A Twilight Fantasy.

A woman stood at a garden gate (Sing hey for the distant spreading sall) Sing hey for the dog that hurried by With a kettle tied to bis tail.

My good man skurried adown the road (Sing hey for the joyous drinking bout !) And after the ochre cur he sped With many a gruesome shout.

"Now, why this haste, good neighbor? eried; "Why after the dog of the umber tint?" But, waking the echoes with a yell, he sped Through the twilight's gleam and glint.

A smug-faced lad looked over the fence A sinug-laced lad looked over the lence (Sing hey where the birdlings sing and chirp) "Why laughest, good mother?" "I laugh," said

she, " To see you eeru purp."

A smile then smiled the smug-faced lad (Sing lack-a-day for the sumset red !) "Then laugh no more, good gossip, because The kettle is your'n," he said.

[The poetry after Browning; the man after the dog; the woman after the boy.]

THE CHOICE OF THREE A NOVEL.

Eva looked faintly from one to the other her head sank, and great black rings painted themselves beneath her eyes. The lily was broken at last.

"You are very cruel," she said. slowly : "but I suppose it must be as you wish Pray God I may die first, that is all !" and she put her hands to her head and stumbled from the room, leaving the two conspirators facing each other.

"Come, we got over that capitally," said Mr. Plowden, rubbing his hands. "There is nothing like taking the high hand with a woman. Ladies must sometimes be taught that a gentleman has rights as well as

Florence turned on him with bitte scorn

"Gentlemen 1 Mr. Plowden, why is the word so often on your lips? Surely after the part you have just played, you do not presume to rank yourself among gentlemen? Listen ! it suits my purposes that you should marry Eva; and you shall marry her; but I will not stop to play the hypo-crite with a man like you. You talk of yourself as a gentleman, and do not scruple to force an innocent girl into a wicked marriage, and to crush her spirit with your cunning cruelty. A gentleman, for-sooth !—a satyr, a devil in disguise !"

"I am only asserting my rights," he said, furiously; "and whatever I have done, you

have done more." "Do not try your violence on me, Mr. Plowden; it will not do. I am not made of the same stuff as your victim. Lower your voice, or leave the house and do not enter in again."

Mr. Plowden's heavy underjaw fell "Now," she said, "listen! I do not choose that you should labor under any mistake. I hold your hand in this business, though to have to do with you in any way is in itself a defilement," and she wiped her delicate fingers on a pocket-handkerchief as she said the word. "because I have an end of my own to gain. Not a vulgar end like yours, but a revenge, which shall be almost divine or diabolical, call it which you will in its completeness. Perhaps it is a mad ness, perhaps it is an inspiration, perhaps it is a fate. Whatever it is, it animates me, body and soul, and I will gratify it, though to do so I have to use a tool like you.

wished to explain this to you. I wished, too, to make it clear to you that I consider you you contemptible. I have done both, and I have pleasure to wish you good morning. Mr. Plowden left the house white with

fury, and cursing in a manner remarkable in a clergyman. "If she wasn't so handsome, hang me i

I would not throw the whole thing up !" he Needless to say, he did nothing of the

sort; he only kept out of Florence's way CHAPTER XXX.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Dorothy, in her note to Ernest that he received by the mail previous to the one that brought the letters which at a single blow laid the hope and promise of his life in the dust, had, it may be remembered, stated her intention of going to see Eva in order to plead Ernest's cause; but what with one thing and another, her visit was ngiderably elaved. Twice she was or the point of going, and twice something occurred to prevent her. The fact of the matter was the errand was distasteful, and Sh she was in no hurry to execute it. loved Ernest herself, and however deep that love might be trampled down, howeve fast it might be chained in the dungeons of her secret thoughts, it was still there, living thing, an immortal thing. She could tread it down and chain it; she could not kill it. Its shade would rise and walk in the upper chambers of her heart, and wring its hands and cry to her, telling what it suffered in those subterranean places, whispering how bitterly it envied the bright and happy life which moved in the free air, and had usurped the love it It was hard to have to ignor claimed. those pleadings, to disregard those cries for pity, and to say that there was no hope that it must always be chained, till time at away the chain. It was harder still to have to be one of the actual ministers to the suffering. Still, she meant to go. Her duty to Ernest was not to be forsaken because i was a painful duty. On two or three occasions she met Eva but got no opportunity of speaking to her Either her sister Florence was with her, o she was obliged to return immediately. The fact was that, after the scene described in the last chapter, Eva was subjected to the closest espionage. At home Florence watched her as a ent watches a mouse home Florence abroad Mr. Plowden seemed to be con stantly hovering on her flank, or, if he was not there, then she became aware of the presence of the ancient and contemplative mariner who traded in Dutch cheeses. Mr. Plowden feared lest she should run away, and so cheat him of his prize; Florence, lest she should confide in Dorothy, or possibly Mr. Cardus, and supported by them find the courage to assert herself and defraud her of word, and I will trouble you no more. What do you all expect will come of this wicked her revenge. So they watched her every movement At last Dorothy made up her mind to wait no longer for opportunities, but to go and see Eva at her own home. She knew nothing of the Plowden imbroglio ; but it did strike her as curious that no one had said anything about Ernest. He had written-it was scarcely likely the letter had miscarried. How was it that Eva had not said anything on the subject ? Little did Dorothy guess that, even as these thoughts were passing through her mind, great vessel was steaming out of South ampton docks, bearing those epistles final of renunciation which Ernest, very little to his satisfaction, received in due course. Full of these reflections, Dorothy found herself one lovely spring afternoon knock-ing at the door of the Cottage. Eva was at home, and she was at once ushered into her presence. She was all once district into ner —the same on which Ernest always schemer and the fool, but no power on earth can soften the cad. At least that is pictured her with that confounded Skye terrier she was so fond of kissing—an open book upon her knee, and looking out at the little garden and the sea beyond. She be very sorry to see Ernest married to a woman so worthless as this Eva must be. looked pale and thin. Dorothy thought. On her visitor's entrance Eva rose and She is handsome, it is true, and that is about all she is, as far as I can see. Don't kissed her.

about the weather; so persistently did they discuss it, indeed, that the womanly instinct of each told her that the other was fencing After all, it was Eva who broke the ice

first. " Have you heard from Ernest lately?"

"Have you nearly them are a said, nervously. "Yes; I got a note by last mail." "Oh," said Eva, clasping her hands involuntarily, "what did he say?" "Nothing much. But I got a letter by the mail before that, in which he said a good deal. Among other things, he said he had written to you. Did you get the

letter Eva colored to her eyes. "Yes," she

whispered. Dorothy rose, and seated herself on

footstool by Eva's feet, and wondered at the trouble in her eyes. How could she be troubled when she had heard from Ernest

"What did you answer him, dear ?"

Eva covered her face with her hands. "Do not talk about it," she said; "it is too dreadful to me!"

"What can you mean? He tells me you are engaged to him." "Yes-that is, no. I was half engaged

Now I am engaged to Mr. Plowden." Dorothy gave a gasp of horrified astonish-

"Engaged to the man when you were engaged to Ernest? You must be joking." "O Dorothy, I am not joking; I wish to Heaven I were. I am engaged to him. I

n to marry him in less than a month. Oh, pity me, I am wretched." ty me, I am wretched." "You mean to tell me," said Dorothy, sing, "that you are engaged to Mr. rising, " that you are engag Plowden when you love Ernest?"

"Yes, oh yes, I cannot help-"

At that moment the door opened, and Florence entered, attended by Mr. Plowden. Her keen eves saw at once that some

thing was wrong, and her intelligence told her what it was. After her bold fashion. she determined to take the bull by the horns. Unless something were done, with Dorothy at her back, Eva might prove obdurate after all. Advancing, she shook Dorothy cordially by the hand.

"I see from your face." she said, " that you have just heard the good news. Mr. Plowden is so shy that he would not consent to announce it before; but here he i

to receive your congratulations." Mr. Plowden took the cue, and advanced

effusively on Dorothy with outstretched hand. "Yes, Miss Jones, I am sure you will congratulate me; and I ought to be ongratulated ; I am the luckiest—'

Here he broke off. It really was very awkward. His hand remained limply hanging in the air before Dorothy, but no the slightest sign did that dignified little lady show of taking it. On the contrary she drew herself up to her full heightwhich was not very tall—and fixing her steady blue eyes on the clergyman's shifty orbs, deliberately placed her right hand behind her back.

" I do not shake hands with people who play such tricks," she said quietly. Mr. Plowden's hand fell to his side and he stepped back. He did not expect such courage in anything so small. Florence,

however, sailed in to the rescue. "Really, Dorothy, we do not quite inderstand.'

" Oh, yes, I think you do, Florence, or if von do not, then I will explain. Eva here was engaged to marry Ernest Kershaw. Eva here has just with her own lips told is obliged to marry—that man," and she here." pointed with her little forefinger at Plowden, who recoiled another step. "Is not that

true. Eva ?" Eva bowed her head, by way of answer. She still sat in the low chair, with her

hands over her face. "Really, Dorothy, I fail to see what right you have to interfere in this matter," said

Florence. "I have the right of common justice, Florence-the right a friend has to protect the absent. Oh, are you not ashamed of such a wicked plot to wrong an absent man? Is there no way (addressing Mr. Plowden) in which I can appeal to your feelings to induce you to free this wretched

girl you have entrapped ?" "I only ask my own," said Mr. Plowden,

sulkily. "For shame! for shame! and you a minister of God's word! And you too. Florence ! Oh, now I can read your heart, and see the bad thoughts looking from

piness in life." "Don't alarm yourself, Dorothy people's happiness is not so easily affected. He will forget all about her in a

vear.' "I think that men always talk of each other like that, Reginald," said Dorothy, resting her head upon her hands and looking straight at the old gentleman. "Each of you likes to think that he has a monopoly of feeling, and that the rest of his kind are as shallow as a milk-pan. And yet it was only last night that you were talking to me about my mother. You told me, you remember, that life had been a worth-

less thing to you since she was torn from you, which no success had been able to render pleasant. You said more, you said you hoped that the end was not far off, that you had suffered enough and waited enough, and that, though you had not seen her face for five-and-twenty years, you loved her as wildly as you did the day when she first promised to become your

wife.' Mr. Cardus had risen, and was looking through the glass door at the blooming

orchids. Dorothy got up, and following him, laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Reginald," she said, "think. Ernest i about to be robbed of his wife under cir cumstances curiously like those by which you were robbed of yours. Unless it is prevented, what you have suffered all your life that he will suffer also. Remembe are of the same blood, and, allowing for the difference between your ages, of very much the same temperament, too. Think how different life would have been to you if any one had staved off your disaster, and then I am sure you will do all you can to stave

off his. "Life would have been non-existent for you," he answered, " for you would never have been born.'

"Ah, well," she said with a little sigh, I am sure I should have got on very well vithout. I could have spared myself." Mr. Cardus was a keen man, and could

see as far into the human heart as most. "Girl," he said, contracting his white eyebrows and suddenly turning round upon her, "you love Ernest yourself. have often suspected it, now I am sure you

Dorothy flinched.

"Yes," she answered, "I do love him what then ?"

"And yet you are advocating my interference to secure his marriage with another woman, a worthless creature who does not know her own mind. You cannot really care about him.'

"Care about him !" and she turned her weet blue eyes upward. "I love him with all my heart and soul and strength. I have always loved him; I shall always loved him; I shall always love him. I love him so well that I can do my duty to him, Reginald. It is my duty to strain every nerve to prevent this marriage. I had rather that my heart should ache than Every to Live the strain me "

Ernest's. I implore of you to help me !" "Dorothy, it has always been my dearest wish that you should marry Ernest. I told

him so just before that unhappy duel. I love you both. All the fibres of my heart that are left alive have wound themselves around you. Jeremy I could never care for. Indeed, I fear that I used sometimes to treat the boy harshly. He reminds me so of his father; and do you know, my dear I sometimes think that on that point I am not quite sane? But, because you have asked me to do it and because you hav Eva is of age, and I will write and offer he

"You are kind and good, Reginald, and

I thank you." "The letter shall go by to-night's post But run away now, I see my friend De Talor coming to speak to me," and the white evebrows drew themselves together in a way that it would have been unpleasant for the great De Talor to behold. " Tha

business is drawing toward its end." "O Reginald," answered Do "O Reginald," answered Dorothy, shaking her forefinger at him in her old, childish way, "haven't you given up those ideas yet? They are very wrong." "Never mind, Dorothy. I shall give them up soon, when I have squared accounts with De Talor. A year or two more—a stern chase is a long chase wo

know—and the thing will be done, and then I shall become a good Christian

again." The letter was written. It offered Eva a home and protection.

MEN WITH BREATH OF FIRE

In due course an answer signed by Eva

weak fool 1 loved Ernest Kershaw, and you robbed me of him, although you promised to leave him alone, and so I have

revenged myself upon you. I despise you, I tell you; you are quite contemptible, and yet he could prefer you to me. Well, he has got his reward. You have deserted him when he was absent and in trouble, and you have outraged his love and your own. You have fallen very low indeed, Eva, and you will fall lower yet. I know you well. You will sink, till at last, you even lose the sense of your own humiliation. Don't you wonder what Ernest must think of you now? There is Mr. Plowden calling you-

come, it is time for you to be going." Evaliatened aghast, and then sank up against the wall, sobbing despairingly. CHAPTER XXXI.

HANS' CITY OF REST. Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had very

good sport among the elephants, killing in all nineteen bulls. It was during that expedition that an incident occurred which in its effect endeared Ernest to Mr. Alston

more than ever. The boy Roger, who always went where ever Mr. Alston went, was the object of his father's most tender solicitude. He believed in the boy as he believed in little else in the world—for at heart Mr. Alston was a sad cynic-and to a certain extent the boy justified his belief. He was quick, intelligent and plucky, much such a boy as you may pick up by the dozen out of any English public school, except that his mowledge of men and manners was more developed, as is usual among young colonists. At the age of 12 Master Roger Alston knew many things denied to most children of his age. On the subject of edu-cation Mr. Alston had queer ideas. "The best education for a boy," he would say, "is to mix with grown up gentlemen. If you send him to school, he learns little except mischief; if you let him live with gentlemen he learns at any rate to be a entleman."

But whatever Master Roger knew, he did not know much about elephants, and on this point he was destined to gain some experience. One day-it was just after they had got

into the elephant country—they were all engaged in following the fresh spoor of an apparently solitary bull. But, though an elephant is a big beast, it is hard work catching him up, because he never seems to get tired, and this was exactly what our arty of hunters found. They that energetic elephant for hours, but they could not catch him, though the spoorers told them that he certainly was not more than a mile or so ahead. At last the sun began to get low, and their legs had already got tired, so they gave it up for that day, determining to camp where they were This being so, after a rest, Ernest and the boy Roger started out of camp to see if they could not shoot a buck or some birds for supper. Roger had a repeating Winchester carbine, Ernest a double-barrelled shotgun. Hardly had they left the camp when Aasvogel, Jeremy's Hottentot, came Aasvogel, Jeremy's Hottentot, came running in, and reported that he had seen running in, and reported that he had seen the elephant, an enormous bull with a white spot upon his trunk, feeding in a clump of mimosa, not a quarter of a mile away. Up jumped Mr. Alston and Jeremy, as fresh as though they had not walked a mile, and seizing their double-eight elephant rifles, started off with Aasvogel. Meanwhile Ernest and Roger had been strolling toward this identical clump of mimosa. As they neared it, the former saw ome Guinea fowl run into the shelter of the trees.

"Capital!" he said ; "Guinea-fowl are first-class eating. Now, Roger, just you go into the bush and drive the flock over me. I'll stand here and make believe they are

pheasants. The lad did as he was bid. But in order to get well behind the covey of Guinea-fowl, which are dreadful things to run, he made a little circuit through the thickest part of the clump. As he did so his quick eye was arrested by a most unusual performance on the part of one of the flatrowned mimosa-trees. Suddenly, and without the slightest apparent reason, it rose into the air, and then, behold, where its crown appeared a moment before appeared its roots.

(To be continued.)

Not Imps from the Foul Side of the Styx

But Real Human Beings. We had occasion in a recent number to

A RELIC OF JAMES II.

An Interesting Discovery at the Scotch College in Paris.

The London Times of January 8th contains the following despatch from its Paris correspondent:

An account was given nearly four years ago of the discovery at the Scotch College of two leaden cases, believed to contain the brains of James II. and the heart of the Duchess of Perth. In laying a pipe under the chapel floor the workmen came on a cavity, in which these relics were picked up. Monseigneur Rogerson, administrator of the Scotch endowments, who showed them to me, was of opinion that this pit had been dug in readiness for the intended massacre, either of the persons confined in the college or of the English Austin nuns next door; but it is more likely to have

resulted from the exhumation of a coffin for the sake of the lead or other articles of value. Monseigneur Rogerson's original intention was to re-inter the relics, but

in a quiet way, so as to avoid risk of profanation, and he did not even inform the tenants of the college (now occupied as a boys' boarding school), that the cases had any historical interest. He was not aware, however, that the brains of James II. were formerly in a gilt bronze urn attached to a tablet on the wall. This urn disappeared during the revolution, and the leaded case within it was not further heard of till the discovery of 1883. As there is no record of any other cases with such con tents having ever been placed in the college, the presumption as to the identity of those found is almost irresistible. I have reason to know, moreover, that the an-nouncement of the discovery evoked inquiries from the highest quarter as to the authenticity and safe-keeping of the brains of James II. Monseigneur Rogerson, who took a strong interest in the Stuarts, died three years ago and what had become of the relics, still apparently in his possession up to that time, was a question of obvious interest. He had no relations arch of the same kind was illuminated "by exactly 2,000 variegated lamps." Among exactly 2,000 variegated lamps." Among other places, the royal town of Kew, where royalty was wont to spend the summer months, was bril-liantly illuminated. In London the jubilee was celebrated with becoming in France, his kindred in the north of Eng land were not likely to have interested themselves in these relics, and the new administrator is a French ecclesiastic, who returned no answer to an inquiry addressed to him.

solemnity. London at this time was show-ing its displeasure at the high prices I have, however, now ascertained that the cases are in the safe-keeping of Mon seigneur Rogerson's executor, Mr. O'Keenan, a solicitor, pending a decision as to their ultimate disposal. The Duchess charged at the newly erected Covent Garden Theatre by nightly disturbances, which culminated in the "O. P. riots." The of Perth has no lineal descendants, at least foundation stone of the theatre had been in the male line, and as her heart was laid in January with all the formalities of Freemasonry by the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales; and in September the originally deposited under an inscribed slab on the chapel floor, it might fitly be replaced there. The brains of James II. theatre had opened with "Macbeth" and "The Quaker," Kemble playing the part of *Macbeth*. The expense of building had been great and the prices had been raised, ight perhaps be inserted in a new urn, to be placed where the old one stood : but the otch college is now a French school, and though the tenants are very courteous to at which the people were much offended, as we see in the doggerel rhymes invented for the time—" Mr. Kemble lower your prices; their rare British visitors, a better known depository might perhaps be found. The brains might, for instance, be interred at St. Germain, with for no evasion will suit John Bull on this occasion." At this time, too, men's minds be interred at St. Germain, with what, I believe, are the only other remains of James II., namely, part of the were full of the duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh, which had lately taken flesh removed in the process of embalming, and a portion of his bowels. These were discovered sixty years ago, while a church was being restored, and George IV. placed an inscription over them, which Queen place on Putney heath. Popular feeling was running high against the Duke of York with regard to his conduct in the war. But to return to the jubilee. On the morning of the 25th the Lord Mayor proceeded from the Mansion House to Guildhall, where, being joined by the civic Victoria has restored. The body itself. confided to the English Benedictines, in dignitaries, a procession was formed to St. Paul's. He was received by the "West London Militia," and the interior of the cathedral was lined with "River Fen-cibles". the expectation that it would eventually be transferred to Westminster Abbey, dis appeared during the Revolution, and was probably thrown into a quarry. Other relics of James II. in Paris, at St. Omer cibles." In the evening there was a banand elsewhere, likewise disappeared, and a piece of his arm preserved till 1871 by the quet in the Egyptian Hall, "with a plenti-ful supply of Madeira and red port of a Austin nuns was made away with by the Commune, which used the Neuilly Convent most superior quality and flavor. At night all the principal buildings were splendidly illuminated. The paucity of regular troops engaged in these rejoicings as a barrack. There is consequently every reason for ensuring the preservation of the college relic. Mr. O'Keenan is, I underis explained by the fact that all available forces were on foreign service. A pro-clamation was issued for pardoning all stand, in communication with Scotch Catholic bishops, and meanwhile it is deserters from the fleet unconditionally and deserters from the land forces if they satisfactory to know that the case is i safe custody. surrendered within two months. The Lords of the Admiralty ordered an extra

The Tree of Death.

allowance of four pounds of beef, three pounds of flour and a pound of raisins to every eight men in His Majesty's ships in On the New Hope battlefield was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscription : "Tree of Death." Seven Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate port, with a pint of wine or half a pint of rum each man. Several Crown debtors sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line and was about three were also set free, as well as many ordinary debtors, by public subscription. Such is a hundred yards from the Confederate works slight sketch of the jubilee held in the "good old days" when George III. was It was used by Federal skirmishers, who would stand behind it and load and then king.-St. James' Gazette. step out and fire. Confederate sharp ers went along the Confederate li

A FORMER JUBILEE,

THE FAT PASSENGER'S HAT.

Could Not Do Enough For Him.

A fat man with a new plug hat was

• You've done it !' I exclaimed with a

There was another moment of silence

"' I have no more money,' I replied;

'my all was in my hat. Can't you stop the train ?' ". The tile is a mile behind us. It's

against orders, but I'll let you through without additional charge. Next time keep

your head in the car.' " ' But my hat,' I exclaimed with a hold

air. 'I lost it through your rudeness and I must be indemnified.'

" ' Indemnified nothing. There's no hat

" ' But you have got to get me a hat just

" What are you going to do about it?" " Beport you to Marvin Hughitt,' I yelled with defiant micn. " That's a chestnut. Go to sleep. 1'll

wake you up when we get to Chicago.' "This is what I did, and when 1 woke

up (the train was then passing Rose Hill Cemetery) I found this new tile on my

head. You can see by the initials just above the sweatband that the hat belonged

to the conductor. I didn't see him again

during the rest of the trip, but I'll bet dol

lars to clam shells that that fellow would

kick himself from here to Sturgeon Bay if he knew how beautifully he had been sold."

Then Tell It

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings

can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's GERVILINE exactly fills the

bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nervi

line cures cramps. Nerviline cures head-ache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago.

ache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or

external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at any drug store.

Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents, at all druggists.

A Call From Trinity

Trinity Church has extended a call to

Rev. Francis Lobdell, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York, to become its

rector. Dr. Lobdell is a man of 50 years,

an able preacher, vigorous and robust in

physique and a worker. He has added 1,200 communicants to St. Andrew's in the

past ten years. The Church has now over

Who Was Boss, Anyhow ?

him home from the club in a highly inebri-

ated condition)-Boyze, came in wiz me an get er (hic) drink. Thish my house. I'm

Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought

Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

,000 members.

oss (hic) here !

and then the conductor said : " ' I'm sorry, but you'll have to pay you

asked. "' ' That's what you did.'

store on the train.'

Chicago Herald.

the same.' "'Oh, I guess not.'

"' Well, I guess yes."

fare.'

" ' But your ticket wasn't in it?' " ' Certainly.'

'I didn't jostle your hat off, did I?' he

laughing merrily in the Northwestern De-

The Celebration in 1809 When George III. After it Was Lost the Obliging Conductor was King-An Eventful Year in an Eventful Reign. At a time when every one is thinking of the best way in which to celebrate the pot yesterday afternoon. "Just beat this Queen's jubilee in the coming year it may road from Milwaukee to Chicago," he said, not be uninteresting to recall some of the with a roar. "I wanted to get to this town where the set of the

year was an eventful one, even in the his-tory of the most eventful reign. Great Britain was carrying on an heroic contest in the peninsula. January had witnessed be bedret er discussion of the best car of the train and trust to luck. We had just got out of Bay View when a queer scheme struck me. Raising the window I ran my the Battle of Corunna and the death of Sir head out and began sniffing the cold air John Moore, and in July Sir Arthur Wel. Iseley was victorious at Talavera, and world, was for obvious reasons tilt-gained the title of Viscount Wellington. Nearer home, on the other hand, we had to Nearer home, on the other hand, we had to lament the mismanagement and failure of the Walcheren expedition. On the day of the jubilee, the 25th of October, 1809, the seat to seat like a butterfly. Pretty soon I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck, the number of the seat his the celebration was heralded at 6 o'clock in the morning by a sound of trumpets. After divine service the royal party in-spected a bust of His Majesty executed by the sculptor Turnerelli. While the people scrambled for the remains of an ox which was roasted whole the gentry through to I was too much interested in the scenery to pay any attention to the hoarse rasping voice. There was a moment of intense, intense silence, during which my heart beat a loud accompaniment to the puffing of the engine, and then I felt the con-ductor's hand fall heavily upon my shoulder. The concussion was so great that my plug hat fell off into the snow. was roasted whole, the gentry thronged to a grand fete at Frogmore, enlivened with colored lamps and fireworks. "At 10 o'clock the Queen (Charlotte) arrived, and after Her Majesty had joined the company The conductor stood aghast when I with the fireworks began; at the conclusion of which there appeared on a sudden, and as drew my uncovered head and looked angrily into his pale face. if by magic, on a beautiful piece of water opposite the garden-front of the house, two fierce air.

triumphal cars drawn by two sea-horses each, one occupied by Neptune and pre-ceded by the other with a band of music." We read that they had "a very superbappearance." Twelve marquees were We read that they had "a very superb appearance." Twelve marquees were erected on the lawn, "where the company sat down to an elegant supper." In the town of Windsor a large triumphal arch extended from the Castle Inn right over the High street to the town hall. Another arch of the same kind most illuminated "by

'I am so glad to see you," she said; "I was feeling lonely." "Lonely !" answered Dorothy, in her

distress yourself, my dear; he will get over it, and after he has had his fling out there, straightforward way, "why, I have been trying to find you alone for the last fortand lived down that duel business, he will come home, and, if he is wise, I know where he will look for consolation." night, and have never succeeded."

Eva colored. "One may be lonely with ever so many people round one.' Then for a minute or so they talked

r eyes !" Florence for a moment was abashed and turned her face aside.

"And you, Eva, how can you become party to such a shameful thing ? You, a good girl, to sell yourself away from dear Ernest to such a man as that; " and again pointed contemptuously to Mr. Plowden.

"Oh, don't, Dorothy, don't; it is my duty. You don't understand.'

what mercy is.¹

valked

vent

" Thank you," said Florence.

reached it she paused and turned :

There was no answer. Then Dorothy

But her efforts did not stop there. She

"O Reginald !" she said, " I have such

fallen in love with Eva. Alas for the per-

made her way straight to Mr. Cardus'

dim light of a ghastly dawn out across a glassy sea; and far away in the oily depths "Oh, yes, Eva, I do understand. I understand that it is your duty to drown there was a ripple, and beneath the ripple a form travelling toward the chained maiden. The form had a human head and yourself before you do such a thing. I am a woman as well as you, and, though, I am cold, gray eyes, and its features were those of Mr. Plowden. not heautiful. I have a heart and con

of Mr. Flowaen. And so, day by day, Destiny thrown in space, shot her flaming shutters from dark-ness into darkness, and the time passed on, cience, and I understand only too well." "You will be lost if you drown yourself -I mean it is very wicked," said Mr. Plowden to Eva, suddenly assuming his as the time must pass, till the inevitable clerical character as most likely to be end of all things is attained. Eva existed and suffered, and that was effective. The suggestion alarmed him.

He had bargained for a live Eva. "Yes, Mr. Plowden," went on Dorothy all she did. She scarcely ate or drank, or slept. But still she lived; she was not bray vou are right · it would be wicked hu enough to die, and the chains were riveted too fast around her tender wrists to let her not so wicked as to marry you. God gave flee away. Poor nineteenth century Andromeda! No Perseus shall come to us women our lives, but he put a spirit in our hearts which tells us that we should rather throw them away than suffer oursave you.

The sun rose and set in his appointed selves to be degraded. O Eva, tell me that course, the flowers bloomed and died, child-ren were born and the allotted portion of you will not do this shameful thing; no, do not whisper to her, Florence." "Dorothy, Dorothy," said Eva, rising and wringing her hands, "it is all useless. Do not break my heart with your cruel words. I must marry him. I have fallen into the power of people who do not know what mercy is" mankind passed onward to its rest; but no Perseus came flying out of the golden east. Once more the sun rose. The dragon heaved his head above the quiet waters, and she was lost. By her own act, of her own folly and weakness, she was undone. Behold her! the wedding is over. The echoes of the loud mockery of the bells have Mr. Plowden scowled darkly. "Then I have done;" and Dorothy "alked toward the door. Before she scarcely died upon the noon-day air, and in her chamber, the chamber of her free and happy maidenhood, the virgin martyr stands alone. It is done. There he the sickly-scented

flowers, there, too, the bride's white robe. It is done. Oh, that life were done too, that she might once press her lips to his and die.

The door opens, and Florence stands before her, pale, triumphant, awe inspiring.

dreadful news for you. There, let me cry a little first and I will tell you." "I must congratulate you, my dear Eva You really went through the ceremony very well, only you looked like a statue." "Florence, why do you come to mock And she did, telling him the whole story from beginning to end. It was entirely new to him, and he listened with some astonishme?

"Mock you, Eva, mock you! I come to wish you joy as Mr. Plowden's wife. I hope that you will be happy." "Happy! I shall never be happy. I detest him!" ment, and with a feeling of something like indignation against Ernest. He had intended that young gentleman to fall in love with Dorothy, and, behold, he had

"You detest him, and you marry him

versity of youth ! "Well," he said, when she had done, "and what do you wish me to do? It there must be some mistake. "There is no mistake-O Ernest, my seems that you have to do with a heartless.

darling !" scheming woman, a clerical cad, and a beautiful fool. One might deal with the Florence smiled. "If Ernest is your darling, why did you

not marry Ernest?" "How could I marry him when you

my experience. Besides, I think the whole thing is much better left alone. I should forced me into this?" "Forced you! A free woman of full age can not be forced. You married Mr. Plow-den of your own will. You might have

married Ernest Kershaw if you chose. He is in many ways a more desirable match than Mr. Plowden, but you did not choose." "Florence, what do you mean? You always said it was impossible. Oh, this is

all some cruel plot of yours ?" "Impossible! there is nothing im-

Dorothy tossed her head and colored. "It is not a question of consolation," possible to those who have courage. Yes," and she turned upon her sister fiercely, "it she said, " it is a question of Ernest's hap! was a plot, and you shall know it, you poor, ' the liquid in pledging the host.

herself came back. It thanked him for his breath of an individual, or rather the kindness, and regretted that circumstances eructations from his stomach, took fire when brought in contact with a lighted and "her sense of duty" prevented her

from accepting the offer. Then Dorothy felt that she had done al match. This case, which was reported in the Medical Record, has called forth comthat in her lay, and gave the matter up. It was about this time that Florence munications from physicians by which it would appear that the phenomenon is not drew another picture. It represented Eva as Andromeda gazing hopelessly into the such a rare one as was at first supposed In one case of disordered digestion the patient emitted inflammable gas from the nouth, which, upon analysis, was found to be largely composed of marsh gas. In another case the gas was sulphureted hydrogen. A case is reported in the British Medical Journal, in which, while blowing out a match, the patient's breath caugh fire with a noise like the report of a nistol which was loud enough to awaken his wife

One evening, while a confirmed dyspeptic was lighting his pipe, an eructation of gas from his stomach occurred, and the ignited gas burned his mustache and lips In Ewald's book on indigestion, the analysis of gas in one of these cases was : Carbonic acid, 20.57; hydrogen, 20.57; carbureted hydrogen, 20.75; oxygen, 6.72; nitrogen 41.38; sulphureted hydrogen, a trace. The origin of these gases is undoubtedly the unligested food, which in these cases under goes decomposition.—Science.

Dr. Chalmers Baffled.

When Dr. Chalmers became minister o Kilmany, in the north of Fife, he used to get his supplies from Anstruther. On one occasion—so the story runs—he sent a written order for a sack of corn to a Mr. Thomson there. The corn never came, and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next time he was in Anstruther he called on Mr. Thomson for an explanation. It was soon given. The merchant had been unable to decipher the minister's hieroglyphics and had put the note in his desk until Mr. Chalmers should call. "Not make out my writing!" exclaimed Chalmers indignantly —"Show it to me." He read a few words

but then he stuck, completely baffled. He was, however, equal to the occasion. With a pawky smile he returned the letter to the merchant, saying, "But the letter is addressed to you, Mr. Thomson ; it is your " But the letter is

business to read it, not mine."

Mind vs. Matter in the South. A man came into the sanctum with

tell papa what that means." Lucy (promptly)—"Canard, papa, is a French word meaning a duck; so it simply means, you see, that the Queen sent a fence rail to annihilate the editor for an alleged grievance. The latter, who was whittling, looked up and said : "My friend, did you ever consider that, even if you did thrash me, you could not stop the Christmas duck to President Cleveland

publication of the paper, and it would only be the worse for you, because either myself or my successor would be bound to get even

Mitigated Taffy.

heart's content, but the newspaper goes on And, instead of thrashing the editor, the man left the fence rail as part payment of his subscription.-St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

Mrs. Howell, of Paulding, Ga., wag passing her husband, a few days ago, just as he tried to light a match by striking it on the wall. The head of the match flew Siftings. off and lodged in her ear. In one minute she became blind, began to vonit, and was

prostrated for an hour and a half A bottle of purple ink was mistakenly opened for port wine at a Detroit supper, and fourteen guests filled their mouths with

forever.'

for nearly a mile in each direction, and then, being so far from the side of the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross firing made it as dangerous to stand behind stair. the tree as to stand in front of it Seven

Sir Andrew Clarke was on the 5th inst. Federals were killed behind the tree, and it presented with the freedom of the city of came to be known as the "Tree of Death. Liverpool. Atlanta Constitution.

A Mimie Matrimonial Circus.

Little Dot-"Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning." Mamma—"You did, did you? Who perormed the ceremony?

While there is not a snowdrop or a crocus "I don't know what you's talkin' about." to be seen above ground, yellow and red primroses are in full bloom in the manse "Well, how did you make out you were married?" garden at Whithorn.

"Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set the table an' then we both sat down, an' he A. Stirling, East Mill Wynd, Arbroath said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I died on the 28th ult. at Portwilliam. aged said he was as ugly as could be, an' he went 102 years, 7 months and 10 days. out an' slammed the door."-Omaha World.

A Gymnast Preacher.

Rev. W. K. Spencer, of Adrian, has red hair and is not very large, but it doesn't do India. to fool with him, for he is quite an adept in The Empress Eugenie has commissione the manly art. He gives a large class o Macdonald & Co., of Aberdeen and London, his Presbyterian hove weekly lessons in to prepare a polished red granitesarcophagus to contain the remains of the Prince athletics, and the only consideration he de mands is a promise to refrain from bad habits. The boys keep the promise, too, which is the best feature of the whole busi-Imperial.

ness. The gymnasium is in the basement of the church.—Detroit News.

Taffy Did It.

Jabber-If you are so digusted with married life what on earth made you marry? Jiber-Caramels, my boy, caramels.

Jabber-What have caramels got to do with it?

Jiber-As my best girl, my wife was always supplied with caramels by mc, her jaws were stuck fast so constantly that I never realized her powers of elocution until women and girls of the United Kingdom. it was too late.

A Canard.

died at Cults, near Aberdeen, on the 2nd Papa (reading from daily paper)-"" The inst. Mr. Coutts was in his 81st year, and report that Queen Victoria sent President had amassed a considerable fortune from the sale of his medicines. Cleveland a Christmas turkey proves to be a canard.' Now what does that mean. I

Among the wills announced in Scotland would like to know ?" Mamma (languidly)—"Lucy, darling, are those of the late Lady Hume Camp bell, whose personal estate is returned at

Murray, of Holywood House, Edinburgh representing upwards of £34,000.

[Entire satisfaction of the family] .-

McGinnis, you are getting younger and handsomer every day of your life. Birdie—Now, Judge, don't overdo it. I'm not getting better-looking overy day,

Cows have livers. Professor—Oh, yes, you have. Mabel (after some thought)-Well, then where is my bacon?-Life.

article of apparel for the wife of a man Mrs. A .- "I see you have got a new

a new one every month.' "But that must be very inconvenient?"

drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined "Yes, but there is nothing going on in different seas, and Africa would this town that I don't know all about it." with Italy.

Latest Scottish News. At Dundee R. Dunn, laborer, has been

Rev. A. A. Campbell, Craithie, proposes

to rebuild his church in commemoration of

the Queen's jubilee.

Mountains.

ieart, dear?

Mabel-Here.

come from his townsmen.

Mr. Francis Coutts, the originator of the

acid cure and spinal system of treatment

Liver Without Bacon,

Professor (who has been giving simple lessons in physiology)—Where is your

Professor—And where is your liver? Mabel (indignantly)—I haven't any

The Mediterranean is quite shallow.

Mrs. Stiggins (from the window)-Please leave the boss on the steps, gentlemen, and I'll come down and fetch him in. fined 10s. 6d. for kicking a cat down a

Having used McCollom's Rheumatic Re pellant it has cured me perfectly of very painful rheumatism, from which I suffered for years. I would recommend it to all suffering with the disease. Rev. G. WAITE, There is only one policeman over the four parishes, Kirkhill, Kilmorack, Kil-tarlity and Erckless. Paris, P.O.

A Poser.

Doctor—"There, get that prescription filled, and take a tablespoonful three times a day, before meals."

Pauper patient-" But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days.'

A Fortune for You.

Mrs. Betsy Broath, or Stirling, widow of

All is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexos; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Port-land, Maine; they will send you free, full infor-mation about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and up-wards daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time – delay not. The death is announced, at the age of 62 years, of Lady Margaret H. Bourke, daughter of the fifth Earl of Mayo, and sister of the sixth Earl, late Governor-General of

He Wasn't a Snow Shoveller.

Farmer-" Do you want this job of shovelling snow ?" Tramp—"1 am not a snow shoveller ; I

sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow vill be along in about ten minutes.

Two Aberdeen gentlemen, Mr. Alex Maconochie and Mr. Stott, accomplished a Grecian children were taught to reverence hazardous feat on the 3rd inst. by walking and emulate the virtues of their ancestors. ver the Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm

Our educational forces are so wielded as to our children to admire most that On the 1st inst. Gordon, the wheelbarrow which is foreign and fabulous and dead.man, arrived in Dundee, having successfully Garfield. completed his journey to London and back since Nov. 2nd. He received a royal wel-

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which The Countess of Aberdeen has issued an liffuses light on every side, investing creaappeal for a union to celebrate the jubilee of the Queen's reign in a manner that tion with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every will commemorate the feelings of the existing thing .- Mazzini.

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you know.'

Harper's Bazar. with you. You may lick the editor to your

Judge Pennybunker-I declare, Miss

but perhaps every other day.-Texas

How to Keep Posted.

with an income of \$150 a month. This is a great blow at the sealskin industry. servant girl ?" Mrs. B.--"Yes, I make it a point to get