the latter's lofty and unselfish aims. He appears to have followed conspiracy as stand why some men were splitting their throats and others looking as solemn as a a trade by which money might be made. The fact, which money might be made. The fact, which seems beyond a doubt, that he fought bravely and distinguished himself on the battle-field, may be accounted for by the natural farcoity of the funeral director at a first-class funeral was just appalling. He felt that in some way the result had turned upon his exertions, man's nature, which bade him fight for the sake of fighting. Being mixed up in all his plots he was

his duty and privileges. And now the poor dude is all gone. His powers collapsed a week ago and the suboften at Ceneri's house, wherever for the time being it might be, and on many occasions saw Pauline. He fell in love her when she was but a young girl, and tried everything he knew to win her heart. To her he was soft and kind. She had no excitement in his collar, his cane, his eel-skin trowsers, his parted watch chain and reason to mistrust him, but she utterly efused to give him the love he asked for. The pursuit went on at intervals for years - the man, to give him his due, was con-stancy itself. Again and again Pauline assured him of the hoplessness of his suit, but after each rebuff he returned to the attack.

Here is a specimen : " Let us talk about lying," said Mr. Beecher. " When James Ceneri gave him no encouragement. He did not wish to offend him, and seeing that G. Blaine said he had not bought \$30,000 worth of stock in the Little Rock & Fort the girl was proof against his blandish-Smith Railroad he told, not a professional too, was ready to make any sacrifice when | ment, let things alone, hoping that Macari would grow weary of urging those requests which were always met by refusals. He believed that he was not seeking Pauline for the sake of the money which should have been hers. Macari knew what large sums Ceneri had poured into the patriot's treasury, and, no doubt, guessed whence they came. Pauline remained at school until she was nearly eighteen; then she spent two years with her uncle in Italy. It was a dull life for the girl, and she sighed audibly for England. Although meeting him seldom, said : she was passionately attached to her brother, and was greatly delighted when Ceneri told her that business would take him tor a while to London, and that she might accompany him. She was growing tired of Macari's pertinacity, and, more over, longed to see her brother again. Ceneri, for the sake of receiving his many political friends at what hours of day of night he chose, took a furnished house for a short term. Pauline's disgust was great when she found that one of her first visitors was Macari. His presence was so indispeneable to Ceneri that he took up his abode with them in Horace street. As old Teresa, the doctor's servant, accompanied the party and waited upon them, the change to Fauline was a very slight one. Macari still persecuted the girl without success. At last, almost desperate, he formed the wild plan of trying to enlist her brother on his side. His idea was that Faulne's love for Anthony would induce her to yield to any wish he expressed. He was no particular friend of the young man's, but, having once rendered him a signal service, felt himself entitled to ask a favor at his hands. Knowing that hoth to Pauline was a very slight one. favor at his hands. Knowing that both brother and sister were penniless he had less hesitation in so doing. He called on Anthony and made his request. Anthony, who seems to have been a proud, arrogant, and not a very pleasant young man, simply laughed at his impertinence and bade him begone. Poor boy, he little knew what that laugh would cost him ! It may have been the retort made by Macari, as he departed in a whirlwind of rage, that opened Anthony's eyes as to the jeopardy in which his fortune was placed. Any way he wrote at once to his uncle insisting upon an immediate settlement In the event of any delay he would consult solicitor, and if necessary take criminal proceedings against the trustee. The moment which Ceneri had so long

A SKEPTICAL CLERGYMAN. Ceneri did not confess to it. I have little

doubt but the young man would have been asked to buy his freedom by a promise to Throws Aside His Doubts and Bears forgive the misappropriation of the trust

noney. And now as to carrying this precious plan Skepticism is a deplorable thing, especiinto execution. Macari, vowing vengeance for the words of insult, was ready to aid in ally when it leaves the mind on a stormy every way. Petroff, the man with the scarred face, was the doctor's, body and without an anchor or hope of haven It does not probably prevail any more in these days than it did in the past, but we hear more of it because of the publicity soul. Teresa, the old servant, would have committed any crime at her master's given by the secular press. Some minds are so constituted that they cannot accept command. The necessary papers could be obtained or forged. Let the conspirators anything without proof, and yet they do not necessari y demand that the proof shall have the stamp of highest authority. They let Anthony to visit them at the house in Horace street and he should leave it only as a lunatic in charge of his doctor and his recognize merit for itself, and accept in keepers. It was a vile, treacherous scheme gladiv, knowing that eventually it must the success of which was very doubtful gain general recognition. The legal and medical professio. s a well as the ecclesi snecessitating, as it must, carrying the victim to Italy. How this was to be done, Cener tical are slow to adopt what may conflice with their notions of self interest and right. did not exactly explain—perhaps he had not quite worked out the details of the plot

are warmly commended.

New ideas are almost always disturbing.

but eventually they become assimilated and

The case of the Rev. George Waterman

a talented clergyman of Berwyn Lodge,

Broadstone, Winborne, Eng., suggests these

observations. He got into a desperate con-

dition, which thoroughly unfitted him for

with his body, became very much depressed

As the mind is, so the thoughts are. He

finally put himself under the care of the

best London specialists. For several years he pursued the ever fleeting phantom, but

at length they told h m hi case was beyond amendment. Stin more thoroughly de-

pressed, he grew skeptical to a degree and

believed himself doomed. Providentially, however, ne had his attention drawn to a widely reputed means

of restoration in cases like his own. He

reluctantly began its use. Every few weeks he had chemical analyses made, and

finding constant improvement, he eagerly persevered, and when twenty-six bottles

severest tests." In other words, he exclaimed with rapture, "I was cured.

He had Bright's alsease of the kidneys.

That was in 1882, and from the day he put

aside his skepticism at the use of an

unauthorized remedy until to day he has

been strong and well in body and mind,

and contrary to the boasts of his medical

friends has had no relapse. It is only fair

papers editorially to do so, that Warner's

safe cure is the remedy which saved Mr.

Waterman's life, to which he bears willing testimony. And when we see it publicly

endorsed by such eminent persons of quality as the Right Rev. Bishop Edward

Wilson, the Rev. W. S. Henderson, of Prescott, Madame Sainton-Dolby, the

renowned music teacher of London. Dr.

Dio Lewis, the famous American hygienist

the Rev. Dr. Squirrel, of Rugby, Eug., the Rev. D. A. Brown, of Aultsville, Mr. Arthur Augur, of Montreal, Captain W. H. Nicholes, of Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. R. C. Sowerby, of Helensburg, N. B., the Rev.

James Brierly, M. A., Congleton, Eng., the Hon. Geo. Taylor, of the Globe, and

others equally well known, we unhesitat-ingly commend it to the favor of our

As many as fifty wild geese and ducks have met their fate in the blaze of a gas

well near Pitteburg. The light of the escaping gas deludes the poor birds, and they fly into the blazs. The heat is so

intense that not even a charred bone is left.

----- It is truly wonderful to see how the

name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our

land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our

great cisies and in the humble cabins of the

remote frontier one woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for others.

To Don Antonia de Mendoza, Viceroy of

Mexico, the honor seems to belong of estab-lishing the first printing office in America.

The first printer was Juan Pablos, a Span-

"What we learn with pleasure we never

forget."—Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of

dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of MuBrides, Mich

I had female complaints, especially

'dragging down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Farorite Prescription' did

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"I Have Suffered!"

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Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington.

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"And nervous debility. I have just"

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And hardly a day passes but what I am

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doing me more

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had been used, the analyst reported : "No complimented on my improved appearance,

to remark, though it may be unusual for were given up as incurable by the faculty

name

of Victoria.

trace of either albumen or sugar by the and it is all due to Hop severest tests." In other words, he Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

Than anything else ;

Gaining strength ! and

Good 1

I write this as a

do me any

Good 1

D. C.

'He has been to me and asserts that he is Pauline's brother." Ceneri's face, as he heard this intelli-

gence, was enough to banish lie number one from my mind. My heart leaped as I guessed that number two would be disposed of as easily. But there was a terrible revelation to be made when I came to ask

about that. "Pauline's brother !" stammered Ceneri.

"Her brother i She has noise." A sickly look crept over his features as he spoke-a look the meaning of which l could not read.

'He says he is Anthony March. her brother.

'Anthony March!" gasped Ceneri. "There is no such person. What did he want-his object?" he continued feverishly

"That I should join him in a memoria to the Italian Government, asking for a

return of some portion of the fortune you spent."

Ceneri laughed a bitter laugh. " All grows clear," he said. "He betrayed a plot which might have changed a governpict which might have changed a govern-ment for the sake of getting me out of the way. Coward ! Why not have killed me and only me? Why have made others suffer with me? Anthony March ! My God ! that man is a villain !"

"You are sure that Macari betrayed vou ?"

"Sure! yes. I was sure when the man in the cell next to mine rapped it on the wall. He had means of knowing.' "I don't understand you."

" Prisoners can sometimes talk to each other by taps on the wall which divides their cells. The man next me was one of us. Long before he went raving mad from the months of solitary confinement, he rapped out, over and over again, 'Betrayed by Macari.' I believed him. He was too true a man to make the accusation without proof. But until now I could not see the object of the treason.'

The easiest part of my task was over. Macari's assumed relationship to Pauline was disposed of. Now, if Ceneri would tell me, I must learn who was the victim of that crime committed years ago, and what was the reason for the foul deed. I must learn that Macari's explanation was an utter falsehood, prompted by malice, or else my journey would have benefited me nothing. Is it any wonder that my lips trembled as I endeavored to approach the subject?

Now, Dr. Ceneri," I said, "I have a question of weightier import to ask. Had Pauline a lover before I married her?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Surely you have not come here to ask that questionto have a fit of jealousy cured ?'

"No," I said; "you will hear my mean ing later on. Meanwhile answer me." She had a lover, for Macari professe

to love her, and swore she should be his wife. But I can most certainly say she never returned his love."

never returned his love." "Nor loved any one else ?" "Not to my knowledge. But your man-ner, your words are strange. Why do you ask? I may have wronged you, Mr. Vaughan, but save for the one thing, her

wind, Pauline was fit to be your wife."
"You did me wrong—you know it. What right had you to let me marry a woman whose senses were disarranged? It was oruel to both "

I felt stern and spoke sternly. Ceneri shifted in his chair uneasily. If I had wished revenge it was here. Gazing on this

ime should come hardened ruffian as Macari. He at least had a conscience. Moreover, as he appeared to be superstitious, he would perhaps believe me when I told him how my accurate knowledge had been obtained.

"I will tell you," I said, "provided you pledge your honor to give me the full history of that fearful crime and answer

my questions fully and truthfully." He smiled bitterly. "You forget my position, Mr. Vaughan, when you speak of Yet I promise you all you ask." honor.' So I told him, as shortly and simply as I could, all that had occurred; all I had seen. He shuddered as I again described he ter-

rible vision. "Spare me," he said, "I know it all. Thousands of times I have seen it or have dreamed it—it will never leave me. But why come to me? Pauline, you say, is recovering her senses—she would have told you all.'

"I would not ask her until I saw you. She is berself again, but I am a stranger to her—and unless your answer is the one I hope for, we shall never meet again." " If anything I can do to atone-" he

began, eagerly. "You can only speak the truth. Listen I taxed the murderer, your accomplice, with the crime. Like you he could not deny it,

"How-tell me?" panted Ceneri. For a moment I paused. I fixed my eyes

upon him to eatch every change of feature --to read the truth in more than words. "He vowed to me that the young man was killed by your instructions—that he was—oh God, how can I repeat it!—the lover of Pauline, who having dishonored her, refused to repair his fault. The truth ! Tell me the truth !"

I almost shouted the last words-my calmness vanished as I thought of the villain who had, with a mocking smile, coupled Pauline's name with shame.

Ceneri, on the other hand, grew calmer as he grasped the purport of my question. Bad as the man might be, even stained with innocent blood, I could have clasped him in my arms as I read in his wondering eyes the baselessness of the foul accu sation.

"That young man—the boy struck down

CHAPTER XIII.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

tell? Ceneri having made this astounding announcement, threw bis wasted arms avross the rough table and laid his head upon them with a gesture of despair. I sat like one stupified, repeating mechanically, "Pauline's brother—Anthony March!" Every vestige of the black lie was swept away from my mind; but the crime in which Ceneri had been concerned assumed

more fearful proportions. It was more dreadful than I had suspected. The victim a near blood relation-his own sister's child! Nothing, I felt, could be urged to ing up, and their uncle thought that even his patriotism permitted him to keep back excuse or palliate the orime. Even had he not ordered and planned it, he had been present; had assisted in hiding all traces of it; had been, until recently, about her future. A rich husband would set everything right fo her. But Anthony on terms of friendship with the man who had struck the blow. I could scarcely control the loathing and contempt f

felt for the abject wretch before me. My burning indignation would scarcely allow me to ask him, in intelligible speech, the

What she would have done had she been called upon it is impossible to say; but there is little doubt but her fortune and her children's fortune would have been freely spent in the good cause. As it was she died long before the pear was ripe, and

when she died, such was her faith in her brother, everything was left in his hands as sole trustee for her children. In her last moments the thought of her husband's decided English proclivities made her exact a promise that both the boy and the girl should be given an English education. Then she closed her eyes, and the orphans were left entirely to the trustee's mercy.

He obeyed her spoken commands to the letter. Anthony and Pauline were sent to Euglish schools; but having no friends in their father's native land, or all old friends having been lost sight of during her mother's widowhood, the holidays were spent in Italy. They grew up almost as much Italian as English. Ceneri husbanded, invested and managed their fortune with oare and in a business-like way. I have no doubt so far as it went, his honesty was

unimpeachable. Then the longed-for moment came!

The great blow was struck. Ceneri, who had kept himself out of little abortive plots, felt that now or never he must do all he could for his country. He hailed the coming man. He knew that Garibaldi was to be the savior of his oppressed land. The first rash step had been taken

The first rash step had been taken and led to success. The time and the man were at hand. Recruits were flocking by thousands to the scene of war, but the cry was "money, money, money!" Money for arms and ammunition—money for stores, f.od and clothing—mone y for bribes—money for everything! Those who furnished the sinews of war would be the real liberators of their country !

of their country ! Why should he hesitate? Had his sister lived she would have given all the fortune she possessed as freely as she would have given her life! Were not her children half

Italians? Liberty laughed at such a small thing as breach of trust. Except a few thousand pounds, he ruthessly realized and sacrificed the whole of the children's inheritance. He poured their thousands and thousands into the hands

held out for them. The large sum was spent where it was most wanted, and Ceneri averred that he freed Italy by the opportune aid. Perhaps he did-who can

Titles and honors were afterward offered him for his great though secret service. It makes me think better of the man that he refused all reward. His conscience may have told him he had not robbed himself Any way, he remained plain Dr. Ceneri, and broke with his old leaders and friends

when he found that Italy was to be a kingdom, and not a republic. He had kept, I said, a few thousand pounds. The boy and the girl were grow-

enough to complete their education and start them in life. Pauline was promising to be so beautiful that he troubled little

-who was becoming a wild, headstrong fellow-was another affair. As soon as the youth should reach man's estate, Ceneri had resolved to make a

clean breast of his defalcations-to tell was only to be temporary; yet, although in New Orleans.

dreaded-so long postponed-had come only now, the confession, instead of being as he intended a voluntary one, would be

wrung from him. Whether he would be amenable to the Italian or English law he did not know but he felt certain that Anthony would a

once take steps to insure his arrest and detention. The latter, if only temporary, would ruin the scheme upon which he was now engaged. At any cost Anthony March must be silenced for a time.

He assured me with the solemnity of a dying man that no thought of the dreadfu. means which effected this was in his mind He had revolved many plans and finally settled on one which, although difficult to execute and very hazardous, seemed to give the best promise of success. His

lie, but a personal ne. (Loud Cover When he declared that he did not own for 000 month of land in the Hooking Val personal lie. (Loud cheers.) \$25,000 worth of land in the Hocking ley he told a lie that could stand and walk alone, and so in the Fort Scott affair, and the \$300,000. Blaine is a brilliant liar, and if ever there is a competition in lying he will carry off the prize. (Cheers and laugh-

-perhaps the boy was to be drugged—per

(To be continued.)

The Onde in Politics.

This has been a great season for the dude

To him life is ordinarily a blank and the

world a delusion. But according to all accounts he has been an important factor

in the Presidential problem. Assured of

that early in the campaign he has conscien

tiously tried to make himself worthy of the

occasion. The ordinary opinion of the dude

has been that he was of no account except

s a tailor's dummy. But the spirit of

individual had not been broken up for

self-possession had stood the test of

every attractive or exciting feature of social

life. Apparently sated with and weary of the life he had hardly begun he walked

abroad among his fellow-creatures as expressionless as a telegraph pole, with

arms akimbo, his cane sticking out like a

sore thumb of phenomenal length, his head

propped up by an all-round collar from two to six inches high, his legs, encased in eel-

But when the political cyclone struck our dude his dudeship went all to pieces.

As a dude he became a complete wreck He fancied that his invisible legs were

made to bear up the destinies of this coun-try, and for weeks he has been staggering

under a load which existed only in his imagination, but which has seemed as real

to him as his tailor's and shoemaker's bills.

night he was completely demoralized. He

had actually carried his own ballot to the

and wasn't quite sure he had lived up to

equent proceedings have failed to interest

him. He is again seeking consolation and

his English pronunciation.-Rochester

A Vigorous Political Stumper.

Henry Ward Beecher has been stumping

in the Presidential campaign for Cleveland,

and he struck right out from the shoulder

Herald.

indifferen

the promenade, the matinee and

contemplate with absolute

ter.) In fact, he is a constitutional, edu-cated and national liar." And then in dealing with Mr. Joy, a prominent railway man whom Beecher declares is lying to save Blaine's reputation, he (Beecher)

" The advantage which is expected from your denial can last but a day or two. but the lie will endure forever; it will abide with you, follow you home, dwell in your Medicial Association, 663; Main memory, be present in your old age, stand Buffalo, N. Y.

by your coffin and meet you in God's judgmentalay! May He who found a way to forgive lying Peter forgive you and have merey on your soul in that awful day!"

Heartless Wretch.

The village of Underwood, County of Huron, and vicinity was thrown lato a

etate of great excitement recently by the news that a child, three months old, had been found in a pig pen belonging to John McLean, on the 4th con. of Bruce. It appears that a heartless woman, by the name of Bonnet, of the 2nd con. of Bruce, had quarrelled with her husband, and not for the first time, and that she brutally revenged him by casting the child where, if it had been left a few moments longer, the chances are that it would have been devoured by a hog that was just about power. All druggists. seizing the poor child when Mrs. McLean luokily came to the rescue. The case was

put in the hands of a magistrate, and although the father was found and claimed the child, the wretched mother is still unheard of.

Ladies who Shave!

It will occasion you surprise to learn that many ladies make a practice of using the razor. Nevertheless it is a literal fact, as many brothers and husbands can testify.

Why should it be considered unwomanly to use a razor, especially to shave down troublesome corns. The only reaso against the practice is because a new and brighter era has dawned upon the sufferers from corns, for Putnam's Painless Extractor, by its prompt, certain and painless action, has done away with the neces

sity of resorting to the dangerous practice of using the razor. Try Putnam's and be satisfied that it is the best and surest corn cure. Beware of imitations.

Changed His Mind About Her.

" I shall never call on Mrs. Smith again,' aid Mrs. Jones. " I never want to see her any more."

any more." "You women are very foolish to quarrel over trifles," said Mr. Jones. "Mrs. Smith is a very pleasant person, a little talkative, perhaps, but one the whole a very esti-mable woman. You shouldn't attach any importance to what she says. What was the trouble ?

"She said you weren't very prompt in

paying your debts." "Well, by thunder !" shouted Jones, jumping to his feet, 'I would give \$25 if she were a man for just ten minutes."-New York Star.

A photograph of lightning has been made

me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

Mr. Gladstone, during his past and present premiership, has disposed of the English primacy and of sixteen English bishoprics, as well as of eighteen English deaneries, besides many canonries and livings.

Pile Tumore.

however large, speedily and painlessly oured without knife, caustic or salve. Seud **GUTLER'S POCKET INHALER** six cents in stamps for pamphlet, refer-ences and reply. World's Dispensary

Street

AND Carbolate of lodine INHALANT. A certain cure for Catarrh, Bronebitie A certain cure for Catarrh, Bronchtis, Asthma, and all dis eases of the Throat and Lungs-rven Consump-tion, if taken in season. It will break up a Cold at once It is the King of Cough Mredicines. A fow inhalations will correct the most Offen-sive Breath. It may be carried as handily as a penknife and is always ready. This is the only Inhaler approved by physi-ciums of every school, and endorsed by the standard medical journals of the world. All others in the market are either worthleas

An Ohio farmer shut a hog into a hole in his haystack by mistake, and just thirty-three days later the hog came out on the other side, eighty pounds lighter and a world wiser.

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the ourse, of con standard medical journals of the world. All others in the market are either worldleas substitutes or fraudulent imitations. Over 400.000 in use. Sold by all Druggists for \$1.00. Bynail, \$1.25. W. H. sMITH & CO., Buffalo, N.Y. sumption effected by that most wonderful remedy-Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Dis-covery has no equal as a pectoral and 30 DAYS' WRIAL alterative, and the most obstinate affec-tions of the throat and lungs yield to its

The Lancet states that some families in Lesignan, France, have shown symptoms of poisoning which were proved to have been caused by eating salads from vineyards treated with chemical products which had been employed against the phylloxera.

It Saved My Wite's Life.

CORRESPONDENCE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 451 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Young Men and Women thoroughly prepared for business, at home. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Perman ship, Arithmetic and Shorthand taught by mail. Send for circulars. This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as

you can buy test bottles at any drug store Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, oramps, colic, headache. Nerviline, the sure cop pain oure. All druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

THE designer of the first Confederate battle-flagwas Colonel Walton, of Louisiana, who presented it to General Beauregard, who in turn submitted it to General Joe Johnston, who caused it to be adopted by the Confederate army. It was Greek cross of blue on a red field, with

white stars on the blue bars. At the bat-tle of Bull Run the Stars and Bars were found to be too much like the Stars and Stripes, and caused great confusion among tue nostile forces. It was for this reason that General Johnston took measures to

have a new battle-flag. A wester paper, in describing an accident recently, Exys, with considerable candor: "Dr. was called, and under his prompt and skilful treatment, the young

man died on Wednesday night." The New York canals will be closed or Dec. 1st, unless navigation is stopped sooner by ice.

D.S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto, Oculistan Aurist to the Toronto General Hoepital, +: Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmi Hospital, Moorefield's and Gentral Londo Throat and Rar Hospital, 317 Church Btrees Foronto, Artificial Human Eyes

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