Under False Colors.

JACK FROST. Good day, my dear madam, I'm your old friend Jack Frost, Who is bound to come back, though you might think him lost. Here I am; how d'ye do? You don't look, though, too pleased. Oh, you think I'm too free in my way-well, I'm freezed !

MRS. HOUSEWIFE Oh, my dear Mr. Jack, if you only could guess What mischief you cause, I am in such a mess ! For my pipes are all burst, and from ceiling to

I'm flooded--don't know what to do, I am sure.

JACK FROST.

By Boreas I really your welcome is cold, It is not very often my face you behold ! Now, tell me what season more beauty can show Than my splendid white carpet of soft fleecy snow?

MRS. HOUSEWIFE.

Oh, yes, Mr. Frost, it is pretty, I'll own, But its beauty, you see, sir, so quickly is flown : And then how the air becomes cutting and raw As we slop through the slud and the slush of the thaw

JACK FROST.

Now, really, you grunble without a just cause, If I do send the frosts, I don't send the thaws; Then just think of your windows that charming

When my tracery I weave, like a poet's swee dream.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE.

Yes, the windows I will not deny, sir, look nice, But the same frost will cover my steps with smooth ice ; I am frightened to put my foot now to the ground For my head follows suit, I too often have found

JACK FROST.

I see, my dear madam, you like to complain, Well, I'll leave for swhile, but I'll come back

So Very Queer.

She's very queer, yet kind to those Who hear her story out; The young folks think she hardly knows Just what she talks about; His eyes, she says, were brighter far Than all the worlds above, For they brought nearer than a star The gentle light of love.

Yes, she is queer, we all confess, And yet her wrinkled face Has such a wealth of tenderness. She needs no youthful grace; She talks of one so long away And hearts so far apart ; She says it seems but yeste That he was near her hea

Tis hard to make her comprehend That she has told before That she has told before The story of a sailor's end Upon a friendless shore; She says he was to duty true And bravely met his doom, Insisting that his eyes of blue Still guide her through the gloom.

Perhaps when we approach the shore Where worldly journeys end, We, too, may tell our stories o'er And younger ears offend; For age has thought from youth apart, And only time can teach The charity of mind and heart That ought to govern each.

" Not Strangers There."

To whom would beaven's doors so freely open As to a little child, Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold, Lovely and undefiled ?

And such an one, of late, was lowly lying, With fast receding breath : Over her face the first, last shadow falling-She was afraid of death !

Her loved ones said, " Oh, do not fear to enter That land so wide and fair." To all their words of choer she could but answe ' I do not know them there

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted In sudden, sweet surprise, And the reflection of some dawning splendor Illnmed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers, And darkened by their woe, She looked as if she saw some byed one beckon And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture Our hearts not yet might share, But with a last, bright smileshe whispered gladly "They are not strangers there !"



Then the Zulus closed in upon the doomed band, with a shout of "Bulala Umlungo!" (kill the whiteman.)

Out rang the postol-shots, and fire fley from the clash of swords and assegais, and still the little band, momentarily growing fewer, fought on with laboring breath. Never did hope-forsaken men make a more gallant stand. Still they fought, and still they fell, one by one, and as they fell were

they fall senseless, and Mazooku comes up and spears them. Thus was the fight ended.

lead.

Ernest and Jeremy sank upon the bloody grass, gasping for breath. The firing from the direction of the camp had now died away, and, after the tumult, the shouts, and the shricks of the dying, the silence seemed deep. It was the silence of the dead

There they lay, white man and Zulu, side by side in the peaceable sunlight ; and in a vague, bewildered way, Ernest noticed that the faces which a few minutes before had looked so grim, were mostly smiling now.

They had passed through the ivory gates and reached the land of smiles. How still they all were! A little black and white bird, such as fly from ant-hill to ant-hill, came and settled upon the forchead of a young fellow scarcely more than a boy, and the only son of his mother, who lay quite across two Zulus. The bird knew why he was so still. Ernest had liked the boy, and knew his mother, and began to wonder as he lay panting on the grass what she would feel when she heard of her son's fate. But just then Mazooku's voice broke the silence. He had been standing staring at the hody of one of the men he had killed.

and was now apostrophizing it in Zulu. "Ah. my brother," he said, " son of my own father, with whom I used to play when I was little; I always told you that you ere a perfect fool with an assegai, but I little thought that I should ever have such an opportunity of proving it to you. Well, it can't be helped ; duty is duty, and family ties must give way to it. Sleep well, my brother ; it was painful to have to kill you -verv.

Ernest lifted himself from the ground, Ernest litted himself from the ground, and laughed the hysterical laugh of shattered nerves at this naive and thoroughly Zulu moralizing. Just then Jeremy rose and came up to him. He was a fearful sight to see—his hands, his face, his clothes were all red; and he was bleed-ing from a cut on the face, and apther on ing from a cut on the face, and another on "Come, Ernest," he said in a hollow

voice, "we must clear out of this." " I suppose so," said Ernest. On the plain at the foot of the hill

several of the horses were quietly cropping the grass, till such time as the inferior mimal, man, had settled his differences. Among them was Ernest's black stallion The Devil I'' which had been wounded though slightly, on the flank. They walked toward the horses, stopping on their way to arm themselves from the weapons which hay about. As they passed the body of the man Ernest had killed in his last struggle for life, he stooped and drew the broke assegatifrom his throat. "A memento, said he. The horses were caught without difficulty, and "The Devil" and the two next best animals selected. Then they mounted, and rode toward the top of the ridge over which Ernest had seen the body of Zulus lying in reserve. When they were near it Mazook got down and crept to the crest on his stomach. Presently, to their great relief, he signalled to them to advance: the Zulus had moved on, and the valley was deserted. And so the three passed back over the neck, that an hour und a half before they had crossed with sixty one companions, who were now all dead "I think we have charmed lives," said Joremy, presently. "All gone except us two. It can't be

chance. "It is fate." said Ernest, briefly.

From the top of the neck they got a view of the camp, which now looked quiet and peaceful, with its white tents and its Union Jack fluttering as usual in the

"They must be all dead too," said Ernest ; "which way shall we go ?"

Then it was that Mazook's knowledge of the country proved of the utmost service to them. He had been brought up at a kraal in the immediate neighborhood, and knew every inch of the land. Avoiding the camp altogether, he led them to the left of the battle-field, and after two hours' ride over rough country, brought them to a ford of the Buffalo which he was acquainted with, some miles below where the few survivors of the massacre struggled across the river, or were drowned in attempting to do so. Following this route they never saw a single Zulu, for these had all departed in the other direction, and were spared the of the stampede and of "Fugiorrors

tives' Drift.'' At last they gained the farther side of the river, and were, comparatively speakud cafe on Natal group

heads together with such awful force that ¹ do not care about living, and they did. have been an unfortunate dog all my life I shot my cousin, I lost Eva, and now I have seen all my comrades killed, and who was their leader, alone escaped. And perhaps I have not done with my mis-fortunes yet. What next, I wonner; what

Ernest's distress was so acute that Jeremy, looking at him and seeing that all he had gone through had been too much for him, tried to soothe him, lest he should

go into hysterics, by putting his arm round his waist, and giving him a good hug. "Look here, old chap," he said ; "it's no use bothering one's head about these things. We are just so many feathers blown about by the wind, and must float where the wind blows us. Sometimes it is a good wind, and sometimes a bad one, but on the whole it is bad, and we must just make the best of it, and wait till it doesn't think it worth while to blow our narticular feathers about any more, and then we shall come to the ground, and not till then. And now we must have been up here for more than five minutes, and given the horses a bit of a rest. We must be pushing on if we want to get to Help-makaar before dark, and I only hope we shall get there before the Zulus. that's all By Jove, here con es the storm—come on !" —and Jeremy jumped off the lump of iron-

re and began to descend the kopple. Ernest, who had been listening with his face in his hands, rose and followed him in silence. As he did so, a breath of ice-cold air from the storm-cloud, which was now right overhead, fanned his hot brow, and when he had gone a few yards he turned to meet it, and to cast one more look at the cene It was the last earthly landscape he ever

saw. For at that instant there leaped from the cloud overhead a fierce stream of jagged light, which struck the mass of iron-or which they had been scaled, shivered and fused it, and then ran down the side of the hill to the plain. Together with the lightning there came an ear-splitting crack of

Jereny, who was now nearly at the bottom of the little hill, staggered at the shock. When he recovered, he looked up where Ernest had been standing, and could where Ernest had been standing, and could not see him. He rut is due the hill again, calling him in accents of frantic grief. There was no answer. Presently he found him lying on the ground, white and still. CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CLIFFS OF OLD ENGLAND.

It was an April evening; off the south oast of England. The sun had just made up his mind to struggle out from behind a rticularly black shower-cloud. and give hat part of the world a look before he bade it good-night. it good-aight. "That is lucky," said a little man who was with difficulty hanging on to the bul-wark netting of the R. M. S. Conway Castle; "now, Mr. Jones, look if you can't see them in the sunlight."

Mr. Jones accordingly looked through his glasses again.

he said, " I can see them "Yes distinctly." "See what?" asked another passenger coming up. "The cliffs of Old England," answered

the little man jovo is'y. "Oh, is that all," said the other ; " curse the cliffs of old England !" "Nice remark that for a man who is

yoing home to be married, ch?" But Mr. Jones had shut up his glass, and

anished af. Presently he reached a deck cabin and

"England is in sight, old fellow," he said, addressing somebody who lay back u toking in a cane-chair.

The person addres ed made a movement is though to rise, then put up his hand to shade that covered his cyes. "I forgot," he answered with a smile

" I forgot," he answered with a smile ; "it will be very much in sight before I can see it. By-the-way, Jeremy," he went on, nervously, "I want to ask you something." These doctors tell such lies." And he removed the shace. "Nov, look at my eyes, and tell me honestly, am I disfigured? Are they shrunk, I mean, or got a squint. or anything of that sort?"—and Ernest hurned m bis dark orbs. wilch excent that wined up his dark orbs, wlich except that they had acquired that painful, expectant look peculiar to the blind, were just as they always had been. Jeremy looked at them, first in one light.

then in another. "Well," said Ernest, impatiently, "I

blinded

To all

can feel that you are staring me out of countenance.

which you perpetrated some years since and of this it is our duty to advise you

Your title to succeed is a clear one. "As was only to be expected under the circumstances, the late Sir Hugh did not bear any feeling of good will toward you. Indeed, we do not think that we shall be exaggerating if we say that the news of

ale Hall, the heirlooms, which are

numerous and valuable, therein contained and the deer-park, consisting of one hundred and eighty-five acres of land, were resettled. These consequently pass to you, and we shall be glad to receive your instructions concerning them, should elect to honor us with your confidence. The estates pass, under the will of the late baronet, to a distant cousin of his late wife's, James Smith, Esq., of 52 Camper down Road, Upper Clapham. We now think we have put you in possession of all the facts connected with your accession to the haronetcy, and, awaiting your instructions, have the honor to remain,

" Your obedient servants, (Signed) PAISLEY & PAISLEY." "Ah, so much for that !" was Ernest's omment. "What am I to do with Arch

omment. dale Hall, its heirlooms, and its deer-park, consisting of one hundred and eighty-five acres of land, I wonder ? I shall sell them. if I can. Mine is a pretty position; a baronet with about sixpence half-penny per annum to support my rank on; a very pretty position !"

"Hamba Gachle," replied Jeremy ; "time enough to consider all that. But now, as we are on the reading lay, I may as well give you the benefit of my correspondence with the officer commanding Her Majesty's forces in Natal and Zululand.' Fire away," remarked Ernest, wearily

"First letter dated Newcastle, Natal, 27th January, from your humble servant to Officer commanding, etc. "Sir

"'I have the honor to report, by order of Lieuter and Adjutant Kershaw, of lston's Hosse, at present incapacitated by ightning from doing so himself neatly put that, I think," inter-' Very

olated Jeremy "Very. Go on." -"' that on the 22nd inst., Alston's Horse

having received orders to check the flanking movement of the Undi Corps, pro-ceeded to try and do so. Coming to a ridge commanding the advance of the Undi, the corps, by order of their late commander, Captain Alston, dismounted and opened fire on them at a distance of about three hundred yards, with considerable effect. This did not, however, check the Undi, who appeared to number between three and four thousand men, so Captain Alston issued an order to charge the enemy. This was done with some success. The Zulus lost a number of men; the corps, which passed right through the enemy, about twenty coopers, Captain Alston and his son Roger lston, who acted as his aide-de-camp. Alston. Several horses and one or two men were also severely wounded, which crippled the further movements of the corps. "' Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw, on

taking command of the corps, determined to attempt to retreat. In this attempt, however, he failed, owing to the presence of dismounted and wounded men; to the detachment of a body of about three hundred Zulus to intercept any such retreat; and to the presence of a large body of Zulus on the farther side of the pass leading to the valley through which such retreat must be conducted.

"'Under these circumstances he deter

mined to fight the remainder of the corps to the last, and dismounting them, took possession of a fairly advantag ous position. A desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensued. It ended in the almost total extermination of Alston's Horse, and in that of the greater part of the attacking Zulus. The names of the surviving members of Alston's Horse are — Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershw; Sergeant-Major Jeremy ones; Trooper Mazooku (the only native in the corps.)

". These ultimately effected their escape. the enemy having either been all destroyed or having followed the track of the Undi. Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw regrets to have to state that in process of effecting his escape he was struck by lightning and

"' He estimates the total loss inflicted on the enemy by Alston's Horse at from four hundred to four hundred and fifty men. In such determin

CANNIBALISM IN HAYTI.

Decline of British Possessions—Facts About West India.

U. B. Powter, a resident of Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica, is at the Laclede Hotel. He is the manager of a company which is engaged in mining phosphate on the Grand Cayman's Island, near Jamaica, vour free pardon materially hastened his end. On the attainment of full age by the late Hugh Kershaw, Esq., who fell by your hand, the entail of the family estates was cut, and only the mansion-house of Archaccording to geologists, and is thought to have been left in the immense beds in which it now lies by the subsidence of some prehistoric sea. The deposits upon the Grand Cayman's Island are in masses rom three to fifty feet deep and at some distance from each other, some of them sustaining upon them the growth of forests known to be more than one hundred years old. Upon the present commercial and socal condition of Jamaica and the whole group of West Indian islands, Mr. Powter talks discouragingly. "The islands and their inhabitants are re

trograding rapidly," said he yesterday. "They are exporting less and less every year, and the natives are departing more and more from civilization. The reason I believe to be the abolition of slavery in 1824. The effects of that step were not felt by the white planters until the old slaves began to die, and the new generation would not work, not having been bred to industrious habits, and each old slave that lied was so much loss to the quantity of labor to be obtained. Some of the ulanters esorted to the expedient of importing cooly labor and did very well, but a large number of owners did not do this, and estates or the island went to ruin fast. As time passed on it became more and more diffi-cult to obtain laborers, and the evil effect of this unusual idleness was seen in yearly decreasing imports. The negroes need not work to get food and a house-these can be had for nothing—and the only reason why they work at all is that they may earn enough money to dress in expensive and gaudy colored clothes. That is the only use they have for money. If slavery had not been abolished, or if it could be re-established, the islands would flourish." "What of the reports that the prac tice of cannibalism has been revived in

Hayti ?" "In the main they are true. Hayti, of all the West Indies, is the most marked example of the decay of the islands. When the French left it, in 1772, they left a superficially, at least, religious people, with churches, factories and roads. Now there is not a church or factory in the island, and but one road, while the Catholic religior has been abandoned for the Obi or fetish worship, and cannibalism has again sprung The island is a black Republic, and no up. The island is a black Republic, and no whites are allowed to own property. In fact, the only whites on the island are a few European traders, who conduct the finan cial affairs of the Government and lend it money. The island is not communicated with by the people of the other islands, and the negroes are left to devour one another as fast as they please. Their human flesh eating is not that of the past century. They do not eat the flesh of those who have died, and having nobody to war with they can take no prisoners to cook and eat. They eat the flesh of children, taken when young, penned and fattened for the feast. Some times they steal children from the neighbor ing islands and fatten them for their tables They are drifting back into complete bar barism, and there is no inclination on the part of other islanders to interfere with their gradual extinction."-St. Louis Globe

The Modern Methods.

We do not sigh for a return of the "good ld days" when boys went barefooted until they were 21, and walked ten miles to and from school. There are now new and im proved methods of "toughening" boys. They are about as tough, generally speak-ing, as they can very well be. But we do sometimes long for a little of the old fashioned discipline and "trouncing" methods that made boys subservient to the will of their parents in some slight degree Imagine a good, old puritan mother getting her son Waitstill or Godspeed up of a morning after this, the fashion of our mod ern mother. Fancy her saying: "Waitstill, you getting up?" And fancy Waitstill surlily replying :

'Yes'um, by'n by "Yes'um, by'n by." "Well, I don't want any by and by about it. Hump yourself out of that now." "Well, purty soon." "It had better be pretty soon, young

and on being told that he was to send it to Canon Tarver's for the Duke of Edinburgh, the shopman was literally dumb-

founded at the familiarity he had used. The

UNCLE TOMMY STERETT

The Husband of Five Wives and Father of Twenty-five Children.

in Many Cases One of the most familiar characters Opium has been known as a drug from bout Hamilton, and one whom everybody a remote period, and is produced as an article of commerce in India, Persia, Egypt, and Asia Minor. In China opium is used knows, is Uncle Tommy Sterett, writes a Hamilton, O., correspondent of the Cincinto an enormous extent by all classes, the mode of taking it being to smoke an nati Commercial-Gazette. The 7th of this month he celebrated his 77th birthday aqueous extract in a peculiarly formed pipe. Opium smoking began in China in the latter half of the seventeenth century, anniversary, and from appearances will live to celebrate many more. He was born near Venice, on the Miami. His first and in spite of all the efforts of the govern work was for Isaac Anderson, with whom Work was for Isaac Anderson, with whom he lived as a farm-hand, receiving \$3 a month for the first year. Mr. Sterett has outlived four wives, and now lives in hap-piness with his fifth. He first married ment to prevent it rapidly spread till now it may be called a national practice. That the drinking and smoking of laudanum and opium are not unknown vices in New York any physician will affirm. But there is a practice which is even more Mary Wells, of Kentucky, the couple start-ing in life together in a log cabin twelve ing in life together in a log cabin twelve feet square with dirt floor and a chimney made of mud and sticks. 'The wife weaved and purchased flour, while the husband mauled rails in exchange for meat. By his first wife Mr. Sterett was the father of eighteen children. Mr. Sterett's second wife was Isabel Brosier, by whom he had one child. The eld way reid he cards deleterious, the use of the hypodermic syringe. To estimate the growth of this evil, it is only necessary to take the testi-mony of druggists and dealers in surgical instruments. The fact is, it has become a problem with which social reformers must leal. Acquaintance with this method of taking opium is made innocently enough old man said he could not remember the dates when he married his different wives, it generally having been prescribed by the family physician to alleviate some temfamily physician to alleviate some tem-porary ailment. The effect is observed by the patient, and too often when the doctor goes the syringe stays. There have been many stories of large quantities of opium taken by those addicted to the habit without producing a fatal effect. An Englishman lately resid-ing the start of the start and start of the start a bis memory was poor, and he "couldn't recollect these little things." After living four or five years Isabel died, and Mrs. Martha Nichols took her place. This was along about 1852, and five children resulted from this union. Mrs. Robert Picrce became the fourth Mrs. Thomas Stcrett, and she died about twelve years ago in Indiana, without leaving any children. Uncle Tomny's present wife was the widow of William Smith. One child-Johnnie, aged 10-is the last addition to the Sterett ing in this city was known to consume sixty grains each day. Prominent up-town druggists declare that they sell more needles to their general customers than to the medical profession. Equally conclusive as to the prevalence of the habit of subcutaneons injection is the fact that, family, and he completes the even quarter of a hundred children who claim the old man whereas druggists' customers used buy in quantities of from 60 as their father. These children have grown up, married and emigrated, and many of them are living to-day in parts unknown to their aged parent. Mr. Sterett lived in Hamilton in 1815, when, as he says, it was 120 grains in the crystalline form of the muriate, the sulphate, or the acetate, the sale now largely consists of a common sight to see Indians, bears, pan the solution in quantities of from one to six ounces. A reporter talked yesterday with thers, deer, wild turkeys, foxes und wolves in the roads, and prowling about the town. He has always been a Democrat, always expects to be, and first voted for Andrew a prominent physician upon this topic. "Many medical men," said he, "are un-aware that the use of the hypodermic syringe is always attended with danger of instant death. The cause of this danger is Jackson for President. When the war broke out five of his own sons and four danger of not well understood, but the fatal accidents step-sons went to the front and served until they became veterans. The old man wanted to go, but the boys thought there that have been recorded were not due to the taking of larger doses than usual by mistake, nor to the culminative effects of the drug. Cases have occurred in which were enough out of one family, and that he had better stay home and take care of the rsons have taken large doses for months children, while they did the fighting. without producing a single unpleasant symptom, and have died in a few minutes from the effects of a quarter of the habitual farthest he was ever away from home was a trip to Louisville to see his boys during the rebellion. Although a bitter Democrat, and from Butler county, too, the old man was loyal, and opposed to the conduct of the South. Had he had more sons fit for

A VERY DEADLY NEEDLE.

Hypodermic Injections Which Cause Death

uantity taken in the usual manner and at he regular hour. "There is a danger of fatality against which no vigilance can guard. The symp toms are not always so severe as to produce duty they, too, should have gone, Mr. Sterett assorted, as he recalled those stircoma, unless arrested. They occur about once in one hundred administrations, and ring days. Uncle Tommy has been a laboring man all his life, and was boss of the First Ward street gang for nine years. prove fatal at least once in ten. That is to say, a man who uses the hypodermic syringe at the rate of ten punctures a day, To day he is able to walk to his daughter's house, fourteen miles away, in less than which is a very modera e average, should encounter the symptoms and their attendant danger of death once in every four hours, and none can work harder than he. He has used the weed since his 14th year, and worked for half a century, seeing nothing but hard knocks and much trouble, but is at present strong and ten days on the average, and the probabi-lity is that they will prove fatal within six months after the habit is formed. The hearty. anger that he may be found dead always a real one with the habit of the

hypodermic, a danger that may at any moment involve a coroner's inquest and the imputation of suicide."—New York Mail and Express.TRICKING A DUKE.

Forced to Remain in an Antique Chair by (

Mechanical Contrivance. An amusing story concerning the Duke of Edinburgh is being told. While at Chester His Royal Highness was shown, at his own request, by Canon Tarver, an es tablishment where antique furniture might be picked up. The foreman who waited on them was all unconscious of the quality of the Duke, and on His Royal Highness in jocose manner to try it. The Duke sat down, and immediately his arms were imprisoned by a mechanical arrangement of the chair. The Duke struggled to get out, the chair. The Duke struggied to get out, but could not do so until the shopkeeper re-leased him, after giving him a certain amount of polite chaff. The Duke asked the price of the chair and bought it. The shopkeeper asked where he was to send it.

Soug Little Fortunes may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have semething new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at house, wherever you arolocated. Profits immense and every worker is sure of over 85 a day; several have made over 850 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you aro started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once Observing the Proprieties.

At dessert : One of the guests has been speaking of rather a lively song which has nade a hit in the Latin quarter. "Oh, sing t to us," says the Countess de Santa Grue. 'Impossible, it's really too naughty." "Well, then," persists the countess, "give us only the words."---Paris Figaro,

Snug Little Fortunes

The

Strictly True

In overy respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

stabbed to death; but scarcely one of then wa sthere whose death-wound was in his

At last the remaining Zulus drew back they thought that it was done.

But no: three men yet stood together upon the very summit of the mound, hold-ing six foes at bay. The Zulu captain laughed aloud when he saw it, and gave a laughed arous rapid order. Thereupon the remaining Zulus formed up, and, stabbing the wounded as they went, departed swiftly corps which had now vanished round the mountain.

They left the six to finish the three. Three hundred had come to attack Alston's Horse : not more than one hundred

departed from that attack. The over-powered white men had rendered a good account of their foes. The three left alive on the summit of the

little hill were, as Fate would have it, Ernest, Jeremy and the ex-sailor, who had complained of the "sargustic" companion. who as it happened had just died by his

Their revolvers were empty : Ernest's sword had broken off short in the body of a Zulu; Jeremy still had his sword, and ne sailor a clubbed carbine. Presently one of the six Zulus dodged in

under the carbine and ran the sailor through. Glancing round, Ernest saw his face turn gray. The honest fellow died as he had lived, swearing hard. "Ah, you---black mate," he sang out,

"take that, and be d-d to you !" The clubbed rifle came down upon the Zulu's skull and cracked it to pieces and both fell dead together. Now there were five Zuluş left, and only

Ernest and Jeremy to meet them. But stay; suddenly from under a corpse uprises another foe. No, it is not a foe, it is Mazooku, who has been shamming but suddenly and most opportunely shows himself to be very much alive. Advancing from behind he stabs one of the attacking party, and kills him. That leaves four. Then he engages another and after a long struggle kills him too, which leaves three. And still the two white men stand back to back, with flashing eyes and gasping breath, and hold their own. Soaked with Death blood, desperate and expecting death, they were yet a gallant sight to see. Two of the heart, which, set to Nature's tune, responded ever when her hands swept the remaining Zulus rush at the giant Jeremy chords of earth or heaven. It lifted him one at Ernest. Ernest, having no effective above the world, and thrilled him with weapon left, dodges the assegal thrust, and then closes with his antagonist, and they roll, over and over, down the hill together, indescribable emotion. His eyes wandered over the infinite space above, searching for the presence of a God ; then they fell upon struggling for the assegai the Zulu ິholds It snaps in two, but the blade and about eight inches of shaft remain with Ernest. He drives it through his enemy's throat and he dies. Then he struggles up to see the closing scene of the drama, but not in time to help in it. Mazooku has wounded the burst into a paroxysm of grief. "O Jeremy," he solbed, "they are all dead, all, except you and I, and I feel a coward that I should still live to weep over his man badly, and is following to kill him. And Jeremy. He has struck at one of the Kafirs with his sword. The blow is received on the edge of the cow-hide shie them. When it was over, I should have let that Zulu kill me, but I was a coward, and sinks half-way through it, so that the hide holds the steel fast. With a sharp twist of the shield the weapon is jerked out of his I fought for my life. Had I but held my hand for a second I should have gone with hand, and he is left defenceless, with nothing to trust to except his native strength. Surely he is lost ! But no-with a sudden rush he seizes both Zulus by the throat. one in each hand, and, strong men as they are, swings them wide apart. Then with a tremendous effort he jerks their

"Hamba gachle," replied the determined, after much anxious "I am di-di-diagnosing turbable one." "I am di-di-dia the case. There, that will do. onsultation, to make for the little fort at Helpmakaar, and had ridden about a mile or so toward it, when suddenly the Zulu's appearance, your optics are as sound as mine. Yo i get a girl to look at them, and wick ear caught the sound of distant "Ah, well; that is something to be thankful for." ee what she say firing to their right. It was their enemy the Undi corps attacking Rorke's Drift. Leaving Mazook to hold the horses, Ernest Just then somebody knocked at the and Jeremy dismounted and climbed a

abin.door. It was a steward. solitary koppie or hill which just there cropped out from the surface of the plain. "You sent for me, Sir Ernest?" "Oh, yes, I remember. Will you be so ood as to find my servant? I want him." It was of an ironstone formation, and or the summit lay a huge flat slab of almost

' Yes, Sir Ernest.' Ernest moved impatiently. "Confound pure ore. On to this they climbed, and that fellow with his everlasting

looked along the course of the river, but could see nothing. Rorke's Drift was hidden by a rise in the ground. All this time a dense thundercloud had been Ernest'!" "What, haven't you got used to your handle vet ?'

"No, I haven't, and I wish it were at gathering in the direction of Helpmakaar Jericho, and that is a fact. It is all your fault, Jeremy. If you had not told that confoundedly garrulous little doctor, who nd was now, as is common before sunset in the South African summer season.traveling rapidly up against the wind, set in faint rainbow as in a frame. The sun, on went and had the information printed in the Natal Mercury, it would never have come out at all. I could have dropped the the other hand, was sinking toward the horizon, so that his golden beams flying title in England ; but now all these people know that I am Sir Ernest, and Sir Ernest title in England : but now all thes across a space of blue sky, impinged upon across a space of blue sky, impinged upon the black bosom of the cloud, and werc reflected thence in sharp lights and broad shields across the plains of Zululand. Isandhlwana's Mountain was touched by I shall remain for the rest of my days." Well, most people would not think that such a dreadful misfortune."

"Yes, they would if they happened to shoot the real heir. By-the-way, what did the lawyer say in his letter? As we are one great ray which broke in glory upor his savage crest, and crowned him that that so near home, I suppose 1 had better post myself up. You will find it in the dis-patch-box. Read it, there's a good fellow." Jeremy opened the box, battered with day's king of death, but the battle-field o'er which he towered was draped in gloom. It was a glorious scene. Above, the wild expanse of sky broken up by flaming clouds and tinted with hues such as might be nany years of travel, and searched about for the letter. It contained a curious colreflected from the jewelled walls of heaven. Behind, the angry storm, set in its rain-bow frame like ebony in a ring of gold. In front, the rolling plain where the tall grasses waved, the broad Buffalo flashing lection of articles-prominent among which was a handkerchief, which had once belonged to Eva Ceswick; a long tress of chestnut hair tied up with a blue ribbon ; ditto of golden, which had come-well, not through it like a silver snake, the sun-kissed mountains, and the shadowed slopes. from Eva's tresses; a whole botanical collection of dead flowers, tender souvenirs of goodness knows who, for, after a while, It was a glorious scene. Nature in her most splendid mood flung all her color streamers loose across the earth and sky, hese accumulated dried specimens are and waved them wildly ere they vanished lifficult to identify ; and many letters and into night's abyss. Life, in his most other curiosities. At last he came to the desired document

radiant ecstasy, blazed up in varied glory before he sank, like a lover, to sleep awhile written in a fair clerk's hand ; and having in the arms of his eternal mistressshovelled back the locks of hair, etc., began o read it aloud Ernest gazed upon it, and it sank to his

" St. Ethelfred's Court. POULTRY, 22nd January, 1879. " Sir : "

"You see," broke in Ernest, "while we were fighting over there at Sanshlwana those beggars were writing to tell me that I was a baronet. "Case of the 'bloody hand'

with a vengeance, ch ?" "Sir" (began Jeremy again), "it is our duty to inform you of the death, on the 16th of the present month, of our esteemed client, Sir Hugh Kershaw, Bart., of Arch-Isandhlwana and marked the spot just where the shadows were deepest; where his comrades lay and gazed upon the glorious sky with eyes that could not see, and at dale Hall, Devonshire, and of the con sequent devolution of the baronetcy to last his spirit gave way, and, weakened with emotion and long toil and abstinence yourself, as only son of the late Sir Hugh'

only brother, Ernest Kershaw, Esq. "Into the question of the unhappy manner in which you came to be placed i the immediate succession it does not become us to enter. We have before us at this moment a copy of Her Majesty' hand for a second I should have gone with a second I should have gone with a second I should have gone with a second I should have done more." vaal Amnesty Act, and forwarded to us by Reginald Cardus, Esq., of Dum's Ness, best, and fought the corps like a brick. No suffolk, which we have neither the wish nor could have done more." pardon, granted to you under the Transvaal Amnesty Act, and forwarded to us by

"Yes, Jeremy, but I should have died under this pardon, you are totally free from with them; it was my duty to die. And I any responsibility for the breach of the law heart broke, too.

evinced by every one of his late gallant man, if you know what's good for you." comrades, Lieutenant Kershaw feels that it "Well, I reckon there ain't no hurry would be invidious for him to mention any about it.

" I'll let you know if there ain't, about particular names. Every man fought desperately, and died with his face to the time I come up there with a pan of the enemy. He begs to inclose a return of the names of those lost, the accura y of which cold water.' "Can't ye let a feller sleep half a he cannot, however, guarantee, as it is com ninute ? " 'Halfa minute !' I'd say 'halfa minute

the hall

ut?'

throp !" " Whacher want ?"

ouse before dinner.'

Yes'm."

' You Wait !

" Hey ?'

" Almost.

ninutes.'

" I'll see about that."

voice goes ringing upstairs-

piled from memory, the papers of the corps having all been lost. Trusting that the manœuvres attempted by Lieutenant Ker-shaw under somewhat difficult circum-" Half a minute : Id say 'half a minute if I was you, when you've been in bed thirteen hours. Now you crawl out of that instantly !" "All right." stances will meet with your approval, Half an hour passes-Waitstill does not

have, etc., "By order of Lieutenant Kershaw: (Signed) " ' JEREMY JONES, Sergeant Major."

(To be continued.)

How She Fetched Him.

The Boston Courier publishes the follow ing, evidently for the benefit of the ladies Wife (to husband who is arranging hi toilet at the mirror)-Can't you take me t the opera to-night, dear? Husband (de-cisively)—No; I cannot. Opera indeed Do you think I am made of money? Wife Wife (after a pause)-I don't see any need of your spending so much time brushing your whiskers, dear. Husband (turning around with an angry glitter in his eye)-Why Wife (smilingly) - Because on not ? brushing is enough, and you are handsom enough without going to all that trouble t would be hard for you to make yoursel any handsomer, at least in my eyes, than you are naturally, no matter what care you give to your toilet. Husband (after completing his toilet)--I'm going down town for awhile. By the way, Bella, on second thought, I guess I can manage to get couple of opera tickets, so you can consider the going settled. Ta, ta. Wife (solus, after his departure)—I thought I would "I guess you won't, if I come up there you out of bed yet?" fetch him.

The Bogus Veteran,

Mr. Shabby Genteel-" Will you be kin enough to tell me if it is a fact that the President has vetoed the Pension Bill ?' Gentleman—"He has."

var, just count me out. life again in the service of my country."

"What regiment were you in ?" "I wasn't in any regiment. I got the When near his end, Lord Northington was reminded of the propriety of his receiv-ing the consolations of religion, and he readily agreed that a divine should be sent for, but when Rev. Dr. _____, not with whom he had formerly been intimate, was proposed, he said, "No, that won't do. I rheumatism from bathing in the St. Law-rence River during the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. Ah! sir, those were the times that tried men's souls. Haven't got a surplus dime for an old vet., have men 2011 - Terus Sittings.

The Dear Child's Wish.

Aunt Meg (wishing to encourage generosity)--" You might let me take with your boy is sensitiveness, ch ? ours.

nice for you to skate ahead of me and find family is the most sensitive folks you ever all the weak places in the ice."

ing office. He had heart trouble, and doubt-less when he was broken of his office his "Well, he most generally shoots the col-

1.

] Duke afterward remarked that never had he seen a man so frightened in his life.-London Exchange.

An Old Masonic Scandal.

So much has been said from time to time in relation to the Morgan affair of 1826 that I have been induced to give particular attention to the affair. Half a century ago most of the men connected with the affair were alive and willingly gave me their statement of the facts. Some time in 1824 a man calling himself William Morgan, a stonemason, came from Canada to Rochester, N.Y., and settled there. He appear. His mother's voice cuts the air in was a disreputable, worthless fellow, but smart and forward. He brought with him " You Waitstill Prosperity Dogood Winwhat purported to be a Masonic diploma and he succeeded by its aid in visiting the lodge there. A few months later he began "I wanter wanter ' "I want you to h'ist yourself out of that bed too quick! You hear ?" "I ain't deef." to travel among the lodges of Western New York, and in 1826 removed to Batavia. Here he was detected as an impostor and "Breakfast was over an hour ago, and publicly exposed. This so exasperated him that he announced his purpose of publish not one single bite shall you have in this ing an expose of the sccrets of Free-masonry, and actually began, in company "So'll I, young man! You crawling with one Miller, a printer, to prepare such a work. Some of the more thoughtless Masons threatened him with grievous Another half-hour passes, and Mistress Temperance Prudence Piety Winthrop's penalties if he did not desist, and the public gave credence to the idea that he was in peril of his life. Gov. De Witt Clinton who had long been Grand Master, concern "I'll 'hey' you, you idle thing, you! I'll tell your father on you." ed for the honor of Masonry, took the lead in raising money to induce Morgan to go back to Canada. A committee of most " Tell away." "You'll see what you'll get, Wait Winrespectable gentlemen took the matter in hand at Clinton's request, and on Septemthrop. Not a single bite of breakfast do you get." "Guess I'll stay in bed, then." ber 10th, 1826, Morgan started for Canada. where he had promised to settle down near Hamilton, and his family were to be sent to him. But free, and with money in his pocket, he pressed on to Montreal and all trace of him was lost. He may have been "Well, I'll help you the rest of the way with the broomstick if you aint out in five murdered for his money by the roughs with whom he associated, or, which to me is

more probable, he may have shipped before Half an hour later he gets up. His the mast on a European bound vessel. - A1 breakfast has been kept warm for him. It any rate he absolutely disappeared from is set on the table and a fresh cup of coffee the pages of history .- Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Novel Dress.

A novel suggestion in connection with a gift to the Queen on the occasion of her ubilee comes from South Africa. Shortly before Christmas the Eitenhage Times, Cape paper, suggested that a present be made to Her Majesty the Queen of a robe, dolman, fan, etc., made of South African ostrich feathers, contributed by South African ostrich farmers. The conditions were that no person contribute more than three feathers, so that all might participate in the demonstration of esteem for Her Majesty. In a few weeks the names of one hundred and seven farmers willing to con tribute were received by, and published in the Eitenhage Times, the proprietors of which paper undertake to have the articles made up and forwarded to Her Majesty. A rare collection of feathers will doubtless

be got together, and some valuable and

A Dakota woman in the upper James valley decided that she wanted a fur cloak. She began trapping mink and tanning the These she sent to St. Paul. where skins. they have been made into a beautiful cloak for which she was offered \$125.

At the Club: "Upon my soul, Dodson ! You are the dismalest company I know of since that Brown girl gave you your congi. I nover saw a fellow take the mitten so wretchedly." "Wretchedly! Haw ! "Wretchedly ! Wretched isn't a name faw it. You can, aw, fawncy how wretched I am when I tell you, I, aw, don't cayaw a wap how my, aw, bweeches fit me."—*Town Topics*.

The Utmost Depth of Misery.

The chilling wintry winds develod rheumatic affections, for which the surest cure known is McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, prepared by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tilsonburg, and sold by druggists at \$1. Sample bottles 25 cents each.

Tired of Giving Away Neckties.

" I don't mind giving up my neckties before they're half wornout," said a society young man yesterday, "because they look pretty in crazy quilts. But I'm going to draw the line on my mention that the draw the line on my married lady friends hereafter." "Why?" asked a friend. "The last lot of scarfs I gave to Mrs. — . her usband has been wearing ever since. Do you blame me ?"-Buffalo Courier.

Doctor-Your heart is in a normal condition. Nervous Old Lady-Goodness! And is it fatal? Doctor-It's beat is iambic. Old Lady-It's just dreadful! tor-Were it trochaic, or even spondaic---'' Old Lady--Doctor, don't keep me in this horrible suspense. Give me some medicine at once. Doctor--My dear, there's nothing the matter with your heart. Old lady-Oh! there isn't? Why didn't you say so, then?

First Lady—Yes, I have tried three dif-ferent sewing-machines in the past six months. Second Lady—What pests these sewing-machine agents are, an't they? First Lady-Pests? Why, if it wasn't for them I should have had to buy a machine ten years ago !"

E. W. Rau, a German compositor of Baldied he wanted his body sold to a medical college and his dobts paid with the proceeds. He died on Wednesday, and Rieve obeyed his friend's wish and sold the body for \$10 to the Maryland University. Rieve was greatly surprised the next day when he was arrested for dealing in dead human bodies.



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Little Toddles----- ' I wish you had some skates, too, Aunt Meg.''

Omaha man—Yes; he isn't fitted for knocking around in the world. Little Toddles —" No; you don't know what I mean. I thought it would be so

-A politician should have tough vitals. Lord Iddesleigh provoked hisfate by accept-

lectors."-Omaha Herald.

made. His mother dances attendance on "Well, if this country gets into another ar, just count me out. I'll never risk my him during the meal, unmindful of all past threats and promises.—*Tid-Bits*.

"Were you hurt during the war?" "Indeed I was."

a bishop."--Glasgow Herald.

I shall have to answer for was making him A Colorado Sensitive Plant,

Colorado man-So you think the trouble

"It may be. I know all about that. My

seed : can't stand nothing. Why, I've got

a brother that goes most crazy if he sees a collector coming with a bill he can't pay." " I can sympathize with him. What does he do usually ?"

A Peer's Compunction. When near his end, Lord Northington

unique articles of dress made up.